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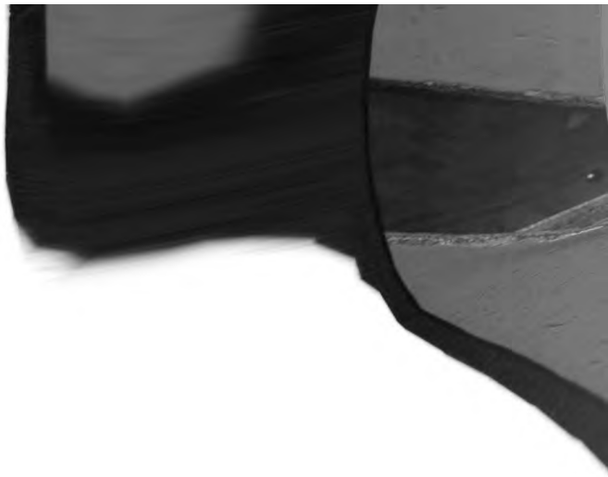

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INDEX TO VOLUME X.

LITERATURE.

PAGE

Adventure in a Forest, An. By James Payn 157
"A Few Friends and a Little Music" 394
All's Well that Ends Well. By Georgie A. Davis 694
Amber Witch, The. By the Author of "The House with an L" 449, 577 705
Among the Mangroves 45
Ancient Goblet with Arabic Inscription 576
Anglo-French Watering-place, An—Granville 188
Ant, The. A Fable. By Krilof 610
Antiquity of Cheese 535
Apothecary, The 614
"As Woman's Love" 59
At a Norwegian Wedding. By David Ker 679
Aunt Sophronia's Story 566

Bald Knob, and the Only Lake in Virginia 57
Ballad of Cassandra Southwick. By J. G. Whittier 374
Ban of Blood, The 245
Barmecidal Feast, A. Poem. By Richard Dowling 286
Bearish Golconda, A 101
Belgium: Past, Present and Future. By Godfrey A. Hudson. 593
Blind Metcalfe, the Engineer 102
Boleyn, Anne. By Alfred H. Guernsey 657
Bologna. By Lady Blanche Murphy 568
Bonnie Brig o' Balgownie, The. Poem 59
Boston, in her Two and a Half Centuries of Existence 513
Boy who did not Know what Fear was, The 236
Brick Tea 723
British House of Commons, The. By N. Robinson 1
Butter and Cheese of the Ancients 118

Calm Day, A. Poem. By Wilfred Woollam 606
Cameos 219
Campaign of 1880—The Nominees of the Two Parties 258
Captain Ortis's Booty. A Ballad. By A. Mary F. Robinson. 219
Cedar Bird, The 410
Child to the Waves, The. Poem 44
Cleopatra's Needle 411
Clocks in China 187
Coffee-culture 535
Colbert 209
Cornered by a Boa Constrictor 573
Customs of Old Spain—Spanish Wedding Dances 303

Dads 26
Dagmar Cross, The. Poem 738
Dead Hand, The. By Walter E. McCann 179
Debby's Wash-tub 487
Desperate Charge, A 668
Dilettante, A. Poem. By Gabbleton Tidy 174
Doubles. By Charles Reade 474

Elizabethan Dress 567
Empire of Annam, The, and the French Colony of Cochin China 421
Entertaining Column 127, 255, 383, 512, 639 759
Escape of Casanova de Seingalt from the Piombi, Venice 445
Eye and its Use, The. By William Ackroyd 118

Faithful to the Last 79
Fans of the Past and Present. By Dora de Blaquiere 23
Far Away. Poem 327
Fergus Blake's Wife. By John Moran 162
Fiorante 482
Fishing Days in Canada 575
Flick et Flack 241
Flowers. Poem 240
Forester's Daughter, The 671
French Crown Jewels, The 719
Friendship of Poussin and Le Sueur, the French Painters 700

PAGE

Garden of Cymodoce. Poem. By A. C. Swinburne 434
Giuseppina, the Heroine of Sicily 491
Given Up by His Friends 363
Glass and its History 358
Glass in Egypt 527
Gloves 396
Goobers 200
Godiva. Poem 651
Gorge of the Tunkini, Peru 443
Greenlander Harpooning a Narwhal 490

Hand, The. By F. Jeffrey Bell 566
Handsome, Haughty, Hateful Harry Halstead. By Harriet P. Spofford 40
Hark! Poem 115
"He Cursed me with my Heart's Desire." By Mrs. J. G. Austen 535
History of Writing, The 187
Holman's Outfit. An Arizona Romance. By W. O. Stoddard. 290
How Hailstones are Forged in the Clouds. By Robert James Mann 634
How Senator Linn's Life was Saved 357
How Spectacles are Made 115
How the Japanese Amuse Themselves—Itinerant Performers. By E. Greey 34
How the Kings Traveled in the Fourteenth Century 249
Human Nature in a Load of Wood 79
Husbands and Wives in India 723
Hymn to the Sea. Poem. By Dean Alford 447

In a Hollow Mountain. By David Ker 679
India 544
Industrial Progress of the South, The. By J. B. Killebrew 644
Influence of the Mind on the Body 527
Instability. Poem 406
In the Wrong Box 138
Joseph Bonaparte—His Life in this Country—Curiosities of Bonaparte Park 430
Kennan, William, the Kentucky Ranger 268
King and Conjurer 470
Knighting of the Black Prince 628

Lady Urquart, The 82
Largest Workshop in the World, The 102
Lehigh Valley, The 112
Letters Oddly Lost and Found 243
Lindoris's Wife 103
Lines on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Boston, 1830. Poem. By Granville Mellen 522
Lodgers and Boarders in Lower Life. By Anthony Wilson 377
Lotteries. Their History, Ancient and Modern. By Frank H. Norton 713
Love-Curl, A 718
Loving and Being Loved 434

Macready, W. C. By J. Brander Matthews 97
Maiden's Reverie, The. Poem 18
Marble Rocks of Central India 470
Massacre at Chicago, The 190
Mastiff Elm-tree, The 55
Masked Marquise, The. By Lillie Devereux Blake 665
Metamorphoses of the Cicada, or Locust 91
Metamorphoses of the Stag Beetle 534
Minnie's Triumph 406
Miss Prescott's Three Lovers, and How their Wooing Sped. By Amanda M. Douglas 327
Mistake of my Life, The 371
Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn 222
Mother's Songs, A. Poem 564

PAGE

Murder Discovered by Touching the Dead Body..... 115
My Four Breakfasts in the Palais Royal. By N. Robinson... 401
My Lady. Poem. By Rita..... 351
My Narrow Escape..... 397
Myrtale. Poem..... 11
Mystery of the Sea, A..... 87

Nelson, Horatio. By Alfred H. Guernsey..... 614
Never Again. Poem. By Adelaide A. Proctor..... 82
Night in the Jungle, A. By H. A. Austen..... 693
"Not Guilty." By Etta W. Pierce.....65, 193 321

Old and New Acadia, The. By Frank H. Norton..... 279
Old Sea Dog, An..... 498
Once and for Aye. Poem..... 575
"One of Dem Dere Kings"..... 751
One Thousand Mile Tree, The..... 91
Only a Child's Grave. Poem..... 724
Only in Fun. By Karl Drury..... 286
On Shaking Hands..... 431
On the River. Poem..... 635
Ornamenting the Eyes with Kohl in Ancient and Modern Egypt..... 142
Outside the Window. Poem. By Nellie C. Hastings..... 103
Outwitting a Highwayman..... 303

Palimpsest Manuscripts..... 567
Papaw, The (Asimina Triloba)..... 724
Parable, A. Poem. By Philip Bourke Marston..... 544
Passion Play in 1880—Oberammergau and its Attractions—The Characters in the Play, etc. By N. Robinson..... 129
Peasant Life in Bengal..... 723
Perjured Tryst, The. Poem..... 418
Pike, The. A Fable. By Krilof..... 474
Portal of the Cathedral of Rheims, France..... 702
Poundexter's Vow..... 106
Prairie Dog's Home and its Unwelcome Visitors..... 239
Pretty Climbing Vine—The Ground-nut. By A. S. Fuller.... 356
Pretty Puss. Poem..... 626

Queen of Bohemia, A. By Marguerite F. Aymar..... 351

Raccoon, The..... 443
Race for Life in the Jungle of Satpoora, A. By Lieut. H. D. Smith, U.S.R.N..... 630
Rahma Ben Jaubir, Pirate of the Persian Gulf..... 480
Raw Oysters Self-digestive..... 606
Recent Progress in Science.....126, 254, 382, 511, 639 758
Remember. Poem. By Ethel de Fonblanque..... 358
Revenge of Gerald Geraghty, The..... 226
Robber Saved, A..... 233
Robbers of the Gorge, The. By F. E. Hamilton..... 315
Robin and I. A Rustic Song. By Fanny Forester..... 394
Robin Comes Home To-day. Poem..... 694
Romance of a Rose, The..... 11
Romance of Captain Beatty's Life, The..... 273
Rubens, Sir Peter Paul. By Mrs. Ruutz Rees..... 465
Running Buffalo in Texas..... 669
Russian State Prisons..... 375

PAGE

Scenes from London Life—From Hand to Mouth. By T. E. Ruutz Rees..... 530
Sheep's Petition, The. A Fable. By Krilof..... 315
Short Tour Around the World, A. By Thomas W. Knox.... 724
Singer's Story, The..... 721
Singular Old Maid, A. By Prudence Bowers..... 312
Skeleton of Holar Church. An Icelandic Legend..... 114
Soap Bubble, A. By John A. Bower..... 250
Some Gossiping Papers. By Mrs. Barrow.....271, 471 606
Some Remarkable American Women, at the Bar, in the Pulpit and on the Dramatic and Operatic Stage. By G. Hagar. 145
Sophia's Portrait..... 522
Strange Cruise, A..... 46
Stroke Oar..... 626
Studying the Weather. By J. Munro..... 755
Summer Playtime. Poem..... 190
Sun-Worshiping Indians Near El Dorado..... 702
Superstition of the Sea, A..... 463
Susie's Soap Kettle..... 653

That Dream of Ours. Poem..... 162
Theatres of New York, The. By J. Brander Matthews..... 385
Theodore, King of Abyssinia. By A. H. Guernsey..... 337
"The Widow Has It"..... 561
Three Ocelots, The..... 288
Till the Sun Grows Cold. By K. V. Hastings..... 18
Tombs of the Bonapartes, The..... 567
Traveling in the East..... 55
Treasure of the Ilex, The. By M. T. Caldor..... 610
Troublesome Secret, A. By Helen W. Pierson..... 738
True Blue. Poem..... 491
Tutor's Story, The..... 418
Turin. By Lady Blanche Murphy..... 360
Twilight. Poem..... 64

Unauthorized Tabak's Collegium, An..... 79
Uncommon Dinners..... 698
Under the Culvert. By C. Shackleford..... 492
Use of Torture in England, The..... 570

Valley of Angrogna, The..... 491
Valley of Roses, The..... 591
Vicissitudes of Art Treasures..... 703
Victor Hugo. By the Author of "Roman Violets"..... 307
Violin Makers..... 189

Washingtons of Yorkshire, The..... 302
Was it Better? By S. Annie Frost..... 174
Well of Life, The, Morning and Evening..... 325
What Brown Left Town for..... 753
What the Japanese Eat. By Edward Greey..... 166
Who First Drew Down the Lightning..... 187
Wild Beast Shop, A..... 143
Winning in Spite of Himself. By Richard B. Kimball, Author of "St. Leger," "To-day, a Romance," etc..... 91
Wolf and the Cat, The. A Fable. By Krilof..... 671
Women at an Arabic Fountain, Jerusalem..... 443

Young and Foolish..... 686

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

Ailing Child, The..... 709
All's Well that Ends Well:
"'All these days,' he says, 'I've been waiting to see you.'" 694
All that Mrs. Lenox Sees of her Husband when he is at Home—A Humorous Illustration..... 740
Amber Witch, The:
"The Serpent fell back into the arms of Mephistopheles. In a moment all was confusion. Cries of 'She is shot!'"..... 449
"We had not gone far before we found madame, with a shawl draped around her"..... 577
"At last it was my turn to sit before the screen"..... 705
Among the Mangroves..... 45
Ancient Goblet with an Arabic Inscription..... 576
Anglo-French Watering-place, An:
Heads and Headdresses—Sketching the Picturesque..... 184
The Bathing Hour at Granville..... 185

Anglo-French Watering-place, An—*Continued:*
The Art of the Pugaree—A Frenchman's Notion of Bathing—Attached and Unattached..... 188
Anne Boleyn:
The Marriage of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn..... 657
Portrait—Henry Attracted by Catharine Howard..... 660
Anne Boleyn's Entry into London..... 661
Anne Receives the Order of her Arrest..... 664
Apothecary, The..... 611
"As Woman's Love":
"Birdie had never worn a ring before"..... 61
At a Norwegian Wedding:
Dressing the Bride—Norwegian Peasants..... 676
Norwegian Houses in Gulbrandsdal—Interior of Kitchen, with Peasants of the Dovrefjeld..... 677
Norwegian Bedstead and Sideboard—Lutheran Clergyman, Norway—Norwegian Grodstick..... 680

PAGE

At a Norwegian Wedding—*Continued.*
Midnight Scene in Northern Norway 681
Norwegian Snowshoes 684
A Pige Kelker—Drinking Vessels—Norwegian Flatbrod—Norwegian Sleigh 685
Roadmarks and Snowplows 688
Aunt Sophronia's Story:
"'And I have been sorry for twenty years,' said Lot" 565
Avenging Truth. From the Statue by Prouha 96

Bald Knob, and the Only Lake in Virginia:
Little Stony Creek 56
The Cascade of Little Stony Creek 57
Summit of Bald Knob—Mountain Lake 60
Ballad of Cassandra Southwick 376
Belgium:
Leopold I., King of the Belgians 593
View of the City of Antwerp—The Chamber of Deputies at Brussels 596
Leopold II., King of the Belgians, at his Accession 597
Mary Henrietta Anne, Queen of the Belgians 600
The Horticultural Pavilion, Brussels—Review in the Great Square—Jubilee Exposition Palace 601
The Art Pavilion—The Chamber of Deputies—Procession of Women before the King and Queen 604
National Exhibition Building—Blessing Horses at Anderlecht on St. George's Day—Scene in the Royal Gardens 605
Monument to Leopold I. at Laeken 608
Ban of Blood, The:
"If we fail to-night, my grave is there" 245
Bearish Golconda, A 108
Bologna:
View of the City 568
The Lake in the Margherita Garden—The Eagle House—The Cascade 569
View of Bologna from the Gardens—The Chalet 572
Bonnie Brig o' Balgownie 48
Boston, in her Two and a Half Centuries of Existence:
John Hancock's House, Boston 513
The Landing of Winthrop and his Associates—Trimountain before the Settlement of Boston—The First Church in Boston 516
Boston Stone, Creek Street—John Winthrop—George Robert Hewes, Last Survivor of the Tea Party—Tomb of Cotton Mather, Copp's Hill 517
The Town-Crier in Boston in the Last Century 520
The Boston Massacre 521
Scene at the Great Fire—Efforts to Save the Old South Church 521
Ruins at the Birthplace of Franklin—General Warren—Stone Marking the Spot where Warren Fell—Hon. F. O. Prince, Mayor of Boston 525
Boston Celebrating her 250th Anniversary—The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company Reviewed by the Mayor 528
Boy and the Snail, The 480
Boy who did not Know what Fear was, The 236
British House of Commons, The:
William E. Gladstone 1
The New Palace of Westminster, or Houses of Parliament 4
The Queen Proceeding to Open Parliament—Dissolution of Parliament Proclaimed 5
The House of Commons in Session 8
Installing a New Speaker—Ladies' Gallery—Reporters' Gallery 9
Lord Northbrook, First Lord of the Admiralty—Earl Granville, Secretary for Foreign Affairs—Hon. John Bright—Marquis of Hartington, Secretary for India—Hon. William E. Forster, Secretary for Ireland 12
Hon. Hugh Childers, Secretary for War—Hon. James Stansfeld, President of the Local Government Board—Earl of Kimberley, Colonial Secretary—Earl Spencer, Lord President of the Council—Duke of Argyll, Lord of the Privy Seal 13
Gladstone Denouncing Disraeli's Budget—Disraeli Addressing the House of Commons 16

Cameos:
A Cameo—Cameo-shell—Cameo-cutting—Gravers and Scorpers 217
Campaign of 1880—The Nominees of the Two Parties:
General J. A. Garfield, Republican Candidate for President 257
Residence of General Garfield, at Mentor, Ohio—The Parlor—The Dining-room 260

PAGE

Campaign of 1880—*Continued.*
General Chester A. Arthur, Republican Candidate for Vice-President 261
General W. S. Hancock, Democratic Candidate for President 264
Hon. Wm. H. English, Democratic Candidate for Vice-President 265
General Hancock's Birthplace, Landsdale, Pa.—The Maternal Homestead of General Hancock 268
The Homestead as it Appeared in 1764 269
Captain Ortis's Booty 220
Cedar Bird, The 412
Child to the Waves, The 44
Cleopatra's Needle:
The Obelisk at Alexandria—The "Dessoug" Discharging her Cargo 413
The Obelisk on Board the "Dessoug"—Supposed Masonic Emblems Found with the Obelisk—Metal Crabs Found with Obelisk 416
Colbert, John Baptist:
Portrait 209
French Roads before Colbert's Improvements 212
A Sermon in a Paris Church in Colbert's Time 213
Fouquet Dismissed by Louis XIV 216
Colored Plates:
A Morning Kiss for Dear Mamma ..... facing 1
An Ancient Egyptian Lady's Toilet—Painting the Eyes with Kohl ..... facing 129
The Bridegroom's Stirrup Cup in Andalusia ..... facing 257
The Coquette. By Palmarole ..... facing 385
The Condemned Books. By Vibert ..... facing 513
A Visit to the Convalescent. By Enault ..... facing 646
Cornered by a Boa Constrictor:
"To bear the gun to my shoulder and pull the trigger, was the work of a moment" 573
Cottage Window, The 208
Customs of Old Spain—Spanish Wedding Dances:
Clearing a Place for a Dance 300
Returning from a Wedding in Southern Spain—A Bolero 301
A Wedding Dance in Andalusia 304

Dads:
"'Your story, you know,' said May, cheerily" 29
Dagmar Cross, The 741
Dead Hand, The:
"Suddenly the damask curtains at the window near the bedside parted, and an icy hand emerged" 181
Dear Grandmother 640
Debby's Wash-tub:
"It was very cold and dark, and everything went away but the lapping and splashing of the water round the tub" 488
Desperate Charge, A 668
Doubles:
"La Molière sprang at him, with her hand uplifted to give him a box on the ear" 477
"La Tourelle was confronted with Mlle. Molière, in the Judge's room" 480
Domestic Water Motors 639

Electric Railway 253 254
Empire of Annam, The, and the French Colony of Cochin China:
A Tiger Hunt in Annam 421
Street and Gate, Saigon—An Audience with the Emperor of Annam—A Native Hut, Annam 424
A Theatrical Representation to Obtain Rain 425
Elephant Military Drill under the Walls of Hué—A Moi, or Savage of Batruc—A Mandarin—A Well-to-do Citizen 428
Annamite Rice Mill—Women of the Upper and Lower Orders 429
An Audience with the Prime Minister at Hué—The Pagoda of Tagnepheuoc 432
Engagement Ring, The 720
Escape of Casanova de Seingalt from the Piombi, Venice:
Crawling Through the Hole—"Father Balbi dropped into his arms" 445
Evening Prayer, The 244
Eye and Its Use, The:
A Star seen with Expanded Pupil 119
Experiment to Illustrate Certain Parts of the Eye—Section of Double Convex Lens—Chromatic Aberration. 122
Section of the Human Retina—Rods and Cones—Testing for the Blind Spot 123
About Eyes—Pinhead Experiment—How to see Purkinje's Figures 124
Eye with Sections Showing Line of Vision—Muscles and

PAGE

Eye and Its Use, The—*Continued.*
Nerves Connected with the Eye—Section of the Human Eye—The Motion of the Eye 125
How we Perceive the Insensibility of the Blind Spot—The Black Pigments of the Choroid Coat 126

Fair Reckoner, The. By Faed 448
Faithful to the Last:
"The seal was there, lying dead upon the threshold" 80
Fans of the Past and Present:
English Lady with Feather Fan, Time of Henry VIII.—Milanese Lady with Feather Fan—Padua Ladies of the 16th Century, with Flag-shaped Fans—Lady of the Time of James I., with Feather Fan 20
"An Academy where the Use of the Fan is Taught" 21
Japanese Folding Fan—Fan of Khuskhus Grass—Large Fan Used as a Parasol—Fan "Adorned with Excellent Pictures" 24
Rubens's Wife, with the Feather Fan of the Period 25
Feeding the Pigeons 128
Fergus Blake's Wife:
"With a wild laugh he turned and dashed toward the beach" 161
Fiorante:
"Fiorante rushed between, and received the blow intended for her lover in her own breast" 485
Flick et Flack:
"Suddenly I saw Grace throw up her arm, and heard a faint cry for help" 241
Flowers 240
Forester's Daughter, The:
"Herr Wagner flung open the door and rushed into the chamber" 673

Giuseppina, the Heroine of Sicily 493
Given up by His Friends:
"Mark fired; but, as he did so, the door opened to admit the Russ, who, as he flew to seize Zoe, met a loaded cane" 369
Gorge of the Tunkini, Peru 441
Greenlander Harpooning a Narwhal 496

Halt by the Desert Pool, The 592
Hand, The:
Skeleton of the Hand and Forearm—Bones of the Hand of Man—Hand of Round-headed Dolphin—Hand of Bat 508
Hand of Horse, Rhinoceros and Tapir—Foot of Anchitherium, Hipparion and Horse—Bird's Arm—Diagram of Forelimb of Amphibian—Of Ceratodus 509
Handsome, Haughty, Hateful Harry Halstead:
"Just as she passed the corner of the table a hand was laid upon her arm" 41
Hark! 120
"He Cursed Me with my Heart's Desire":
"One solitary figure remained, when all others were gone, seated upon a rock" 511
Her Firstborn 585
Holman's Outfit:
"In a moment more they were at the strongly-made and well-barred portals" 289
"A Painted Demon" 292
How Hailstones are Forged in the Clouds:
Appearance of a Small Dwelling-house in a Suburb of Pietermaritzburg, Natal, immediately after a Hailstorm, June, 1874 636
Crystalline Hailstones which fell near Tiflis—Diagram Representing a Section of a Crystalline Hailstone that fell in France, in 1819—Hailstone with Concentric Layers of Clear Blue and Opaque White Ice 637
How Senator's Linn's Life was Saved 357
How the Japanese Amuse Themselves:
"In the midst of the fun a shaven-headed gentleman suddenly emerged"—"'Now,' cried the man, taking a porcelain bottle and two cups from his assistant" .. 33
"At a signal he ran forward"—"Exhibition of the Jumping Buddhist"—"He sat on the ground sucking his tiny-bowled brass pipe" 36
"A little further on we came across a peep-show"—"A fourth exhibited the figure of a demon" 37
"The troop consisted of four boys and an old lantern-jawed man" 40
Hymn to the Sea 440

In a Hollow Mountain:
Cave at Torghatten, Norway 688
In a Palm Grove 85

PAGE

India:
A Festival at Benares 545
Hindoo Women of the Lower Castes 548
A Court of Justice in India 549
View of Benares from the Ganges—A Hindoo Fakir 552
View of a Temple at Lucknow 553
Hindoo Girl Dancing the Egg-dance 556
Hindoo Boats on the Ganges 557
A Group of Thugs 560
Industrial Progress of the South:
A Mica Mine at Bakersville, N. C 641
A Stamping Mill in the Georgia Gold District—Cut in a Georgia Gold Mine 644
South Carolina Phosphate Works—Mixing Room—Phosphate Mill—Screen—Crushing of Phosphate 645
Improvements of Charleston Harbor—Iron Works in Tennessee—The Canal at Augusta, Ga 648
A Tobacco Sale at New Orleans—A Rice Pounding Room 649
Tennessee Marble Quarries 652
In the Wrong Box:
"She went to her desk and began to make up a package" 141
"Isn't He a Beauty?" 760

Kennan, the Kentucky Ranger 272
Knighting of the Black Prince:
"Never did knight more royally receive the accolade" ... 629

Lady Godiva 656
Lady Urquart:
"Chained to a chair, or, rather, to a seat of rock, sat Yncedelle de Fortlieu" 81
Lehigh Valley:
Mauch Chunk, Pa 113
Onoko Falls, Glen Onoko—Pulpit Rocks, Glen Onoko—Mount Pisgah Plane 116
Lesson in Arithmetic 633
Lindoris's Wife:
"My whole name is Bertha Cidney Langham" 105
Lodgers and Boarders in Lower Life:
The Hermit-Crab—Hermit-Crab and Tube-Worms 377
Hermit-Crabs Fighting—Pea-Crab—Social Ascidian—Simple Ascidian (A. Microcosmus)—Development of Liver Fluke—Development of Sacculina (after Haeckel)—Trichina Spiralis 381
Lotteries—Their History, Ancient and Modern:
The Drawing of a Lottery 745
Scene before a Lottery Office in Rome—A Children's Lottery at Baden Baden 748
Sketch at a Lottery Office in Spain 749
Loving and Being Loved:
"Suddenly some one touched her hand. 'Adeline!' At the tone she started up in terror" 433

Macready, W. C.:
Portrait—Covent Garden Theatre in the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century 97
The Astor Place Riot, New York—The Last Volley 100
Macready at the Farewell Banquet on his Retiring from the Stage 104
Maiden's Reverie, The 28
Masked Marquise, The:
"'There, boys,' she said, with the same bitter, mocking laugh, 'young gentlemen do not fight for their grandmothers'" 665
Massacre at Chicago, The:
"At this moment two friendly chiefs came up" 189
Mastiff Elm-tree 52
Metamorphoses of the Cicada, or Locust 88
Metamorphoses of the Stag Beetle 540
Minnie's Triumph:
"When she came into the room where her husband was waiting, and said, 'Buy some flowers, sir?' he could not help giving her a kiss" 409
Mistake of my Life, The:
"Mrs. Mackenzie acknowledged the introduction with great graciousness" 373
Miss Prescott's Three Lovers, and How their Wooing Sped:
"One afternoon Thirza found herself left quite alone to entertain Mr. Carew" 329
Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn 221 224
Morning Kiss, The 384
Mother's Songs, A 564
Murder Discovered by Touching the Dead Body 117
"Musidora." By W. Theed 180
My Four Breakfasts in the Palais Royal:
I Breakfast for One Franc Twenty-five Centimes 401
Café de Paris—I Breakfast for Two Francs 404

PAGE

My Four Breakfasts in the Palais Royal—*Continued.*
Restaurant Valois—I Breakfast for Three Francs..... 405
At Véfour's—I Breakfast for Twenty-seven Francs..... 408
My Narrow Escape:
"'Here! hi, Cervantes!' I shouted to the old rascal in front, who was to take charge of me. But he was so interested in the pursuit that he took no notice of me"—"One poor fellow's lasso caught the simarron by one horn; he was dragged out of his saddle by the animale's rush, and one arm broken..... 397
"I heard a savage roar, and directly afterward a splendid beast came into sight, galloping down the bed of the stream at a headlong pace"—"I felt savage enough to punch my own head, when bang! went Cervantes's gun, and I saw the great beast totter and fall"..... 400
Mystery of the Sea, A:
"As the terrible animal bore him to the floor"..... 84

Nelson, Horatio:
The Battle of Copenhagen..... 613
Nelson Wounded in Central America—Nelson Relics in Greenwich Hospital..... 616
Surrender of the Danish Admiral to Lord Nelson..... 617
The Battle of the Nile..... 620
The Funeral of Lord Nelson..... 621
The Nelson Monument, London..... 624
Night in the Jungle:
"Suddenly my eyes rested on a large black shadow"..... 693
"Not Guilty":
"She rushed to the Japanese cabinet"..... 65
"He grasped her by the throat"..... 193
"He raised her drooping face"..... 321

Old and New Acadia:
View of the City of Halifax—View off Mount Desert..... 276
Early Map of Nova Scotia—Moose-hunting in Acadia..... 277
A Mill at Grand Pré—Home of an Acadian Farmer—An Idyl of Acadia..... 280
Winslow Reading the Proclamation to the Acadians in the Church..... 281
Embarkation of the Acadian Prisoners—The Acadians Carried Off..... 284
Old Sea-dog, An:
Monson and the Biscayan Ship..... 600
Monson at Cadiz..... 501
Monson at Broad Haven..... 504
Action in Cerimbra Roads..... 505
Once and for Aye..... 576
"One of Dem Dere Kings:
"Down the hatch he went—that, too, with a yell"..... 752
One Thousand Mile Tree, The..... 89
Only a Child's Grave..... 724
Only in Fun:
"My sister stopped short. It was now dark, and nothing but my pale, glimmering figure was visible"..... 285
On Monte Pincio, Overlooking Rome..... 256
On the River..... 534
Ornamenting the Eyes with Kohl in Ancient and Modern Egypt:
Modern Style of Painting the Eye—Ancient Style—Vessel, Palletand Probe—Paint-box Ornamented with Hieroglyphic characters..... 143
Outwitting a Highwayman..... 297

Papaw, The. (Asimina Triloba):
Fruit and Seed..... 724
Parting Daylight..... 744
Passion Play in 1880, The:
The Stage of the Passion Play at Oberammergau..... 129
The Monastery of Ettal—Cross Presented by the King of Bavaria..... 132
The Village of Oberammergau—Maria Lang as "Mary Magdalen"—Jacob Hett as "Peter"..... 133
Joseph Meyer as "Christ"—Anastasia Krach as "Mary" 136
The Scene of the Crucifixion..... 137
Johann Rutz as "Herod"—Thomas Rendl as "Pilate" Sebastian Deschler as "Annas"—Johann Lein as "Caiaphas"..... 140
Pent Up in the City..... 484
Perjured Tryst, The..... 420
Plague of Poor Grandma's Life, The..... 333
Pleasant Rescue, A..... 201
Portal of the Cathedral of Rheims, France..... 701
Portraits:
Albani, Mlle..... 156
Anderson, Mary..... 153
Argyll, Duke of, Lord of the Privy Seal..... 13

PAGE

Portraits—*Continued.*
Bright, John..... 12
Childers, Hugh, Secretary for War..... 13
Colbert, John Baptist..... 209
Cushman, Charlotte..... 104
Dow, Mrs. Anna G..... 156
Forster, Hon. W. E., Secretary for Ireland..... 12
Gladstone, William E..... 1
Granville, Earl, Secretary for Foreign Affairs..... 12
Hannaford, Rev. Phebe..... 148
Hartington, Marquis of..... 12
Hauk, Minnie..... 157
Kellogg, Clara Louise..... 152
Kimberley, Earl of, Colonial Secretary..... 13
Lockwood, Mrs. B. A..... 149
Macready, W. C..... 97
Morris, Clara..... 152
Northbrook, Lord, First Lord of the Admiralty..... 12
Rubens, Sir P. P..... 465
Spencer, Earl, Lord President of the Council..... 13
Stansfeld, James, Local Government Board..... 13
Thursby, Miss Emma..... 156
Truth, Sojourner..... 148
Van Cott, Mrs. Maggie..... 148
Young, Mrs. Mary J..... 149
Poundexter's Vow:
"Lying on the bed was a young woman with bridal robes covering her perfect form"—"His eyes turned toward the door"..... 109
Poussin and Le Sueur, the French Painters..... 700
Prairie Dog's Home, and its Unwelcome Visitors, The..... 237
Pretty Climbing Vine—The Ground-nut..... 356
Pretty Puss..... 623
Propitiating his Mistress's Fair Maid..... 248

Queen of Bohemia, A:
"And Raphael, watching, sees the smile of sweetness freeze upon the critic's mouth as the heavy laces fall from the Queen's head"..... 353

Raccoon, The..... 436
Race for Life in the Jungle of Satpoora, A:
"The sharp crack of the rifle was followed by the death-cry of the Sowar, who fell headlong from the saddle" 632
Rahma Ben Jaubir, Pirate of the Persian Gulf:
"He instantly rushed below, and flung a match into the magazine"..... 481
Return of the Nursling..... 320
Revenge of Gerald Geraghty, The:
"This proud-looking girl rode a heavy black war-horse".. 225
Robber Saved, A:
"He fell at De Sallo's feet, and implored his mercy"..... 233
Robbers of the Gorge, The:
"He braced his back against the solid rock"—"He dropped the match upon the powder"..... 316
"The coach fell over upon its side"—"Helen Mattison, I am come to tell you that you are safe"..... 317
Robin Comes Home To-day..... 692
Romance of Captain Beattie's Life, The:
"'What do you mean?' she asked, in a tremulous voice". 273
Rose's Life Belt..... 511
Rubens, Sir Peter Paul:
Sir Peter Paul Rubens..... 465
The Mother of Rubens..... 468
Rubens's Chair—A Princely Visit to the Studio of Rubens..... 469
Rubens and his Wife, Isabella Brandt..... 472
Inauguration of the Bust of Rubens, in Antwerp Museum, in 1877—Rubens's Tercentenary: Scene in Teniers Square, Antwerp—Scene on St. Walburg Place..... 473
Tomb of Rubens in the Cathedral at Antwerp, as Found in 1864..... 476
Running Buffalo in Texas:
"Off we started in high spirits"—"At that instant the buffalo rolled over"..... 669
"Dismounting as soon as I was satisfied"—"We sallied in pursuit of a fine fat cow"..... 672

Sad Occurrence at Saratoga. Comic Illustration..... 356
Scenes From London Life—From Hand to Mouth:
A Cat's Meat Man..... 529
The Hot Chestnut Vender..... 532
A London Night Refuge..... 533
Sunday Afternoon, Waiting for the Public-houses to Open—A Sketch of Low Life in Drury Lane—A London Dust-heap..... 536
The Costermonger..... 537

PAGE

Scratched Camel, A:
"I fired just as the beast was rising"—"As the lion bounded upon us, I threw myself back" 228
"Right above me a monstrous male lion looked fiercely down at me"—"Poor Sayed fell exhausted" 229
Seine Fishing on a Smoky Day 32
Short Trip Around the World, A:
Embarking for a Voyage Around the World in the Olden Time—Clothes-washing in India 725
View of Yokohama and the Roadstead—Hong Kong 728
A Street Scene in Canton, China 729
Landing at Singapore—Luxury of Travel in India—Fording a River 732
A Mail Cart in India—Night Scene on the Deck of a Red Sea Steamer 736
Simple Apparatus for Obtaining Fresh Water from the Salt Sea 254
Singer's Story, The:
"Throwing back my vail, I put the children before me and began to sing" 721
Singular Old Maid, A:
"Dear, faithful, true girl! I have found you out at last!" 313
Skeleton of Holar Church, The 121
Soap Bubble, A:
Support Stand for the Soap Bubble—Air Bubble Floating in Carbonic Acid—Experiment with Water Balloon—Soap Solution Experiments—Attraction Experiments 252
Faraday's Experiment—Newton's Plan—Newton's Rings. 253
Social Ethics—Humorous Illustration 92
Some Remarkable American Women:
Miss Phebe Couzins Addressing the Democratic Convention, St. Louis 145
Mrs. Maggie Van Cott, Revivalist—Rev. Phebe A. Hannaford—Miss Charlotte Crabtree, "Lotta"—Sojourner Truth 148
Mrs. Lockwood Moving for the Admission of the First Colored Lawyer in the U. S. Supreme Court—Mrs. Mary J. Young—Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood 149
Maggie Mitchell as "Fanchon"—Clara Louise Kellogg—Clara Morris 152
Mary Anderson 153
Mlle. Albani—Mrs. Anna Granger Dow—Miss Emma Thursby 156
Minnie Hauk, Prima Donna 157
Miss Emma Abbott Soliciting Money to Defend Mrs. Smith 160
Spring 372
Strange Cruise, A:
"Around her, at no great distance, hovered half a dozen proas" 49
Stroke Oar:
"He turned, however, with excellent grace, to salute a fashionably dressed, middle-aged lady" 625
Studying the Weather:
A Weather Glass 756
Stow's Thermometer—Stevenson's Shade—Phillips's Maximum Thermometer 757
Rutherford's Minimum Thermometer—Fortin's Barometer—Dr. Robinson's Anemometer—Daniell's Hygrometer—A Rain Gauge 758
Summer Playtime 192
Sun-Worshiping Indians near El Dorado 704
Superstition of the Sea, A 464
Surprise in the Hayfield 112
Susie's Soap Kettle 653
Sweet Breath of Morn, The 457
Sweet Summer Days 512

Theatres of New York, The:
Interior of John Street Theatre, before the Revolution ... 385
George F. Cooke—Thomas A. Cooper—Junius Brutus Booth—Edward Simpson, Manager of the Park 388
The Old Park Theatre, from an Early Wood-cut—Burning of the National Theatre, from a Contemporaneous Wood-cut—Palmo's Opera House, afterward Burton's Theatre 389
Interior of the Chatham Theatre, afterward Chatham Chapel 392
Broadway Theatre, about 1855—The Bowery Theatre 393
Booth's Theatre 396
Theodore, King of Abyssinia:
Theodore in State 326
Theodore Enraged 328
An Abyssinian Battle 340
Abyssinian Priests—Women Kneading Bread—Theodore's Capital at Debra Tabor 341
Abyssinian Villagers 344

PAGE

Theodore, King of Abyssinia.—*Continued.*
An Abyssinian Sacristy—King Theodore's Soldiers—Palace of Theodore at Gondar 345
Battle of Arroye—The Released Prisoners—The Storming of Magdala 348
Theodore Dead—Elephants Carrying Artillery—The Burning of Magdala 349
The Son of Theodore 352
"The Widow Has It":
"The miller's son volunteered to pole the raft to the middle of the pond, where they were" 561
Three Ocelots:
"At last a well-aimed blow stunned it" 288
Till the Sun Grows Cold:
"Alixe seemed fascinated with the terrible beauty of the scene below" 17
Traveling in the East:
A Coffee Mortar 52
Treasure of the Ilex, The:
"'The saints bless you! I have found the cross,' answered he, between a sob and a laugh" 609
Troublesome Secret, A:
"Here, take it all. It's vulgar drossh—and the turnip, too" 737
"True Blue" 489
Turin:
Turin, from the Capuchin Monastery, Il Monte 360
Entrance to Madama Palace—The Palazzo Madama on the Piazza Castello 361
Place Victor Emmanuel, Turin—Palace Carignano, or Parliament Palace, Turin 364
The Titan Fountain 365
Industrial Exhibition Building—Inundation, in 1880 368
Tutor's Story, The:
"Something flashed; a bullet hissed; I screamed and ran out. Dr. Jorgensen lay bleeding, pale, but a smile on his lips" 417
Twilight 64

Unauthorized Tabak's Collegium, An 72
Under the Culvert:
"My companion seized me round the legs, and the fierce current at once swung him out"—"'Oh, Clarke, do you remember this?' snatching the wig from his head and revealing a scar" 497

Valley of Angrogna 491
Value of an Article is According to How it is Fetched, The:
Comic Illustration 232
Victor Hugo:
Victor Hugo in the Island of Jersey—At the Tomb of Lemaître—His House at Brussels 308
The Hunchback of Notre Dame 309
In the National Assembly 312
Waiting 53
Washingtons of Yorkshire, The:
Armorial Bearings of the Washingtons—House in Little Brington Supposed to have been Occupied by the Washingtons—Inscription over the Door of the House of the Washingtons 293
South Cave Castle, the Seat of the Washingtons—South Cave Church, in Washington Park 296
Was it Better?
"One look showed Guy a little figure half lifted from the bed" 177
Well of Life, The—Morning and Evening 325
What Brown Left Town for 753
"What Care I for Wind or Weather!" 713
What the Japanese Eat:
A Japanese Dinner 164
A Japanese Butcher Shop—Port Jackson Shark, Eaten Raw in Japan—Izakura 165
A Salt Vender and House Servant—The Pelor Japanicum. 168
A Dealer in Fried Fish—Japanese Entertaining European Guests 169
Rice Warehouses near Tokio—A Saki Shop at New Year's 172
Japanese Tea House 173
Fish Market on the Great Bridge of Japan 176
"Will You Buy a Bouquet, Sir?" 696
Wild Beast Shop, A 144
Winning in Spite of Himself:
"At twelve, precisely, what was her consternation to behold her lover entering the place" 93
Women at an Arabic Fountain, Jerusalem 457

Young and Foolish:
"'Oh, Nellie, Nellie, listen to me!' cried Mrs. Sherwood." 686

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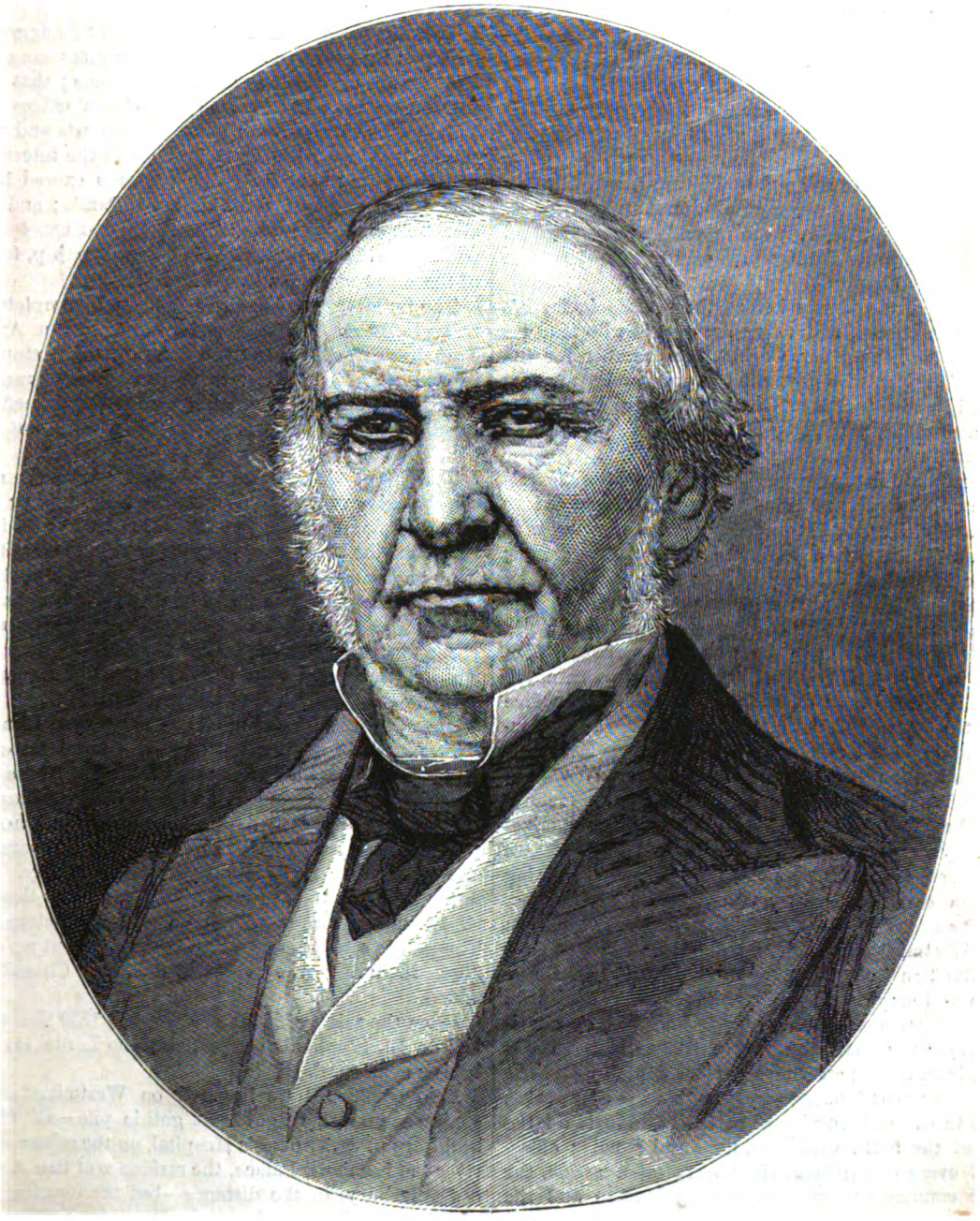
THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY N. ROBINSON.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By N. Robinson.

I was stopping at the Tavistock Hotel, in Covent Garden, that most comfortable of bachelor quarters, for, like the Island of St. Senanus, the *frou-frou* of a petticoat is a sound unknown within its sacred precincts. I had done St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Thames Embankment, the Tower, the lanes and alleys of the wondrous old city; the National Gallery, the Crystal Palace—in fact, all the sights save one; and I reserved the Houses of Parliament, in the hope that luck, or chance, might place an order for the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons in my way; for I was intensely desirous of witnessing a debate in "the first assemblage of gentlemen in Europe."

Happening to mention my yearnings to a red-faced, red-nosed, ample-waistcoated personage stopping at the hotel, who was very strong on saddle of mutton and port wine—I dined at the same table with him on four different occasions, and he never varied his *menu*—this worthy was good enough to promise me the wished-for voucher.

"I'd like you to go on a field night, when all the great guns will go into action. Let me see, Friday—ay, on Friday Mr. Gladstone's motion about the irrepressible Turk comes on. I must, as you say in America, 'fix you' for Friday."

Mr. Murgatroyd was as good as his word, and the day named found me in possession of the small strip of paper, signed "W. J. Corbet, M. P."; each member being entitled to issue one order per diem, which was my open sesame to the Strangers' Gallery.

"Be down at the House before three o'clock, for it's first come first served, and there are people who take up their places at noon. Mr. Corbet, the member for the County of Wicklow, who gave me the order, tells me that Sir Stafford Northcote, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer under Beaconsfield, will reply to Gladstone, and that the air is dynamitic."

After fortifying the inner man with a Southdown mutton-chop and a pewter of London stout, I emerged into Covent Garden, strolled through its arcade, glowing with flowers and laden with a thousand delicious perfumes; struck the Strand at Charing Cross; gained Whitehall; passing the Admiralty and Horse Guards; pausing to gaze at the two mounted Life Guardsmen, immovable as statues; glancing at the old palace window, through which Charles I. stepped forth, on that raw January morning, to meet the headsman's ax; down by the new Foreign Office—confronted by the palatial mansion of the Duke of Buccleuch, whose son was so mercilessly beaten by Mr. Gladstone at Midlothian—on into Parliament Street, Westminster Abbey looming up in the distance, and the Victoria Tower of the House of Lords, keen-cut as a cameo against the blue May sky; and having secured the friendly offices of a policeman—whose lot is not a happy one—in piloting me through carriages, drays, trucks, phætons, wagons, growlers, hansoms and costermonger barrows, ebbing to and from Westminster Bridge, I entered New Palace Yard just as "Big Ben" was booming the half-hour past three.

There was hurrying to and fro in New Palace Yard: members of Parliament dashing up in hansoms, on horseback, or rapidly passing on foot to Westminster Hall; barristers, brief-laden; attorneys in close confab with their legal advisers; pert-looking clerks with rolls of papers; principals in causes being heard in the law courts on the west side of the hall; witnesses, male and female; office-seekers of every description, sight-seers *ad nauseam*, the inevitable country cousins, the gaping Mossoo and the inquisitive Down-easter.

Having been advised by Mr. Murgatroyd to take a look at the Houses from Westminster Bridge, I passed under the windows of Mr. Speaker's private residence, and up the stone steps at the foot of the great Clock Tower, on to the bridge.

The site of the old Royal Palace at Westminster is now occupied by the Houses of Parliament, or, to speak more correctly, by the New Palace. This forms one of the most magnificent buildings in Europe, and probably the largest gothic edifice ever erected. I may mention that it covers an area of nine acres; that, eastward, it presents a frontage of nearly 1,000 feet; that the great tower at the southwestern extremity reaches the gigantic elevation of 350 feet; that towers of lesser magnitude crown other portions of the building; that fourteen halls, galleries and vestibules, and other apartments of great capacity and noble proportions, are contained within its limits; that it comprises eight official residences, all first-rate mansions, fit to receive families of distinction; that twenty corridors and lobbies are required to serve as the great roadways through this aggregation of edifices; that thirty-two noble apartments facing the River Thames are occupied as committee-rooms; that libraries, waiting-rooms, dining-rooms and clerks' offices are thick as leaves in Valumbrosa; that eleven courts and a score of minor openings give light and air to the interior of this superb fabric; that its cubic contents exceed 15,000,000 feet, being one-half more than St. Paul's; and that the structure contains no less than 1,100 distinct apartments, amongst which is a chapel for Divine worship, formed out of the crypt of old St. Stephen's.

The building was begun in 1838, and completed externally in 1868. Magnesian limestone, from Anston, in Yorkshire, was used for the exterior, Caen stone for the interior. The great river-wall is of Aberdeen granite. The building is warmed through steam-pipes sixteen miles in length, and ventilated most carefully. Its cost was over $15,000,000.

The principal façade on the building faces the river, and can be seen only from Westminster Bridge, or from the Albert Embankment opposite. It is 1,000 feet in length, including the two projecting wings at the extremities. The wing on the right contains the residence of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and of that grim functionary, the Sergeant-at-Arms. That on the left, the apartments of the Usher of the Black Rod, and of the Lords' Librarian. The façade is decorated with the royal arms of England, from William the Conqueror to the present reign.

Upon the site now occupied by the Houses of Parliament, Edward the Confessor first erected a royal palace, which was enlarged by his successors. William Rufus built the great hall of Westminster, and held his Christmas in it in 1099. A fire in 1299 destroyed nearly the whole of the palace, including Westminster Hall, but Richard II. had it rebuilt, and Richard's roof stands to-day. Another destructive fire took place in 1512, and only the hall and St. Stephen's Chapel, with its crypt and cloisters, escaped. The palace after this never was restored, but a few buildings, including the celebrated Star Chamber, were added.

From the reign of Edward VI. up to 1850 the Commons met in St. Stephen's Chapel, and the Lords in a neighboring apartment.

Fain would I have lingered on Westminster Bridge, gazing at yonder magnificent gothic pile—at the superb buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital, on the other side of the river—at Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the distance—but the fourteen-ton bell of "Big Ben" boomed out the quarter. I was now com-

pelled, after casting one long, last, lingering look, to return to the Palace Yard.

A rush of indefinable sensations came to me as I entered the Westminster Hall. The history of merrie England seemed emblazoned in the marvelous window that shot glittering shafts of red and yellow and green and purple athwart the floor, which has rung to the mailed heel of the Second Richard.

This glorious hall is 250 feet in length, 68 feet wide, and 42 feet high. Its cedar roof is a gothic poem. Westminster Hall has been the scene of stirring events. The very first act performed in it was the deposition of the King who built it—Richard II.—in 1299. Parliament has frequently met in it, and the law courts of England were permanently established here as early as 1224, before the present Hall was built, and they still occupy a series of buildings to the west of it. The coronation dinners were given within its walls down to George IV., and on these occasions the King's champion rode into the hall and threw down the gauntlet, challenging any one who should contest the King's right to the throne. Oliver Cromwell was installed here Lord Protector, and four years later his head was set upon a pole at the top of the hall fronting the Palace Yard. Numerous trials have been held in the grand old Hall, and amongst those condemned to the scaffold were Sir William Wallace, Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerset, the Earl and Countess Somerset, the Earl of Strafford, King Charles I., and the Scottish Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino and Lovat. Warren Hastings was tried here, Richard Brinsley Sheridan making the cedar roof ring with his famous Begum speech; and, in 1806, Lord Melville. State ceremonies and trials no longer take place in the Hall, and it now serves only as a noble lobby to the courts of law and the Houses of Parliament.

Passing along Westminster Hall, I asked a policeman the cause of a great crowd of persons of both sexes gathered round a doorway to the right.

"Bless yer hinnocent 'art," he replied, "that there is the Divorce Court, and the beastlier the case the greater the crowd."

"But there are ladies in the crowd?"

"Blest if I call 'em ladies, though they calls themselves so."

Mounting the marble stairway, I turned to the left, and entered St. Stephen's Hall. Ranged along either side of the hall are twelve "statues of men who rose to eminence by the eloquence and abilities they displayed in the House of Commons," namely: Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon, Selden, Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Mansfield, Lord Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke and Grattan. I do not think I ever beheld a more superb statue than that of Lucius Cary (Lord Falkland), one of the first men who fell, fighting for his King, at Edgehill, in the great Civil War. Hampden also fell in this fight. On the left hand, behind the statue of Edmund Burke, is a doorway, occupying the same position as that which gave access to the members of the House between 1547 and 1680, and by the left side of this door the assassin lurked who shot Mr. Percival on the 11th of May, 1812.

I lingered in the corridor leading to the central hall, gazing at the fresco paintings, in compartments, of the "Last Sleep of Argyle," the "Execution of Montrose," the "Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers," and others, till the booming of "Big Ben" told me that I must gain the sanctuary. Crossing the central hall, I was passing into the corridor leading to the "lobby," when a bright-eyed, pot-bellied policeman interposed his blue arm and gloved hand.

"Where are you going?"

"Into the House."

"You cannot pass without a horder."

"I have one."

"Show it, please."

A number of persons crowded around this entrance, each seeking admission to the lobby through the medium of some member to whom they were known. Cards, and names on pieces of paper, are taken to the doorkeepers, who, in turn, send the pasteboards to the member "wanted," if he be in the House. Should he not yet have arrived, the card is "racked" for him, and the applicant left to cool his heels until such time as the august personage puts in an appearance.

Members come down the corridor to meet their friends, and the air of importance assumed by the vast majority of them is intensely amusing. In fact, they lead you to understand that a prolonged absence from the lobby may mean a collapse of the Government.

"All right, sir," exclaimed the policeman, as I showed the order and passed on.

The lobby of the House of Commons itself is a very fine apartment, square in plan, about forty-five feet each way, and having a doorway in each side. It forms the chief vestibule to the House of Commons, and by a short corridor communicates with the great octagonal hall in the centre of the palace, which, in fact, forms the only entrance to the lobby. Each side of the lobby is alike in its general features, being divided into three equal parts, the central portion containing a deeply recessed and lofty doorway, and the others being divided into two stories. In this hall, the messengers of the House sit waiting to be dispatched, either to Government officers for documents, or, in the event of a division, to hunt out for members, however late it may be, or, rather, however early in the morning.

In this lobby the "whip," or whipper-in of his party, spends most of his time, rarely entering the House, but "buttonholeing" every doubtful and recusant member, preparatory to a division, and making as many promises in a given hour as would take him any given seven years to accomplish.

The electric bell, which gives notice of a division, rings simultaneously in every department of the vast building, and then comes a schoolboy rush of the members, many of whom know as little about the subject upon which they have been called to vote as the first Pharaoh of George IV.'s last attack of the gout.

As I stood in the lobby, *en queue*, waiting my turn to enter the narrow doorway leading to the Strangers' Gallery, a stern and warning cry of "hats off" aroused me to a sense of "a something."

"What is the matter?" I asked of a fat, perspiring individual in front.

"Speaker's going to prayers," was the curt reply.

Presently the Speaker, in a flowing wig and robes and court dress, preceded by a gentleman in a bag wig and with a sword by his side, carrying on his shoulder a heavy gilt club surmounted by a crown, and followed by two other gentlemen in the attire of Queen's Counsel, crossed the lobby and entered the House. An electric bell tinkled, the doors of the House were closed with a crash, and the first Commoner in England was at prayers.

"Was that the mace?" I asked of a clean-shaven, intelligent-looking young gentleman who stood immediately behind me, and who was also *en route* to the Strangers' Gallery, as told by the order held in readiness between his forefinger and thumb.

"Yes, sir," he replied; "and few British taxpayers are

are how important this toy is to the legislative duties of their representatives. Without it the House of Commons does not exist, and it is as essential that it shall be present at the deliberations of our Senate, as that Mr. Speaker Table presides during the election; but no sooner is the Speaker elected than the mace is drawn from its hiding-place and deposited on the table, as described further on, where it ever after remains during the sitting of the

THE NEW PALACE OF WESTMINSTER OR HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

should be there himself. Without the Speaker, the House never proceeds to business, and without the mace the Speaker cannot take the chair. At the commencement of a new Parliament, as the other day, and before the election of a Speaker, this valuable emblem of his dignity is hidden under the table of the House, and the Clerk of the House, and at the rising of the House Mr. Speaker carries it away with him, and never trusts it out of his keeping."

I saw that I had tapped a mine.

"You are going to the Strangers' Gallery?"

"Yes."

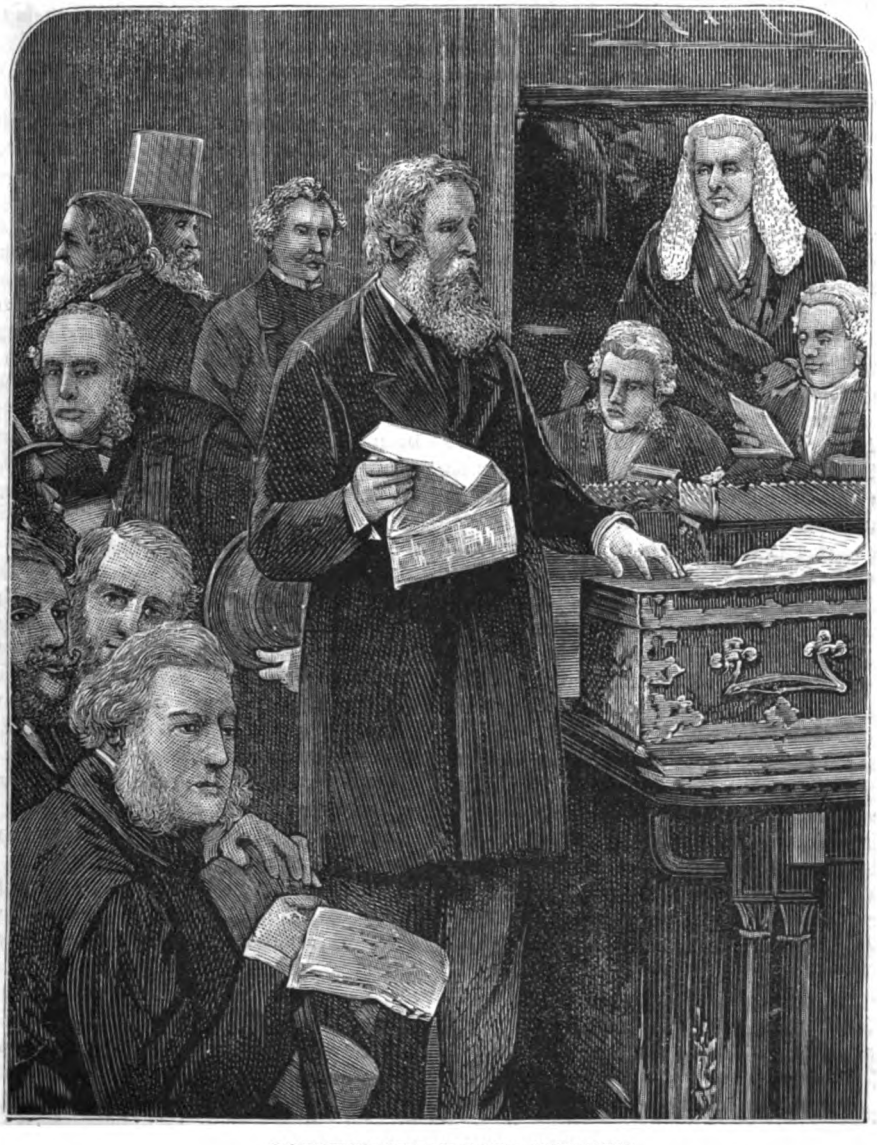
"So am I. Now, I am from the United States, and

most anxious to know 'who's who,' and all about the 'swells,' as you would call them. I feel that I am in good hands, and — here is my card; you'll take supper with me at the Tavistock, and we'll toast the House of Commons in a couple of bottles of any brand of champagne you name."

I guess I struck him in the right way, for he handed me *his* card— "Mr. Percy Montford, Brick Court, Temple" — a sucking lawyer, with hopes of one day working his way into the House, as a stepping-stone to the Bench.

"*Apropos* of the mace," he continued, with a laugh, after most politely informing me of his intention to coach me, "when the mace lies *upon* the table, it is a *House;* when *under*, it is a *Committee.* When the mace is *out* of the House, no business can be done; when *from* the table, and *upon* the shoulder of the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Speaker alone manages."

THE QUEEN PROCEEDING TO OPEN PARLIAMENT.



DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT PROCLAIMED.

"Is this mace the 'bauble' that Cromwell ordered away when he dismissed the 'rump' of the Long Parliament in 1653?" I asked, both for information's sake and to show the young lawyer that I was not a graduate of Harvard for nothing.

"No," he replied; "the Speaker's mace of the reign of Charles I. perished when the crown plate was sold, in 1649. The Commonwealth mace, which came into use in that year, was ornamented with flowers, instead of the cross and bell at the top, and with the arms of England and Ireland instead of those of the late King; but the Restoration supplied the mace you saw to-day, in 1660."

Our turn having arrived, we squirmed up the narrow stairway, and I found myself in the British House of Commons. Having taken my seat, Mr. Montford on my right, I gazed around me with feelings of very considerable interest.

Let me endeavor to describe the appearance of the House. It is but 65 feet long, 45 feet broad, and 45 feet in height. In fact, it is reduced to the smallest possible size for the sake of hearing. It is a magnificent and imposing apartment, but so far as decoration goes, when compared with the House of Lords, it may be considered plain and unpretending. It is surrounded by galleries, which diminish its apparent size. The ceiling is divided, longitudinally, into three parts, the centre division being horizontal, the others inclined downward; and these longitudinal sections are divided by massive ribs, resting on corbels, into square compartments, which are again subdivided. The massive ribs are carried along the sides, and the corbels rest on elegantly enriched shafts. The walls from beneath the windows to the galleries are paneled. On the east and west sides of the House there are six windows, and at the north and south ends there are three compartments, to correspond with the fenestral arrangement of the sides; these spaces are filled with a very pretty lattice-work of wrought brass, forming a screen to the ladies' gallery. The windows are filled with rich-stained glass, displaying the armorial insignia of twenty-four of the English boroughs.

The galleries are particularly effective specimens of design in gothic woodwork, and with their hand-rails and trefoil ornaments of wrought brass, are extremely fine. The side galleries are for the use of the members of the House, and each contains two rows of seats. The north gallery is for the use of the reporters, and to it there is a separate staircase with retiring-room. The south gallery is divided into two portions, one being for distinguished visitors, the other for such of the public as may be fortunate enough to obtain admission. It was in this gallery that I was seated. The fronts of the galleries bore, on small shields, the badges and monograms of the various sovereigns of England.

The Speaker's chair, at the north end of the House, is of very fine design. There are several rows of seats in the body of the House, and, all being of ample dimensions and covered with green morocco leather, harmonizing delightfully with the warm brown tints of the oak paneling, produce an air of repose and comfort. The Clerk's table is paneled beneath with elaborately carved work, and at its southern end are brass scrolls for the Speaker's mace to rest on during the business of the House.

The Sergeant-at-Arms is near the bar, a single oak rail at the southern end of the House. There are two doors on either side of the House to lead into the division lobbies, and there are similar doorways as entrances into the galleries. Behind the Speaker's chair is a doorway leading to retiring-rooms for the Speaker, and communicating with corridors which give access to the Speaker's private residence.

Considering the very limited area of the House of Commons, a fair proportion of accommodation is afforded to spectators of the proceedings of the Third Estate of the Realm. There is a roomy gallery appropriated to the Corps Diplomatique, press, and distinguished strangers; the Speaker's Gallery, which holds 150 persons, and the Strangers' Gallery, in which I was seated, which contains three rows of seats, each capable of accommodating about 70 persons.

"You must be on your good behavior here," half whispered Mr. Montford; "the rules are awfully strict, and the ushers simply ruthless. No one is allowed to rise from his seat, except for the purpose of leaving, and silence, as nearly absolute as possible, must be observed. Look around you, and you'll see specimens of every class of the British elector and non-elector undergoing the rigid pleasure of witnessing how things are done in the House of Commons."

"Do people ever get into the House by mistake?"

"Such a thing has happened. A country clergyman once innocently walked into the House of Lords and seated himself beside the Duke of Wellington, then fell asleep, and when he awoke the Duke had gone, and had taken his reverence's hat. There was nothing for his reverence to do but to take the Duke's hat, which he did, and it was only after he had returned to his parish that he found the word 'Wellington' on the lining."

After some other anecdotes of waifs and strays, Mr. Montford pointed out the Ministerial seats or benches to the right of the Speaker, and those of the Opposition to the left, both being, to my great satisfaction, completely filled.

"What is going on now?" I asked, as a gentleman, led by two others, advanced up the floor of the House.

"They are introducing a new member. He is about to take the oaths and his seat."

"How do they swear in a new Parliament?"

"I'll tell you. In the case of swearing in of the members of a new Parliament, the Speaker sits from twelve to four o'clock every day for a week, after the assembling of Parliament, for the purpose of administering the prescribed form of oath. On the first day the counties and boroughs are called out alphabetically, and any of the members for each place as it is named who happen to be ready present themselves at a long-drawn-out table, and range themselves, schoolboy fashion, along its sides. A number of oblong pieces of cardboard, on which are printed forms of the oaths, are then produced, and one of them is distributed to each member. A corresponding number of Testaments are then handed round to the members to be sworn, after which the clerk reads aloud the form of words constituting the oath, and the representatives of the people repeat them after him in all sorts of tones. As soon as prayers are over every day the Speaker calls, 'Members to be sworn to come to the table.' That is the operation that is going on just now, and the reason the new member is so lustily cheered is because it has been a hot and sharp party contest, pluckily fought. It must be Mr. Bentham, a Liberal gain, as the jubilation is all on the Government side of the House."

"How is a division operated?"

"Oh, easily enough. You will very possibly witness its inception this evening. As soon as the moment arrives when it is the pleasure of the House to try the question by this test, the signal is given by the Speaker calling out, 'Strangers must withdraw!' This order is obeyed only by the occupants below the bar and the gallery just over the Clerk, both of which are actually within the House. The occupants of this, the Strangers' Gallery, are permitted to keep their seats. As soon as the order to withdraw is given, a two-minute glass is turned by one of the clerks, in order to give time to members dispersed all over the building to occupy their seats. As soon as the sand has run out, the doors are closed and locked by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and all late-comers are excluded. The Speaker then puts the question, and after having declared which side, in his opinion, has the majority of voices, his decision is questioned by some member, and he then gives the direction, 'The ayes to the right, the noes to the left;' and the former file out of that door at the back of the Chair; the latter pass up the gangway, or open space on the left there —the Opposition side—and out at a small door at this end of the House, on the left, which we cannot see. The Speaker then orders two 'tellers' to each door, and one of them reports to him that 'the House is clear.' The

members, thus driven out of the body of the House, find themselves in a long corridor; and at the end of this corridor is a railing and a desk, between which sufficient space is allowed for one person to pass at a time, after the manner of the pay-places at theatres. On one side of these stand two 'tellers'—one of each of the parties then voting against the other—and two clerks, both of whom are provided with printed lists of the names of all the members of the House. As each member passes through the teller counts him—he himself usually calls out his name—and the clerks tick it off on the list, with a view to its being inserted in due course in the division lists, which are printed every morning with the Orders of the Day. The members then return one by one to the body of the House, the ayes entering at the principal door below the bar, and the noes by the door at the back of the Speaker's chair. When all have passed, the tellers make up the figures, and all four advancing to the table; one of those on the winning side in a loud voice declares the respective numbers.

"There is a type of the young member, of whom a great deal is expected," observed my invaluable friend, pointing toward a careworn-looking young gentleman, with disordered dress and unkempt hair, who was engaged in making copious notes from some passage in a blue book that he fondled on his knee. "There are a dozen or so in the House. They come to nothing, as a rule. That man—I forget his name—says some smart thing at a public dinner about the Duke of Wellington being a charlatan, or Bismarck an idle dreamer, and the very novelty of the assertion arrests attention. A vacancy occurs in his county, and he is put up. He gets through the preliminary ordeals pretty well. Of course he is too clever to make good hustings speeches, and there is a vague feeling of disappointment in the county concerning him, but he is sent triumphantly to Westminster, and the county, quietly triumphant and expectant, saying, as it were, 'Wait till our young lion roars in earnest! See how he will rend the other lions, young and old alike!'

"But the roaring takes some time. The forms of the House have to be carefully noted; success must not be endangered by any foolish hastiness; and, to do him justice, the sucking member is not hasty. He attends the House with exemplary devotion; he even attends prayers, so that he may have a seat assured to him should he perchance suddenly wish to confront an enemy on the other side, and vanquish him in debate. With unexampled trouble, he gets on a committee, and asks a shrewd question or two that evinces the grasp he has taken of the subject in hand.

"So one session goes past, and he leaves town still undistinguished from the common herd. He bides his time, say his admirers. Wait till next session! Alas! next session, when at length he catches the Speaker's eye, and rises with a tremendous sense of responsibility to address the representatives of the kingdom, his innate dullness entirely cancels and covers over his knowledge of the subject; and his priggishness wearies, while his pertinacity ends by offending the House. Leaders of his party say to each other, 'He won't do'; while the word 'bore' is marked against his name by the whole assembly, and he is doomed. That young fellow is one of the doomed ones, and a type. As he gains confidence, he insists on letting the world—through the reporters—know what he thinks on very many subjects, until at last even these long-suffering gentlemen begin to put him off with that terrible sentence, 'After a few remarks from Mr. ——.' Look well at him, and carry his image in your mind's eye on the ferry across the pond."

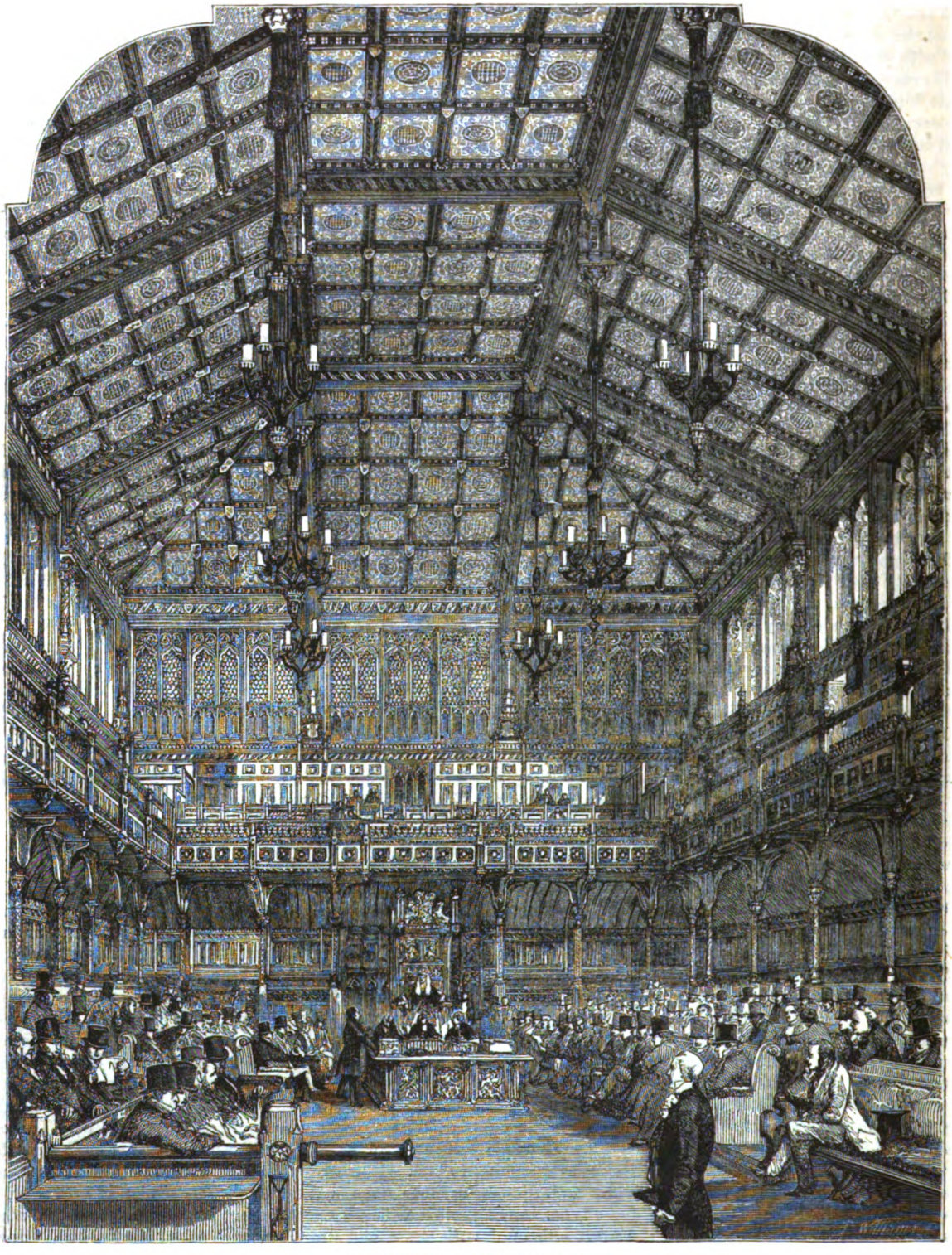
The Treasury and Opposition benches being now pretty well filled, Mr. Montford continued:

"Take a good look at the greatest man of the age, a living wonder," said Mr. Montford, as my eyes instinctively fell upon Mr. Gladstone. "He is Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, holding both high and mighty offices. See the fine mouth, the massive nose, the compact head. What thought is expressed on that brow. What a mine of masterful ideas is lying in wait beneath those sparse silver locks! What a bitter pill it was for old lady Victoria to have to take him to her bosom, poor thing, and to relegate to outer darkness the Juggler of the Jingoes, who made her an Empress, by Jove! In his time, Gladstone has played many parts; his present leap into power is politically dramatic. He will pull down a church, as he did the Irish Establishment, or fell a tree; write an essay on the Diophantine Analysis, or a Greek poem on a postal card. The great issues now at stake will be handled by a very Titan. Watch him smoothing his hat—it's a favorite occupation. I heard him speak two hours once, and he kept rubbing a new hat all the time, and the wrong way. Fancy, he was born in 1809. He's a Liverpudlian. In a fit of indigestion he threw up the reins of power in 1874. Disraeli said there was nothing like it since the bankruptcy of Overend & Gurney, a bank that everybody thought as firm as the Bank of England. Gladstone does as much writing per diem as a dozen of our Civil Service clerks put together. At Eton and Oxford he was a great worker. He is a profound Greek scholar, and his leisure hours, save the mark! are devoted to Homeric translations. Everybody knows everything about him, so we'll pass on to that handsome, florid, stout, bearded man behind him. That's the Right Honorable Hugh Childers, Secretary of State for War. He was "Comptroller of the Queen's Navee" when the Liberals were in office, and made a pretty good Lord of the Admiralty. During his term of office his eldest son was lost in the training-ship that keeled clean over off the Isle of Wight. He has not much backbone, but he'll do. In 1872 he became Agent-General of Victoria, and also Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. His re-election on that occasion is memorable as the first instance in England of a political election by ballot. He paid you all a visit in '75, and is very warm in his praises."

Mr. Gladstone here conferred with Mr. Childers, and my friend rattled on:

"You see, or rather you cannot see, the Marquis of Hartington's face. See, he sits thrust between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster. His hat is so balanced on the bridge of his nose as to conceal his face. His arms are folded and his legs are crossed. This is his attitude. He is the eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire, and heir to ever so many castles and a couple of hundred thousand a year. It was John Bright who proposed him for the leadership of the Liberal Party in '75. With more elegance than metaphor, the great tribune observed that a few strawberry leaves, meaning the ducal flower, would make the party smell sweeter in the nostrils of the English. Lord Hartington is as lazy as lazy can be. He cares little for office, the drudgery of which is most distasteful to him. When Chief Secretary for Ireland he was never seen to open a dispatch. The Duke of Beaufort, the noble duke who goes fishing in your waters with Sothern, the actor, and Florence, once asked Hartington, 'How on earth do you get through your work?' 'I don't,' replied the marquis—and yet he *does* work, somehow. The Duke of Argyle once christened him the 'late' Marquis of Hartington, and the marquis is—well, not as punctual as Queen Victoria. You know," continued my coach, "that he got into a scrape in your country at Washington, by wearing a secesh decoration at a ball. He wore it because a lady

had given it to him, and he did not know its significance. I hope he will speak to-night, for he is up in the art of 'thinking on his legs,' as Bishop Wilberforce has pronounced to be the beginning and the end of oratory. He could have gone into the Upper House, but has refused more than once. He would like to have been leader in this Parliament, but he is wise enough to feel how weak he would be, nay, how ridiculous, with Mr. Gladstone in the ranks. This he told the Queen, who, *bon gré, mal gré*, had to send for Gladstone. The marquis is forty-seven years old, and has escaped matrimony.

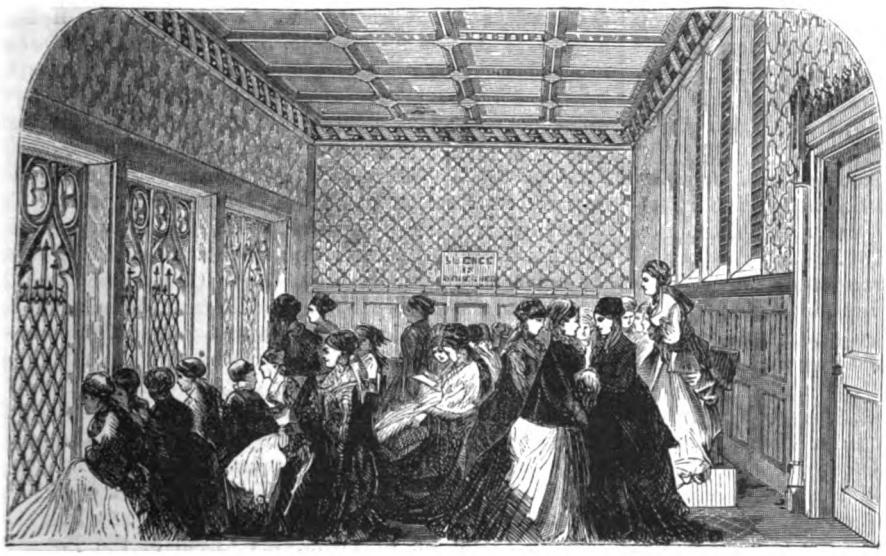


THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN SESSION.

"I want you to look at the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, William Edward Forster. You know him well in your country. Forster is a first-class man. He is what you would call 'solid,' and very square. He is member for Bradford, in Yorkshire, the great seat of the alpaca

manufacture. He was Under Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1865–6. He passed the Education Bill through Parliament in 1870, and was sponsor for the Ballot Act of 1872. By Jove, how the Irish landlords must bless him for that! What a resolution! All the swells who commanded counties and held packed boroughs swept out like old shoes! Forster has written a vindication of William Penn against Lord Macaulay's charges. He will be very acceptable to the people of Ireland, as he was a great worker during the awful famine of '46–7, being one of those appointed for the distribution of relief. Gladstone thinks immensely of him.

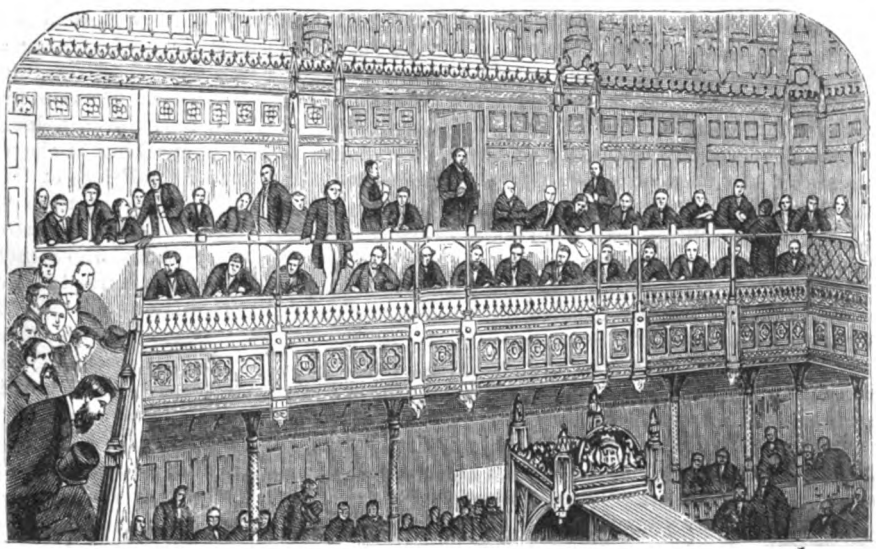
INSTALLING A NEW SPEAKER.



THE LADIES' GALLERY.

"Ah, here comes John Bright!" exclaimed Mr. Montford, as the great tribune entered, bowing to the Speaker as he passed beside the chair. "There is no English public man so well known on your side of the pond as Bright. He is, as you are aware, a Rochdale man, and is in his sixty-ninth year. He prefers salmon-fishing to politics, and the Tay-side to the Treasury benches. If he only had Cobden beside him now! He is Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, one of those mysterious offices that give a man a seat in the Cabinet, and—nothing to do. I need say nothing more about him. How rosy and well he looks! and in what fighting condition! He is a tower of strength to Gladstone, though they don't *always* agree. What a wise man he was to fling over all business eight years ago, when he felt the strain on his brain, and take to the rod and stream! Where would he have been to-day, if he had clung to work? Quote this example in America, where you never stop till the 'grim sergeant' arrests you!

"That man beside Bright is the Right Honorable James Stansfeld, President of the Local Government Board. He was born in 1820, and was a Lord of the Admiralty in 1863–4, but had to resign, owing to complications arising



THE REPORTERS' GALLERY.

from his intimacy with Mazzini. He has held office since, and is a man of parts. If Garibaldi don't get him into hot water, he'll do good work for his name and his fame.

"That's Sir Henry James, the Attorney-General. He made his name on the Judication Bill, in 1872, and was made Solicitor-General and Attorney-General the same year. We always knight our chief law officers of the Crown."

To a question put by Sir Stafford Northcote Mr. Gladstone rose to reply, and oh, what a sweet, silvery voice! exquisitely modulated, and every word reaching me like a note in music.

"The rest of Mr. Gladstone's ministry are up-stairs—I mean in the House of Lords: the Duke of Argyle, Earl Granville, Earl Kimberley—he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland during the Fenian business, and, from being Baron Wodehouse, came back to these shores a 'belted earl.'

"Oh, by Jove! I was near forgetting the Secretary of State for the Home Department, Sir William Vernon Harcourt. There he is, that aristocratic-looking, admirably well-dressed man folding a roll of papers. He is a debater of the keenest ability, bitter, biting, sarcastic, while his eloquence is bright and glittering. He is a member for the University of Oxford, and one of the best educated men in England. He is married to a daughter of John Lothrop Motley. He might have been Lord Chancellor, but his present office enables him to strike out from the shoulder. There is nothing he would like better than to tackle your Evarts on the fishery question. Now, let us take a glance at the Opposition.

"That bearded man with the good-natured face, although he endeavors to look sour and crabbed, is Sir Stafford Northcote. He is one of the most amiable men on earth, and dearly loves 'Pickwick.' In fact, they say he knows it off by heart. The Obstructionists nearly broke his heart last Parliament, and he's not done with them yet. He is an able man, but as weak as water As you are aware, he was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Beaconsfield, and leader of the House of Commons. That other spectacled man near him, pale and 'snappy' looking, is the Right Honorable Richard Assheton Cross, Beaconsfield's Home Secretary. He beat Gladstone in Southwest Lancashire in '68, and Dizzy took him under his wing from that moment. He is an able debater, but his temper gets away with him at times. Whilst in office, he was under the thumb of his master, but now he will strike out on his own proper account.

"That tall, finikin-looking man, slight and bearded, is Sir Michael Hicks Beach. He was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and subsequently made room for Jemmy Lowther, while he stepped into the higher office of Secretary of State for the Colonies. He is a wasp, and stings as deeply as he can. Cold, supercilious, arrogant, vain and deceitful, one of the Obstructionists, Mr. O'Donnell—see him over there behind the Speaker's chair, with a glass stuck in his eye—gave Sir Michael the biggest dressing last session that it was possible for one man to give another in this arena. Sir Michael has never spoken above a whisper since. He'll get roughly handled this session, or I'm out of my calculations.

"That white-haired young man, with the florid complexion, is the ex-Attorney-General, Edward Gibson. He represents Trinity College, Dublin. The bald-headed young man leaning over to talk to him is the Honorable David Plunkett, grandson of Ireland's great orator. This young fellow, who was recently appointed Paymaster-General, has a very piquant stutter. He is very eloquent, and exceedingly witty.

"There's *Admiral Porter, K.C.B.*, alias William Henry Smith, ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, *at* whom 'Pinafore' was written. He is a very able man, and has filled many offices with signal, solid ability. He is a great worker. You are aware that he is head of the firm of W. H. Smith & Sons, who control the bookstands at all the railway stations. Mark what a grave, thoughtful-looking man he is, and with what care he is perusing that letter. The other ex's are not worth much, so we'll take a turn at the Home Rulers."

A violent outcry from the direction of the Opposition benches attracted my attention. It was a note of defiance from the Obstructionists, as Mr. Parnell gave notice of a motion on the question of fixity of land tenure in Ireland. When the uproar had subsided—for there were cheers and counter-cheers—Mr. Montford took up the running:

"All those members who sit on the Opposition benches, but below the gangway, are the advanced section of the Home Rule Party, the party who are for the policy of exasperation. There is Parnell. You see, Finegan and O'Connor Power are both consulting him. Do you see that man with the white beard and great bushy brows? that is the O'Gorman Mahon. He is member of the County Clare, and was in Parliament before half the men in this House were born. He was the great henchman of Daniel O'Connell, and has fought more duels than any living man. He handed Mr. Egerton, one of the greatest swells in the House, his card one night during the last Parliament, because Mr. Egerton spoke to him in a way that he didn't quite like; and if the other had sneezed, the O'Gorman Mahon would have had him out at fifteen paces. His cousin, Purcell O'Gorman, the Mayor, was *the* great gun in the last Parliament. He weighed about what you Americans would call three hundred and fifty pounds, and his 'hear! hear!' was like the booming of artillery. As brave as a lion, he bearded the Government as no other man, not even excepting Mr. Parnell, dare do. But he is out in the cold; he fell out with the publicans, and another man sits in his place. Do you see that small man with the thin curly hair and the tight-buttoned frock coat? See, he has a sparse black beard and small, black, twinkling eyes. That's Mitchel Henry, the man for Galway. He owns one-half of Connemara, and has built a castle by the side of a lonely lake called Kylemore, that cost him over a hundred thousand pounds. He is greatly liked in Ireland, and John of Tuam, the 'Lion of the Fold of Judah,' swears by him. His fortune is immense. That jerky-looking, slight man, almost bald, and very white, whose every movement is nervous, is A. M. Sullivan, *the* most eloquent speaker amongst the Home Rulers. His impassioned address, 'acrobatic eloquence,' always fetches the House. He is married to a countrywoman of yours. That low, thickset, high-backed, bearded man to whom he is speaking is the redoubtable Biggar, the man who turned the Prince of Wales out of the House by virtue of 'espying strangers.' Any member who rises and cries 'Mr. Speaker, I espy strangers,' virtually clears the House of everybody who is not a member. Biggar espied the Prince, and turned him out. Lord, what a row that made at the time!

"That man with the splendid brow and soft calm eyes is W. J. Corbet, the member for the sweet County of Wicklow, the garden of Ireland. He is a poet of no mean order, and as good a sportsman as ever trod the heather. His breed of red Irish setters is considered *ne plus ultra*. That fat, pudgy, pot-bellied personage near is Meldon, a Whig barrister of no account. Ah, there's a man I want to draw your attention to—that tall, lithe, graceful-looking young man with the soft, dark eyes, unfolding a paper. That, sir, is the Lord Mayor of D blin, the Right Honor-

able Edward Dwyer Gray, a son of the late Sir John Gray, who brought the Varty water into Dublin. This worthy son of a worthy sire is a very able man, and his election for Carlow was *the* most exciting of all the recent elections, barring Midlothian. That round-faced man, with the spectacles, so good-humored-looking and so well pleased with himself and everybody else—there, you see him beaming on the Sergeant-at-Arms—is Maurice Burke, the member for the City of Dublin. That imperious-looking, handsome personage beside him is his colleague, Doctor Lyons. He supplanted Sir Arthur Guiness, the great brewer—double X, you know—at the last election. That's The O'Donoghue, that magnificently chested man talking to that fat-faced, foolish-looking Count Moore. He was the handsomest man in the House about fifteen years ago, and his pranks in Paris, where he dressed his servants in the imperial liveries, are well known. He married the daughter of a Dublin grocer, a very rich man, Sir John Ennis, who was also in Parliament. This grocer—his son, by-the-way, that pimply faced, gawky looking person sitting in a condition of profound melancholy, is member for Athlone—this grocer wanted The O'Donoghue to come and address the electors for him. 'Come,' he telegraphed, 'and I'll pay your debts.' 'I'll see you d—d first,' was the reply by wire. *Si non e vero e ben trovato.*

"That's Major Nolan over there just behind the Speaker's chair. He's the 'whip' of the Home Rule Party. It was in reference to his election in '74 that the late Judge Keogh made his terrible attack upon the Catholic clergy. That tall, muscular Christian crossing the floor is Phil Callan, member for Louth, who is accused of being in league with the ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lowther. That bald-headed old gentleman laying down the law to Justin M'Carthy is Sir Pat O'Brien. He is son of the late Tim O'Brien, who kept a public-house in Thomas Street, Dublin, called the 'Battered Naggin,' and who was Lord Mayor when Queen Victoria paid her first visit to her beloved Irish subjects, hence his baronetcy. I think I've pointed out all the shining lights of the Home Rule Party. There are a lot of new men, whom I don't know; indeed, nobody knows what metal they are made of yet. They are all under the banner of Mr. Parnell, and all prepared for wicked fighting. That's Dillon, a son of the late J. B. Dillon; behind him is T. D. Sullivan, brother of A. M. Sullivan, a ready, able, bold man. That tall man is J. A. Blake, who formerly represented Waterford, took office in the shape of a Commissionership of Fisheries, married money, flung up office, and has got back to St. Stephen's. There's John O'Neil Lever. I wonder will he start a new Galway line of steamers to New York? That lynx-eyed, dapper little man is Dawson, returned for Carlow Borough; near him is Sir Joseph Neale McKenna, an able financier, and member for Youghal."

The debate, which I had the pleasure of sitting out, was tame enough. I was exceedingly lucky in hearing Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright on the Government side, and Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross on the part of the Opposition. I was charmed with the eloquence of Mr. A. M. Sullivan—such rhetoric! and with the *élan* of Mr. O'Donnell. Mr. P. J. Smyth did not speak, but the Honorable David Plunkett did, and his speech was racy. A good number of English members spoke, but they were fearfully dreary, and the blue books and notes consulted would have filled an ordinary-sized room.

It was one A.M. when I returned to the Tavistock with my good friend Montford, and over a couple of bottles of champagne we talked over men and measures, and the splendid housing of the Commons of England.

MYRTALE.

Fatal Love, hapless Love,
Why hast thou thus bound me?
Why with deadly toils and snares
Ever thus surround me?
Though with many a specious art
Glycera may woo me,
Lo, Myrtale thou must send,
And thus quite undo me!

Never slave, helpless slave,
Toiling in war-galley,
Wore such adamantine chains
As I do, Myrtale.
Though I strive to break the spell
Which thou weav'st around me,
Glycera must woo in vain—
Thou alone hast bound me.

Other loves, fitter loves,
May around me rally;
At thy coming they must flee,
Queen of Love, Myrtale!
Wild as Adriatic wave
On Calabria dashing,
Brilliant as the blood-red flame
From tall Pharos flashing.

Though thy chain, golden chain,
All my love confining,
Thou hast cast around my soul,
Heed not my repining.
While this bright to-day is ours,
Sorrow, hear our *vale!*
Love and joy and life may be
Bright with thee, Myrtale!

THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

"LOOK up, sweet Nell! Here is something better worth your eye than the most gorgeous flower that you have wrought so subtly with your gay silken thread."

The speaker was a tall, rather meagre-looking young man, with a set face, and closely cropped black hair. His gray eyes were fixed on a young girl whose fair head was bent over an embroidery-frame, and he held in his hand a lovely rose, fragrant and dewy, as if just gathered from some country garden where the glory of the Summer had space to revel. The tint was a faint pink, with a dash of pale yellow like a gleam of sunset sleeping in it.

The young girl, who was in reality rather toying with the embroidery while she seemed to work, looked up with a pair of blue eyes that reminded one of the azure sky flooded with June sunshine outside. She made a quaint but lovely picture as she sat in the high, carved chair, dressed in rich old brocade—faded, but lustrous, and softly tinted with palest blue and cream-color. She wore no ornaments save the lace at her throat and wrists; but that was old and rich, and pale buff in hue. Her face was full of youthful bloom; but one could read great capacity for feeling in the soft eyes and full, tremulous lips. Like some long, childish dream, her life had run until within the last month, when her engagement to her cousin Jasper had opened graver possibilities before her, from which she shrank a little, it must be confessed.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.— LORD NORTHBROOK, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.— SEE PAGE 1.

EARL GRANVILLE, SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

For this was not a betrothal in which two young hearts had flown together spontaneously, like two young birds; it had been led on by Eleanor's grim father, old Colonel Gwynne, and there was an eye to property to be kept in the family on the part of the frugal parent.

The young girl had not dreamed of opposing this calm disposal of herself—having been educated in the old English style, where the parent's will is law — but lately some solemn questionings had wakened in her heart, and she could not disguise the fact that she rather shrank from the touch of her betrothed, and shuddered at the slightest caress.

RIGHT HONORABLE JOHN BRIGHT, CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER.

But we have kept the young man standing an unconscionable time with the rose in his hand.

"It is for me, I know!" cried Nell, with a bright glance. "How lovely for my hair to-day! for, you know, Jasper, the soldiers are all to march by this house, and all the gallant Frenchmen who have so nobly fought for us; so I must make myself as charming as possible."

At the words, she had already disposed of the rose, with the grace of a Frenchwoman placing it in the very spot where it was most effective in the shining braids of her golden-brown hair. She made so lovely a picture that Jasper looked grim.

MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, SECRETARY FOR INDIA.

HON. WM. E. FORSTER, SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

HON. HUGH CHILDERS, SECRETARY FOR WAR.

"Why should you care to look so attractive to other men?" he said.

"It's a woman's first duty, always and everywhere, to look as well as possible," she answered, with a merry laugh.

"Do you know, Nell," he went on, with a little hesitation, "that there is somewhat of flippancy in your manner at times, that looks—well, what men call coquettish?"

The girl's eyes flashed a little defiantly as she answered:

"I like to please. If that displeases you, cousin, I can't help it!"

"As for the gallant French officers whom you seem disposed to admire for their chivalric conduct," he went on, more grimly, "let me tell you, Nell, it is more spite against England than love for us that gained their help."

EARL OF KIMBERLEY, COLONIAL SECRETARY.

RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES STANSFELD, PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

"Oh, Jasper, what ugly, cynical views you take of everything!" Eleanor answered, with a pettish gesture, as she began to work again. "I prefer to believe in people, and attribute the best motives to them."

And as she spoke, a coldness seemed to chill her warm, beating heart, as she wondered how

EARL SPENCER, LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, LORD OF THE PRIVY SEAL.

a lifetime would pass with this man, who seemed less congenial day by day.

At that moment the colonel came in for his equipments. He was a tall, strong, muscular man, with iron-gray hair and stern eyes. To see Eleanor near him was like looking at some brilliant, rare exotic that had sprung, by a strange freak of nature, from a cold, gray rock. He felt some sort of pride in his beautiful daughter, however, and there was a kind of light in his eye when he looked at her, like the palest wintry ray of sunlight on a stone wall.

"Billing and cooing, eh?" he said, with a satisfied smile, as he looked at the two whose future he had so prudently arranged. "Well, that is all right."

"No, father, we are quarreling—that is more the order of the day with us," answered Eleanor, with a saucy smile.

"What! what!—that will never do. Jasper, you must get the whip-hand," said the colonel, smiling grimly. "In half an hour we'll be marching by, girl. I warrant me you won't miss the sight."

"No, indeed, father," answered Eleanor. "Don't you see my best brocade, and this exquisite rose in my hair? It's too bad, Jasper, that I should not have been more complacent, after this present."

"Bah! I do not wish to buy your complacency," Jasper answered, brusquely.

And Eleanor, seated in the gray stone balcony, where, with the carven stone for a framework about her, and the sunshine bringing out her slender, girlish figure in bright relief, dreamed of an ideal lover, of courtly grace and eloquent speech, whose voice would have power to thrill her to the finest fibre of her being.

In fact, this Puritan girl, by the accident of birth, was formed to appreciate the chivalry of a courtly lover, and shrank from the plain speech and uncouth manners of her own. Besides, in truth, she had caught a glimpse—only a glimpse—of a face that had haunted her ever since. Though the eyes had not once rested on her, she could not forget them, nor the highbred, aristocratic air of the man—one of those French officers of whom Jasper had spoken so slightingly.

And while she dreamed, the sound of the drum throbbed through the air, and there was the tumult of many feet. Not with heart-beating and sorrowful presage did the people watch this procession, as in other times when they were going to the battle-ground, where the ranks were rolled in vapor, and the winds were laid with sound.

Ah, to-day it is a triumphal march. The war is over, and victory perches on their banners. The sunlight seems to revel in the sight to-day and make merry over it, as it flashes over the banners and the uniforms, and the breeze wafts the sound of triumphant music far around.

Every window is crowded with spectators, and sometimes the soldiers from the ranks cast a glance or a nod upward to their own beloved ones, whose hearts are throbbing proudly at the sight. The colonel glanced at his daughter as he passed, but her eyes were not on him. She was gazing intently at a gallant French officer, the favorite of all who came in contact with his winning manner, trained to the grace of courts.

And, as if drawn upward by that electric glance, the eyes of the Marquis de Rochambeau were fixed on the most beautiful picture he had seen since he left *la belle France*. The fair, sunshiny head, with the pale rose nestling in it; the beaming eyes, darkly blue with feeling and eloquent with possibilities of passion; the full, rich, crimson mouth; the faint rosy flush that poured like a tide over the face as his eyes met hers, with that reverent, adoring look with which the devotee regards his patron saint; the quaint, pale-blue brocade closely fitting her lithe young figure, with its rich lace at the white throat. What wonder that the young marquis uttered his very soul in a look?

Then something fluttered softly through the air and fell at his feet. He stooped to pick it up, and raised the fragrant missile to his lips with a grace that none but a Frenchman could hope for. It was the rose—Jasper's rose—and as it touched his lips, "the soul of the rose went into his blood," and he cared not what his eyes might say to the fair donor. Whatever they said, she smiled in answer, and the smile lit up her face to rarer beauty.

"I must know her—that Puritan rose," thought the marquis, as they marched on. "It is surely a case of electric affinity. After all, I might do worse than find a wife here. She would not have had the bloom brushed off by gallantry. She would be pure as a dewdrop. That girl is, I am sure, for all one might fancy the dawning of love in those sweet blue eyes."

In the meantime, Jasper had looked on this little episode with a face that seemed carved in stone. What! his betrothed—his wife, almost—casting love-glances and flowers to another man!—one of those very French popinjays whom he secretly detested, because they possessed a grace which he could never hope to attain. Ah, he could not trust himself to speak. The girl had thrown away his flower, too; made his own gift the messenger of her favor to another!

Eleanor did not hear her cousin go, being wrapped, in truth, in those sweet and senseless dreams that are so lightly kindled in a young heart. She could have woven a romance—albeit she had seldom read one, but the material is never wanting in youth—if it had not been for the tie which was fast growing like a fetter to her.

As it was, she sat on in the sunshine long after the tramp of feet had died away and the music was hushed. She seemed to fear to lose something of the sweetness of her dream if she moved from the enchanted spot. While she sat in that place she could call up again the dark, sensitive face, the brown eyes full of feeling, the grace of that kiss, wasted, alas! on the senseless flower, yet winging its way with an electric subtlety through the air, to spend itself upon her perfect lips. She seemed to feel it there now!

But a harsh voice smote upon her reverie like a blow:

"Come in, girl!"

Never had she heard her father's voice so hard and devoid of feeling before.

"Come in; there is no need of making yourself a spectacle any longer."

She shivered a little, as if all the sunshine had gone out of the June day, as she obeyed. Then, as the meaning of her father's words dawned on her, she flushed, and drew herself up proudly.

"What is the matter, father?" she asked, quietly, for she saw a darker storm on Colonel Gwynne's face than she had ever seen before, though it was never a sunshiny face at best.

"Matter? Oh, is it nothing that you make yourself appear like a light o' love in the face of the army—casting favors to French officers, and smiling in their eyes? A Frenchman, too! One of our own people might not have mistaken you; but he! And you betrothed to a good man, too!"

"Does Jasper complain?" asked Eleanor, with her face crimson and her eyes flashing dangerously.

"I—I could not enjoy seeing my gift thrown to another," answered Jasper, stoutly.

"I have decided for you," went on the father. "You shall go to your aunt Samanthy's at once—there is, fortunately, a vessel to sail to-night. I met Captain Cook on my homeward way; he is an old friend, and I will send you in his care. There you stay till this blows over, and the officers are gone. Go, girl; not a word—go pack at once! You will not need much frippery, as there are no gallants there."

Too indignant to speak, and trained to silence as she had been, Eleanor swept by the two men like a young queen—not vouchsafing even a passing glance at Jasper, who already half repented the decision which must banish so much beauty from his eyes.

The girl hurried to her own room, and began, in a sort of frantic haste, to lay a few articles together; but long before her work was done she had sunk upon a chair, lost in reverie—this time a painful one. A sudden blight seemed to have fallen on her life—a dark cloud had extinguished the sunshine, and as she glanced out of the window she saw the cloud was not figurative alone, for the sky had grown dark, and one of those sudden Summer storms was gathering over it. She gave little heed to that, however. She was thinking, instead, how did her father dare—how could Jasper insult her in such a manner! Yet, fluttering uneasily in her heart, was a secret feeling that they were justified for it all if they could have read her secret thoughts.

The afternoon grew darker and more threatening, but the colonel was not the man to be lightly swerved from his purpose. He knocked at his daughter's room-door in good time, and announced the carriage ready and waiting. He was softened somewhat by the thought of the parting, and spoke very kindly. Jasper waited below and put her in the carriage, then both accompanied her to the vessel, Eleanor keeping a proud silence. Jasper looked about with some apprehension as they alighted.

"It will be a nasty night, I fear," he said, uneasily. "Perhaps it would be better to defer this visit."

"Oh, no, cousin," answered Eleanor, with something of her old sauciness; "the French officers are still in town—better send me at once where the only beaux are the stupid coast-fishermen, who have eyes only for herring and haddock."

"The *Dolphin* is the trimmest little vessel afloat; I have no fears of her," answered the colonel; "besides, this is only a Summer storm, soon over. Good-by, my daughter," and he leaned down and touched her forehead with his lips, but did not betray the longing he had to take her home with him again; for he knew how the grim old house would seem without the flower that brightened it with Summer bloom.

Jasper did not dare to kiss those lips, curved in such bitter scorn; he only touched the hand, and felt a strange tenderness tugging at his heart that would have unmanned him if he had not turned quickly away.

But the two watched the ship as she sailed out with white sails swelling in the rising wind, and noted that she dipped and rose on the crested waves like some great snowy bird; then they went silently home.

The friendly captain received the young lady in the kindest manner, found the best seat for her, and made her comfortable, when he ascertained she preferred the deck to the cabin. Then he left her, for the gathering storm demanded watchfulness. The wind was growing stronger, and the *Dolphin* flew before it. Now and then a rumble from unseen artillery filled the darkened sky, and a lurid gleam tore open for a moment the bosom of some sombre cloud, and showed a seething sea and many a long rent in the white sails.

But Eleanor drew her warm shawls around her, and scarcely heeded the storm, till the rain began to fall and the thunder crashed above like the crack of doom. Then she made her way to the snug cabin, which had been given up to her.

"It's all right, young lady," said the captain, encouragingly. "We'll weather it all the same. Another day would have given you a pleasanter trip; but who could have guessed this morning?—truly, we know not what a day may bring forth."

Ah! the brave captain scarcely guessed the awful significance of his words, till, at midnight, the ship, struck by a sudden gale, turned over, and all on board were battling at once in the caldron of the sea. There was no light from moon or stars, only a great rush and roar of boiling waves in their ears. There was no chance for salvation, no hope!

Eleanor had fallen into a light sleep when the sounds of terror wakened her, and she struggled up on deck, only to meet the great wave that engulfed the ship—only to utter one cry and an inarticulate prayer as she sank with the rest. But, strange and sweet, in that last moment she saw again the face she had dreamed over in the old balcony, and the eyes beamed with love upon her, and the hands met hers in tender touches, that seemed to lead her up through starry spheres, out of the drenching coldness of the waves, into heavenly gardens, sweet with asphodel, on to the plains of paradise! What matter that it was all the fancy of a wandering brain?

* * * * * * *

The marquis, haunted by the lovely face which had looked down like Juliet from the old stone balcony, was dreaming and planning about meeting the beautiful girl. He lingered about the old house, but never saw any one save an anxious, sorrowful-looking old man, and sometimes a younger one, go out and in. Had it all been a dream? he asked. But no; there was the faded rose, with a lingering sweetness around it still. At last, overcoming his delicacy, he asked the barber over the way, whose great pole rose up in those days like a gigantic stick of peppermint-candy, sufficient for a regiment of schoolboys.

"Ah, the beautiful Miss Eleanor!" answered the barber, "daughter to the grim old colonel—there's no one like her in all Boston——"

"She's away now, I suppose?" asked the marquis.

"Oh, my dear sir, did you not hear of the wreck of the *Dolphin?*"

"Well?" asked the marquis, a sudden pang striking his heart.

"Miss Eleanor was on board and went down, sir; every soul perished! The old colonel is nigh distracted. He was never one of the tender ones, but he grieves as one who won't hear comfort."

The marquis bowed. He did not trust himself to speak.

"So my romance is ended," he thought. "It was nothing, after all, but a rose and a smile. But oh! it was a hard fate for so much beauty and youth and tenderness."

But he did not know all, and could not feel the deathless pangs that tortured the two men who sometimes met in the desolate house.

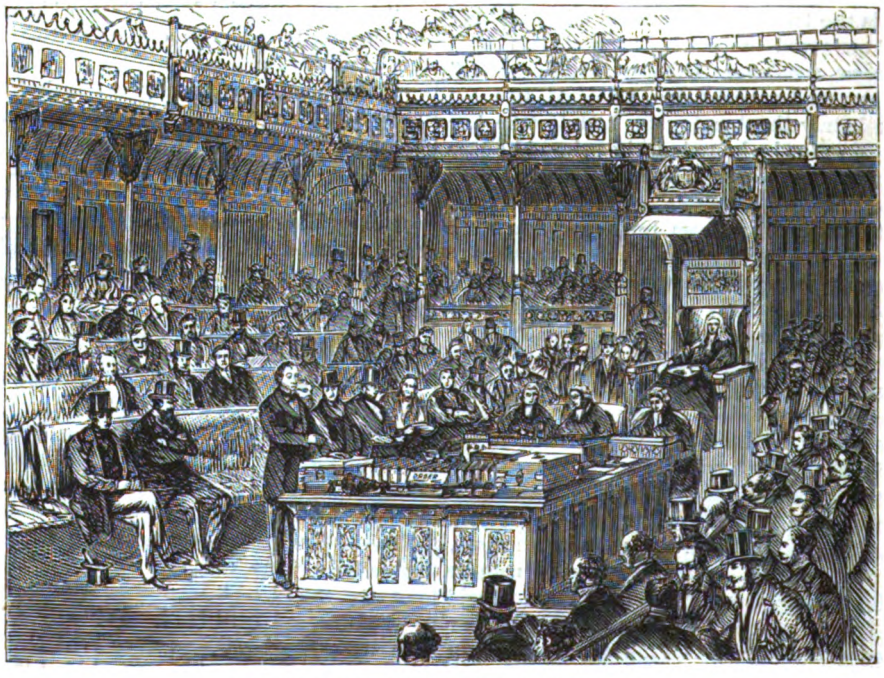
"God forgive us—we sent her to her death!" the old colonel murmured, his face convulsed with emotion. "And yet it seemed best."

And Jasper bowed his head silently, with a wish that he, too, were lying fathoms deep beneath the salt sea waves, for the world had grown very dreary to him.

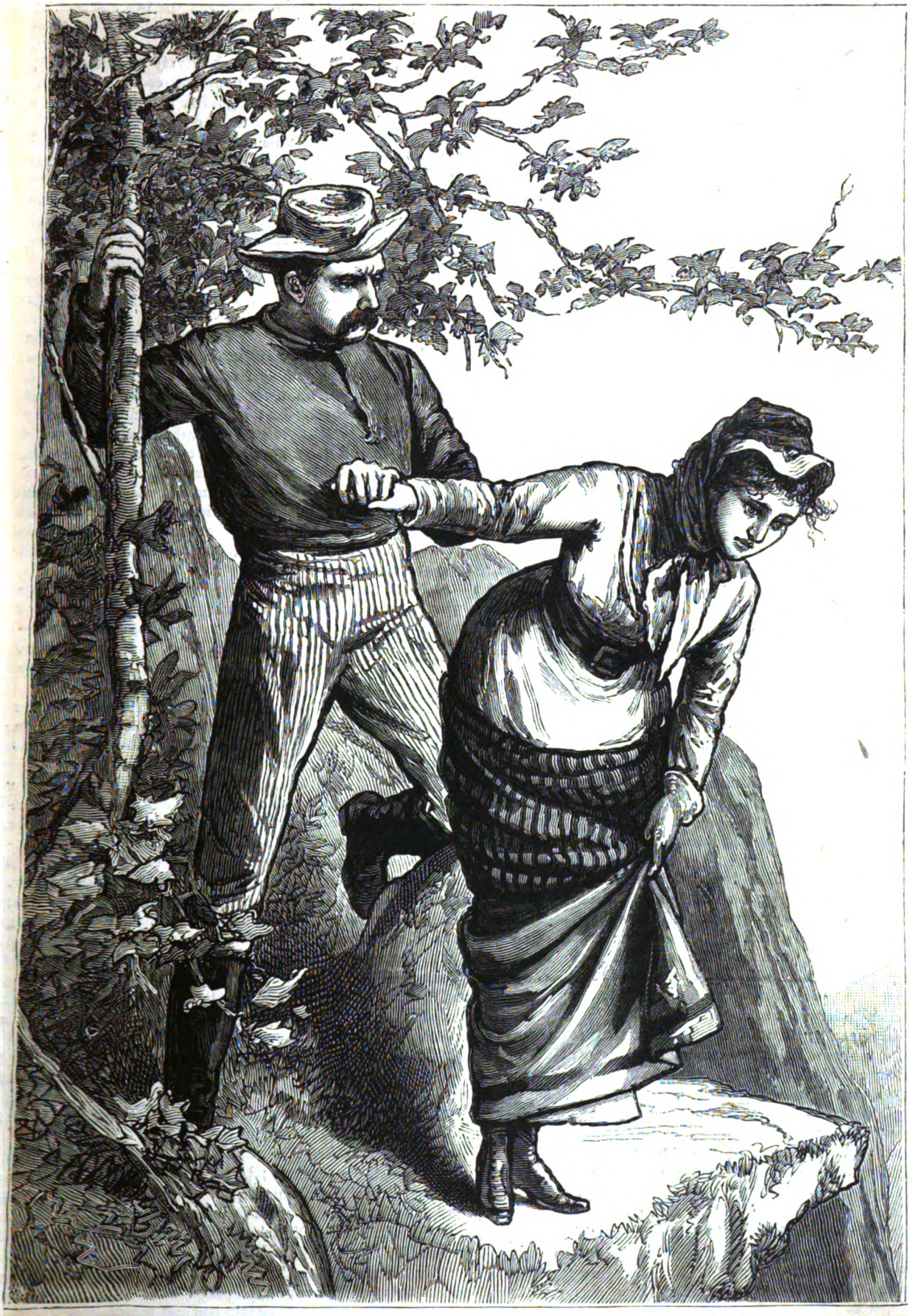
THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.—GLADSTONE DENOUNCING DISRAELI'S BUDGET.—SEE PAGE 1.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE WORLD TO LIVE.

THE Island of St. Michael, the pearl of the Azores group, is about the best place in the world. The climate is soft and agreeable, the scenery lovely, and the people noted for their simplicity and kindness. Labor is very cheap, and consequently the roads leading from the town of St. Michael are of the finest character. The streets are kept marvelously clean. The island is about thirty miles square, and picturesque. One can buy five eggs for two cents, a chicken for twelve and a half cents, beef for three cents a pound and hire a good house for seven dollars a month. You can live well for $600 a year, and handsomely on $700, and in a superb style, keeping carriage and horses, for $1,000. The gardens are beautiful features of the island. In one garden there are 4,000 plants of different varieties. The land is owned by a few rich people, and rents very high. A quarter of an acre brings fifteen dollars a year. The peasants, or laboring people, go barefooted, and live very economically. Probably $100 a year supports a small family. The fashions in dress have not changed within a hundred years, and this applies to the best society. The women wear *copakes*, a garment reaching from the neck to the feet, and bearing some resemblance to the ulster which our ladies wear. The head-covering is called a *capilla*, and is like one of the old-fashioned New England bonnets, but it is attached in some way to the copake. A girl, seeing a stranger approaching, immediately conceals her face with the capilla. The natives, singularly enough, recognize their friends by their feet.



DISRAELI ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



TILL THE SUN GROWS COLD.—"ALIXE SEEMS FASCINATED WITH THE TERRIBLE BEAUTY OF THE SCENE BELOW, AND STRETCHES FURTHER AND FURTHER OUT OVER THE BRINK, NOTHING BUT NORMAN'S HAND HOLDING HER BACK FROM ETERNITY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE MAIDEN'S REVERIE.

Reclined alone within a shady nook,
With wildwood songs the lazy hours beguiling;
Or looking at her shadow in the brook,
Trying to frown—then at the effort smiling;
Her laughing eyes mocked every serious look—
'Twas as if Love stood at himself reviling.
She threw in flowers and watched them float away;
Then at her beauty looked, then sang a sweeter lay.

Then pensive lay in that sweet watered vale,
Where bright the sky, where soft the streams did flow;
Such tones came riding on the musk-winged gale,
The very air seemed sleepily to blow;
And choicest flowers enameled every dale,
Flushed with the richest sunlight's rosy glow;
It was a valley drowsy with delight—
Such fragrance floated round, such beauty dimmed the sight.

The golden-belted bees hummed in the air,
The tall silk grasses bent and waved along;
The trees slept in the steeping sunbeam's glare;
The dreamy river chimed its undersong,
And took its own free course without a care;
Amid the boughs did lute-tongued songsters throng,
And the green valley throbbed beneath their lays,
Which echo chased through many a leafy maze.

TILL THE SUN GROWS COLD.

By K. V. Hastings.

DEEP, dark forest, grand and calm; great pine-trees looming spectrally out of the gloom; here and there a little rift in the black roof, through which a single star peeps, and winks in innocent mirth at the scene below. Through the stillness a brook murmurs and sighs in ceasless unrest, being now and then answered by a little brown owl, hooting his sympathy from a far-away stump. Wild azaleas, sweet-fern and spicy ground-pine scent the air. A thick carpet of pine-needles covers the ground, through which tiny bluebells push their heads, shaking them at us the while in constant reproof.

In the midst of all this a bright camp-fire is blazing, sending up a steady stream of sparks. Beside the fire a little hut of fresh-cut poles and green pine-branches, christened "Camp Alixe." This is our hotel, our sole protection from the winds of heaven, from the ravening mosquitoes (rarely getting a chance at town-bred gore), or from the brown bears which our guides laughingly assured us do here swarm.

We are nearly all "townies," born with that passionate love of nature which often gnaws unsatisfied at the city-bred heart. But we, being more fortunate, every season throw aside our trains and panniers, our beaver hats and kid gloves, don short dresses and substantial brogans, and run wild to our hearts' content.

Now we are camped on the side of old "Hawkeye"; for, though we cannot see them through the forest, the beetling crags above which he rears his bald head are not far away.

We have heard of a wonderful ravine in this region—a spot so wild, so weird, so dangerous, that the woodmen themselves have never explored it. Only one young lumberman, Norman Wadsworth by name, has ever been through it. Him we have secured as amateur guide, and through its recesses is he to conduct us on the morrow.

"Sweep!" cries Nellie, snatching up the last card, for there is a casino party just where the light of the camp-fire falls brightest.

"Well, I'll be durned!" meditatively ejaculates Wolf, our landlord, quartermaster, housekeeper—what you will. He it is who provides us with guides, camp-equipage, and such supplies as the trout-stream does not afford nor the shotguns secure. "I'll be durned, Miss Nellie, but you're the luckiest gal I ever did see! Why don't you colonize yourself in Californy? You'd make your fortin there! I ain't goin' to play agin sich luck any more! It's like playin' agin the Old Boy. You'll be askin' me to sign away my soul next. Here, Mr. Walters, you take my hand!"

And rising, with a comical twist on his keen Yankee countenance, he flings down the cards and piles fresh logs on the fire.

The sparks fly up in a fiery column to heaven, and the flames flash forth in new splendor, bringing to light other groups than those gathered around the casino pack. I, Laura, am sitting on a stump, singing to myself, and watching the scene. Just between me and the fire my cousin, Alixe, is lounging on a cushion of moss, while stretched at full length at her feet is our young guide, Wadsworth. Alixe is fresh and fair and lovely, just in the pride of her beautiful young womanhood—a girl whom society has petted, but not spoiled; whose mind travel has enriched, not rendered pedantic; a girl who has seen much and known much, but who is still warm and sweet as when in her cradle.

At her feet, as I have said, lies Norman Wadsworth, his graceful, muscular frame covering a good six-feet-one of ground. He is the handsomest man we have ever seen—straight, clean-cut features, blue eyes, large and deep, straight black hair, and a black mustache drooping low on his square chin.

He is about Alixe's age, but many, many years younger than she in experience. A village school has taught him all his lore—whence comes his beauty no one but his Maker can tell.

Ever since the beginning of our toilsome tramp into the heart of the mountains has he guided Alixe's steps, helping her over and under all impediments, and carrying her—willy-nilly—across all such streams as were not furnished with stepping-stones; and now that our journey's end is reached, he still keeps watch and ward over her, choosing soft places for her to sit, gathering the softest hemlock boughs for her bed, and when this is done, lying sentinel at her feet, his woodman's ax beside him.

The fire ceases crackling, and dies down into a bed of glowing embers. I stop singing, and listen to my cousin and her rustic guardian, which latter, with soft felt hat pulled over his eyes, and flannel shirt rolled back from his throat, leans on one elbow and eagerly questions her.

"Have you ever been in Californy, Miss Dunbar? Seems like I'd like to go there. I read a book about it once."

"Oh, yes. I spent a whole Winter there, and part of a Spring. I like it very much."

"See any grizzlies?" abruptly.

"Only in the menagerie; but I used to hear the coyotes howling at night, and sometimes the wildcats caterwauling in the forest, and once I heard a panther."

"Thunder!" cries Norman. "A panther? What did you do?"

"My horse reared and ran, and I staid on him till we caught up with the rest of the party."

Wadsworth lies still a few minutes and meditates.

"Been in Patagonia?" he finally asks.

"No," laughs Alixe; "that's one place where I haven't been."

"Never been *here* before, have you?"

"No, never."

"Calc'late to come again?"

"Yes, I hope so; it's lovely here."

"I hope so, too," says Norman, quickly and emphatically raising himself on his arm and looking into Alixe's face.

She laughs.

"Do you like to have strangers come here and stay?"

"I like to have *you!*"

Alixe looks up a little embarrassed.

"You're very kind, and you've been very good to me; but I should think it would be a terrible bore to go to such places as this with awkward city people. They always need so much help and get tired so soon. And, by-the-way, Mr. Wadsworth, you must promise not to carry me across any more brooks to-morrow. I'm much too big and too old to be carried, and I want you to let me walk next time."

Wadsworth pushes back his hat and looks at her, amused, yet with a soft, strange smile playing round his lips.

"Why should I promise that?" he asks. "If I did, I should only break my word. It's true you're not very small, and you're not so *very* young; but you're only a gal after all, and I won't let any woman wet her feet wadin' brooks, not so long's I'm able to carry her."

Alixe laughs again, but more gently; and, laughing, throws out one impulsive little hand toward him.

"You're very kind," says she, "but really you must—you must promise, and then keep your word. If you can't do that I must ask somebody else to guide me to-morrow."

Norman's eyes suddenly flash.

"No, you mustn't!" he replies, promptly. "And if you do, them other fellows know better than to put a finger in my pie! Now, don't you worry," he adds, seeing she is a little startled by his sudden energy. "I'll look after you all right." And springing to his feet, he kicks over the water-pail, sending it spinning and hissing into the fire.

"Helloa, Norman!" shouts Wolf; "what in thunder air you 'bout? Was you settin' on a hornet's nest, or a rattlesnake, or what had that bucket done to offend ye? And what air we to drink, seein' there ain't no saloons hereabouts?"

Edmund and Nellie leap hastily out of the course of the little stream, now trickling across their gaming-table, and remove to a place of safety. Wadsworth, assailed by the jeers of his comrades, hastily snatches the pail from the fire and disappears into the darkness to refill it.

Soon the moon rides behind the trees, Venus follows the sun to his resting-place in the west, even the little owl falls asleep. So we all "turn in," and soon are sleeping with our feet to the fire, our dreams haunted by visions of bears glaring at us from the darkness—the snores of our neighbors being dignified by sleeping fancy into ursine grunts and growls.

Finally, morning breaks, fresh and calm and dewy. By four o'clock every bird is shouting forth his joy, every insect humming and buzzing in cheerful unrest. The morning has shed great tears of joy for her new awakening, and they stand cool and sparkling on every tiny leaflet, on every opening flower.

By six o'clock the whole camp is awake; even the laziest—Alixe and I—have rubbed open our reluctant eyes, and betaken ourselves to the brook. There, in a shady spot, under the lee of a moss-grown rock, is a deep, quiet pool, serving us as basin and bath-tub.

"Alixe," say I, looking up from the ice-cold water into which I am plunging neck and face, "Alixe, it seems to me you have a new admirer."

My cousin is fussing up her pretty curly hair, now wet and lank from her morning bath. She looks out with serious eyes from between the dark streamers.

"Do you think so?" she asks, slowly; "whom do you mean?"

"Why, our young guide, of course; but what makes you so solemn over it?"

"Nonsense!" says Alixe, rather irrelevantly; then, after a pause: "Do you really think so, Laura?"

"Of course I do," I reply, staring in surprise at her serious reception of my little joke; "but not enough to hurt him. What makes you so tragic?"

"Oh, I don't know; I thought you were in earnest."

"Pricks of conscience," says Nellie, struggling with the buttons of a new and stiff boot. "Knows herself to be a Lady Clara, and fears that the Vere de Veres never 'with the angels stand.'"

"I'm *not!*" cries my cousin, laughing, yet indignant. "Oh, girls, how can you be such geese! Let's go to breakfast."

And she bounds away in the direction of camp, where our breakfast—trout wrapped in wet brown paper and roasted in the embers—is spread out for our delectation.

An hour later our exploring-party is on the march. At the head of the column are Alixe and Norman, closely followed by me and my guide, then Nellie and hers, then Mr. Wolf and his wife, then the various men-folk comprising the rest of the party. Edmund, my husband, remains in camp with a sprained ankle, and chews the meditative cigar.

Soon we stand on the brink of this marvelous ravine, and look down its precipitous sides at the scene of confusion below. It is an ancient river-bed, plowed deep in the mountain's side. The stream has been narrow and deep, a torrent held in between rocky boundaries, but strong and fierce enough to carry great boulders and masses of jagged rock in its downward course. These, hurled together in desperate *abandon*, now fill the gorge; and between, above and beneath them bounds a fierce mountain torrent, now all remaining of that ancient river. Between and under these rocks are countless caverns, some just large enough to crawl through, some sufficiently lofty to contain tall ghostly cataracts, showering their white spray into chasms where is scarcely a ray of light to illuminate them. And down this gorge we scramble, tumble, climb, slide, any way so that we can explore its most hidden recesses.

Nellie is soon tired, and her guide takes her back to Edmund and the camp. Mrs. Wolf also gives out, and, taking my guide for company, shortly follows Nellie. Mr. Wolf sits down beside a quiet trout-pool, to catch our dinner. The superfluous men have long ago rushed ahead, their shouts being now heard a quarter of a mile downstream, and thus Alixe, Norman and I are left alone.

For an hour past I have been watching the other two; not from curiosity, but because matters between them seem to be becoming indeed serious.

My jest of the morning seems now turned to painful earnest; for, from chance words overheard now and then, I know Norman is indeed Alixe's "admirer."

As the morning wears on, her pretty brows become more and more knit in sorrowful perplexity, his blue eyes more and more tragic with desperate entreaty.

He looks so wretched that when we reach a good resting-

ENGLISH LADY WITH FEATHER FAN, TIME OF HENRY VIII.

MILANESE LADY WITH FEATHER FAN.— SEE PAGE 23.

place—a little shady plateau beside some gurgling rapids —I step away as far as possible, and, turning my back, pretend to hear nothing.

Sometimes the sound of falling water rings in my ears, and no word reaches me; then the shifty wind changes, and brings me all the poor boy's pleadings.

"What is the matter with me?" I hear him ask. "Am I ugly?"

"Oh, no, indeed. You are very handsome."

"Am I stupid?"

"You are bright as can be."

"I'm not poor, you know; I can take care of you right handsomely," says the poor fellow, not knowing how mere a pittance are his paltry hundreds.

"Oh, that isn't it! That wouldn't make any difference."

I look back, and see Alixe leaning against a rock, her soft brown eyes, sad and pitiful, looking up at him, her left arm buried in the mosses and vines behind her.

Norman stands before her, straight, tall, manly, and holds her other hand pressed tightly against his breast.

"Do you think I won't love you enough?" he asks, softly. "Alixe, dear Alixe, you have no idea of how much I will love you. There has never been any woman in all the world—not from Bible times down to these—who has been loved more than you will be, my darling, if you'll only let me."

"Oh, it isn't that!" cries the poor girl, tears running down her pale cheeks. "I *know* you would be ever and ever so kind to me."

Norman starts as though stung.

"Kind isn't the word," says he. "I said I'd *love* you, Alixe."

"Forgive me, that's what I mean. I *know* you'd love me. But what can I do? I don't love you, and I don't believe I ever should."

"Don't mind that!" cries Wadsworth, eagerly; "don't let it make any difference that you don't care for me now. When you find how much I love you—you can never guess how much, Alixe—you will love me after a time. God takes no better care of the stars in heaven than I will of you, Alixe. I shall never think anything too hard or too tiresome to do for you, my darling, if only you'll let me try."

And he gently draws her head to a resting-place on his bosom, while the great tear-drops fall from her eyes and plash on the quivering ferns below.

She rests there for an instant, then tears herself away.

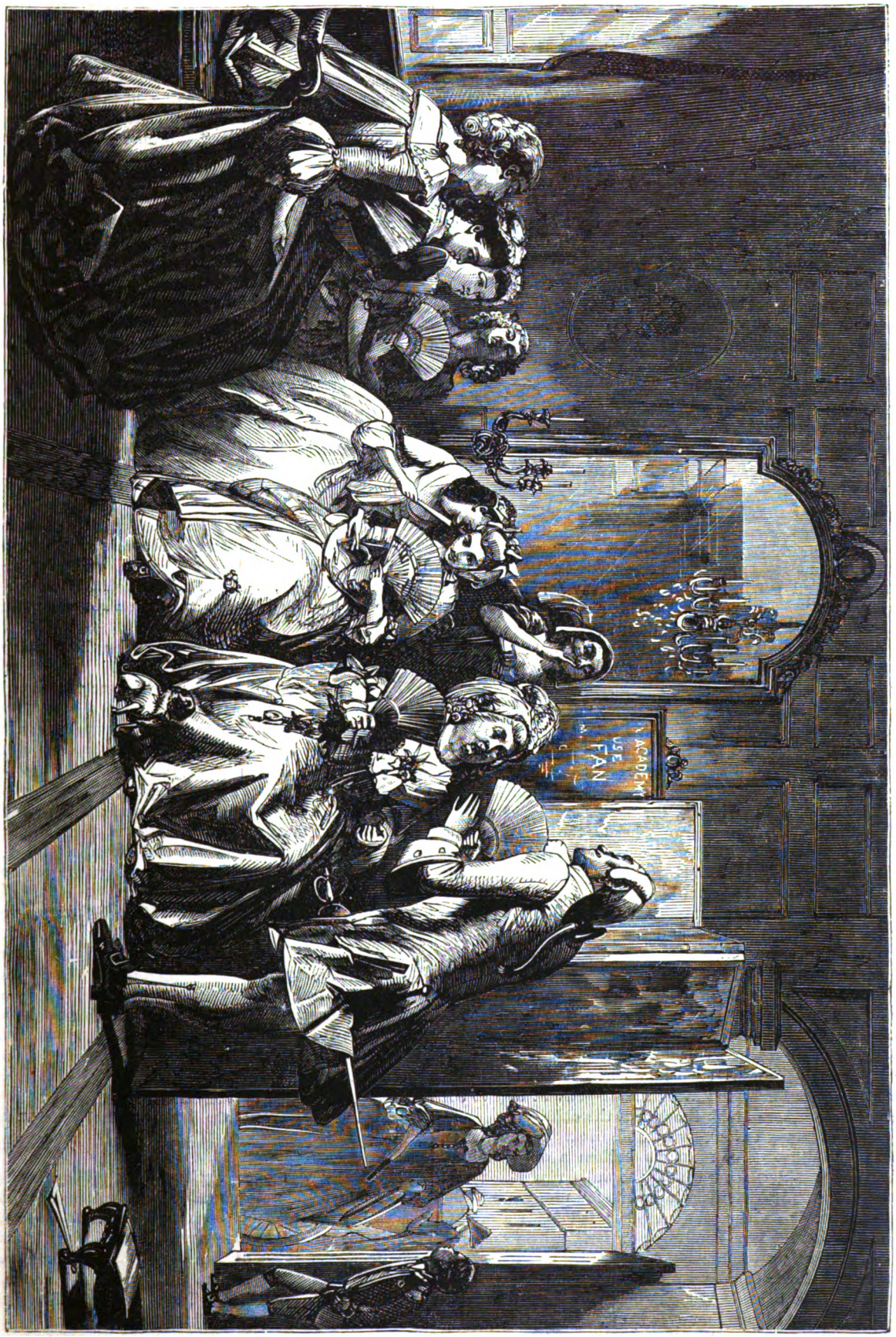
"Oh, I mustn't!" she cries; "it's wicked in me to listen to you. No! no! don't touch me!" as he again starts forward. "Listen, and let me tell you what I mean."

He leans back against the rock, folds his arms, and waits—his tragic blue eyes searching her face.

"There, that's right; now I can talk to you. Don't

PADUA LADIES IN THE 16TH CENTURY WITH FLAG-SHAPED FANS.

LADY OF THE TIME OF JAMES I. WITH FEATHER FAN.



THE FANS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.—"AN ACADEMY WHERE THE USE OF THE FAN IS TAUGHT."—SEE PAGE 23.

you see, Mr. Wadsworth, you and I have been brought up so differently, we could never be happy together."

"I could be happy with you."

"You think so," says Alixe, gently, "but you don't understand how little I know of all the things making up your life. Should I try to learn them, I would have to begin life all over again; and not having been brought up to it, should not probably be strong enough for country life. What would you do with a miserable, sickly wife, who was of no use to you or any one else?"

"I don't want you to larn my ways," says Norman. "I'll larn yours."

"How can you? Suppose you were to be a lawyer, for instance, like my cousin Edmund, it would take years and years of study. Oh, Mr. Wadsworth, we're too old to learn each other's ways."

"*I'm* not," thus Norman, decidedly. "Would all that take me more than fourteen years?"

"Why, no! not so long as that, I think; but——"

Norman leans forward, and once more takes her trembling hand, holding it gently, like a thing too precious to be exposed to garish daylight.

"Didn't you ever read the Bible, Alixe?" adds he, the tender look in his great blue eyes widening and deepening as he speaks. "Don't you remember how Jacob served for Rachel fourteen years, and they seemed to him as but a few days for the love he had to her? I will serve for you fourteen years, my darling, or four times that, if only you'll give me some hope. I know I'm rough, very different from the friends you have at home; but I can learn, and I will, Alixe, if you'll say I may love you in the end."

"Oh, I can't!" she cries out, desperately. "It wouldn't be honest; I don't love you, and I never shall!"

She runs to me, and, throwing herself on her knees, buries her face in my lap.

Norman stands for a moment as though paralyzed; then, throwing one arm across his face, turns away, and, through the gurgle of the rapids, we hear one great groan burst from the poor boy's overcharged heart.

Then he disappears behind the rock, and all is silent. Thus we wait a few minutes, the pitiless orioles shrieking forth their merriment over our heads, the merciless sun shining gayly as ever; then Norman returns to us, his youthful beauty faded and gray, the lines about his mouth set and hard as granite.

"Let's be moving, Mrs. Warrington—Wolf wants to break camp at two o'clock, and it's past twelve now."

So Alixe gathers herself together, and we rise and follow him in sorrowful procession.

Through other and grander caves, down steeper and more slippery rocks, sometimes ankle-deep in water, sometimes to our knees in moss and ferns—thus our path.

Silently Norman helps us down all dangerous and difficult places—almost as silently we accept his aid. By-and-by we are forced to leave the river-bed and take to the ledges, which here break the face of the cliffs.

Once we pause to look down and back. Below us is a huge amphitheatre of rock, its bottom a deep basin of beryl-green water, from which the walls rise black and precipitous. At one side a tall white fall plunges into the emerald pool; on the other another fall leads away the water toward the level country, now far, far below us.

Norman seizes the branch of a young birch-tree, and leans far out over the dizzy abyss.

"There's a big pile of rocks below, and another fall," says he, turning his hollow eyes to me. "Would you like to see? I'll hold you."

"Yes, I should," I say, eagerly.

Not that I care, for all my interest in this lonely region is gone; but anything is better than this solemn silence.

He rises, and planting his feet firmly on the slanting rock on which we stand, each grasping tough overhanging boughs for support, takes my wrist in his strong right hand. I lean over and look at the scene of desolation below, at the fierce, jagged rocks, at the black fall rushing deep and tumultuous betwixt them.

I shudder and draw back, Norman silently helping me to a place of safety. Then he as silently holds out his hand to Alixe, and she, giving him her arm, leans out over the black depths below.

I cling closely to the face of our slant resting-place, and watch poor Norman's woe-begone face, as he carefully supports his sweetheart—his, alas! no more.

Alixe seems fascinated with the terrible beauty of the scene below, and stretches further and further out over the brink, nothing but Norman's hand holding her back from eternity. And as she leans away from him the poor fellow's big, hungry eyes linger over her pretty head, crowned with its soft wavy hair; over her whole graceful shape, bent low at his knee, and finally fastens on the plump little hand in his grasp.

He seems to forget where they are, to forget me and all else, to remember only that he is holding *her* hand, that he shall perhaps touch it no more, see her never again through all the weary, tasteless years to come. He gazes longingly, tracing every line of the delicate fingers lying in his hand; then a look of desperate resolution comes into his eyes. He will—yes, he will grant himself this crumb of comfort! And he raises them to his lips.

She is taken by surprise, and flashes round on him with sudden anger.

"Shame on you!" she cries. "You have no right to do that! I'm sorry I came with you!"

Norman starts and shrinks back, stung to the quick—then his wrath, too, blazes forth.

"Stop!" he thunders—"how dare you? Good God! how patient I have been!" and he clutched her arm with a hand of iron.

"Let me go!" she cries, struggling.

And then—how it happened no one can tell—but there is a sudden flutter of golden-brown hair, a sickening plunge into the gulf below; and Norman and I stand alone on that treacherous ledge, looking into each other's ghastly faces and horror-stricken eyes.

Then I shriek aloud, "Alixe! Alixe!" but my voice is drowned in Norman's cry of agony.

"My God! I have lost her!" he cries, and throws up both arms in despair.

The loosened birch-bough springs back into place, a white face flashes downward, and vanishes over the brink; and I stand cowering over the dread abyss, shrieking to those who will never answer—

"Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

MACREADY was once victimized in "Virginius." The *Numitorius* could not remember his own name. "You will remember it, sir," said the tragedian, carefully pronouncing it for him, "by the association of ideas. Think of numbers—the Book of Numbers." The *Numitorius* did think of it all day, and at night produced, through "the association of ideas," the following effect: *Numitorius*—"Where is Virginia? Wherefore do you hold that maiden's hand?" *Claudius*—"Who asks the question?" *Numitorius*—"I, her uncle—Deuteronomy!"

THE FANS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

By Dora de Blaquiere.

"Three thousand years of fans."

More than three thousand years ago, or about the time that King David reigned over Israel, the artists of ancient Egypt depicted the fan upon the walls of the tombs at Thebes, and the Pharaoh of the day sits on his chair of state surrounded by his fan-bearers, each in his stated rank. The office must have been both honorable and onerous; for in time of war the fan-bearers, with their fans as standards, acted as generals and marshals; while in peace they ever waited on the King in the temple worship, waving their fans to cool the heated air and to protect the sacred offerings from the profanation of flies and other insects.

These insignia of their office were vividly colored fans, on long, slender, twisted and variegated handles. Their modern successors are to be seen in the Pope's official fan-bearers. There are two of these chamberlains, as they are called, and the fans they carry, but do not use, are made of peacock's feathers, with long ivory handles.

The modern Greek Church and its branches place a fan in the hands of the deacon, to be used in the same way, and for the same purpose, as practiced by the early Egyptians, viz., to guard the sacred elements from desecration.

The use of the fan in the worship of ancient Greece was similar, but its forms were far more beautiful.

According to Virgil, they were sacred to Bacchus, and were carried in procession at the feast of that deity. They are called *flabellum* or *muscarium;* and in the Roman Church of to-day the same kind of fans are called, in Italian, *frambella.*

In our chat about the ceremonial use of the fan, we must not forget the Scripture reference to it, for the purpose of winnowing the grain—a very primitive method of separating the chaff, but one which it took some thousands of years to supersede, for the present "fanning" machines were not invented till 1737.

Amongst Roman ladies, too, the services of an attendant slave to carry and use the fan were needful; and the ornamentation bestowed upon these very essential appliances was rich and costly—dyed ostrich plumes and peacock feathers being used for their adornment, while the handles were of gold, set with precious stones, or else of ivory, beautifully carved.

Approaching more closely to modern days, we find the folding fan, said to have been first invented by the Japanese, from whom the Chinese copied it. The Portuguese brought it over from China at some time in the fifteenth century, and from Portugal the new fashion soon spread over Europe, being brought to France by Catherine de Medicis. It became so important a part of a lady's wardrobe, that in the list of Queen Elizabeth's we find no less than twenty-seven fans enumerated. In France, they were formed of perfumed leather and paper, and soon attracted the attention of artists, who painted fans which, at the present day, are reckoned amongst the most valuable treasures of the art-collection.

The French name, *éventail,* is derived from the original shape of the fan, which was like a peacock's tail when spread out.

In the portraits of Queen Elizabeth the feather-fan appears frequently, suspended from the girdle by a gold or silver chain. This shape is now made by the Indians, and sold to the tourists who visit Niagara Falls.

In the portrait of the Princess of Wales, in "Marie Stuart" costume, as worn at the fancy dress ball given at Marlborough House a few years ago, a Canadian fan is seen hanging to her side, so true a copy of those of the seventeenth century that it was found suitable to her exquisite costume. Of this form we give three illustrations.

In another picture we see a very early fan, probably of Moorish origin; it is in shape like the weather-vane of a house, or a small flag. This form of fan is now used in Italy, but principally for fanning the small charcoal fires with which the cooking is done. I have two very gaudily decorated examples of this kind, which were bought in Tunis within the last few years. The fan-leaf is usually made so as to turn round on the stick.

The folding fan seems to have made its appearance in the early part of the seventeenth century, and may be considered the originals of the modern type. Japan probably gave the first idea of this form. It seems, from the account in "Coryat's Travels," in the year 1608, that there were then plenty of cheap fans in Italy, made of paper with wooden handles; the paper part "adorned with excellent pictures, having witty Italian verses or fine emblems written under them, or some notable Italian city painted, with a brief description added thereto."

Returning to England, we find in the poets, dramatists and moralists of the seventeenth century descriptions of a very uncomfortable kind of fan, with a long handle—so long that ladies used their fans for walking-sticks, and chastised their rebellious and naughty children by beating them with their fan-sticks. In Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," ii. 3, we see:

"I could brain him with his lady's fan."

And in Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Wer't not better
Your head were broken with the handle of a fan?"

Aubrey's account of these fans is worth quoting entire, as it is a most vivid and interesting picture of the manners of the day. "The gentlewomen," he says, "had prodigious fans, like that instrument which is used to drive feathers, and they had handles at least half a yard long; with these their daughters were often corrected (alas, poor daughters!). Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice, rode the circuit with such a fan; Sir William Dugdale told me he was an eye-witness of it. The Earl of Manchester also used such a fan."

Of the decorations of these immense examples of the article, we have a most curious account. They were sometimes prints, referring to the passing events of the day—such as "Bartholomew Fair," or the fashionable "Beggar's Opera"; the works of Hogarth were also used; and we find in Fairholt a description of a fan measuring twenty-eight inches across, dated 1781, "which contains in the centre a well-executed engraving of a musical party, and on each side the words and music of a canon, and three French and Venetian canzonets."

A very large green fan was also in use at the end of the last century as a parasol, to shade the face from the sun. This fashion was very probably adopted from Venice, and it is still in vogue there. I have a large fan in my own possession intended for this purpose, which can also be used as a small one when needed.

Fans suitable to the occasions on which they were to be used, were also in fashion. Thus, we hear of "chapel fans," to be used in chapel, with hymns and texts upon them; "theatre fans," with plans of the boxes and the names of the box-holders; and "fortune-telling fans," with a scheme of divination on them. Of this kind I have a curious example, purchased last year in Belgium, very cheap and common, costing only a few centimes, but containing the whole method of fortune-telling by the lines of

JAPANESE FOLDING FAN.

the hand, the hand itself being given, and the names and meaning of the lines.

In the "Spectator" is an amusing description by Addison of an academy where the use of the fan is taught. "In the flutter of the fan," he says, "there is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the loving flutter. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it." This is illustrated, on page 21.

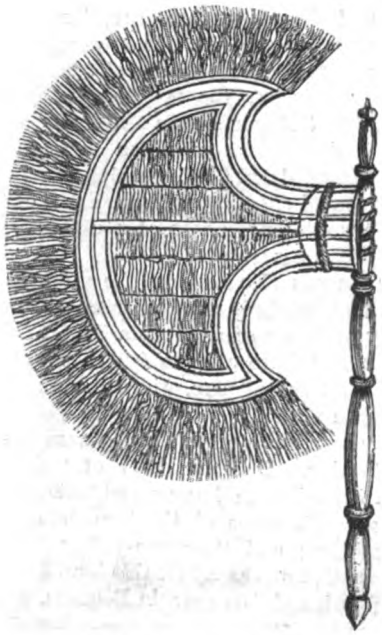
I trust I have interested my readers with the past history of this ancient and important addition to the toilet. It is always pleasant to understand something of the history of what we do; and I hope I have cast a new light, and perhaps a novel one, on a very common article in use, before proceeding to the practical description of how we may ornament and make them for ourselves without much difficulty.

The fan-makers *par excellence* of to-day are the Japanese and the French. A few years ago the Chinese would more justly have been mentioned in place of the former, and they are still unrivaled in the production of mother-of-pearl, carved ivory, wood and bone framework, and their lacquered fans, too, are most exquisitely done; but in the production of a cheap one, the Japanese nation may safely challenge the whole world, so absolutely perfect is their manufacture; for the nicety of finish in the wooden parts, and the really charming decoration of the paper mounts, has not yet been equaled in Europe. These fans are imported and used by tens of thousands; and, as in Italy, Spain, the West Indies and Canada, gentlemen make use of them as well as ladies.

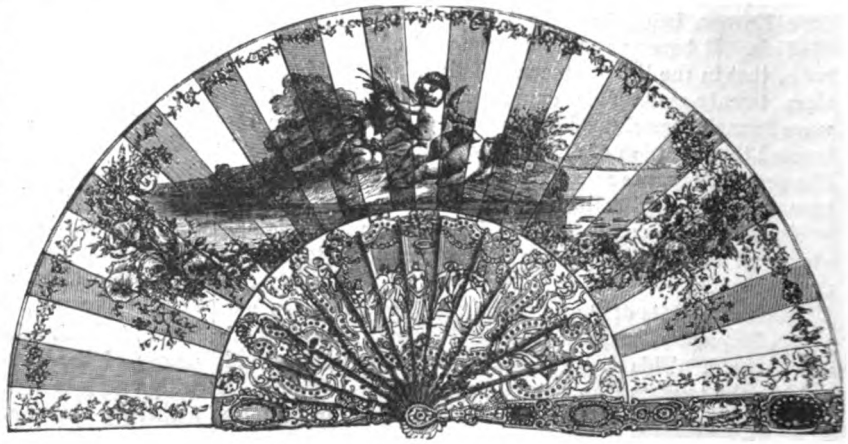
LARGE FAN, USED AS A PARASOL.

Nor must I forget to mention the palm-leaf fan. They are called in the West Indian Islands palmetto fans, and they are usually seen in two sizes—a small and a large. They are sometimes bound with bright-colored ribbon round the edge, and the handle is covered with the same, while a large rosette decorates the centre. These are the most delightful of fans for comfort and use in the world; they are so light, and do not tire the hand, can be used as a screen, and in fanning a sick person I have always found they produced the most air with the least expenditure of strength.

The fan of *khus-khus* grass is of East Indian make. This grass is fragrant when wetted, and *punkahs* are often made of it. The fan illustrated turns round on its handle, and the wind is produced by the turning, instead of by waving it to and fro.



FAN OF KHUS-KHUS GRASS.



FAN "ADORNED WITH EXCELLENT PICTURES."

RUBENS'S WIFE WITH FEATHER FAN OF THE PERIOD.

The large *punkah*, or fan, suspended from the roof of an Indian bungalow, admits of a great deal of ornamentation, and specimens may be seen in museums. These fans are kept in motion by servants especially appointed to the office.

The manufacture of the fan in France presents a remarkable instance of the sub-division of labor, as twenty different operations, performed by twenty different people, are necessary to the production of one fan, which sells for ten centimes. These various processes are not carried on in one manufactory, but form four distinct branches of trade.

The frames, or, as they are called, the *pieds* of the fans, are all made in the Department of the Oise—men, women and children being engaged in the trade. The woods used are the plum, the beam-tree, ebony, sandal and the lime-tree. The cleverness of the peasant work-people is wonderful, considering their absolute want of knowledge of even the first principles of engraving, gilding or sculpture. The piercing of the holes is performed by minute saws, which the workmen manufacture for themselves out of pieces of steel watch-springs. At the Exhibition of 1851, a mother-of-pearl fan was shown in the French section, which contained no less than 1,600 holes in the square inch, the work of a peasant hand.

Fan-painting amongst amateurs is very common at present in England; the beauty of the fan, however, much depending on the suitability of the design and the delicacy of the work. Figures are more used than flowers, or a landscape with figures; and the old style of a group, as painted in the days of Watteau, is no longer seen. On the black satin and silk grounds which have lately been so fashionable, Chinese white is used, and no color, excepting the needful admixture of black to produce gray for the shading.

Fan-painting requires much practice; the painter must not only be a skillful designer, but must have much experience in his or her art, and even then lessons in this special branch are requisite to enable the artist to attain to any perfection.

The most fashionable style of fan at present is the embroidered, a species of decoration which can be achieved by any one with an ordinary knowledge of embroidery stitches; only two being generally used—long and short stitch for figures, and outline stitch for outlines and coarser work. The silk or satin employed must be carefully stretched in a frame before being traced, and the work must be performed with the finest silks that can be obtained, and needles to match. The making-up of the fan is of course done by a proper fan-maker; and if it be properly done, and the embroidery be good, nothing is more effective. Nor should I forget those of lace, which are so fashionable for full dress. They may be made by a skillful lacemaker; but I must not be understood to recommend any of the coarse and badly-worked point-lace which I so frequently see.

Many ladies have beautiful old carved fan mounts or frames lying by, which they have long put aside, and kept more as relics than as likely to be useful again. Now that both fan-painting and embroidery have become fashionable, the torn or otherwise spoiled leaves can be replaced by fresh ones of home manufacture, much more interesting as well as useful.

The three exhibitions of fans which have taken place recently—in Liverpool, in Edinburgh, and in London—have demonstrated the existence of a revived interest in this article, which is probably owing, in some degree, to the idea that fan-painting and decoration is a suitable work for ladies. When we remember that the genius of Watteau and Boucher, in France, was applied to their decoration, and that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in England, the handles alone were marvels of goldsmith's work, costing frequently from £40 to £50, we cannot fail to be struck with our neglect of so worthy an instrument for the display of artistic taste and skill. In the cabinets of collectors of fine art works fans have ever found a welcome, and many exquisite specimens have been preserved to us; but it was not until the year 1870 that any exhibition of them was organized. In that year the authorities of the South Kensington Museum took the initiative by inviting loans of interesting and artistic fans. In answer to this they received no less than 500, the number of lenders amounting to 137. The next exhibition was held by the Liverpool Fine Art Club in that city last year, when a magnificent collection was gathered from all parts—in all 176 specimens.

The recent exhibition held in Edinburgh brought together 250 fans, which were divided into ancient and modern, and arranged according to their nationalities.

With the prevalent taste for all antique articles of dress, it will be easy, in this country, to give a very curious and instructive Fan Exhibition.

DADS.

"HIT, Dads!"

"Here's the Prince of Tag-rag and Bobtail!"

"Oh, don't you shoot that hat!"

"The hat my father wore!"

These and other choice specimens of boyish wit echoed about a forlorn and ragged man as he made his way through the principal street of the village of Eshton. It was a day about the first of March. For twenty-four hours previous, snow and rain had fallen, but this morning the sun had risen, lighting up the crystal enamel of every branch and twig into diamond splendor. How inexpressibly beautiful it was! Every tree standing out in delicate relief against a sky of tenderest blue—everything sheathed in fairy glass, every bud in its wonderful diamond case. But the green of the live cedar-hedges, shining through the ice-jewels, was the most lovely of all.

The boys saw nothing of this. There was plenty of slush under their feet, and of that they made snow-balls and pelted the man whose only fault was that he looked deserted and ragged and miserable.

How he came by the name they called him ("Dads") would have puzzled an observer. It was not a term of endearment, evidently; neither could it have been given for a patriarchal age, for this man was not more than forty, though gray and haggard and worn enough for any age. He had not been long in the town, either, to have gained that rude paternal appellation from its children; but some boyish wag, in a moment of inspiration, had dubbed him with that name at first glance, and he had borne it ever since.

He bore his honors meekly, poor fellow! as he took the slush-balls of the boys. He only took off the poor old hat and, with a trembling hand, wiped the wet snow from his face. He had a thin face and pale-blue eyes, with a shrinking expression in them, like an animal who is used to blows.

The boys stopped as they caught the watery gleam of

those pale-blue eyes; anything so meek, so pitiful, yet reproachful, it was not in a boy's nature to imagine.

"Let the old duffer go," muttered one.

It was schooltime, too, so that helped their resolution. They trotted off merrily, the man looking after them with his sad eyes. Could it be he had ever bounded along like that? ever felt any such pulses in those sluggish veins—such joyous life in every limb?

He clasped his thin hands together and looked up at the sky. That looked tender and bright and pitiful. My God! How well he remembered the past—the happy childhood, the youth, wrecked at the first quicksand of temptation! Ah, how soon he had squandered the strength and joy and hope he had fancied inexhaustible! Like a spendthrift, he had wasted his fortune, and must be a beggar for ever.

He had had a name once that many cared to hear; that one dark-eyed, sweet-faced girl had murmured with love. Now he was "Dads" in the eyes of the world; an old beggar, that was all.

Yet he did not beg, miserable as he looked, hungry as he often was. The wild dissipation of the past was over now, the riotous living was at an end, and he fed upon husks, yet he had never begged. Unfitted as he was for any important, well-paid work, with health and energy gone, he had yet found odd jobs which gained him a bit of bread.

He was hungry this morning—ravenously hungry. He looked closely about to see if any careless servant had thrown out so much as a cold potato. He would have eaten it with relish, sodden and soaked as it must have been in those overflowing, slush-choked gutters; but he espied nothing. He looked around vaguely for work. Ah, the pavements! Why had he forgotten them?

He stood before a house, grand and handsome for Eshton. There was a garden about it, with all the flower-beds warmly covered from the frost, and tall rosebushes standing up in stiff straw wrappings. He fumbled about at the great iron gate a moment, and opened it at last. There were wide windows with lace curtains and flowers at them, and between the flowers a golden head and a sweet, flower-like face looked out. A little girl of about ten years old had watched the strange man as he made his way to the door. There was something oddly hesitating about his manner which struck the child.

"Why, he looks frightened," she said; and it seemed very odd to her that a great man should be frightened at anything.

She saw him stand staring at the door in a distraught way, and ran out herself to open it. Once she looked into his face; with the quick intuition of a pure spirit she read some sort of intense suffering there. He stared at her intensely, and strangely muttered:

"Ten years! Ten years!"

"Did you want papa?" the little maiden asked.

"Does he want the pavement cleaned?" the man inquired, roused to a knowledge that he must make his errand known.

"Oh, yes; I am sure he does."

"I have no spade, I am so poor," the man said, searching the child's face with a strange hunger, to read again there the heavenly pity that had dawned upon it.

"Oh, we have plenty, poor man!" she said. "Have you had some breakfast?"

"Not a bite."

"Well, you cannot work, then. Come—come into the kitchen; I will give you some."

The child was evidently queen in the splendid house, for though the cook stared in wonder at Miss May's company, she had seen the same sight before, for the little girl had a tender heart.

She stood by when the man's plate had been piled with bread and meat, and a smoking bowl of coffee set before him. She watched him with the same divine sympathy as he ate and drank, as if it all warmed and invigorated her. The man looked less like a starved animal when he ceased.

"I am coming out to watch you," she said, as, armed with the spade, he went out into the garden.

The next moment she appeared in the prettiest little red riding-hood imaginable. Her golden curls blew about it till her fresh little face looked as if it were set in a frame of scarlet and gold. Anything daintier had never risen on the forlorn man's vision. He looked at her with the adoration of a devotee before a saint, yet with a strange exultation in his eyes.

The snow was unsullied in the yard, white, pure and beautiful. Every gate-post was capped with it, and it clung there in rarest sculpture. May danced about here and there through it like a sprite for a while, then came and stood soberly before the worker.

"What is your name?" she said.

A spasm of pain crossed his face. He could not speak his old name, with all its memories of joy and pain, so he said, with a wan smile:

"They call me 'Dads.'"

"Oh, what a funny name! Do your children call you that?"

"My children!" with just a little choking in the throat; "I have no children."

"Then who gave you that name?"

"Oh, the boys. They chaff me, you know, but I don't mind. It does as well as any other name for me."

"Do you live all alone?"

"Yes; all alone, in a sort of cellar."

"Oh, how miserable! I shall talk to papa about it. He will give you work, and then you can have a better room."

A gleam of sunshine seemed to fall on the man's wan face—a pale reflection of the light in the child's. She was kindling hope again in that despairing heart.

"I am not fit for much," he said, falteringly, "but I am honest; at my worst, I never took a cent—remember that, my dear—always remember that." May wondered a little why she should always remember that, but the man went on: "I would serve him faithful. I can cut and saw wood, or put in coal, or do any odd job. I don't drink."

May stored up these things to tell her father, and watched her new *protégé* with a strange interest, as if he were an odd big child whom she had adopted, and from that day there was a bond between them.

Dads found constantly odds and ends of work to do, and was often at Judge Wentworth's, watching pretty little May with a strange tenderness as she flitted about him at his work, and he noted how the rosebud was opening into the rose.

One bright April day, about four years after the time of the snow-cleaning, Dads had been weeding the garden. It was the hour of noonday rest, and he had some bread-and-cheese, which he was eating in the little summer-house. May, always friendly from the first day of their acquaintance, had brought him out a large piece of pie. When he had finished, she said:

"Dads, you have forgotten entirely a promise you made me once."

"That is a shame!" exclaimed Dads, "for you don't forget yours."

May was a beautiful girl of fourteen now, with the loveliest blush-rose on her cheek. She had many new interests. Life was opening like a flower before her, but she had never forgotten the desolate man, to whom the world seemed such a cold and dreary place.

Dads had improved since we first met him. His clothes were whole and clean. There was even the look of a broken-down gentleman about him. Worn and wan, indeed, was his face still, with a pathetic hunger in its expression, as though he had missed something in life—the something that sweetens it all for us.

THE MAIDEN'S REVERIE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 18.

"Your story, you know," May said, cheerily. "Come, it's too warm for me to do anything now. Tell me your story."

Dads looked as if smitten with a blow.

"Did I," he said, "promise that?"

"Yes, you promised, and you know, Dads, it is not curiosity only that makes me want to hear it. It will only make me feel more interest and sympathy, and I am sure you will feel happier to have some one who knows about you. People say it's a great consolation to have some one to confide in;" and the young girl looked as dignified and elderly as possible.

"Perhaps it is a consolation," Dads murmured, reflectively. "Well, Miss May, I will tell you what I can. You mustn't expect anything like the stories you read. It's very simple, and—and miserable," he added.

"Then I shall feel all the more sorry for you," May said, with a very tender heart, as she sat down to listen.

"I was what they call a wild boy, my dear," Dads began, in a deprecating way. "Perhaps it was well that my mother went to her rest before trouble began. Perhaps if she had lived, I would have been different—who can tell? My father was very stern. He had no patience, and at last told me to go—to go to the devil my own way. I beg pardon, my dear. I did not mind at the time. I was glad to be free. I think I was never very wicked, but, God knows, I drank very hard—that I must confess—and that is the beginning of many kinds of sin."

"My mamma is dead, too," said May, thoughtfully. "I have had a governess always, since I was a tiny little thing; but papa is so noble and splendid, I just adore him!"

This last in a rapturous and exaggerated style, peculiar to schoolgirls.

"I am very glad," he said, and seemed to fall into a reverie and forget his story.

"Well, go on," May said, after awhile, and Dads came to with a stare, and continued:

"Once, one night, when I had been drinking pretty

DADS.—"'YOUR STORY, YOU KNOW,' SAID MAY, CHEERILY. 'COME, IT'S TOO WARM FOR ME TO DO ANYTHING NOW. TELL ME YOUR STORY.'"—SEE PAGE 26.

hard, but not so as to lose my wits entirely, I heard, as I was going home, one of those street-singers, you know. It was late, and, as the sweet young voice struck my ear, I strolled over in its direction, and saw among the crowd of men and boys at the door of a restaurant such a pale, pretty, pitiful-looking child, trying to keep her voice from breaking, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. Even the rough men did not jeer at her. There was something so pure in her voice, that they all stood abashed before her. I seemed to see the sins of my life all arrayed in judgment against me as I listened. She finished, and some one passed around a hat for her. I dropped into it all the money I had.

"'It's Dolly Brown,' said the man who held it, 'and her mother is dying. The landlord has threatened to turn them out if the rent is not made up to-morrow.'

"Every one in that poor crowd did their utmost, and the young girl thanked them in a broken voice, Miss May. I—I loved her from that moment. I got some one to take me to see her when her mother died, and afterward she cared enough for me to marry me. Ah, now you will see what a wretch I am. You will see I do not deserve any kindness from you, or any one. Poor, pretty little Dolly! We went to housekeeping in one room, and you would have thought it was the Garden of Eden to see how happy she was. How she sewed the little white curtains to make it pretty, and had a box of violets in the window!"

Dads stopped, as if the memory was too much for him. That little room, with its white curtains and violets, was the best glimpse of paradise he had ever seen. And his own sin had lost him that little bit of Eden.

May was very patient, though she longed to hear the rest. Child as she was, she had such delicate sympathies with his sorrow, that she did not make even a restless movement. Dads stared at her after a moment, as if he had forgotten her presence.

"Oh," he said at last, with a half-groan, "I must go on. I told you about my drinking, didn't I? Well, for awhile I was steady. I loved the poor child who had given herself to me—God knows I did—but then I could not break a bad habit in a day. No! I will not excuse myself with lies. I did not try. I was a brute—only I thank God I never said a hard word to Dolly—I am glad of that. It is the only bit of comfort I have.

"Of course we got poorer and poorer. She grew paler, and there was a sick look in her face, but I did not see it. I remembered it afterward. Well, one day a baby, a little girl, was born to us. I was very happy about that. A dear little blue-eyed mite of a thing, that looked like me, Dolly said. She smiled with some of her old happiness as she showed me the baby. And I—what did I do to show my joy? I went off to some of my boon companions to celebrate it my own way. We drank a quantity of bad whisky—the cheapest kind—and I went blindly staggering out at night, too drunk to know my way. Somewhere I was knocked down by a wagon, and lay insensible. When I awoke I was in a neat room at a hospital. I understood after the first faint minutes how it was. Slowly came back the truth of how I had left my wife, and I was frantic. I startled the nurse when she came in, by crying:

"'How long have I been here?'

"'Three weeks. You have had an injury of the brain.'

"'Three weeks! Good God! What has become of my wife and baby?'

"My brain seemed on fire. I had a relapse, and it was weeks again before I could stagger to my feet, and then days before I was dismissed as cured. This was in a great city, you know, where people—poor and insignificant people—can be quite lost.

"What had my poor Dolly done all this dreadful time? I hoped the neighbors had been kind to her. I made what haste I could to the little narrow street. Oh! what a beautiful day it was—bright with sunshine everywhere—but darkness was in my heart, and oh, Miss May, I looked up at the windows, and saw them shut!

"Ah, well! Perhaps the baby was asleep. My heart beat fast at the thought—the baby! It must be nearly two months old. No one met me on the stairs to break the blow. I rushed up the stairs. The room door stood wide open. The room was empty. Everything—everything was gone. Not a sign of life was in it.

"My head was weak yet, and it swam around and throbbed horribly. I tried to think! Perhaps some friend had taken my poor Dolly home? Ah, yes! I found, indeed, that her best friend had taken her home. Standing, with a sickening anguish creeping slowly over me, and staring into the dark, deserted little room, I heard a heavy step. It was Mrs. Rooney, our landlady—a rough but kind-hearted woman.

"'Arrah!' she said, 'ye're a bit too late, my b'y, and bad 'cess to you!'

"She looked very angry, and her eyes flashed fire.

"'My wife!' I managed to gasp.

"'Oh, much ye cared for yer wife, ye onnateral monster!' she cried—'a-leaving her without the bite and the sup, while ye went among a lot o' rantin' and tearin' devils!'

"'Oh, where is she?' I cried.

"'She's dead,' answered Mrs. Rooney, shortly. 'Ye left her to pine and worry, not knowin' where ye were, and thinkin' you were kilt entirely, which was too good luck to be true. She niver held her head up, but was for all the worruld like a broken lily, poor dear! On the third day the fever set in, and she'd call an' call, "Oh, John, dear! Oh, come to me, John!" till me heart was clean broke a-hearin' her.'

"Oh, my dear Miss May, I was weak with the sickness, and I just dropped down senseless on the floor when I heard that. Mrs. Rooney, who had a kind heart, was softened to me when she saw my distress and when I told her my story, but she could not soften the bad news. My poor Dolly was dead—dead and buried. Whether anxiety for me brought on the fever, God knows. My poor girl was gone, and the baby had been taken to some home or other for care.

"After awhile, I took a little comfort in the thought of the baby. I swore a solemn oath that I would never touch a drop of liquor again, and I have kept that pledge. Ah, never could I have taken a glass in my hand without seeing my girl's poor dead face in the poison stuff!

"Mrs. Rooney could not tell me at first where the home was, but I wandered about till I found it. While I waited in the hall, I heard a baby cry. I did not remember how many babies must be there. I thought it was mine, and the little cry just stabbed my heart. There were tears in my eyes when the stately lady came down and asked my business. I told her my story, and she listened, gravely.

"Yes; there had been a child taken from the house I mentioned, but they had it no longer.

"Ah, Miss May, this seemed like a death-blow. I had made all my vows for that baby. I was going to atone to her for the misery I had caused the poor mother, and she was gone!

"'Gone!' I cried. 'Gone where?'

"'Why, it is rather an odd story,' she said, looking quite pleased all the while. 'Nothing could have happened better for the poor little thing. It happened that a lady, stopping with her husband at the hotel opposite, lost her baby suddenly in the night with croup. She was very delicate indeed, and they feared her brain would give way. Her husband consulted with the doctor, who was our doctor as well, and he told him if his wife's mind could be interested in anything, she might be saved. And then the good physician volunteered to tell her the story of this poor little child, and she did waken to an interest in it, and, at last, asked to see it. It was a pretty little thing, and the weeping mother took it right to her heart.'

"'But where is it? They cannot have it—it is my child!' I cried out in agony.

"'You surely would not interfere with the child's prospects?' the matron answered, very gravely. 'You know you could not do as well for it. These people are rich. It will be sheltered from the poverty that killed its mother.'

"Ah, that was a stab. I did not dare cry out that I loved it—that my heart was hungry for it, that there was a dull aching in my breast that gave me no peace. But I asked, as humbly as possible, for the name of the people who had taken my child. I think the matron did not care to give me that. She went to look over some papers, and then came back to say she could not find the card, and the people were only passing through the place, so she could not tell where they lived."

Dads was silent for a long while then, and May, looking at him with very dim eyes, said, at last:

"And did you never find the name?"

"I gave them no rest, my dear, and at last—ah, well, it's one o'clock now, and, you know, I said I would tell you what I could. I can't tell any more now."

"Oh, but—but this is the most exciting part," May said, with a disappointed face.

"Ah, I don't know. There ain't much more. 'Twasn't much use looking now—was it, Miss May? If that little mite of a baby grew old enough to choose, 'tain't likely she'd choose to leave her pretty home and come and live in a little cobwebby room with a bare floor, and me for company."

May seemed to be turning the thought over in her mind, and was perplexed what to say.

"Now, I mustn't be idling here any longer," Dads said, with a deep sigh, looking into May's face.

"Oh, I am so sorry for you!" May said, feeling that she had been lacking in sympathy. "Some time I'm coming to see the room where you live; and don't you want a pot of violets for the window?"

Dads shook his head in a sad way.

"No; I don't want violets," he said; "but thank you, dearie."

When he looked around his forlorn room that night, he shook his head again and smiled—a very pale, wan smile. Did any flower grow that could brighten it for him?

He sat down and thought over all his life. Telling his story that day brought all so vividly before him. He took down a box and opened a bit of yellow paper which he had read many a time. He read it carefully now, as if he had never seen it before. It ran thus:

"The child you seek was given to Judge Allen Wentworth and his wife. She was called May, because she was born in that month. Let me entreat you, if you really care for her, to leave her in the good hands into which she has fallen. I can give you no clew to the present home of the Wentworths.

"MARY LANE."

There were drops on this bit of paper where he had blistered it with his tears, but now he looked at it with dry eyes. He thought of his weary pilgrimage from place to place to find the Wentworths with some dim idea of taking home his child, but as time went on, his love had grown purer, holier. He would only see his girl, with his own eyes, know if she were happy, but never disturb her happiness. This he had resolved upon before the snowy morning, when he had at last found the true place, after years of fruitless effort.

When he saw the golden-haired sprite, with her dainty ways, her ribbons and embroidery, he could as soon have claimed her for his daughter as he would have claimed an angel from heaven. He only prayed that he might be near her—where he could see her bright face, and read in it her kindly heart. If she had been cold and proud, he could have gone away, perhaps; but she was so full of tenderness, so loving and gentle! It was a balm to his poor bruised heart to be near her. It was bitter-sweet. He felt there was a tender flattery in the name she called him ("Dads"), while the same word from the street-boys appeared an insult.

He folded up the paper again and looked about the room. He had nothing left from the old time but the little box in which he kept the few precious things of his life—all that had been saved from the wreck which swept away wife and child. Mrs. Rooney had kindly kept the box for him. It held a small faded daguerreotype of his Dolly, but the pale face seemed fast fading away into a ghost.

There was a knot of pink ribbon there, and a lace collar with a coral pin—the only finery the poor woman ever possessed. Should he leave them to May when he died? Should he let her know? No! He resolved, in a sublime heroism worthy of a martyr, that he would never let her know. Why should he torment her with regrets when he was gone? Yet sometimes he madly craved a word from her of love—such as children give their parents. She was his own, in spite of all the barriers of time and circumstance—his own, his little girl. Oh, to feel once her arms about his neck! To hear her whisper, "Father!" To receive one childlike kiss! The longing was absolute pain.

It was no small thing that this man conquered such longings and put them down with a strong hand. Frail and worn and poor as was the outward tabernacle of flesh, the inner man had been renewed day by day. He came home every day to his lonely room. He made himself his poor cup of tea and drank it, solitary and alone; often picturing to himself a bright face sitting opposite, a pretty white hand pouring it out for him.

"But I threw away my blessing—I lost my chance in life long ago!" he would murmur, with a quivering lip.

This night all came strangely back to him. He felt restless and uneasy. He thought it was because he had told his story to May, and yet he wondered and looked on as all the events of his life marshaled themselves before him.

He sat dreaming there till late, sometimes dozing, it may be, but starting up with a suffocated feeling. The room was too warm and close to him. Something—one of those mysterious impulses which are inexplicable to us—led him out into the street. It was a clear, bright, starlit night, and he walked on. Suddenly he heard the clang of a bell, and he recollected that just such a sound had echoed through his dreams.

"Fire! fire! fire!"

The streets were full of tumult now. Hurrying feet, cries of "Where? where?" mingled with the alarm.

There was only one way for Dads to walk, that he might make sure of the safety of his darling. Strange, he scarcely noticed that the crowd were surging that way, too. Then a hoarse voice sounded near him:

"Judge Wentworth's house!"

My God! It was, it was!

He saw it now. The familiar garden, with the flowers he had tended that day, looking bright in that baleful light. The long tongues of flame were curling all about the lower story. Then he remembered that the judge was not at home. He had gone to attend some country court. Only May and her governess, with the servants, were there.

He waited for no ladder, but burst in one of the doors and made his way up amid the smoke and fire. It blinded him, but he knew his way. He heard voices, and then a cry of affright, and a little white-robed figure came flying out.

"I am here, Miss May—I am here, my darling!" he cried, frantically, as he caught her in his arms.

With a glad exclamation, she ran to him.

"Miss Evans has fainted away!" she cried. "You must help her!"

"I must help you first," he cried. "That will be the quicker way. I must have you safe first, darling."

And there was no time for remonstrance, if they were to escape down the stairway, which looked like a yawning pit full of fire and smoke.

Dads took the girl in his arms, and all the great tenderness of his poor bruised heart welled up and nearly overcame him. He held his child for the first time. For the first time her arms were around his neck. He felt her head against his breast. Oh, bitter joy! Oh, joyful pain! His feet staggered, and his eyes were blinded by his tears.

But he did not falter or fall. How he made his way he never knew, for he seemed to tread on air. He could see nothing for the black billows of smoke which curled about him. Once something fell crashing on his head and smote him with an awful pain, but May was safe, and he scarcely heeded it in his ecstatic joy. Only when he had reached the garden he put her down suddenly on the greensward, and dropped like a dead man.

There was a great scene of confusion, and May did not see at first the fate of her deliverer. Some intrepid fireman saved the governess, and then a kind neighbor took in the homeless ones. When the beautiful May morning broke, the young girl looking out on its sunshine suddenly remembered Dads.

"I never even thanked him," she said; "and now I must find out something about him."

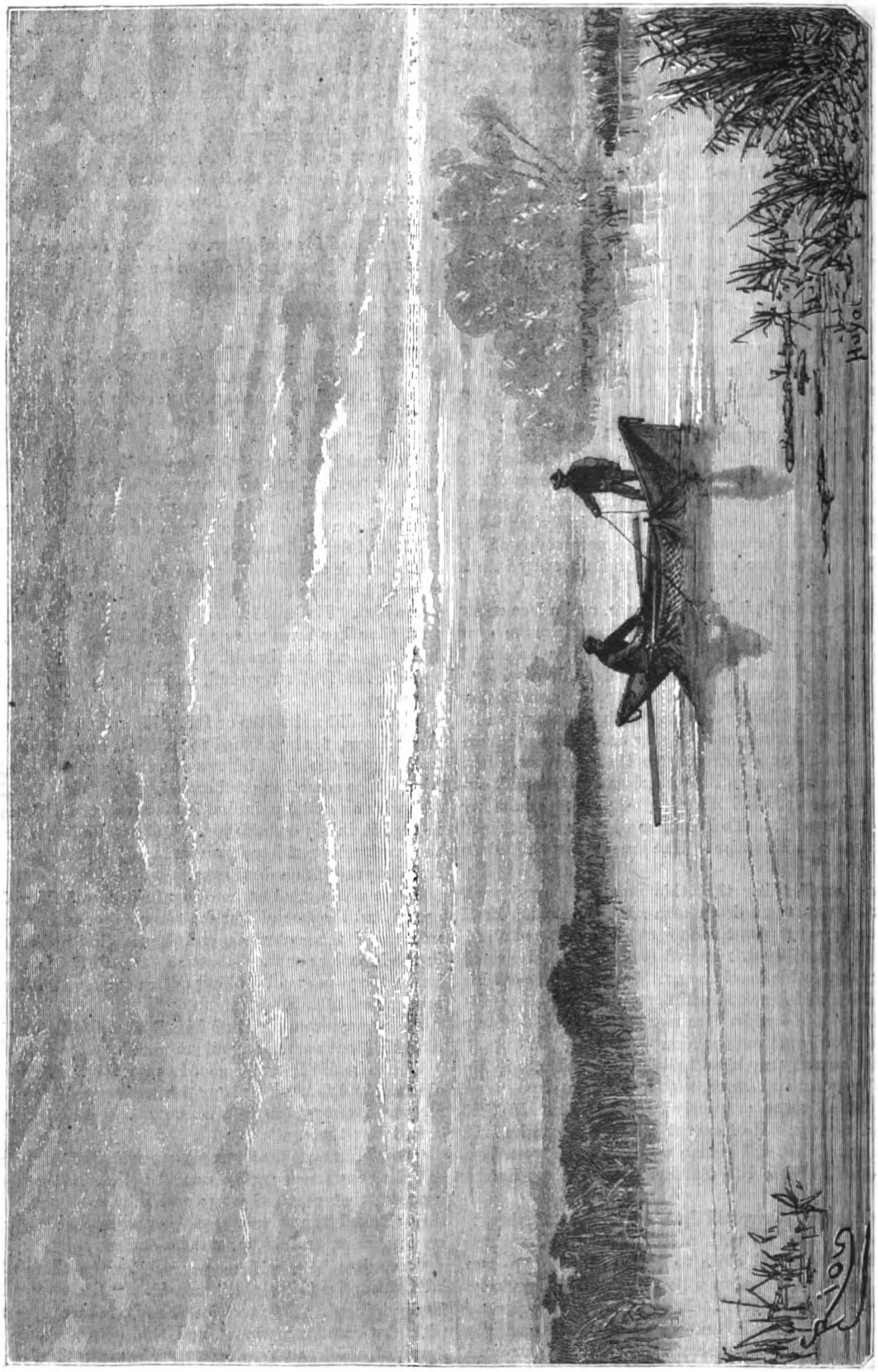
What she did hear alarmed her terribly. There was an old man had fainted, or something, they said, but he had recovered enough to tell where his home was, and had been taken there.

"Oh, I am sure that was my poor Dads!" the girl said, and she gave her governess no rest till she had the carriage brought, that they might go and inquire about him. As they reached the door a gentleman was coming out. It was Dr. Ross, and he knew them and stopped.

"I've just been with a poor fellow in there who was hurt at the fire last night," he said. "It's very sad; he's fatally injured. He is quite friendless—no one to stay with him but the landlady, and she says she has half-a-dozen of children to look after. He can't live long, poor fellow!"

May's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, we will stay with him," she cried. "He saved me last night, and must have been hurt then."



SEINE-FISHING ON A SMOKY DAY.

HOW THE JAPANESE AMUSE THEMSELVES.—"IN THE MIDST OF THE FUN A SHAVEN-HEADED GENTLEMAN DRESSED IN THE GARB OF A SCHOOLMASTER, CARRYING IN HIS HAND A PAPER DUSTER, SUDDENLY EMERGED FROM A BUILDING ON THE SIDE STREET."

"'NOW,' CRIED THE MAN, TAKING A PORCELAIN BOTTLE AND TWO CUPS FROM HIS ASSISTANT, AND THROWING THEM ALOFT, 'I WILL PROCEED TO GIVE AN EXHIBITION OF MY ABILITY AS A CONJURER.'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

So the two went into the darkened room with soft footsteps, and saw poor Dads lying there in a low delirium, clutching at the clothes and muttering strange things. He was as weak as a little child, though, and looked at May with his dim eyes and wan smile.

"Ah," he gasped, "have you come, my pet, to your poor father? I dreamed about the angels, and now God has sent one."

"He thinks I am his little girl," May whispered to the governess. "He lost one long ago."

They made the room as tidy as they could, and sat down to watch with the dying man. Suddenly he roused, and said, very distinctly:

"Give me the box from the mantelpiece."

May thought his reason had returned, and gave it to him at once, but it dropped from his clutching hands.

"I can't see it," he moaned. "Oh, open it. I must read it again."

He did not know who stood there, from whom he was begging this last service. His eyes were so glazed in death that he could not see her.

May opened it, looked at the words, and a sickening faintness came over her.

"Read it," moaned the dying man, pitifully.

She nerved herself by a heroic effort, beginning:

"'The child you seek was given to Judge Allen Wentworth and his wife. She was called May,'" etc.

Miss Evans uttered a low exclamation at the words.

The dying man seemed suddenly to have the mists of death swept for a moment from his eyes.

"Oh, May," he cried, pitifully, "I did not mean it! Forgive me, my child!" and with that prayer for pardon he was gone.

May sank down by the bedside, weeping convulsively.

The governess was full of pity, but congratulated herself at the same time that all had happened for the best.

Poor Dads never felt the tears his child shed over him, or knew the honors of the funeral, or the grave in the judge's own lot, but he died knowing he had saved his child alive, and we know that must have sweetened every pang, and illuminated the very grave and gate of death itself.

HOW THE JAPANESE AMUSE THEMSELVES.

ITINERANT PERFORMERS.

By Edward Greey.

With the exception of a few companies of actors and the wrestlers, those Japanese who exist by amusing the people are wandering vagabonds, moving from city to city, and living from hand to mouth. The presence of foreigners in their land, and the adoption of Western civilization and garb by the Mikado and court, have worked no change in the lives and costume of the acrobats and conjurers, who to-day give similar entertainments to what they did in the feudal times, before Commodore Perry thundered at the gates of Nihon, and compelled the Shogun to open them to all nations.

A few days before quitting Tokio, I devoted a morning to seeing the street-shows, for which the Eastern capital is famous, and, accompanied by a Japanese friend, started from my house in the southwest suburb and penetrated the dense quarter near the ruins of the castle of O-Shiro. After walking some distance through narrow streets swarming with quaintly dressed natives, some of whom wore clumsily cut American garments, we emerged on a main thoroughfare, gay with signs and colored cloths suspended from the fronts of the stores. Women and nurse-girls, with children secured to their backs, were passing and repassing to and from the markets; boys with shaven pates, costumed in gayly colored robes and girt with silken sashes, from which depended their toys, purses and school-books, were chattering and laughing on their way to school; Buddhist priests, shaven and sleek, glided by as noiselessly as spirits, and glanced half contemptuously at us out of the corners of their eyes, as well they might, remembering that our advent in the land had reduced thousands of their brethren from affluence to abject poverty. Hawkers of fish and fruit, toys and garments, yelled and screamed around us, and, to add to the din, came the shrill cries of the waitresses of a neighboring tea-house, who eagerly invited us to step in, have our feet bathed, and partake of the various delicacies for which their particular establishment was noted.

All was bustle, life and apparent confusion; the latter being increased by the animated gestures of the people, who, while appearing to be quarreling, were merely giving vent to their superabundant spirits.

As we were watching this scene we heard, in the distance, the sound of a tambour and flute, on which some schoolboys passing us halted and the following conversation ensued:

"*Hai*, there, Hikozi!—hear that? The Lion of the Corea is coming this way. Let us stop and witness his antics."

"No, no, Sadakichi; my mother bade me go straight to teacher. It is almost time we were at the school. Come—come!"

"Oh, you lamb (coward)!" cried the first speaker. "I own it is wrong to disobey your parent, and all that, but, indeed, indeed, we have ample time. Stay just a little while—it is good fun to see the lion dance. Surely your mother will not grudge you that delight?"

Hikozi, a handsome, plump little fellow, with a skin like a ripening nut, hesitated, and, I fear, forgot the Japanese golden rule. At all events, he did not betray any further emotion on this subject, but, as the mimickers approached, joined most heartily in shouting a welcome to them.

Nearer came the sound, "rub-a-dub-dub," and presently, towering above the crowd, we beheld the comically hideous face, paper mane and flowing striped cloak of the chief performer, who, elevating or depressing his mask and disguise, looked like a gigantic demon, his antics greatly delighting not only the children, but a following of servant-maids, who, babe on back, marched at the heels of the procession, and indulged in merry remarks and loud laughter.

"Come," said my companion, halting near one of the gateways of a ward-division, marked by a large lantern inscribed with a *mon* (crest); "there is a school down that street, and the acrobats are sure to perform there."

On came the lion, who, emerging from the crowd, advanced toward us, and revealed, beneath his striped cloak, a pair of grimy hands employed in beating a tambour, the lower portion of a human body, clothed in a blue cotton robe, and a pair of sturdy, muscular limbs, the feet of which were protected with straw sandals. Behind him came his orchestra, consisting of a flute-player, a man with a drum and tambour, and a third party beating a cymbal—the combined noise being almost deafening. The lion danced very much in the style of a trained bear, raised and lowered his head-piece—which was fixed upon a bamboo inserted in a socket secured to his back—shouted, roared and growled in a manner ridiculous

enough to amuse any one; his gestures and capers eliciting yells of approval from our young friends, who, childlike, called him various names, and treated him with half-timid familiarity.

As he was jumping around and diverting them with his contortions, a number of lads came rushing from the side street, and, upon nearing him, began to shout:

"*Hai*—old lion! I hope your excellency is well! Dance lively, now we've come! We're the boys who have the cash! Kick higher—you're not half as smart as the other lion who came here a moon ago!"

The performer, thus adjured, redoubled his endeavors, while his orchestra banged, blew and thumped their instruments—as they did so, uttering shrill cries of encouragement.

The new-comers were as full of monkey-tricks as the acrobat. They threw somersaults in front of him, yelled, pulled at his robe, and, darting at him, inflicted pinches on his limbs that presently roused his temper, and caused him to retaliate with sundry kicks, which, in some instances, were received by his followers; Masters Hikozi and Sadakichi joining in these attacks, and enjoying the sport as greatly as any of the merry rascals.

"*Hai—hai—hai!*" they shouted—"*ha-yakee!*" ("hurry up!").

The lion replied by lowering his head, pulling a string and advancing with open mouth, at the same time uttering most unearthly noises. However, the young Japs did not appear to mind his demonstration, and continued to yell, scream, and amuse themselves as before.

In the midst of this fun, a shaven-headed gentleman, dressed in the garb of a schoolmaster, carrying in his left hand a paper-duster, suddenly emerged from a building on the side street, and called angrily to the boys, saying: "What means this? Are you not aware it is the hour of study?"

At the sound of his voice, the urchins stopped their fun, and, assuming a respectful demeanor, prepared to retire, though I noticed that none of them went off without giving the lion a few cash.

There is nothing small or mean about the average Japanese boy, who, when he has been amused by a performer, pays his cash like a little man.

As the lads were making off, their schoolmaster said to the lion, who was resting from his labor:

"You ought to have more sense than to keep children from their studies. If this sort of thing is repeated, I shall report the matter to the authorities."

"Most excellent teacher," politely replied the lion, "you do us great injustice. We had no idea we were detaining your scholars."

"Very well, then, do not repeat this offense," grumbled the pedagogue. "I will overlook your fault this time."

"I hope your excellency will have good health," said the performer. "Your pupils are perfect young gentlemen."

When the old fellow was out of hearing, the orchestra recommenced its din, and the lion indulged in a pantomimic dance, expressive of defiance to the teacher, which appeared to afford the bystanders the greatest amusement, and brought shouts of laughter from some people who were watching him from the barred side of the porch of a neighboring building. On seeing them, he once more arranged the bamboo in the socket secured to his back, took the string of his tambour between his teeth, and pulling down his lion's robe, grasped his sticks and began to caper and drum as before, while his assistants moved among the crowd and collected money on their fans.

It was amusing to see him, now with his mask lowered almost to the ground, next with it towering aloft like some extinct monster, and again swinging it hither and thither, gaping and gibing as though endowed with life, he all the time shouting and drumming like a crazy man.

Although, at first glance, he appeared to caper at his own sweet will, I soon discovered he performed certain steps, and that he kept admirable time; still, his action had none of the sensuous grace of the female Japanese dancers. It was methodically grotesque, clumsy, coarse, and no doubt of ancient origin.

The lion danced until his patrons refused to contribute another coin, upon discovering which he partly removed his make-up, and, with his companions, squatted near the big lantern, where I had a good opportunity to examine his features. He was probably between thirty and forty years old, muscular and sturdy. His lion-skin was made of paper and hemp, his mask of papier-mâché painted and gilded, and his mane of long strips of tough paper colored yellow and brown. He sat on the ground, sucking at his tiny-bowled brass pipe, and perspiring freely, before him being his tambour and bamboo sticks. As we approached he glanced up, and, blinking his bilious-looking eyes, said:

"I hope your excellencies have approved of my humble performance?"

We replied we had been much entertained; and, after questioning him a while, he said:

"How came I in this business? Ah, that is a long story. My parents died when I was about as big as my drum, and left me to the tender mercy of a relative, by whom I was sold to an acrobat. The latter kicked me into shape, and took me everywhere, training myself and two other miserable orphans as he would have done three apes. When he died, I started business as a Lion of the Corea, and"—laughing—"here I am!"

"How much do you make a day?"

"Ah, now you puzzle me," he merrily replied. "Sometimes we collect quite a sum, at others only make our fish and rice, and when luck is against us, not even our salt. We are always fortunate when we meet your foreign excellencies, who pay us like *daimios*" (noblemen).

After this strong hint, there was nothing for me but to open my purse and give him a silver coin. This brought the entire party to their feet, and set them capering and drumming; whereupon myself and friend made off, leaving the crowd to enjoy the result of our liberality.

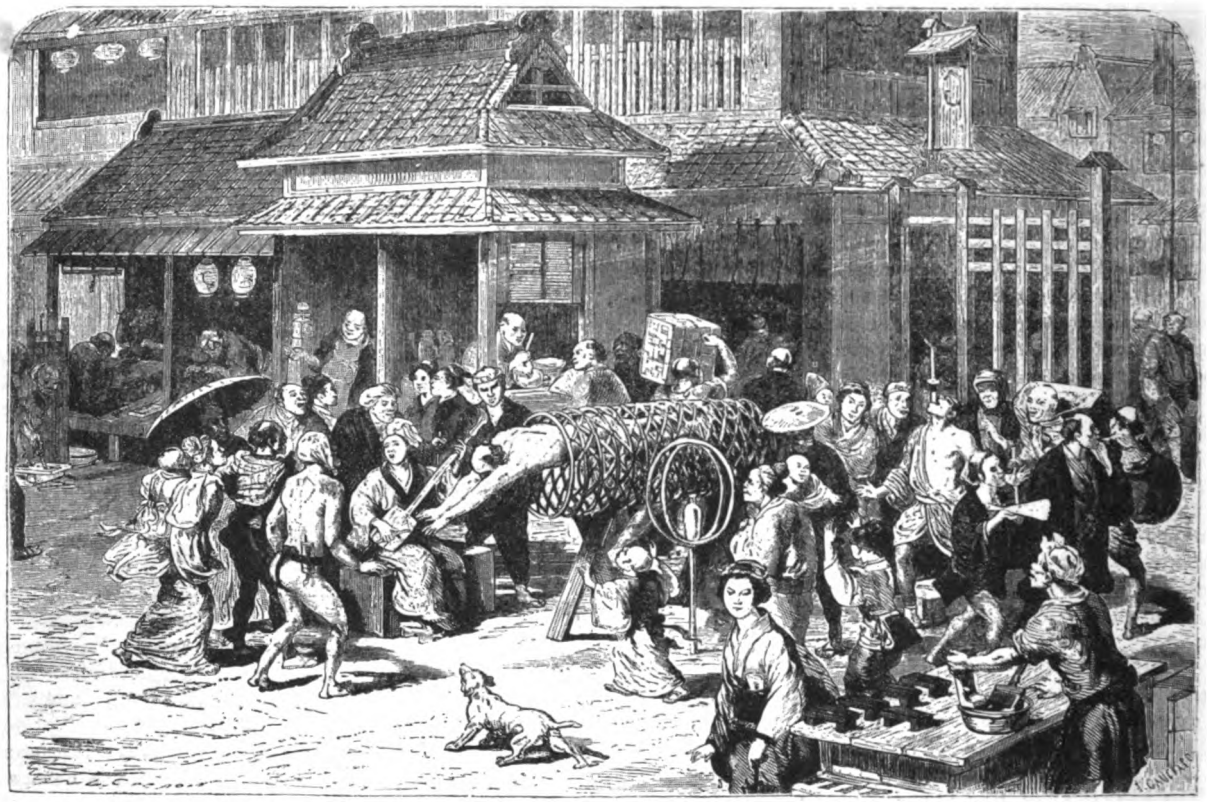
"Come," observed my companion, guiding me down a thoroughfare from whence came a savory odor. "This is a famous quarter for fish-sausages. Suppose we eat a few?"

Almost the entire population of the street was engaged in manufacturing the delicacies he mentioned, and, judging by the crowd of customers, they did a thriving trade.

The processes were carried on in sight of the passers-by, and nothing could be neater than the shops, or more appetizing than the rows of sausages laid out ready for purchasers.

Entering a tea-house, situated opposite one of the largest factories, we gave our orders, and, squatting on the matted floor, watched the operations of the workmen across the way.

On the left of the front apartment were crouched a number of men armed with long knives, with which they minced raw fish; others pounded the dried article in wooden mortars; while, on the right, a third gang was cooking a sort of mullet in large pans of boiling oil, placed over an immense circular furnace of stone or cement, heated from below with charcoal.



"AT A SIGNAL FROM HIS WIFE HE RAN FORWARD AND DARTED THROUGH THE BASKET WITHOUT TOUCHING IT IN ANY WAY."

"They make three kinds of sausage," remarked my friend—"one, of raw fish, minced very finely, flavored with various herbs, etc., and inclosed in white paper envelopes; another, of dried fish, powdered, seasoned and similarly treated to the first; and a third, of cooked fish—the paper covers of which are colored according to the fancy of the venders."

I beheld the operators make the various varieties he described, and saw them bought up almost as fast as they were exposed for sale.

Presently a waitress entered with a tray, and setting it before us on the matted floor, remarked, as she politely bowed her head:

THE EXHIBITION OF THE JUMPING BUDDHIST.

"Your excellencies, I have brought you the sausage of raw fish; also, those made of the dried whale-flesh from Yezo. In a few moments I will have the honor of serving you with some hot sausages made of cooked bass."

I partook of a cup of tea, then tried the first-named

"HE SAT ON THE GROUND, SUCKING AT HIS TINY-BOWLED BRASS PIPE, PERSPIRING FREELY, BEFORE HIM BEING HIS TAMBOUR AND BAMBOO STICKS."

food, which, although uncooked, was most delicious. Those prepared from dried whale-flesh were somewhat rank, and I did not relish them; however, I made up for it when I tasted the ones made of cooked fish, which were crisp, delicately seasoned, and altogether a new sensation.

While we were discussing our meal, an acrobat took his stand in the street, and, mounting a pair of high clogs, began to collect a crowd by proclaiming his various feats; his assistant emphasizing his speeches by frantically beating on a tambour placed upon a circular rest.

His proceedings soon attracted the attention of our

waitresses, who quitted us and swarmed into the veranda. The sausage-makers ceased cutting fish, and rose in order to watch his performance; a woman with a child on her back, who, for some moments, had been noisily engaged in bargaining for a robe with a dealer in second-hand clothes, gave up chaffering, and turned to gaze on the speaker; and two merchants of the old school, wearing flowing robes and their hair in gun-hammer style, halted near by, and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the moment; while schoolboys, with their light paper books slung from their waists, forgot how late they were, and paused to see what the conjurer would do. The latter evidently had his eye on me, for, after talking awhile, he said:

"A LITTLE FURTHER ON WE CAME ACROSS A PEEP-SHOW."

"Even the gentlemen from afar are delighted to behold my wonderful performances. You must know I take a special delight when exhibiting before them." Aside to the merchants—"They always pay well for being instructed."

"*Hai, hai!*" (Yes, yes!) laughingly observed his assistant. "The *Be koku-jin* (American men) never give less than a *yen*" (dollar).

This remark caused the crowd to laugh, and drew general attention to myself. However, I was accustomed to being stared at; and I must here testify that, beyond such an exhibition of natural curiosity, I was never annoyed by the Nihonese, who, as a nation, are the most courteous people in the world.

"Now," cried the man, taking a porcelain bottle and two cups from his assistant, and tossing them into the air, "I will proceed to give an exhibition of my ability as a conjurer."

As he said this, his companion rapidly handed him wooden balls, eggs and other articles, until he had a dozen objects spinning in a half-circle over his head; his performance being accompanied by his aid, who watched him anxiously, uttered unearthly yells and drummed as though his life depended upon his vigorous blows.

The whirling accessories were one by one discarded, and presently the last—an egg—dropped into his right hand, when, cracking it upon his forehead, he drew out a long thread until he literally smothered a small boy in its tangle. There appeared to be miles of it stowed away in his palm, and, as the color of the stuff changed from red to blue, blue to green, and back to red, he shouted:

"*Hai, hai, hai!* You ladies who complain of short measure in your sewing-thread should buy where I do. Seudo, on Yeast Street, sells the best article in Tokio."

When the head of the lad who was standing beneath him was completely hidden in the substance, the conjurer threw the egg into the air, whereupon it changed into a paper butterfly, and was blown over the neighboring house out of sight.

"Now," he said, producing a sheet of paper and dexterously crushing it in his extended palm, "I'll show the honorable gentleman from afar where our flies come from."

"A FOURTH, WHO DROVE A LIVELY TRADE, EXHIBITED THE FIGURE OF A DEMON."

He unclosed his fingers and exhibited the paper, compressed into the form of a ball, that gradually expanded and released a cloud of blue-bottles. This was his last feat, and it certainly deserved the reward which we bestowed upon him—a silver *yen*, which he apparently swallowed, and then drew from the nose of the small boy who had so patiently submitted to being covered with the colored thread.

After calling for our reckoning, amounting to a few cash over seventeen cents, we quitted the tea-house, and sauntered toward the Nihon Bridge, where, hearing the murmur of a crowd, and the "ping, ping" of a *samisen* (guitar), we followed the

sound, and presently found ourselves in an open space, where four streets met, in which we beheld a number of acrobats and jugglers performing to an admiring audience.

Having sought shelter in a tea-house, we proceeded to watch the scene, noticing which, the artists redoubled their efforts, and vied with each other in attracting our attention.

To our left was a clog-maker staining the wooden articles with a broad, flat brush, dipped in a black liquid; as he did so, mingling his shouts of approval with those of the other spectators.

The space chosen was near a ward-gate, right in the centre of the traffic; and on the left were a range of open-fronted stores, occupied by toy-makers, clock manufacturers, tailors and pipe-makers, who worked quite calmly, and did not appear to notice the exhibition, which consisted of a sword-juggler, two acrobats, and a shrill-voiced dame, who played the *samisen* and encouraged the artists by voice and gestures.

Notwithstanding the presence of ladies, the acrobats had reduced their costume to one of primitive simplicity—in fact, to mere harness; however, as no one appeared to notice it, I concluded it was nothing uncommon, and, after all, they were almost as fully dressed as our own athletes.

The performance, which had ceased as we entered, recommenced by one of the men thrusting a naked sword down his throat, and inviting the spectators to feel the point under the skin below his ribs. This appeared to greatly interest the servant-girls and children, who were loud in their exclamations of wonder and approval. He advanced, with extended hands, across the road, and entering the veranda of the tea-house, requested us to satisfy ourselves that he had swallowed the weapon; and there certainly was a lump, like a sword-point, in the place we have described; still, I could not credit it was anything but a trick.

Upon our offering him a cup of *saké*, he drew the blade from his throat and refreshed himself with a drink; after which, in reply to our questions, he stated his age was thirty, and that he belonged to the province of Yamato. He, however, declined to repeat the performance, or to permit us to closely examine the sword, saying he had a sore throat, and it was not respectful to exhibit a naked weapon.

While we were chatting with him, his companions had set up a stick, on which they vertically balanced two hoops and a porcelain bottle. They also produced a long, bottomless basket, made of split bamboo, such as, in Japan, is used for carrying wild animals to market. This they set on two low horses of wood, like a saw-buck.

Our friend, the sword-swallower, then excused himself, and directing our attention to his associates, retired, when, glancing across the street, we saw one of them, whose head was bound with a towel, and who carried a pipe and tobacco-pouch thrust in his girdle, step back in the direction of the ward-gate; then, lowering his head, run toward the hoops, and springing from the ground, dart through them without disturbing the bottle, hoops, or stick on which the latter stood.

His feat elicited shouts of approval from the spectators and a complimentary remark from the guitar-player, who, redoubling her efforts, twanged the instrument with marvelous rapidity, and uttered cries suggestive of cholera morbus. As she swiftly passed her ivory instrument over the strings—for no Japanese ever uses her fingers in playing the *samisen*—she threw back her head, closed her eyes, and yelled:

"Ya—a————ooo!
Ha————i————i!
Hoo————ah!
Yee————ai!"

"What does she mean?" I inquired of my companion. "I cannot make any sense of her exclamations."

My friend smiled significantly, and replied:

"What do you mean when you cry, 'Rah, 'rah'? She is cheering her husband, encouraging him to perform the next feat."

Once more glancing at the troupe, we saw the third man, who was even more simply clothed than his comrades, back among the crowd, and, at a signal from his wife, run forward and dart through the basket without touching it in any way. He landed upon his hands, threw a somersault, and, dropping upon his knees, bowed respectfully to us, crying:

"Your excellencies, a little encouragement. Mine is very hard work!"

We rewarded him, on which his wife placed three lighted candles in the basket, and he repeated his jump, without displacing or extinguishing either of them.

The crowd soon became so dense that we could not see the rest of the peformance, finding which we quitted the tea-house, crossed the Nihon Bashi Bridge, and made our way toward Asakusa, pausing on the road to watch a man dance a doll dressed to represent a jumping Buddhist, a sect similar to our Shaking Quakers. The exhibitor was both ragged and dirty, and his comrade, who sang vilely and played upon a dilapidated *samisen*, was, if anything, a greater scarecrow; notwithstanding which the dancing doll was dressed in gorgeous array, and the performance attracted a crowd of children, who imitated the antics of the puppet and shouted vociferously.

A little further on we came across a blind *bonze*, carrying a picture of Kuanon, to which he attracted attention by striking on a bell fastened to his belt. We also saw a peep-show, surrounded by children squatting on the ground and peering through slits in the front as they listened attentively to the proprietor, who chanted descriptions of the various scenes, and, at the same time, instructed his patrons in moral maxims; one speech I noted down being as follows:

"Oh, yes—oh, yes! Here you behold the great goddess, Kuanon, rescuing a pious maiden from a snake in human shape. Kuanon did this because the damsel was humane to animals. Now, my master-boys, I advise you never to hurt dogs or cats, or to shoot birds—it is sinful."

"*Hai-hai!*" cried the youngsters. "Go on with the next picture!"

The showman beat his tambour and jerked the strings of a doll suspended from an upright on the top of his box, then treated them to another scene and appropriate proverb. It reminded me of poor Artemus Ward's moral waxworks. I was greatly amused to see those who had not the necessary cash stoop and peer over the heads of their more fortunate companions, as though deriving some comfort from inspecting the outside of the apparatus—child-nature is the same all over the world. When the last view had been exhibited the man stooped, placed his arms within the ropes secured to the side of the box, and rising, walked off, followed by the blind *bonze*, who, laying his hand on the oiled-paper covering of the peep-show, was guided to the next stopping-place.

As we neared the Asakusa quarter we saw a number of fortune-tellers, who used various expedients in order to attract customers. One had a bird, another a trained dog, and a third a crystal ball, while a fourth, who drove a lively trade, exhibited a figure of a demon mounted on a

stand. At first I thought the object was alive, it rising at the command of its exhibitor, striking a gong when he rapped upon his tambour, and seating itself at his bidding; however, upon closer inspection, I discovered it was merely a marionette, moved by strings led down the hollow supports of its stand and tied to the mobile toes of the exhibitor's right foot. By crooking these he could make the demon rise, squat, strike the gong, nod and shake its hideous head. To use a common expression, the man's toes were all fingers.

While we were watching his movements a woman advanced to have her fortune told, and after handing a few cash to the demon received a printed paper from the wise man. Selecting a certain combination of numbers, she requested the fortune-teller to explain them, when he assumed a profound expression of face, and said:

"A sixth day camellia! Madam, you are too late for what you wish. Try again, it is only ten cash."

By this he referred to a saying equivalent to our "You are a day after the fair"; in other words, she wanted to obtain an impossibility.

"Pauf!" she ejaculated; "you always give me bad omens! I would like to know when my husband will return from Osaka?"

"Pay again, and try another chance. Take some of the last numbers—they are really fortunate ones."

The woman sullenly withdrew her hand into the ample pocket of her sleeve, and produced the amount he named; after which she selected a second combination, and he presently observed:

"Hearing is paradise—excellent! That means you will shortly hear good news from Osaka. Divide the numbers you selected by four—result, eight. You will welcome your honorable husband in eight days."

This appeared to comfort her, for she retired smiling, leaving the crowd wondering at the man's knowledge.

Although the uneducated Nihonese, like our own ignorant masses, believe in such absurdities, none of the more enlightened ones put any faith in them, and the incident I have here described was particularly annoying to my companion, who indignantly remarked:

"Such idiots as that one give our people a reputation for gross superstition. I trust you will explain this matter to your countrymen, and tell them all intelligent Japanese condemn fortune-telling, clairvoyance, spiritualism and similar trickery?"

I informed him I would do as he requested, at the same time explaining there were, in enlightened America, thousands of persons just as credulous as the woman whom we had seen duped; on hearing which, he naively remarked:

"I suppose every nation has its fools."

"Shall I tell your fortune, *sama* (my lord)?" inquired the proprietor of the marionette, as he poised it on one limb. "I can serve you just as well as though you were a Nihonese."

"No, thank you," I replied; "I am quite contented to remain ignorant with regard to the future."

The fellow waited until we turned to depart, when, uttering a derisive yell, he remarked to the grinning crowd:

"Yah! What can we expect from men who have hair on their faces, like the *ebisu* (savages)? One might as well seek to instruct a stone as teach such blockheads."

We left him scolding at the top of his voice, beating his tambour and dancing his figure, in order to attract more victims, and directed our steps toward a spot from whence proceeded the cries of some youthful acrobats and the noise of a drum. The troupe consisted of four boys and a tall, lantern-jawed old man, who, as we approached, urged them to redouble their efforts and move lively.

On our right was a tobacconist's shop, open to the street, in which sat a woman sorting the weed, while her son watched the antics of the dancers and amused himself with a bobtail cat. The outside screen of the store was decorated with pictures denoting the business, and bore the name and address of the proprietor; and suspended from a copper rod, driven in the corner-post of the building, was a gigantic sign—the head of the god Daruma, enveloped in tobacco-leaves.

This deity is evidently a favorite with the lower orders of Japanese and the children, who fashion their snow-men in his image. As the legend runs, he was a disciple of Buddha, who remained so long in a squatting position, praying, that his limbs rubbed off.

Upon learning of our presence, the dancing boys uttered shrill cries, threw somersaults and contorted themselves, as they did so shaking their hideous red masks and waving their rooster-feather plumes to the sound of their leader's tambour, while, to increase the din, two girls, armed with *samisens*, stationed themselves across the way, and began to thrum and sing at the top of their voices. Two of the boys carried long drums, which they from time to time beat vigorously, and all of them danced and performed acrobatic tricks.

When their proprietor heard the sound of the girls' voices, he struck his tambour harder than before, and began to sing a well-known song from the poem of the "Forty-seven Ronins":

"O-oo oyazo dono sonokano,
Kochirayo kashite gun nau se,
Yoe chibowa bikkure giotenshi."

This he delivered in a querulous voice, shaking out the last word of each line in a most comical fashion, and opening his mouth sideways, just as our street-singers do when delivering sustained notes. The song is almost untranslatable, and is of considerable length, the story relating to an old man who is stopped and killed by a robber, the latter being subsequently dispatched by the patriarch's son-in-law.

Although his singing had an exceedingly depressing effect upon us, it appeared to exhilarate the youthful acrobats, who spun on one foot, drummed and gave way to the excitement of the moment, as though really enjoying it. At the word of command, one of them bent his body in the form of an arch, while the other, mounting on his companion's stomach, stood upon his hands and elevated his feet in the air. Then the man threw down his tambour, and shouting to the lads, bade them climb upon his shoulders. The drummers unstrung their instruments and, retaining their head-dresses, ascended his body, presently standing erect on his shoulders, whereupon he signaled another to climb upon them. Up went the blindfolded boy; and when he was in position, the fourth youngster slowly mounted and presently stood erect, twelve feet from the ground.

When this was accomplished, the performers began to wag their masks and sing; as they did so, the man turned slowly round and round, then advanced toward us and gave a shrill cry, on which the uppermost lad dropped into the arms of the one beneath him, then to the two next, and from them to the ground, the others following him; and the performance winding up by the entire party spinning round us on their hands and feet, yelling and screaming like Indians.

It was astonishing to see how limber the old man was; he went over and over ten times in succession, and repeated the feat until both himself and his pupils were

completely exhausted, after which he approached us and respectfully solicited a reward.

He said the lads were his grandchildren, that their parents were dead, and that his wife and himself subsisted on the proceeds of their exhibition—adding:

"They go to school, and are saving money to enable them to visit the United States and make their fortunes."

The boys removed their head-pieces, and we saw they were healthy looking and full of fun. One of them asked if everybody in America was rich; and another, whether we all owned watches. We chatted with them for a while, among other things learning they seldom used salt and had never partaken of flesh meat, that their principal diet was rice, and their names were Choshichi, Seibeye, Kichiyemon and Zensaburo.

We gave the old fellow a gratuity, and left them clustered round a dealer in bean-curd, the centre of an admiring group of youngsters, who evidently regarded them as heroes. Feeling tired, we entered *jin-riki-shas* (man-drawn carriages), and returned home, upon reaching which we overheard terrible lamentations on the part of my servant's wife. When I inquired the cause of her agitation, she brought forward her sons, two black-eyed, merry little fellows, aged four and six, and pointing to the elder, whose features were somewhat disfigured by a fall, excitedly replied:

"Yes, yes, your excellency! This all comes of permitting those vagabond acrobats to give their exhibitions on the streets—they are the ruin of our children! See! my Taro has been endeavoring to imitate them; he climbed onto Otokichi's shoulders, tumbled, and cracked his nose-bone. I wish the Mikado would abolish the rascals who teach our sons such dangerous tricks!"

As I glanced at the innocent-looking delinquents, I thought of my boyish days, so pleaded for them; reminding the indignant mother there was very little difference between Young America and Young Japan, and that both were equally delighted with the antics of itinerant performers.

Five minutes afterward I saw Taro and Otokichi in the back yard, the former representing the Lion of the Corea, and the latter beating his mother's pillow in place of a tambour.

HOW THE JAPANESE AMUSE THEMSELVES.—"THE TROOP CONSISTED OF FOUR BOYS AND AN OLD LANTERN-JAWED MAN."—SEE PAGE 34.

HANDSOME, HAUGHTY, HATEFUL HARRY HALSTEAD.

By Harriet P. Spofford.

"And that handsome, haughty, hateful Harry Halstead!" was the end of Miss Kate's account of the company she had seen at the theatre last night; an account given at the table that bright April morning, after she had examined the crocuses pushing through the drift of melting snow beneath the window.

Kate was alone with Mary in the breakfast-room, the father and mother having finished and gone for a *tête-à-tête* in the library, after their wont.

"Harry Halstead is his name, handsome he certainly is, haughty he may be; but why you should call him hateful, that splendid fellow!—and our own cousin, too——" began Mary.

"I don't suppose," cried Miss Kate, "that anybody could be hateful and be our own cousin! What angels we Halsteads are! He's hateful because he's so wickedly proud, because he holds his head so high, because he never will forget his absurd dignity, because he is so afraid of being under an obligation, of being imposed on, of——"

"Oh, stop, stop, Kate! You just mean that he's hateful because he won't propose to Laura."

HANDSOME, HAUGHTY, HATEFUL HARRY HALSTEAD.—"JUST AS SHE PASSED THE CORNER OF THE TABLE A HAND WAS LAID UPON HER ARM. 'ARE YOU SORRY, LAURA, THAT AT LAST YOU ARE AS POOR AS I AM?' SAID HARRY HALSTEAD."

"Well, why won't he propose to Laura? Here he's been hovering round for a year. He can't keep out of her way. He's succeeded in getting her thin, and sleepless, and pale and melancholy, and himself as blue as the ghost in 'Hamlet.' You ought to have seen how white she was last night, with her great eyes never off the stage. I wouldn't let her get up this morning. And there he halts without another word, just because he has nothing but his little salary, and she has a half-million of money. And papa wants them to marry, and he's papa's nephew; and mamma wants it, and she's mamma's niece; and papa would give him a house—and I think it's an obstinate ingratitude——"

"Nonsense! I'm sure *I'm* not able to see how anybody can blame him. A man that *is* a man, wants to bestow upon his wife; he doesn't want his wife bestowing on him——"

"Pshaw! Wasn't papa a man? And you know the money all came on mamma's side. If she loves him, and he knows it will give her the very top of happiness to do the 'bestowing'—bestowing of what she doesn't value a whit in comparison to his love—I call it very selfish in him not to let her."

"Well, you're not a man."

"Thank goodness, no!"

"And you know you haven't put it fairly. Harry was living with us when Laura came here, and apparently the very moment he found himself interested in her he moved off. It did make me feel so badly to see his self-contained way—Harry Halstead—that all the women are half-distracted——"

"Oh, I know all about that. Of course, he's a superb fellow, or else Laura wouldn't care for him——"

"And he has come here since, only when he had to come—on the Mondays and Thursdays—to help papa about the work he undertook for him two years ago. *I* think he has shown himself a man of principle; and it makes me admire him; and so it does Laura—more's the pity—and I've no doubt she'd rather be poor as a church mouse——"

"It doesn't make *me* admire him! You talk as if there were nothing but money in the world—as if the contemptible accident of wealth were a crime for which one must pay penalty. If he isn't coming to the point he ought to go away. He'd better go to Africa, to the moon—anywhere! Fooling round Laura and breaking her heart!—oh, how I'd like to make a fool of *him!* And this is April Fool's Day, isn't it?" cried Kate, with a sudden thought, her finger on her pretty lips. "An April Fool of Harry Halstead," she said, slowly—"of Harry Halstead—just think of his wrath! My gracious, I do wish I could! I do believe I can! I declare to goodness I will!"

And therewith she burst into a gale of laughter that rang through the house, and might have horrified the handsome Harry, who at that moment opened the door and grimly made his salutations just as Laura Devonsdale entered the breakfast-room from the other side.

Yes, she was very white, as Kate had said, although, just at that instant, the faintest dream of a flush suffused her face, as if the light fell on it through the rose she held. And what a face it was!—perfect in outline as those faces cut upon gems; so soft and sweet, too, in its pure moldings, with something touching about the curves of the lovely lips, the innocent appeal of the long-lashed, dark-gray eyes, with sapphire gleams in them; the white brow, with the rings of dark hair breaking out irrepressibly about it—a face wanting nothing but the vital color, whose eyes lit it up with a sort of splendor of intelligence, and whose smile made it half heavenly. And it was quite plain that Harry Halstead thought and felt all this in the same instant that he glanced at her with a heightened color of his own and asked for his uncle.

"He's talking with mamma in the library," said Kate, "and won't want to be disturbed just yet. Some bank or other has broken, that they seem to be very sorry over. There's a perfect murrain on these banks——"

"I wish they'd all break, confound them!" said Harry, moodily, his head on his hand as he sat at the table with them.

"Why, where are the letters this morning, Mary?" asked Kate. "Ah, there comes the sable Mercury now!" and she fell to opening her voluminous correspondence, the remnant of schooldays, while Mary poured Harry a cup of coffee after his morning walk, and Laura sat playing with her toast, and absently listening to Mary's efforts to keep a smooth face on things.

"Oh, my goodness!" suddenly cried Kate, with a start of alarm, and then picking up the letter she had dropped and relapsing into silence.

"What is it?—what's the matter? Why—why don't you speak, Kate?" came the chorus.

"Dear me! What's what?" answered Kate, glancing up.

"The news," said Mary, "that made you start so?"

"That?" said Kate, a little nervously and hesitatingly. "Oh, nothing whatever!" impatiently going back to her letter.

"Kate," cried Mary, "I declare I know better. Why, your hand is trembling like a leaf!"

"How ridiculous!" cried Kate. "What perfect nonsense!" And then, looking round at the inquiring faces, she began to work herself into a passion, after the manner of her father. "I never knew anything like you! You can't let any one even read their letters in peace!" she exclaimed. "It's enough to exasperate a saint! You'd try the patience of Job himself!"

"But, Kate, what are you so excited about?" persisted Mary.

"I'm not excited. You'd excite a stone with your questions. Why should I be excited because Burgess Brothers ask for an extension from their creditors? That's what I exclaimed for, if you will know."

"Burgess Brothers!" whispered Laura.

"Burgess! I don't wonder you started. Burgess! Are you sure? Why, Laura, your interest——," began Mary.

"I think it can't be the same," said Laura, gently, getting her breath. "It must be a mistake. I had my statement of account——"

"Isn't half your fortune in their hands?" cried Kate, with a manner mollified to the extent of appearing the least bit ashamed of her outburst.

"Yes, indeed. But it always has been. It's perfectly safe. Papa left it there."

"Well, if this is true, it's gone glimmering, I guess. You'll have to get along with the other half; and that's too much for you, the communists will say. However, you've always said you wished you were poorer."

"To be sure," said Laura. "But one says many things, and we talk lightly of what we know nothing about. I should be sorry if I couldn't take care of my old women and keep my girls at school——"

"And your hospital-going, and your public kitchen, and your city missionary, and——"

Laura laughed, and looked deprecatingly at Harry.

"She's telling fairy stories," she said.

"Perhaps you won't think them all so fairy-like, presently," said Kate, in a moment or two, still looking at her

letter, "if Burgess Brothers have failed; that may be what papa was talking about in the library—they ran the Brown National Bank, you know. And if that bursts like a bubble—why, Laura, Laura Devonsdale!" cried Kate, starting from her chair and running round to her. "Oh, you poor dear—you poor little darling!" she exclaimed, with her arms round Laura's neck. "What under the sun are you sitting quietly as that for? Don't you know that your funds are as deep in the Brown National as a drowned man is in the sea? And if that's failed, it can only be because the Transmigration Railway went down first, and Uncle Devonsdale built that railway, and all the rest of your property is in it! No more fit to manage property," cried Kate, starting to her feet again. "All your eggs in one basket——"

"Kate," cried Mary, "Kate, be still!—be quiet! What do you mean, you cruel girl? If papa wanted Laura to know all this, he'd tell her himself, instead of staying to talk it over with mamma. He'd never let it come like a shower-bath, this way, either. And I don't believe there's a word of truth in it! I think it's positively shameful in you——"

"Indeed, indeed, Mary," said Laura, coming round and taking both of Mary's indignant hands, "it isn't really worth making such a fuss about——"

"Hundreds of thousands of dollars are not worth making such——"

"No, indeed," she said, with rather a weary tone; "nothing is. You see it doesn't break *my* heart. Look at me," and she was positively laughing, with a carnation on her cheek, and a glisten like the flying gleam of hope itself in her eye. "I'm much more sorry for Burgess Brothers themselves. I've no doubt I shall be a great deal happier, any way. Of course, there'll be a little something left, and Uncle Halstead will let me always live with you——"

"Always?" exclaimed Kate. "Don't you ever mean to marry? *I* do."

"Perhaps nobody would have me," said Laura, a little bit demurely, and her eyes drooped over the deep blush on the velvet cheek.

Harry rose and stalked to the window, and Kate, swallowing a gulp of her coffee the wrong way, apparently, was seized with such a fit of choking and coughing that, almost black in the face, she had to run from the room, and Mary, well frightened, swept after her. Perhaps Laura would have followed, but just as she passed the corner of the table, a hand was laid upon her arm.

"Are you sorry, Laura, that at last you are as poor as I am?" said Harry Halstead.

But once outside the door, the coughing-fit suddenly subsided, and seizing Mary by the shoulders, Kate whirled her along the hall and through the next door, and into the furthest recess of the drawing-room.

"If you go back to that pair for three-quarters of an hour, I'll never speak to you again!" she whispered, fiercely.

And pushing Mary into the sleepy-hollow chair, she threw herself upon her sister's knees, in order to keep her prisoner, and broke into hysterical laughter, with alternating bursts of tears and a wasteful kissing of the startled, trembling, amazed and angry Mary in between.

"If that doesn't answer, nothing will!" she cried. "And you may just be as angry with me as you please, Mary mine. Did you think I was angry with you in there? I played it off well, then. I'd no idea I was the actress I am. You can't get up—it's of no use to try," giving her a little shake and then a hug. "And when you do, you may tell papa anything you choose. But I don't believe it will hurt either of them, and, I dare say, you will be glad enough to dance at the wedding, miss.

"'Come, haste to the wedding!
Come, haste to the wedding!'"

sang the giddy girl, and springing up and catching the two sides of her skirts, she danced to her reflection in the long mirror such a jig as nobody would ever have dreamed could have profaned that Axminster.

But just as Kate was in the act of this profanity, her father, having ended his morning conference with mamma, had passed into the breakfast-room for the paper he had left there.

You may imagine that he started back in some hot surprise at the tableau which met his gaze, and that two other people started back with equal suddenness from each other's arms, their faces flushing like clouds at sunrise, and one of them certainly looking lovelier that minute than she ever did before.

"Harry!" cried his uncle. "Laura! You don't mean to say that this has been going on without my——"

"Oh, uncle, uncle!" cried the girl, darting to the old gentleman's side, and hiding her blushes and her overflowing tears in his breast; "I am so glad I lost it! I never should have found Harry if I hadn't lost it!"

"If you hadn't lost what, pray?"

"Oh, the money, you know, uncle—my inheritance, my fortune—though I shouldn't call that fortune when Harry's love is so much greater fortune."

"Have you gone mad?" said the old gentleman. "What sort of nonsense are you talking? There's nothing the matter with your fortune. Where the deuce did you get that idea?"

"Kate," began Harry, coming forward manfully to the rescue—"Kate has told us, and has conferred the greatest blessing on us that——"

"Blessing be hanged, you pair of idiots!" roared the benign old gentleman. "Kate!"—and a strange light was dawning over his ruddy and ruddier face. "I might have known as much. That is what the riot in the parlor means. Wait a moment."

And releasing Laura, somewhat to Harry's peace of mind, he slammed the door behind him. And to Kate, in the middle of her unrighteous rites, suddenly appeared her father.

Five minutes afterward, the door, that had scarcely ceased quivering from its slamming, gently opened, and a face, over which the curls were falling in gypsy-like confusion, put itself in, followed by the rest of a person, and a toilet in disorder proper to jig-dancers.

"I hope you haven't been quarreling while I have been gone," said Kate, standing humbly with her hands folded before her. "I couldn't get here any sooner, for I had to stop and make papa finish my jig with me. Fancy! oh, he has no breath left in his dear old body! I came back to tell you that the Transmigration Railway hasn't gone down, after all, or gone up, or gone under, or gone anywhere. So it's all a mistake, you see, about the bursting of the Brown National. It was not that bank, but another, about which papa and mamma were talking, it seems; they were talking of the bank whereon the wild times blow, drawing on their youth, you know, and the bank refusing to honor the draft. And, by-the-way, it was the Burgess Brothers, ship-chandlers, down on Broad Wharf, that failed, and not your Burgess Brothers, by any means, Laura. Your property is all right; and papa's as——"

"Oh, Kate, Kate!" cried Laura.

"Kate!" exclaimed Harry, in stern dismay.

But Laura had already turned, as if to throw her arms

THE CHILD TO THE WAVES.

Roll, bright green waves! across the bay,
Sweep up like racers fleet;
I love you in your harmless play,
The diamond sparkle of your spray,
And then your swift retreat.

A pleasant sound it is to me,
When on your rocky shore
I hear you, children of the sea,
To your unchanging melody,
Soft breaking evermore.

I love, when gentle breezes blow,
To see you dance, and view
The great white gulls a-sailing low,
While little boats rock to and fro,
The best of friends with you.

Roll, bright green waves! but do not come
With angry crests, for then
I think of mother, sick at home,
And fear lest father from your foam
Should ne'er come back again.

about him, and he had somehow felt obliged, perhaps by a blind instinct that refused to let Fate snatch her from him now, to hold her closely to the heart that plunged and throbbed for her sake.

"Yes," said Kate, sweetly, "that's so. There's nothing whatever happened to your money that *I* know; and I think you'll have to make the best of it. If it really is an embarrassment, I can help you spend it, for papa never gives us half enough. And I think, too—I think," cried Kate, with her ringing peal of laughter again, "that I ought to have a handsome fee for making Harry Halstead an April Fool!"

AMONG THE MANGROVES.

In the tropical zone, wherever the reflux of the tide exposes a broad belt of alluvial soil, the shores of the sea, particularly along the estuaries of rivers or in the shallow lagoons, are generally found fringed with a dense vegetation of mangroves. For no plants are more admirably adapted for securing a footing on the unstable brink of the ocean—none are better formed to lead an amphibious life.

AMONG THE MANGROVES.

The growth of these salt-water-loving trees (*Rhizophora gymnorrhiza, R. Mangle*) is equally peculiar and picturesque. The seeds germinate on the branches, and, increasing to a considerable length, finally fall down into the mud, where they stick, with their sharp points buried, and soon take root. The fruits of many plants are furnished with wings, that the winds may carry them far away and propagate them from land to land; others, enveloped in hard, waterproof shalls, float on the surface of the sea, and are wafted by the currents to distant coasts; but here we have a plant, the seeds of which were destined to remain fixed on an uncertain soil, close to the parent-plant, and surely this end could not have been attained in a more beautiful manner!

As the young mangrove grows upward, pendulous roots issue from the trunk and low branches, and ultimately strike into the muddy ground, where they increase to the thickness of a man's leg; so that the whole has the appearance of a complicated series of loops and arches, from five to ten feet high, supporting the body of the tree like so many artificial stakes. It may easily be imagined what dense and inextricable thickets, what incomparable breakwaters, plants like these—through whose mazes even the light-footed Indian can only penetrate by stepping from root to root—are capable of forming.

Their influence in promoting the growth of land is very great, and in course of time they advance over the shallow borders of the ocean. Their matted roots stem the flow of the waters, and, retaining the earthy particles that sink to the bottom between them, gradually raise the level of

the soil. As the new formation progresses, thousands of seeds begin to germinate upon its muddy foundation, thousands of cables descend, still further to consolidate it; and thus, foot by foot, year after year, the mangroves extend their empire and encroach upon the maritime domains.

The enormous deltas of many tropical rivers partly owe their immense development to the unceasing expansion of these littoral woods; and their influence should by no means be overlooked by the geologist when describing the ancient and eternal strife between the ocean and the land.

When the waters retire from under the tangled arcades of the mangroves, the black mud, which forms the congenial soil of these plants, appears teeming with a boundless variety of life. It absolutely swarms with the lower marine animals, with myriads of holothurias, annelides, sea-urchins, entomostraca, paguri and crabs, whose often brilliantly colored carapaces form a strong contrast to the black ooze in which they are seen to crawl about. Life clings even to the roots and branches bathed by the rising floods; for they are found covered with mussels, barnacles and oysters, which thus have the appearance of growing upon trees, and pass one-half of their existence under water, the other in the sultry atmosphere of a tropical shore.

This vast multitude of marine animals naturally attracts a great number of strand, lacustrine and sea birds; for it would be strange, indeed, if guests were wanting where the table is so prodigally supplied. The mangrove forests thus afford sport of great variety to the hunter whose endurance can face the laborious mode of progress he must adopt.

The red ibis, the snow-white egret, the rosy spoonbill, the tall flamingo, and an abundance of herons and other waterfowl, love to frequent the mangrove thickets, enhancing by their magnificent plumage the beauty of the scene. For, however repulsive may be the swampy ground on which these strange trees delight, yet their bright green foliage, growing in radiated tufts at the ends of the branches, and frequently bespangled with large, gayly colored flowers, affords a most pleasing spectacle.

A STRANGE CRUISE.

Chapter I.

A NOBLE-LOOKING fellow was Sol Kendrick. Not that he was handsome, exactly, but that "every inch a man" seemed to be written all over his erect and sinewy frame, as well as in the deep lines of his bearded face, and the fire of his keen, dark eyes. And yet, as he stood on the jutting pier, with the sleepy old New England town behind him, and gazed moodily out on the harbor, it was clear that Sol was gloomier just then, a good deal, than the cloudy evening that was darkening down about him. For some minutes he had preserved a grim and self-absorbed silence, but now, at last, he growled to himself:

"It isn't Pattie's fault. It can't be. If it had been, the old aristocrat wouldn't have sent her away; and yet, I think she ought not to have gone without seeing me, even to please her father. Not one word, not a good-by look, not even a scratch of a pen to tell me where she was going, so I could follow, and all because the old rascal has heaped up more dollars than he knows what to do with—while I haven't. Gold, gold—that's what's the matter; and I haven't much yet, that's a fact. Well, seeing Pattie's gone in such a way, I might as well go, too. I won't try whaling again; but if I owned such a craft as that, now, I'd go with her somewhere. Never saw such a beauty in my life. Tom Avery got her wonderfully low, too; but I wonder what he means to do with her? He's a strange fellow."

"Hullo, Sol!" broke in a deep and ringing voice, close beside him. "Looking at my boat, are you? Well, what do you think of her?"

"Is that you, Tom?" replied Sol. "Well, I think she's as trim a craft as ever floated, and I was wondering how you came to get her so cheap."

"Easy enough," said Tom. "She was built for a yacht, and so big that not a dozen men in the county would care to run her for that. Then she was sold to Uncle Sam, and when the war was over, he had no use for her. So she went at auction; and, as the merchants wouldn't bid, I got her for a song. More fools they, or else they never examined her."

"Why so?" asked Sol.

"Why? Because she's as swift as a bird, carries an awful spread of canvas, and'll take more cargo than any other vessel I ever saw of her size," replied Tom.

"Why, what does she rate?" asked Sol.

"Only six hundred and fifty tons, and it's a mystery to me how they keep her down to that."

"Well, Tom, but that isn't half the mystery your voyage is. You know your own affairs as well as any man need to, but where's your profit to come from? Somebody said you were going to carry a lot of arms and such things to China."

"And so I am," said Tom, "and bring back such a cargo as suits me. I didn't drift about that old China seas whaling-ground for two years without learning something; and I'm off now within three days, if I can fix two things."

"And what are they?" asked Sol.

"Well, first, I want a mate—such a one as you would be if you would go; and I'd ask you, if it wasn't for Pattie North."

"Never mind Pattie North!" exclaimed Sol, with a long breath, and evidently a tremendous effort—"never mind her. I'll go with you."

"You'll go?" almost shouted Tom. "Then there's only one thing more."

"And what's that?" asked Sol.

"Why, it's about ten thousand dollars to finish paying our outfit. The men are all engaged to go on 'shares, like a whaling-voyage, and some of them have put in a good deal; but I need about ten thousand more."

"All right," coolly responded Sol. "I've got that much, and more, too, if it's needed. Do you want it to-night?"

"Hurrah!" shouted Tom—"hurrah for the *Loiterer*, and hurrah for the cruise! This is the best thing yet. You're the man of all the world I'd choose to back me on such a voyage as this. Sol, old fellow, give me your hand."

The two men were as near alike as might be in external proportions, either of them standing more than six feet; but Tom's brown hair, blue eyes and laughing face contrasted strongly with his friend's darker and sterner physiognomy.

"Come on, Sol," said Tom—"come with me, and be introduced to the men."

A brief walk brought them to the door of a weather-beaten tavern, near the docks, well known as a sailors' resort; and once inside, Sol could scarcely suppress an exclamation of astonishment.

The dingy old barroom was brilliantly lighted up, and seemed almost crowded with rugged and stalwart forms, among whom Sol recognized some of the best and hardiest seamen of the port.

"What! all these?" he whispered to Tom.

"Yes—all these," replied Tom; and then he added, in a louder voice: "Now, men, I'd introduce Sol Kendrick, the mate of our ship, if most of you didn't know him as well as I do."

This brief announcement was welcomed by a chorus of approving shouts, which increased when Tom continued:

"And, my men, Sol comes in on the same terms with the rest of us. He puts in the ten thousand we needed to complete our payments."

"Is it as much of a mystery to them, Tom, as it is to me?" asked Sol.

"Every bit," said Tom, in an undertone; "and I must keep it so for a while. In fact, part of it is a mystery to all of us, except one man."

"And who is he?" asked Sol.

"I'll tell you. Hullo, there he comes, now, the old pig-tailed mandarin. How are you, Ah Wing?"

The door near them had opened as Tom was speaking, and admitted the silent, gliding steps and the somewhat bowed figure of an elderly looking Chinaman, almost the only trace of whose nationality was in his yellow face and Tartar eyes, for his pigtail was of the shortest, and his dress that of a sailor in luck.

"Me velly good," he replied, with a ghastly grin on his wrinkled face. "How do?"

"All right now, Ah Wing—I've got my man, and he's got the money. We shall sail now in short order."

"Velly good," sententiously replied Ah Wing; but Sol Kendrick almost shuddered as he grasped the limp, cold, clammy hand that was extended to him.

The men had evidently been called together for business, and an hour or so was spent in signing of articles, giving of orders and the like; but, to Sol's astonishment, not a question was asked by any one as to the purpose or direction of the proposed voyage; and nearly thirty men, three times the crew Sol could see any use for, made up the *Loiterer's* list.

It was a curious affair, and Sol already began to feel his veins tightening with a burning interest that he had never felt before at the beginning of any venture.

"Tom," he muttered, "it only needs a lady in the case to make it out a genuine romance."

"Hush! perhaps there is," whispered Tom. "Or, rather, perhaps there may be. How about Pattie?"

Sol was silent; but he noticed a strange flush rising on his friend's face, and he had no more to say just then.

Late, however, when the assembly broke up, and Sol turned his steps toward his humble and lonely home, his thoughts began once more to trouble him, and the question came back repeatedly:

"How about Pattie?"

With a slow and doubtful motion he had laid his hands on the gate, when suddenly a sort of shadow seemed to arise on the other side of it, and a piping voice exclaimed:

"Oh, Massa Kendrick, I'se so berry glad you come! I's gittin' skeered, I is, an' I wants to get out ob dis. Dere's something Miss Pattie tole me to gib into your own hands."

Sol had been almost startled at first, but he had instantly recognized old Squire North's colored waiter-boy, and he seized with avidity the little white packet held out to him, while the bearer was made glad with a bit of crisp green paper, that caused him give a whoop and turn a somersault as he scurried away into the darkness.

Sol was inside the house quickly enough; but it seemed to him an age before he could strike a light.

Even when he had done so, his strong, bronzed fingers trembled as he tore open the envelope, and a mist arose before his eyes as he read.

It was but a brief word; yet Sol's heart bounded tremendously as he gathered in its meaning:

"Oh, Sol, I'm so sorry, but, indeed, I cannot help myself! We are going to Europe, I believe, but they make almost a prisoner of me. Never mind, Sol, dear, how long it is; I'll come back to you some day, and we must wait. Good-by—good-by—they are coming. You will wait for me? I *will* come back! Oh, good-by! PATTIE."

Sol Kendrick gave almost a groan of delight as he pressed the little paper to his heart.

"Come back!" he exclaimed. "She will come back! And so will I. Wait for her? A hundred years, if need be. But why not follow her? Oh, if it wasn't for this cruise of the *Loiterer!* And yet, I see—that is all right. I ought not to follow and give her trouble. I'll be better able to bear it if I'm only busy about something. Now, I don't care a cent where Tom and his Chinaman take me. We shall surely be home again in due time. Oh, Pattie, my own little darling! If I only could see you, or send you word of where I am going! but then, as for that, I haven't the least idea myself. Good-by, then, and hurrah for the *Loiterer's* cruise!"

CHAPTER II.

IF Sol Kendrick, that evening, instead of going to bed, as he did, after a while, could have sunk right down through the earth beneath him until he came out on the other side, he might, if he had been well aimed, have made his appearance in front of a well-built and very civilized-looking house in the English quarter of Hong-Kong, that queer trading-station which has grown into a city more European than Chinese.

He could not well have looked through the closed blinds, however, nor heard the lively conversation that was going forward between a young lady and her father. Neither would it have been right for him to have done so.

The young lady was of about the middle size, almost a brunette in style, but with an unusual beauty of form and face. The latter, too, was just now lighted up with pleasure and excitement.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, "is it true? Have you, indeed, decided to go home? I'm so glad! But when shall we set out, and how shall we go?"

"Why, Elsie, my dear," replied the dignified and almost pompous-looking old merchant, as he looked fondly down into her sparkling eyes, "my old American partner, Mr. North, wrote me by the last mail that he had closed up everything for me there very satisfactorily, and meant now to spend the next Summer in Europe. I have nearly settled the business here; I am as rich as I have any care to be, and I'd like to get back once more to civilization, for your sake as well as for my own."

"But when shall we go?"

"I can't say precisely, but before a great while. I'm going in my own ship, and shall take a good cargo with me. No other passengers, except, of course, Joe Brace, and we'll have things all our own way."

"I hate Joe Brace!" exclaimed Elsie.

THE BONNIE BRIG O' BALGOWNIE.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 59.

"But, my dear, you know I don't want you to hate Joe Brace, but quite the contrary. What have you against him, pray? Is he not young and rich and good-looking? And I'm sure you used to like his father and mother."

"Well, yes, I liked them well enough," said Elsie, but with a cloudy look deepening on her face; "but I hate all the men I've seen here, not excepting the official people. They're a greedy, money-getting, uninteresting lot, all of them. They don't seem manly. Why, I believe the manliest fellow I've seen was the Yankee sailor that fished me up out of the water the day the *Electra's* boat was upset by that miserable junk."

"Well, yes, Elsie, he was a fine fellow, and he saved your life, it's true; but, then, you know, a mere master of a whaler—no gentleman."

"Yes, he was a gentleman, too, for he blushed like a girl when you spoke of rewarding him, and he was thoroughly polite and well-bred."

"Elsie, my daughter, he saved your life, and I don't blame you for thinking well of him; but it seems to me he did accept of a very considerable reward, after all. When I was young I'd have fished for girls all day at the rate he was paid."

"Oh, you mean my diamond ring? Well, what else could I do? And then, what good was that to him? Sailors don't wear diamond-rings, and, of course, he wouldn't sell it."

"Why not? That's the best use he could make of it," said her father.

"So Joe Brace said, and the stranger heard him say it, too, and I saw his eyes flash fire at the insult. No, father, he was a gentleman, and he would not sell it. I don't care if I do say it right out plainly—I want to get back into a country where such men grow. We've read all about the war in America, and there must be plenty of such men among such a people. I don't even care to stay too long in Europe."

"For fear of missing your man, or for fear they'll all be gone?" half-laughingly replied the old gentleman.

It was clear enough that Elsie Winwood was a spoilt child, but her pompous father had a will of his own, fond as he was, and he was now more than ever determined that Joe Brace, whoever he might be, should be their fellow-traveler, and that other things, perhaps, should result in the not too far distant future.

The conference between father and daughter was not prolonged much further, and the latter was soon left to her own devices.

For a few minutes after Mr. Winwood's departure Elsie sat in a sort of brown study, but at last she sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"Joe Brace, indeed! Why, he worships gold too much ever to worship any woman. There must be men in the world somewhere, and if I can't find a full-grown man, heart and soul, I won't put up with half a one. I don't propose to divide any man's affections with his pocketbook. When it begins that way the pocketbook is sure to win in the long run, and be sole master."

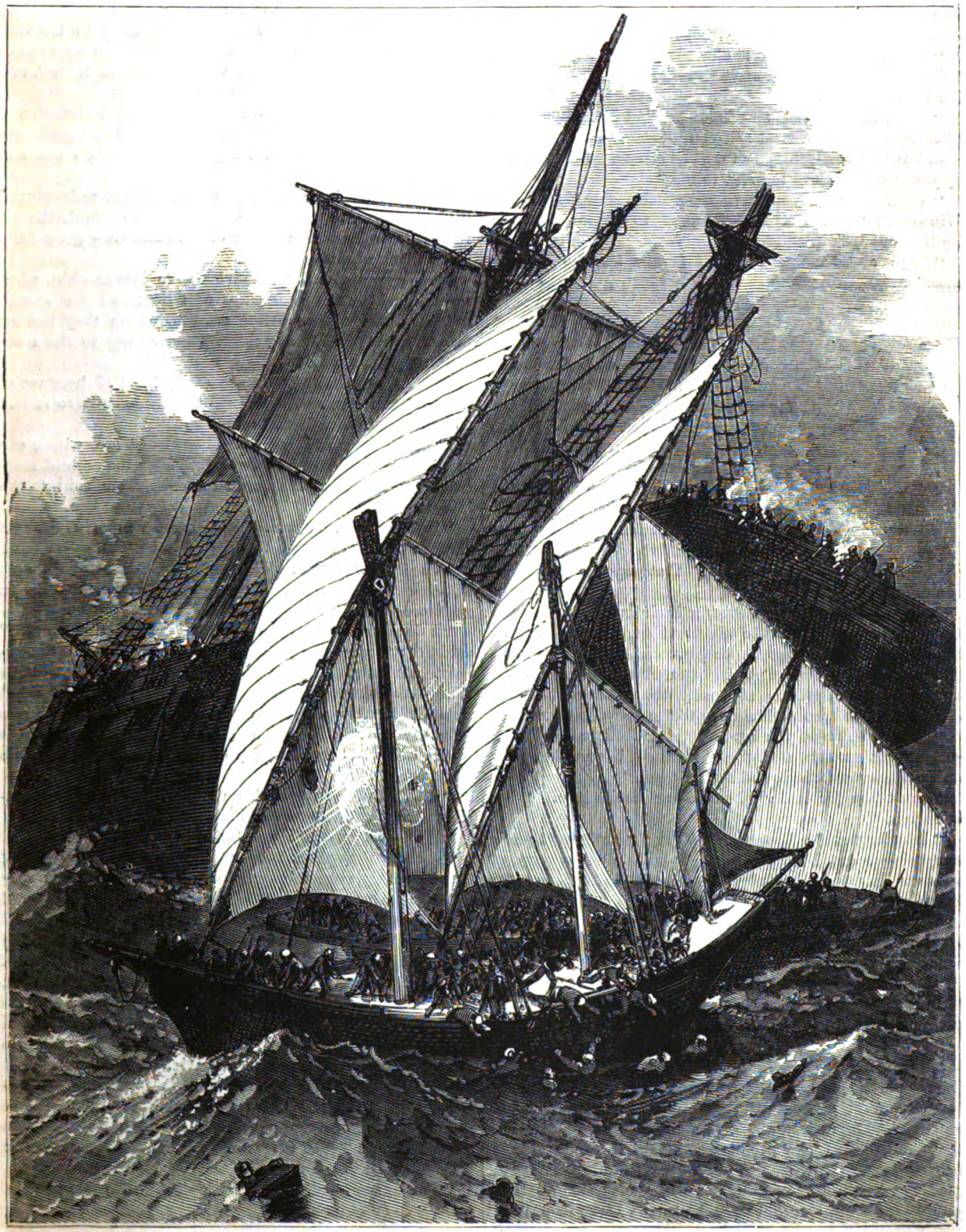
Elsie's face, as she saw it in the tall mirror by the window, was wearing an unusually deep color as she spoke,

and she ended her soliloquy with a hearty fit of silvery, half-mocking, laughter.

Meantime the old merchant had climbed into a neat-looking, English-made brougham that was waiting at the door, and been whirled away to his counting-house.

A dingy old affair it was, but there were few signs of anything like "going out of business" about it, for, although the faded sign of "Winwood, Brace & Co." was so soon to give place to some other, everything about the concern bespoke the most bustling activity.

"Ah, Brace, my boy, is that you? Well, what's the news?" asked Mr. Winwood of a spruce, dapper-looking, sleek-faced young gentleman, who sat on a high stool in the office, as if waiting his arrival.



A STRANGE CRUISE.—"AROUND HER, AT NO GREAT DISTANCE, HOVERED, LIKE HAWKS AROUND THEIR PREY, THE LOW-BUILT, SWIFT-MOVING FORMS OF HALF-A-DOZEN PROAS, OR MALAY PIRATE CRAFT, CROWDED WITH MEN."—SEE PAGE 46.

"Good news, good news, sir!" briskly returned Brace. "The *Golden* [illegible] has been signaled off the mouth of the river, and sho'll be up on the tide. All safe, sir, and we couldn't ask a better ship to sail home in."

"That's a fact," said the old gentleman; "but there's no hurry, you know. I mean to make this the best cargo I ever put on board, and we must take our time to it."

"All right, sir," replied Brace; "all right. We mustn't lose sight of the profit and loss account. I never mean to be any poorer than I am now, not if I know myself."

"You'll do—you'll do!" chuckled the old gentleman. "And you must try and arrange some other things before the voyage is over."

"Trust me for that, sir; I know what I'm about," replied Brace, with a most self-confident smirk. "I think I understand some things as well as others. All I want is opportunity. Leave the rest to me."

"Well, my boy, you have my good wishes," said Mr. Winwood; "and I'm half inclined to believe you are right about it."

"Right? Of course I am. And now let's go to business."

Chapter III.

THE *Loiterer* must have been, indeed, very nearly ready for sea at the time she secured her "mate"; for on the morning of the fourth day thereafter she sailed gracefully out of the harbor, and turned her sharp prow toward the open sea, leaving behind her a community half-crazed with curiosity as to what great secret of commercial adventure lay concealed under the simple, "For Canton, China, and a market," that appeared on the custom-house books.

As for those on board, whatever their doubts or desires, they as yet said very little about them, nor was it until the shore was fading behind them into a dim, cloudy bank on the horizon, that Captain Tom Avery mustered all hands forward, and thus addressed them, after a few preliminary remarks complimentary to the ship and her crew:

"And now, boys, you needn't think I'd have fitted out such a craft as this, and triple manned her in this way, unless there was some good reason for it."

"Trust you for that!" shouted one of the men. "We believe it."

"I know you do," continued Tom; "but now there's one thing more I want to say. I believe this voyage of ours will pay, and pay heavy, and be a short one for the distance; but it may be as chock-full of danger as an egg is of meat; and if there's any man here don't like that, I want him to say so now, so we can take this chance of sending him home by the first inbound vessel we speak."

"You told us all that before," said one of the men. "Scarcely any one on us believed them guns and things was put on board for merchandise."

"Why not?" asked Tom.

"Wall," replied the sailor, "thar may be too many for the size of the ship, and then they was brought in one lot; but thar ain't enough of them for cargo. We kind o' reckoned as how we might have a chance to use 'em."

"Well, then, I can promise you that if we do, it will be only in self-defense, and all according to law, and I'm glad not a man of you calls out to be sent ashore. So, now we are all at sea, and the secret can't leak out, I'll tell you this much: we're bound on a wrecking voyage, and we've got a dead sure thing."

A rousing hurrah greeted this announcement, so entirely in accord with the adventurous and romantic spirit of seafaring men; but not a few of them grumbled to one another:

"He might have told us more about the place he's bound for;" and others had replied:

"Guess the captain knows what he's about. That old Chinee of his ain't any sort of a fool, now, I tell ye."

And now the *Loiterer* was made to show forth the remarkable qualities of her model and make to the very uttermost. With so strong a crew there was no need of any waste, and every puff of wind was made to tell, and every available inch of canvas was kept aloft.

Even in gales that would have threatened destruction to lighter spars, a "spread" was maintained that would have been dangerous enough for any craft less stanch and seaworthy.

Over the tossing waters, like some huge, wide-winged bird, and ever, as the swift vessel dashed onward, the enthusiastic expectations of her officers and crew grew daily more confident and exulting.

Tom Avery and Sol Kendrick were inseparable, when not divided by the necessities of duty; and the second and third mates were prime seamen, whom they had no fear of trusting with any matters pertaining to the management of the ship.

The latter was all the more easily handled because of her schooner rig, and a more comfortable craft to sail in it would have been hard to find.

They had already been some weeks at sea, when, one morning as the two friends met just after the second mate had relieved Sol of his watch on deck, Tom said to the latter:

"Sol, my boy, we've made the most wonderful time on record. At this rate we shall be on our working ground a good half sooner than I'd any idea of. It wouldn't do a bit of hurt to overhaul our cargo and make sure it's in good condition."

"I don't see how much of it could have been damaged," said Sol; "but we might as well take a look at the diving-gear. A little airing would do that no harm. Old Ah Wing has got over his sea-sickness at last, and it wouldn't be a bad idea to give him anything to do. I never saw a man so long in getting on his sea-legs; and yet, all the while, he insists on telling you it's 'velly good.' He's a curious old fellow."

"He's all of that," said Tom; "and, if he does get seasick, I've very little fear of his ever getting homesick."

"Ah!—why not?" asked Sol.

"I fancy," replied Tom, "that he would rather not show his ugly mug to any Imperial Mandarin. The way I got him was in saving his life by hiding him on board my ship when the Emperor's 'braves' were after him. I don't know what he did, or what he didn't do, but I'm pretty sure they meant to chop his rusty old head off if they caught him. It may have been some political affair, for he was a man of consequence. At all events, he seems to know the Chinese coast better than any other man I ever saw, as well as all the adjacent seas and islands. He laughs outright at some of our charts, I can tell you."

"I fancy some of them are a little to leeward of correct," said Sol, "and that may account for the fact that so many of our merchant vessels don't get home. There's a terribly long list of them that were never heard of after they left port."

"There may be other reasons besides bad maps, or even tornadoes or sunken rocks," gravely responded the young captain.

"What do you mean?" asked Sol.

"What do I mean?" said Tom. "Why, I mean that there are great patches of these Eastern seas that ought to be colored blood-red on the charts. Were you ever caught in the Malay Archipelago?"

"No, never," said Sol; "and, what's more, I don't want to be."

"Don't you be too sure about that," said Tom. "Some of those little groups of islands have a good deal about them that's interesting."

"I understand you," said Sol. "You mean, as everybody knows, that they swarm with the worst pirates the world ever saw, and yet that we are going right in among them."

"Well, maybe so," calmly replied the captain; "but if it were so, would you hesitate about it?"

"In a common merchant-ship, yes, I would," said Sol, "for I don't want my throat cut; but in such a swift concern as this, with such a crew, and armed as, I suppose, we shall be, the danger seems pretty much gone."

"Don't you believe that!" exclaimed Tom. "We'll be safer than almost any other craft, except a man-of-war; but we'll be in awful danger, nevertheless, and whatever we do will have to be done like lightning."

"Are they so numerous as that?"

"Yes, and thus our errand is a peculiar one. Even European armed vessels would stop us, and the Chinese Government craft, too, if they ran down so far. I'm about sure that any British gunboat would interfere promptly enough. None of our men have had a chance to let out anything, however, and I guess we are safe on that score; only we must keep on full sail, and not let any one overhaul us after we get into those seas. We might be arrested for pirates ourselves."

From that time forward there were curious scenes to be witnessed on board the *Loiterer*. Every day the secret recesses of the hold were called upon to yield up some fresh treasure of odd, uncouth-looking machinery, or some warlike munition of cannon and small-arms, on which the busy crew employed their spare time, putting each and all into the best possible condition for the work ahead.

Nor was there among them all a more industrious, thoughtful, enthusiastic workman than the taciturn, gloomy-faced old refugee Chinaman, for Ah Wing complained no more of sea-sickness.

Chapter IV.

Not many days' sail above the more defined limits of what is known as the Malay Archipelago, and really part of the same formation, there is a low-lying cluster of wooded islands. None of them are large, and some are quite small, but, covered as they are with luxuriant tropical vegetation, and smiling with perpetual Summer, they seem made for the very abode and home of peace, security and happy indolence.

It is a most deceptive appearance, for amid the difficult and dangerous navigation of the surrounding seas gathers the destructive might of the cyclone—that storm of unequaled terror. On the islands themselves arise the half-ruined temples of a dark and cruel idolatry; around the deserted shrines of a faith only more barbarous than their own gather the treacherous, pitiless representatives of a race to whom piracy, pillage and wanton massacre are but pleasant recreations; while in and out of the narrow and tortuous channels between the rocky shores glide the slightly built but swift-sailing proas, that have been for generations the nightmares of the India and China trade. On the rocky reefs, moreover, bleach and rot the timbers of many a gallant ship, and whiten the scattered bones of their crews and passengers.

An awful place for civilized men to visit of their own accord, and yet, one sunny afternoon, as the shadows of the islands were beginning to stretch themselves further and further toward the east, a cloudy white speck on the horizon grew rapidly larger and larger, until it took the shape of the broad sails of a schooner of more than usual size, and swept swiftly on, as if toward some well-known harbor.

Not another sail was in sight, and the schooner kept on her course, as if steered by a pilot to whom every landmark and channel were perfectly familiar. And such was, indeed, the case, for by the side of two tall, powerfully built men who stood on the schooner's deck, an elderly, cunning-faced Chinaman, in sailor's dress, was evidently aiding them to steer their craft, while they exhibited the utmost confidence in his knowledge and skill.

It was a singular affair, that schooner. Not a man-of-war, very clearly, and yet a heavy, wide-mouthed bronze cannon, of the American navy pattern, was mounted on a pivot forward, while either broadside, whose light but strong bulwarks were pierced to match, was defended by three smaller guns, of a most serviceable appearance. The oddest feature of all was, however, that the after-cabin, which rose some four feet above the deck, seemed to have been turned into a species of citadel.

Just now every port was closed, and all the guns run in; but the schooner had, nevertheless, a very decided look of being "cleared for action," while she seemed remarkably well supplied with men.

"Tom," said one of the men, "we're within a mile of shore, and that's an ugly-looking reef off there to win'ard. Does Ah Wing say keep on? I don't understand his pigeon-English half the time."

"Light on! Light on!" exclaimed the Chinaman. "You'll see pletty soon."

Orders were now given, however, and sail after sail came in with marvelous celerity, until the headlong course of the vessel was reduced to a very moderate progression, and the man at the lead called out his soundings as they glided forward.

"Pretty shoal water, Sol," said Tom. "I'm glad we're light, and that the *Loiterer* needs so little water to float in."

"Five fathoms, Tom! We're running in pretty close for such a neighborhood."

Ah Wing now chattered rapidly in a kind of "chop-chop" that only Tom could understand, and the latter shouted to a group of expectant seamen forward:

"Have the buoy clear, and stand ready to heave the grapnel!"

The schooner was now barely drifting, with a slow, even motion, and Ah Wing was leaning over the side. Suddenly the latter lifted an arm, and Tom shouted:

"Heave! sharp, now!"

And then there was a slight plash in the water, and as the *Loiterer* glided on, a small white-painted cask rose and fell on the lazy waves in her wake, and just as the sun was setting, her sails were again hoisted to catch the fast-increasing breeze, and she sped away to seaward.

"We might almost as well have remained now," said Sol.

"Not quite," replied Tom. "We don't care to anchor there all night, and we could do very little before morning. Ha! what's that? It's a proa, as I'm alive! Well, we'll lead that fellow a jolly race, and it'll be queer if we can't throw him adrift in the dark. We mustn't use our guns, if we can help it."

"No, indeed," said Sol, "unless we want every pirate in the islands about our ears."

Whatever happened on board the *Loiterer* that short, tropical night, at all events the first rays of the rising sun the next day found her securely anchored close to the

TRAVELING IN THE EAST.—A COFFEE MORTAR.—SEE PAGE 55.

spot where the buoy had been anchored the previous morning.

Not only was the schooner anchored, stem and stern, across the drift of a very obvious current, but two other light anchors, fore and aft, had been carried out in boats for over two hundred yards to leeward. The cables of these had been hauled taut, and these again had been joined by a strong hawser within fifty feet of the ship.

All this had been done before daylight, and now, one after another in quick succession, nearly a hundred tightly coopered casks were tossed overboard, and arranged, five deep, end for end, along the hawser, while the rapidity with which planks and timbers were laid on these, so as to form a strong and buoyant raft, showed how completely every preparation had been made beforehand.

On this float, round which the schooner's boats were plying, there now appeared a strange agglomeration of machinery, and any person initiated in submarine craft would have said at once, "There are divers at work."

True enough, for when the light increased, and the waves subsided, the men in the boats could see that the raft had been arranged immediately over a mass of water-logged fragments on the bottom, that still bore some rude resemblance to the sunken hull of a large ship.

Ah Wing had been wonderfully accurate!

Men like the crew of the *Loiterer* toil with terrible energy when there is danger to spur and gold for reward, and the diving machinery worked to perfection.

One after another went down, explored till he was tired, and came up again; but before the sun was two hours high, a stalwart diver, who had just regained the raft, shouted, as his uncouth helmet was unbraced:

"Tom—Tom, my boy—hurrah! I've got it!"

"Got what?" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices.

"Slow and careful, now, on that windlass!" was the reply. "You'll see in two minutes."

It was not so easy to be prudent, but Tom and Sol steadied the haste of their men, and the time seemed long enough, although the weight on the crane was none of the lightest.

"I freed it of the timbers, and there's no danger of losing it," said Sol; and just then the barnacled, rusty outline of a small iron-bound box came slowly to the surface of the water.

"Steady, now—swing her in!" shouted Tom, and in a moment more the box was on the raft.

"There's no doubt of what's in it," said Sol; "but I move we open it right here, to encourage the men."

"All right," said the captain; and all the strength of the casket was a trifle against the brawny arms that plied sledge and lever on its fastenings.

"Dollars!—Mexican dollars!" shouted Tom Avery. "How's that, Ah Wing?"

"Velly good—velly good," coolly replied the Chinaman. "Gold better."

There needed now no further stimulus, for Sol had found the treasure storeroom of the old Indiaman, and box after box was brought surging up, and carefully transferred to the deck of the *Loiterer*.

It had been more than one generation since the underwriters of London had paid the losses on that forgotten wreck; but Chinese tradition and official record had kept the secret of her fate incomparably better.

Noon came, and still the divers disappeared and searched and came up again, though now it seemed as if their prizes were nearly if not quite exhausted, while more than one suspicious-looking craft began to appear here and there in the offing.

"This won't do," said Tom. "The men are all getting dead beat, and we shall have a hornets' nest about our ears if we wait an hour longer. I wonder they're not upon us before this. Hullo! what's that? Sol, just look at that cloud! Hurrah, men! Tumble the machinery into the boats! All hands on board! Quick, now!"

Tom Avery had cruised in those seas before, but his precautions were taken none too soon. Even with so strong

THE MASTIFF ELM-TREE.—SEE PAGE 55.

a crew, wearied as they were, by the time the anchors were up the heavens above were black with the presage of the coming tempest.

There was no time to beat to seaward for room. To

anchor where they were would be sure destruction, and already the half-sunken reefs to eastward and westward were white with breakers.

Tom Avery stood on the deck of the *Loiterer* as she once more began to move through the water, leaving behind her the still fast-anchored raft, and his face was dark with anxiety, when the stealthy step of Ah Wing came gliding to his side, and a few brief words of terribly "broken China" again brought the light of hope to the eyes of the young captain.

Still, it required pluck and seamanship even to comply with the advice of the old Chinaman, and the sailors of the *Loiterer* needed all their confidence in their commander to obey his orders.

Not half a mile from shore the waters boiled and surged above the long, low reef, and right in behind the foaming line did Sol Kendrick steer the graceful model of the now treasure-laden schooner. Deep enough, as it is almost sure to be in such localities, but who knew where they were going?

Not they, indeed; but perhaps Ah Wing did; for less than a mile, and just as the first gust of the hurricane came howling through the rigging, brought them to a bend in the coast, outside of which a tall, rocky, forest-covered islet shut in behind it a sort of bay, or lagoon, of moderate size, but wherein no "rollers" from the open sea could come, and from which the very islet itself would keep off the fury of the storm.

All this both Tom and Sol could see at a glance, as they heard the rattle of the anchor-chains, and the *Loiterer* swung round to the wind as safe as in any harbor; but the thought also came to them both:

WAITING.

"What a rat-trap for the Malays to catch us in, if they only knew we were here! We could scarcely work our way out again, and our treasure would only have been gathered for the pirates."

"I wish," said Sol—"I wish I knew what old Ah Wing was grinning at."

The Chinaman evidently overheard him, for all his wrinkles promptly subsided to their usual ugliness; but Tom replied:

"I think we can all grin over the result of our day's work. Just hark to the howling of that gale, and see the breakers out yonder! We were not five minutes too soon in getting in here."

Chapter V.

Like many of the sudden storms of that latitude, that which had interrupted the wrecking was but a brief one, or, what is more likely, they were only in the very edge of its course, for before morning the wind began to lull and even the sea to subside.

The men had rested well, and were ready, with the first return of light, for the orders which indicated a prompt effort to bring the *Loiterer* out of her very safe, but still very perilous, berth.

It was reasonably sure that no proa could as yet have entered the narrow passage behind the reef; but, even as the schooner herself, with only her light duck spread, began to feel her way along the channel, the ears of her crew were saluted by a sound that sent a thrill to their very hearts.

"Could that be a gun?" said Sol.

"Ay; and there's another," answered one of the sailors. "Some craft's in trouble out yonder. 'Tain't so very far off, neither."

On went the *Loiterer*, and clearer and more clear rang out the signals of distress, if such they were. The gale had sunk to merely a stiff breeze, and the whole heavens had a "clearing-up" sort of look; but now, at last, the crew of the schooner were able to "understand the situation."

Less than a mile away, in a direct line, but further by the course they would themselves be forced to take, they could see the dismasted hull of a huge and evidently heavily laden ship, helplessly drifting onward toward the surf-crowned reef; while around her, at no great distance, hovered, like hawks around their prey, the low-built, swift-moving forms of half a dozen proas, or Malay pirate craft, crowded with men, and obviously only in doubt as to the best and safest moment for closing in.

It was not as signals of distress, in that region where no friendly ears could hear, but in a mournfully feeble and desperate effort at self-defense, that the crew of the doomed merchantman were trying to employ their few and badly aimed guns.

"Hurrah, men!" shouted Tom Avery. "All hands clear the decks for action! We must go to help that fellow. We've got to fight, anyhow, and we might as well wade right in."

The shout which answered him told how little urging his gallant sailors needed; and, as the schooner's way was quickened through the narrow channel behind the reef, every man who could be spared from the rigging was busied with the guns, or in getting out the small-arms, of which latter there was a superabundance.

The schooner's presence was evidently known to the pirates, but it was not so likely that they were aware of her powers for mischief, since they scarcely paid her movements the least attention. They had one prize sure, and were determined to stick by that for the present.

Scarcely had the *Loiterer* cleared the point of the reef and turned her head to seaward, before the luckless merchantman rose slowly on a long, driving wave that bore her forward mightily toward the shore; but that left her, as it receded, firmly wedged between a pair of outlying rocks, from which no human power could liberate her.

A chorus of savage yells and cries arose from the swarming decks of the proas, and with one accord they dashed forward toward their victim. But the *Loiterer* was nearer now, and still she showed no signs of flight, to the unmixed astonishment of the Malays.

And then there came a sharp flash and a puff of white smoke, and, as the booming report of a heavy gun came over the tossing water, a well-aimed shell struck the mainmast of the nearest proa, bursting as it struck, and scattering death and destruction over the crowded deck.

At that moment there had been an anxious assemblage on the deck of the merchantman. She was apparently weak-handed, as if she had lost a part of her force in the storm, or by the swivel-guns of the proas, but all who were left were gathered like those who have lost all hope, and await their coming doom.

"That schooner is a very large one for a Malay pirate craft," said a weather-beaten man, who seemed to be the officer in command. "I never heard of anything like it. Did you, Mr. Winwood?"

"It makes no difference," sadly replied the dignified, elderly gentleman addressed; "even the proas would be a thousand times too much for us. The world will never so much as know where the *Golden Empire* was wrecked. Oh, Elsie! my daughter—my darling! If only you could be saved!"

"Father!" suddenly exclaimed the beautiful girl toward whom the old man turned his streaming eyes—"oh, father, I don't believe it's a pirate! There!—see there!"

And even as she spoke there came the flash, the bursting shell, and the booming report of the *Loiterer's* pivot-gun.

Less than twenty men, all told; these, if the savages had boarded the wreck at once, could not have kept their ground three minutes; but again and again the pivot-gun spoke out, and, although not all the shots went home to any purpose, the Malays were evidently puzzled, and hung back. Then, as the beautiful schooner swept in among them, the broadside-guns came in play, and the *Loiterer* hove-to within speaking distance of the *Golden Empire*, while the proas, for a moment, scattered in all directions, as if in dread of what might be coming.

"Have you a boat?" shouted a voice from the schooner.

"Not one left," was the reply; but in marvelously short order two well-manned whale-boats were dashing through the water, and the survivors of the *Golden Empire* needed no urging to hasten their departure.

Old Mr. Winwood himself handed his daughter over the side, nor did he guess the cause of her sharp exclamation as she almost fell into the arms of a tall, blue-eyed, bearded seaman, who seemed to be in command of their rescuers.

"I am glad to meet you again," said Elsie, under her breath. "This is the second time."

There was little time to spare, however, for the pirates were again drawing nearer, as if stung to action by the apparent escape of their prey.

On board the *Loiterer*, Elsie and her father, and even Joe Brace, were in the cabin; but not yet were they safe. In vain the guns were plied with the energy of despair, while the swift schooner darted through the water.

The proas were as light-heeled as herself, and several more had arrived. What was it that two of them were sinking, torn almost to fragments by the bursting shells? The others were closing up, with an evident knowledge that their only prospect was in "boarding" at once.

"Get her before the wind, Sol!" shouted Tom Avery. "Give them both sides at once. There now, all hands to the cabin, and let them come on. We'll show them a thing they never saw before."

No sooner said than done; and as the yelling and triumphant savages poured over the low bulwarks, it was upon a deserted deck, whose fast-closed hatches seemed to mock their greed for blood. In vain they swarmed in a still denser throng. For a moment they were completely mystified, but only for a moment; for then half-a-dozen window-portholes in the side of the cabin toward the deck were thrown suddenly open, as many wide-mouthed howitzers, filled to the muzzle with grape and canister, were thrust venomously forth, and then——

"It's a perfect slaughter-pen, Sol," said Tom Avery.

"Yes, Tom, it's awful," said Sol. "Let's give them another, for they're climbing on the deck of the cabin."

The proas had not been grappled to the schooner, and were now drifting somewhat astern, while the dense mass over the cabin were powerless for harm, and not a live pirate remained on the deck forward, although there were plenty of dead ones.

"Now, boys!" shouted Captain Avery, "follow me! Charge!"

Not only the crew of the *Loiterer*, but of the *Golden Empire* as well, dashed out upon the deck with their brave young leader, and once again the pirates were overmatched. They fought like tigers, but breach-loading carbines and revolvers were too much for their antiquated firelocks, and after a desperate attempt to come to close quarters, the remnant cast themselves overboard, preferring the chance of being picked up by the proas to that of facing the leaden rain from the angry white men.

It was swift work, and then the big guns came in play again, and yet another proa disappeared beneath the waves, while the remainder spread their wide lateen sails, and betook themselves to swift flight among the narrow channels of the islands.

"Well, Captain Avery," reported the third mate, when there was time for a brief inspection, "there's two of our boys killed, and five wounded—none of 'em very bad; and there's one of the *Golden Empire's* men gone under, and nigh half of 'em's hurt, more or less."

Just then Mr. Winwood and Captain Graves, of the *Golden Empire*, came up to tender their gratitude to their brave rescuer, and Elsie Winwood was on her father's arm; but Tom Avery cut them short with:

"Not a word, please; we really have no time for it. Our craft is light, and you must tell us what you care most for on board the *Golden Empire*. We can't take all, but we'll load to the hatches, provided you're willing to go to a Yankee port. We can't change our voyage, you know."

"Certainly not," said Captain Graves, "and Captain Avery is right. I see he has put about, and is headed for the wreck. The pirates won't come back in a hurry, but they will surely come, sooner or later. You and I, Mr. Winwood, must take that matter in hand. Leave Miss Elsie to tell Captain Avery how grateful we are."

"Well," said Mr. Winwood, "he is only too good and kind, and I don't know what to say. Elsie, my dear——"

"Oh, father," said Elsie, "Captain Avery is an old friend of mine. Don't you remember him?"

"Old friend?" exclaimed her father, with a puzzled look. "I don't exactly comprehend—Elsie——"

"Why, father, Captain Avery is the very man who saved my life before in Hong Kong harbor; and he has *not* sold my ring, for he's wearing it now."

"It's wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Winwood, more and more dumbfounded. "Elsie, my dear, I think I'll go and attend to the cargo. Captain Avery, I—well, I'll tell you by-and-by what I think of you."

Nevertheless, the homeward voyage was nearly half completed by the now heavily laden *Loiterer* before even Elsie or her father succeeded in telling Tom Avery *just* what they thought of him.

As for Sol Kendrick, his venture in the *Loiterer* had caused his poor ten thousand dollars to multiply remarkably, but it had brought him other help as well. When Pattie North and her father came home in the Fall to meet the Winwoods, and attend the wedding of Elsie and Tom Avery, Elsie said to Pattie:

"Tom's got a friend I must make you acquainted with. Just the most splendid, bravest, best fellow, next to my Tom, in all the world. You really must know him—Sol Kendrick."

"Oh, Elsie!" exclaimed Pattie; "*my* Sol!"

"Your Sol? Is that so? Well, we're the luckiest pair of girls! Haven't you seen him yet? Well, he's coming here to-night with Tom. Won't it be fun to have him find you here!"

And Sol did find her there, and her father had nothing more to say against "old Winwood's hero," especially considering the success of the *Loiterer's* "Strange Cruise."

THE MASTIFF ELM-TREE.

About a mile due west from the residence of David H. Shaffer, the celebrated naturalist of Cincinnati, Ohio, in the village of Mount Lookout (First Ward, Cincinnati, Ohio), is seen this remarkable elm-tree, towering above all the other trees of the surrounding forest. It represents a huge mastiff, with its front looking toward the Astronomical Observatory, and overlooking the village. The artist has not drawn on his imagination in making this sketch, but has delineated it as represented on page 52. Beyond are the misty outlines of East Walnut Hills.

TRAVELING IN THE EAST.

To travel with comfort or advantage, a man must conform to the practice of the country. In the first place, he ought to adopt the Eastern garb, both for its greater convenience and for health's sake.

Considerable danger arises from traveling during the heat of the day and not having the body, and especially the head, sufficiently covered. The horses and mules cannot travel at a rapid pace; the body is not kept in sufficient motion to excite perspiration, and the skin becomes dry and burning hot, the pulse full and quick, and fever is very apt to supervene.

The body ought to be covered with as much additional clothing as in the coldest weather, and the head enveloped in shawls, in order to keep up a constant moisture on the skin.

Tight-fitting European garments, moreover, with their straps, and buttons, and braces, are sore incumbrances in a country where men sit down on the lap of mother earth, with their heels tucked under them, and where they lie down to sleep at night without undressing. The thick folds of the turban are likewise invaluable as a protection

BALD KNOB AND THE ONLY LAKE IN VIRGINIA.

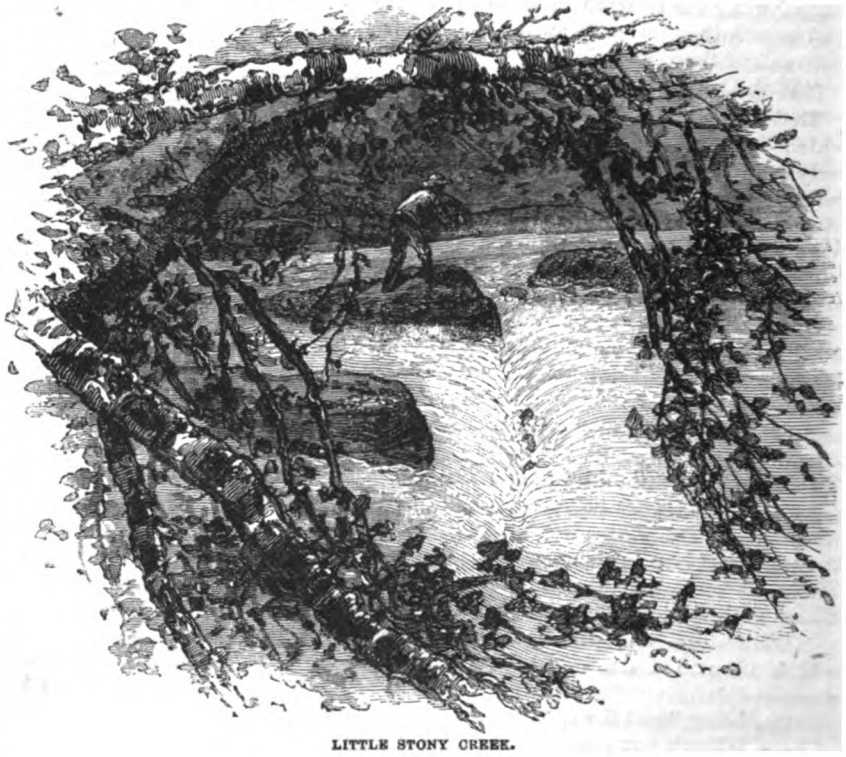
against the direct rays of the sun, not to mention that they often save the unwary stranger from a broken pate. Both the outer and inner doors of the houses in many towns, particularly Jerusalem, are so low that newcomers from Frankistan frequently give themselves violent blows on the head in their forgetfulness of the necessity of stooping.

Again, the Orientals have, from the remotest time, been a wayfaring people; traveling is their education, their science, and they have deduced from it the art of dispensing with many things—an art which the European stranger among them will find it much to his advantage to study. Their baggage is contrived in the simplest and most portable form. That of a man who wishes to be completely provided, consists of a carpet, a mattress, a blanket, two saucepans, with lids fitting one into the other; two dishes, two plates, and a coffee-pot, all of copper, well tinned; a small wooden box for salt and pepper; six coffee-cups, without handles, in a leather box; a round leather table, which he suspends from the saddle of his horse—it has a running-string round the edge, by which it can be converted into a very serviceable bag; small leather bottles or bags for oil, melted butter, water, and brandy (if the traveler be a Christian), a pipe, a tinder-box, a cocoanut cup, some rice, dried raisins, dates, Cyprus cheese, and, above all, tobacco and coffee-berries, with a roaster and a wooden mortar, with a long handle of a peculiar shape, to pound and triturate the coffee into an impalpable powder.

It is astonishing what effect the smallest portion of the strong coffee made by the Arabs has; no greater stimulus is required in the longest and most arduous journeys. It is universal throughout the East, but more used by the Arabs of the desert than by any other class; they will often go without food for twenty-four hours, if they can but have recourse to the little dram of coffee, which, from the small compass in which they carry the apparatus, and the readiness with which it is made, they can always command. Its strengthening and exhilarating effects far exceed those it is possible for a dram of spirits to have on persons who indulge in strong liquors.

To the above list a tent may be added, or not, as circumstances may require. In the region of Lebanon, one may always so adjust his movements as to find shelter for the night in a village or in a khàn; but a man is certainly more independent who carries his house about with him, and under its cover he is at least safe from the bedfellows that murder sleep within the walls of almost every fixed habitation.

Among the articles most useful in an encampment, and which are not procurable in Europe, the Turkish portable lantern must not be forgotten. It gives a most agreeable



LITTLE STONY CREEK.

light, is convenient to carry from tent to tent, or in the streets at night, and would afterward serve as a very ornamental light for any small space in a dwelling-house.

BALD KNOB AND THE ONLY LAKE IN VIRGINIA.

TWENTY years ago a well-graded, well-kept stage-road connected the Sulphur Springs in Montgomery County with the ever-famous Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs of West Virginia. Over this highway hundreds of tourists in quest of the cool shades and sulphurous waters of the "Springs" were conveyed by a regular line of stages through scenes of beauty and grandeur unexcelled by any which the historic State of Virginia can elsewhere present.

Forty miles from the White Sulphur, and on the sloping summits of the Alleghanies, these stages, as they whirled out of the dense forest from the north, came suddenly in view of a beautiful lake nestling under the shadow of "Bald Knob."

That Virginia, which is so utterly destitute of isolated bodies of water, should have this single instance of a lake which she can really call her own, without infringing on the claims of another State, is not less curious than that this one should be located as it is, away up four thousand feet above sea-level. Mountain Lake nestles composedly in between its mighty barriers, finding the only outlet for its waters on the north, where a depression in the ridge permits the overflow from two square miles of surface to plunge with a rapid descent into the valley below. The forest extends down to the water's edge, where the laurel and rhododendron reflect their plumed foliage in the placid lake. Clear as crystal and cold as a mountain spring, the silvery sheet of water seems to fit into its bed as though it had never known another resting-place.

For a long period of years the lake remained in a wild and desolate condition. Giant trees protruded above the level of the water, their leafless branches a perch for the halcyon and the eagle. Salt Pond, as it was called, presented but a sorry aspect, and had few attractions for the venturesome lover of natural scenery. The location on the highway, the rich qualities of the soil, and the many points of interest in the immediate neighborhood, induced a company of gentlemen, some twenty-five years ago, to put up a small hotel at the southern end of the lake, and to offer the accommodations of a mountain tavern and whatever attractions the woods and streams in the vicinity possessed for those who might be induced to stop over on their way to and from the more celebrated watering-places. The inducements for stopping over were not sufficiently great to tempt any very large number of travelers, and the enterprise proved a complete failure.

THE CASCADE ON LITTLE STONY CREEK.

Not long after this the property was turned over to some prominent Virginians, who built a large hotel, erected bowling alleys and stakes, cleared up considerable land, and with some attempt at improving the appearance of the lake and its surroundings, made quite a pretty and desirable place of resort. Salt Pond reached, in a short time, the meridian of its glory; the stages left their daily load of guests at the house, and the place assumed that air so peculiar to all the fashionable watering-places of Virginia, when the war of the Rebellion put a sudden check to its career.

The deserted house gave shelter to a wandering band of outlaws, who, in turn, made way for the home guard, between whom and the desperadoes many a bloody struggle ensued. It was along the old road that General McCook, after his raid into this part of the country, beat a hasty retreat to West Virginia, with the enemy behind him in hot pursuit, and to-day there lies buried in the unknown depths of the lake—at least, so goes the report—a fabulous quantity of stores and ammunition, which the retreating army abandoned.

After the close of the war the hotel stood for several years surrounded by that appearance of desolation in which it was left by the contending armies. With an energy and skill which has accomplished some of the greatest feats of engineering in our land, the present owner of this historic spot instituted a series of reforms which soon transformed the house and place to a condition which before it had never known. The water in the lake was raised several feet by means of an artificial dam in the outlet, roads were cut, out-buildings went up, and stables, bowling-alleys and a billiard-room rose from the ruins of those burned during the war. The name Salt Pond, with its historical and traditional associations, was discarded, and the more elegant and expressive title of Mountain Lake formally adopted.

The most expeditious way of reaching the lake is by stage from Christiansburg, distant only about two dozen miles. The first town through which the road passes after leaving the railroad is Blacksburg. The stop for dinner is made at Newport, a typical Virginia town, situated in the bottom of the deepest valley that its original settlers could possibly find. A few minutes will suffice to inspect this ancient and venerable burgh of a single street, to catch flying notes of some animated discussion going on at the store, where the chances are that you will be immediately waited upon by a committee, and requested to deliver a political oration at the approaching mass-meeting, and then to peep in at the old carding-mill, whose immense wheel and noisy clapper furnish almost the only evidence of vitality in the town.

To go to Mountain Lake and not explore one of the caves on Sinking Creek would be as unpardonable as to spend a month in Plymouth and not stand on that sole remaining fragment of the "stern and rock-bound coast" sacred to the memory of the Pilgrims. Of these caves—three in number—one has been explored to the depth of over two miles, and some partially successful attempts have been made to follow out its numberless ramifications, with their gorgeous galleries rich in artistic columns and fantastic stalactitic formations. The caves are regarded with superstitious dread by the natives of the surrounding mountains, their mysterious depths being seldom penetrated, save by the stranger; and no wonder that some fantastic stories regarding them should be current, since they were once the retreat for a company of silent and busy laborers. Magnesium wire, ignited in the great dome of the principal one, lights up the remains of fourteen vats, or hoppers, in various stages of decay, and here in this subterranean laboratory the soil of the cave was leached in the process of extracting from it the nitre to be used in the manufacture of gunpowder for the Confederates during the war. The entrance to this subterranean cavern is on the hillside, a few yards from Sinking Creek—a short distance from where its waters are lost in the earth.

The exploration of the cave is as much as one cares to essay in one day. And taking this as a fair specimen of the curiosities which you are likely to meet with underground, you will be better repaid by leaving the others unvisited and joining a company of ladies arrayed in bloomer costume, and gentlemen in knee-boots and blue shirts, who are going to the Cascade.

Of all the picturesque spots around the mountain home, there is none to compare in grandeur with this. The fall is accessible only on foot, by a path which leads from the road for a distance of half a mile, crossing and recrossing the creek on temporary foot-bridges consisting of felled trees, and terminating in a long flight of rude steps formed of flat stones, the descent of which brings one to the bottom of a deep amphitheatre, worn out by the action of the torrent through countless ages. Over a shelving ledge at one end of this cavernous basin, Little Stony Creek pours its waters with a noise of thunder, sending up, as it plunges into the surging pool below, a cloud of spray which envelops the descending column in a misty shroud.

From the Cascade a "blaze" leads for, it may be, two miles to an open oak and chestnut portion of the forest. Here and there an auger-hole in a great beat, polished by the deer in their attempts to get at the salt, marks the location of a "lick"; and a few yards away, up in the branches of an oak, is a rude seat, where, night and morning, a lonely hunter strains his ear to catch the sound of the gentle footfalls of his victim. If you creep softly here you may surprise a flock of wild turkeys scudding away down the slope, until the slow flapping of their wings gives notice that, unless one has been detained to digest a load of double "b's," you may as well cease to reflect further on the habits of the American turkey and his sudden and unceremonious manner of leave-taking. On a little further, and a surprise is in store. Without any indication of a valley being near, the land comes suddenly to an end. In the dark a man would step over a perpendicular precipice four hundred feet high, there being absolutely nothing to give warning that the level ground on which he walks is the brink of such a terrible abyss. These are Barney's Rocks, and unfortunately have no other romance connected with them than that one Barney, charmed by the giddy height, chose a spot in their immediate vicinity for the location of his cabin; and though man and hut have both passed away this many a year, the place still bears his name. No one can leave this fascinating spot before having rolled over the edge a stone and counting the seconds, one, two, three, four, five, six, ere it is dashed to powder on the rocks below.

The few settlers, better known as "Yahos," whose rude cabins are scattered at rare intervals through this wild region, are as low in the social scale as any class of beings of their race in existence. Nothing short of a personal history of each individual would convey an adequate idea of the varieties of character which one occasionally encounters creeping noiselessly through the woods in search of game, or of some one's chickens, as the case may be. The only trait common to all is an utter lack of thrift. Improvident as cannibals, these semi-barbarous, untutored backwoodsmen manage to live on a hand-to-mouth system which in time of scarcity of game is exceedingly precarious. The women, barefooted and careless of their personal appearance, are distinguished from the sterner sex only by the short and tattered garments which they wear, for in other respects their habits are strongly masculine. Tobacco-chewing is regarded as an accomplishment rather than as a repulsive vice; the use of language coarse and vulgar in the extreme is tolerated by their code of etiquette, exhibiting either a woeful ignorance or a hopeless state of immorality.

Thanks to the indefatigable energy of the lady of the manor, the social and moral condition of these people are becoming rapidly improved; but, on the principle that "it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks," the labor of reform is directed not so much against the adults—for they can grow no worse, at all events, and it is doubtful whether their condition can be much bettered—as to the improvement of their children, who are taught the art of sewing, together with various other useful accomplishments, and a Sunday-school is held for their benefit in one of the hotels, which, in rain or shine, the children come from miles around to attend.

The Summer passes before you are aware of it in the mountains, and you are fortunate if you can so allot your time as to have an opportunity of spending a few weeks on a tour of inspection from one place of resort to another. The Greenbrier, Montgomery, New River, White, and a dozen other "Springs" of notoriety, will afford an abundance of entertainment to those fond of travel and recreation; or should your taste for "roughing it" lead you to the woods, you will find more than one hunter's cabin at your disposal, where you are not likely to be molested by visitors, unless it be in the shape of an occasional flea.

THE BONNIE BRIG O' BALGOWNIE.

Oh, brightly shone the sunbeams,
With many a dancing ray,
On the swiftly rushing river,
That ran into the bay,
At the bonnie brig o' Balgownie,
That happy Summer day.

And lightly rang our laughter,
Resounding far and wide;
While we filled our arms with flowers,
Bright blooming at the side
Of the bonnie brig o' Balgownie,
As we floated down the tide.

Our boat moved down the river
With its fair and happy crew,
Who, laughing, splashed the water
Their oars went rippling through—
Ne'er could the brig o' Balgownie
A bonnier picture view.

Till, wearying of our boating—
A merry band were we—
Along the beach we wandered
Where the Don flows madly free,
Beneath the brig o' Balgownie,
Down to the dancing sea.

To some of us the sunshine
Was changed to brightest gold;
And we wondered while we listened
How oft, in days of old,
The staid old brig o' Balgownie
Had heard the story told.

We would not mark how swiftly
The happy moments sped;
But by the beach we lingered
Till the Summer sunlight fled,
And behind the brig o' Balgownie
The moon came up instead.

Then homeward by the river
We wandered as before;
Each sighing, 'mid our singing,
That these happy days were o'er,
And the bonnie brig o' Balgownie
Might hear our songs no more.

For Autumn suns shine coldly,
And past is Summer's ray;
The bluebells, too, are withered,
Our friends are far away—
So the bonnie brig o' Balgownie
Stands silent, cold and gray.

"AS WOMAN'S LOVE."

It was snowing hard when Birdie Allen ran in to see me that afternoon. I was sitting all alone over the wood fire; and of all human beings walking the length and breadth of the world that minute, Birdie was the one I'd have hidden away from most gladly if I could. Her little, quick, firm step in the hall sent angry shivers through my nerves; her fresh, sweet voice grated over my heart, as it had done last night, when I heard it through the other voices, through the music, haunting and following me everywhere, while I talked to other women and men, and she talked to Archie Kershaw.

Birdie was very quiet this afternoon. She sat and stared into the wood fire, and twisted one glove round and round—she would not take off the other—and seemed so dreamily satisfied with her own thoughts, that I wondered why she had run through the snowstorm to sit with me and think them. At last she spoke, suddenly—so suddenly that it made me start.

"Nell, do you think that Archie's a flirt?"

"Do I think so? I—I don't know. I suppose they call him so."

"Oh, I know he has flirted outrageously!" she says, smiling on in the calmest content. "I mean, do you think that he's fickle and unreliable and—and all that sort of thing, you know? Do you believe that he's only a flirt, and nothing more?"

"No."

I was dropping all the stitches in my crochet-work, but Birdie couldn't see that. She didn't even see the fire, I think, though she was staring into it so hard.

"Archie says you know him better than any other girl in Lakeside."

"Does he?"

"I wonder that Archie never fell in love with you, Nell!"

She looked at me then, and I met her eyes and laughed.

"I don't consider it a matter for surprise, by any means."

"Well, I do. You are exactly the sort of girl he ought to like!" she says, dreamily; "you are one of the nice, reliable, good people, with character and sense and earnestness; and I'm awfully silly, I know. I think it's very strange——"

"Oh, Birdie! Birdie! there was no need to break off there! Why don't you take off your glove, Birdie?"

She started up and walked across the room for something—or nothing. She came up behind my chair, pulling off the glove as she did so, and stretched her hand over my shoulder.

Birdie had never worn a ring before, but there, on her first finger, tied with a bit of narrow ribbon to hold it on, was the great seal ring that I used to see on Archie Kershaw's big brown hand.

"Well, why don't you say something?" she cried, laughing, very much as though she were about to cry presently; "why don't you say you're surprised?"

"I'm not surprised. Don't I know Archie better than any other girl in Lakeside?" I say, smiling as I look up at her; "and do you suppose I didn't know what he wanted? And what Archie wants he always gets."

"Does he?" She slips down on the floor and leans her

BALD KNOB AND THE ONLY LAKE IN VIRGINIA.—SUMMIT OF BALD KNOB.—SEE PAGE 57.

elbows on my lap, and her face on her clasped hands, so that her lips touch his ring. "I wish—oh, Nelly, I'm awfully afraid of mother! I don't believe she will like it! I don't believe she likes Archie at all! She said last night that she wished he was back on the plains again, and that made me so angry! I wish he wasn't a soldier. All my life I shall never know one single minute's peace when he's out of my sight, and he'll have to go in two weeks now."

How could I tell her that I wished those two weeks were annihilated, and the very hour of Archie's going at hand already? How could I tell her that every word she uttered was driving me mad? Her very touch was so hateful to me that my flesh crept as if a snake were sliding over it. I never knew of what stern stuff I was made until that day, when I sat smiling with Birdie's head upon my knees, and saw her kissing Archie's ring with the lips that had last kissed him.

Well, I need not write of all her idle talk that filled the afternoon, and made every hour of it a lifetime of patience and endurance. It was over by-and-by. She went away, and kissed me as she went. And she looked up in my face, with her hands on my shoulders, considering me for a minute.

"If he had——"

"What?" I asked, as she stopped and laughed at herself.

"Loved you!" she said; "if he had loved you I should—have—killed you! There!"

And she dropped her hands and ran away, but for all her laughing I saw her brown eyes flash. Birdie was not quite a child—not she!

And so they were engaged! Archie Kershaw's six weeks' furlough had ended in this! Captain Kershaw, fresh from fighting Indians on the plains, had looked into that pair of laughing brown eyes and loved them at first sight, and the brown eyes, looking back, had known their master, and it was done! Four little weeks for the wooing and winning! Four little weeks to show Archie his "one fair woman" out of all the world! It was four years since I had known him first, but not in four times as many could I ever have taught him that lesson.

There was a good deal of the

MOUNTAIN LAKE.

boy in Captain Kershaw, and, exactly like a boy, he was always pouring his joys or his troubles into some female lap for approbation or sympathy. I knew, when Birdie ran home that snowy day, leaving her secret behind her in my keeping, that Archie would not be long in following her example. On the fourth day he walked in, looking as little like an exultant lover as man might look.

"You know—Birdie told me you knew all about it, Nell, and of course I was awfully glad she had told you!"

And he stands on his feet and stares down at me, with this abrupt and exhaustive summary of the matter.

"All up?" I repeat, blankly.

"Of course, I never intend to give her up as long as I live—never!" he says, rapidly, beginning to walk the room. "Of course she knows that, and I told her mother so; but, in short, Mrs. Allen doesn't like me, and never did like me, and she won't hear of an engagement. And I'm not to see Birdie any more, and—Nelly, if I was the

"AS WOMAN'S LOVE."—"BIRDIE HAD NEVER WORN A RING BEFORE; BUT THERE, ON HER FIRST FINGER, TIED WITH A BIT OF NARROW RIBBON TO HOLD IT ON, WAS THE GREAT SEAL RING THAT I USED TO SEE ON ARCHIE'S BIG BROWN HAND."— SEE PAGE 59.

So he begins, looking down, rather shyly, as he twists his long mustache with the hand that carries a ring no longer. And I answer a quiet "Yes," without ever raising my eyes to look at him.

"I know you're very fond of her," he goes on, hurriedly, "and you're just the best friend to me that a man could have. I don't believe there ever was a fellow who had such kind, true women for his friends as I. And—well, in short—it's all up—that's all."

sort of fellow to give up and go to the devil, I'd have started on the hardest gallop last night that ever took a man to that region."

"Oh, Archie, it can't be so bad as you think."

"I don't know. I don't believe it can be meant that I'm to do without her; and, Nell," his voice has a little pitiful quiver in it here, "it's half broken her heart, poor little thing. That's the worst of it all. I could bear it myself; I could bear anything that came to me alone, but

I can't bear her trouble. I've been half mad since I saw her last night. I gave her mother my word that I'd never write to her, or—or try to see her again, without her consent; and God knows if I shall ever get that!"

"Why isn't she willing?" I ask, under my breath. I am so glad—oh, so glad, that he never cares to look my way, not even once, as he walks the room with those long, quick strides.

"Oh, for a thousand and one reasons," he answered, recklessly. "Because I'm a soldier, and a poor one at that, and with no chance of quick promotion, and I've no better home to give her than some beggarly outpost, and I know what a miserable future that is, as well and better than any woman can."

My face sank down between my hands. I had no word to say to him. He did not miss it—he went on talking in a wild, hurried fashion, as he paced up and down, and never heeded me at all.

"I'll wait ten years for her—twenty. I'll never try to shake her duty or influence her; I've given my word, and I'll keep it, but I will have her in the end. I'd wait a lifetime for the sake of calling her my wife with my last dying breath; holding her just one minute——"

"Does Birdie know you're come to tell me?" I break in, incoherently. I cannot let him run on longer.

He answers in a hopeless sort of fashion, flinging himself down in a chair, and leaning his head down in his two hands.

"Yes—I don't know—I suppose she does. I'm upset to-day, Nell; I'm fit for nothing at all. I ought not to have come here, and that's the truth; but somehow I—I wanted to talk to somebody; you don't mind me, do you?"

"I do mind you; I'm sorry. I wish I could help you, Archie, but I don't see how I can do even the least thing——"

"You can't," he says, bitterly.

And then we both fall into a silence, he with his face in his two hands, I watching him with a great mist before my eyes.

Then this thing happened: The door opened, opened quick and softly, too, so that he never heard it, and a little figure stood on the threshold, with a white, piteous face, and eyes that gave a startled flash when they caught sight of him.

She raised one finger to silence me, she hesitated one second, holding her breath, I believe, and then, like a noiseless, wind-swept shadow, she flitted across the room, and quick, quicker than I can tell it, was on her knees by Archie's side. And before he could raise his head in the wonder of it, she had clasped her arms round it, and drawn it to her breast, and had kissed his curls once, twice, in a wild, hurried way, with never a word, and then springing to her feet, had darted away out of the room as swift as a bird flies. And Archie, springing up, too, only looked at me.

Just once, and that once only, I saw tears in his blue eyes, but the passion in them almost scorched up the dew. Then he was out of the room like a mad man, if not after her, at least anywhere away from the sight of another creature.

The fortnight wore away, and the last day came; he bade me good-by on a gray wintry afternoon, and we stood in the old sitting-room, holding each other's hand and looking into each other's eyes as we said our last words.

"I want to write to you, Nell," he said, hurriedly. "I—I—for God's sake, Nelly, let me hear about her. I shall go mad out there alone if I don't get some word; let me write to you, and, if you don't mind, won't you show her my letters? And tell me what she does, and how she is, and—and—you know I'm a jealous fool," he stammers out, with a great blush spreading over his sun-browned face—"you'll tell me everything, good or bad, won't you? I wouldn't ask it of you, Nelly, if I wasn't sure you were the best friend in the world to both of us."

And I promised him all he asked or wanted, with no reservation on my lips or in my heart.

"God bless you; you're a dear girl, Nell."

He had my two hands in his, and the quick, warm strain of his clasp almost crushed them—I can feel it yet. And there was a dizzy, hurried glance into the blue depths of those fair, sweet eyes, and a dream of saying "good-by," and Archie was gone. If I had known!

And then came speeding from the West those letters that were not for me, though they bore my name upon their covers. They were written in snatches from camp, sometimes a pencil scribbling, jotted down on the very march; they were full of vivid little sketches of that wild, perilous life—pictures of plain, and valley, and mountain pass; stories of skirmish, and pursuit, and danger, and adventure, and something more—something that other eyes than mine used to read with tears in them, and read over and over again; little scraps that were sometimes torn off the sheet and carried away, laid next to a warm, quick-beating little heart.

And the answers that hurried back—well, they were what he had most desired, no more.

They told him all he cared to know; they were full of one girl's life, and that was not mine.

Sometimes I craved, God knows how passionately, to pour out just a little of my own heart's fullness to him; sometimes the very words slipped from my pen—bits of my own individual story, my own thoughts, my own restless feelings; but those letters never went—ah, no! I was to "tell him about Birdie," that was all; and I told him no more, accordingly.

And one by one the weeks slid along Time's string; the year slipped away, and another one came in, and Archie and I wrote on, with little change at first in the tone of those sweet, sweet "love letters" and their grave answers.

But at last I began to tell him how Birdie was not so well as she used to be, not quite so bright; how I was afraid that she worried about him, and how nervous she was growing, and restless; and how, out of this shadow of fear, I thought some hope for him was springing. And one day there was a little message from Birdie herself, the first one.

"Tell Archie that mother asked me to-day where he was, and whether I ever heard from him."

I knew that "mother" was giving way when the little girl told me that, with her brown eyes shining, and the old-time smile dimpling round her mouth already.

I was almost as sure of it then as I was three weeks later, when a wild scrap of a letter came from Kansas—a scrawl that covered twenty lines only, to say that Mrs. Allen had written to him, and——

Well, he was the happiest fellow in creation—he was the luckiest—he adored Mrs. Allen from the bottom of his heart, and he believed he loved all the world that minute, and he had just written to his darling little girl, and couldn't say any more, except that he was "sincerely and gratefully, Archie."

And the "darling little girl," with a thick letter next her heart, instead of a poor scrap of paper torn away, came running to tell the story over to "dear Nell"; to tell me how mother was so kind, and Archie and she were so happy now, and how she supposed——

I should have been happy too, should I not? I used to

say to myself that I would have died to give him his heart's desire, and I could do no less than thank God, surely, when another hand helped him to the blessing.

I thanked God for his sake; but it was enough for me to be thankful, was it not? He could not require that I should be glad.

There were no more letters from the West for me. They came, but I never read them now; only once in a while somebody else remembered to give me a message.

"Archie sends his love to Nell, and says he's an ungrateful fellow not to write, but she understands how it is, doesn't she? And really his letters must have been a tremendous bore."

Birdie was very busy now; she was working all day long on muslin and embroideries, and dainty little suits—not too gay, for they were to be worn out on the frontier. You would have thought that she could scarcely find time to answer those letters, and yet every other day she walked to the post-office to slip in a voluminous package. And in spite of sewing like a little workwoman, she grew rosy and round again surprisingly fast; there was a motive now for her to improve and grow strong, for she must "look like herself" by the end of May, when Captain Kershaw was to take a furlough and spend a week at Lakeside, and when he went back again was to carry with him such a very large share of the sunshine that brightened the Allen house.

She was so happy, and she loved him so—I am sure she loved him. She had no misgivings or fears. I know she never shrank from the thought of hardship or danger, or the lonely life away in that wild, unsettled country.

As the time came nearer I think she was only more and more glad in a deeper, quieter way, and she used to come and sit with me in the late afternoon, and talk, not so much of herself as of him, and of what she hoped their life would be; it was such a comfort to talk to me, she said, because I was fond of him.

Birdie's pretty labors were nearly finished; the last day's work upon the wedding fineries had come, and it chanced for me to drop in when the last "trying on" was in process, and Birdie stood, laughing and redder than any rose, in the midst of a cloud of snow-white tulle, admired by half-a-dozen women.

"Isn't it sweet?" "Doesn't she look like a picture?" "How do you like it, Nell?" asks Archie's little girl, turning her dancing brown eyes on me and smiling under her misty vail. "The loopings will come here, you know—apple-blossoms and lilies-of-the-valley," explains an officious handmaiden, from her knees; "and this will be caught up with a spray—so——"

The hall-door slams, and shakes the house.

"There's Tom with the mail!" cries the little white statue, posing as if for a flight. "Oh, run, somebody, and get my letter! Mother, run and ask him, won't you?"

Tom's shrill boy's voice sounds in the hall:

"Where's mother? I say, there's been a fight! Where's Birdie?" And then somebody stops him, wildly—just one breath too late. For he has time to finish his shouted sentence, and we all have ears to hear it: "And Captain Kershaw's killed!"

"Archie's little girl!" never in this world! Never, never, never!

She heard it all—every word! She would hear it, and we had neither heart nor power to keep it from her—all the meagre, heart-sickening story of the fight. "Only a skirmish," they called it, but brief and hot as it was, it left only dead men lying along the swell of the gray divide, and among the dead lay Archie, my love—her lover! Archie, whose fair face no eyes should ever linger over more, whose bonny brown curls no little hand should touch—not even the kind earth cover.

She saw it in the dark and in the sunshine, everywhere—that horror! I held her in my arms all that night, and she cried and moaned that it would not leave her—that she could not remember him alive; she only saw him dead—a dreadful thing for the cruel, broad sun to shine upon.

"I shall always see it just the same till I die! Oh, I wish they had not told it! I wish I were dead! Oh, Archie, Archie! why won't you come and take me?"

So, all that long night, and many and many a night and day to come. And it was always I who sat by her bed. She would have no one else.

"Nelly cared for him," and so it was Nelly's hand she held, and Nelly's breast that she cried on. For she could cry. "The gift of tears," was given her, when my eyes were as dry as my heart, and that "lay in me as an ash in the fire."

Do you think my story should end here? End, perhaps, with a green grave in June, and a bridal vail folded over a white little face that no more tears can disfigure? I draw the curtain before Birdie's sick-bed, and shut out from you her bitter moanings, her passion of outpoured grief and love, and all the world-old utterance of a woman's broken heart. How soon it heals again, that wonderful epitome of all strength and weakness! When I push the curtain aside once more, Birdie's little heart has a scar two years old, and you could scarcely see the place where it was wounded so sorely one blossomy May day.

* * * * * * *

"Is that you, Nell?"

I walk into Birdie's own room, and see her start and thrust out of sight in her workbox something that she was staring at very eagerly when I first opened the door. Birdie wears a pink ribbon in her black braids this Summer, and her old "half-mourning" dresses are brightened up with gay little knots here and there. And I half think, but I've never said it to myself before—— I put the thought out of sight as I kiss her, and will not grant it a place at all.

I wonder why the brown eyes are so shy of mine this morning! There she sits, spoiling a bit of braided cloth with unsteady little fingers, and pricking herself with the needle twenty times.

She talks to me in an odd, fitful way, with her thoughts a thousand miles distant, I should think. And I glance around the room, puzzled for a minute over something! The room, surely, as well as Birdie, is unlike itself!

"Why, where——"

Her eyes follow mine to a vacant place on the wall.

"I—I took it down," she stammers; and then she lets the work drop suddenly. "Nelly, I suppose you haven't a bit of respect left for me, have you?"

My eyes turn from the vacant space to meet hers, with the thought—that is a full-grown knowledge now—rising clear and distinct between us.

"Nell!"

She slips down on her knees by me and hides her face in my lap.

"Nell, don't you remember? I—I—used to wonder why Archie didn't fall in love with you! I wonder—I think—you cared a great deal for him, didn't you? I think it would have been so much better—for him—if he had!"

"And for you, Birdie?"

TWILIGHT.

It is the sweet and tender grace
Of sorrow in a lovely face,
When the bright eyes are brimmed with tears,
That yearns through all the vanished years.

For, though long years have passed away,
I still recall that parting day
When here, with breaking hearts, we stood
In this dim twilight of the wood.

The winding pathway is the same;
The oak, on which I carved her name,
Still casts its shadow over me;
And still—— Ah! what is this I see?

The pale face lifted to my own,
The sad, sad lips that made sweet moan,
Unconscious of the future years
When other eyes would fill with tears.

"I—oh, I always said I was silly! I—you know half the girls in Lakeside say that I'm engaged," she hurries out, laughing, nervously, "and tease me about him!"

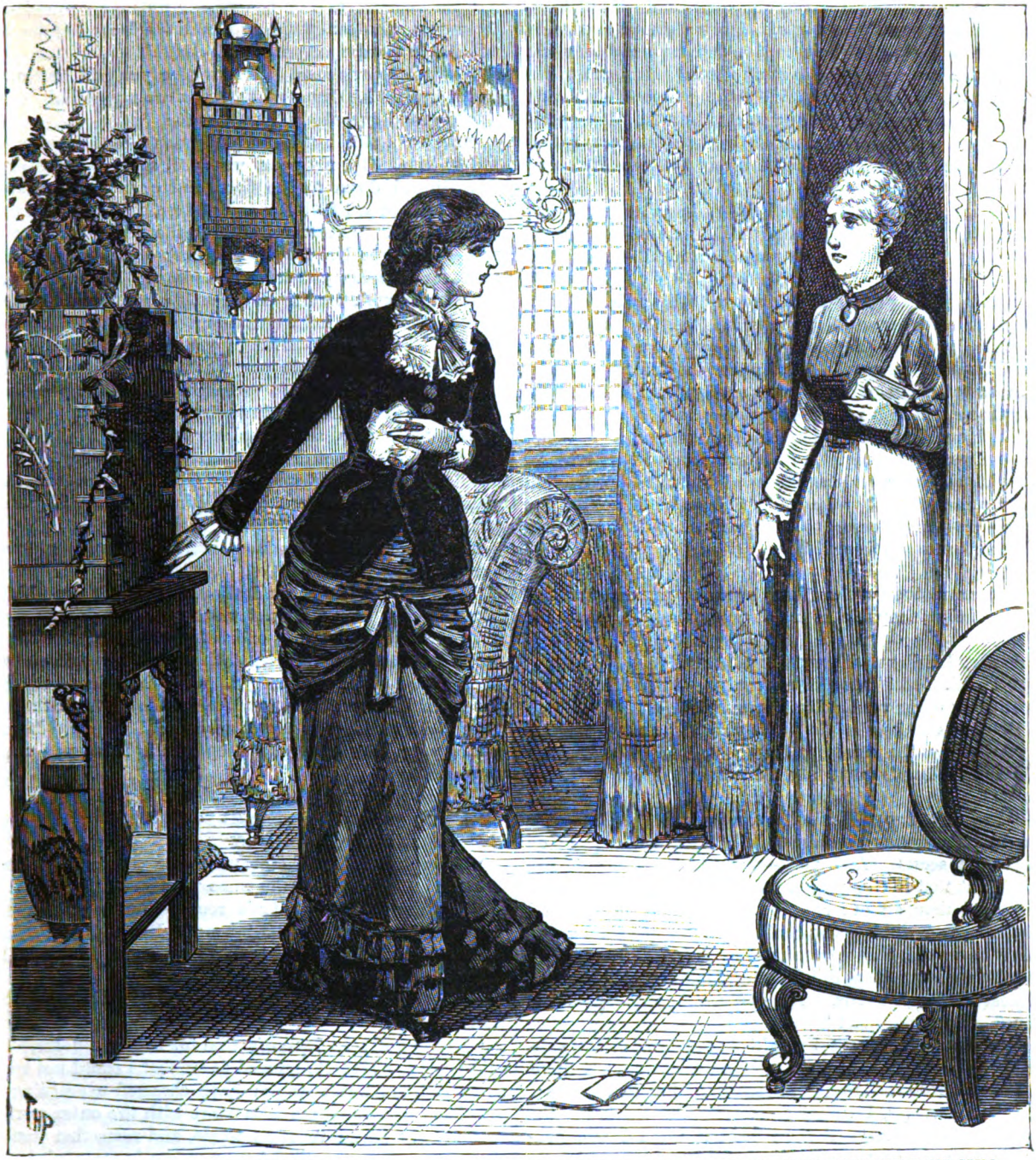
"I never believed them," I say quietly, but I lift her head so that I can see her face.

And daring me with her brown eyes—the laughing, tender, lovely eyes that Archie loved—she answers:

"You have guessed it all, I know."

* * * * * * *

The leaves are falling, and the year has grown old. Out on Archie's grave the matted grass must be dry and withered, and there are no flowers there—not one. I wonder if he, listening over the river in the white-walled city of God, can hear the ringing of Birdie's wedding-bells?



"NOT GUILTY!"—"SHE RUSHED TO THE JAPANESE CABINET, FLUNG THEM INTO A SECRET DRAWER, AND WHILE HER HAND STILL TOUCHED THE GRIFFIN'S HEAD THAT CONCEALED THE SPRING, MRS. MAITLAND APPEARED UPON THE THRESHOLD."

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XIX.—Continued.

She cried out in terror, and the deputy warden hurried forward and gave her a glass of water. She held it to her father's lips. He revived. A spasm contracted his face. He snatched his child to his breast, as if to save her from some great threatening peril.

"Is it true?" she gasped—"is the colonel's story true?"

"Every word! Gerald Fortescue your lover! Oh, God! spare me this! It is too much," groaned the prisoner. "Now I will tell you something which not even Dysart ever guessed. It is the secret of my unreasonable trust in Fortescue—the secret, also, of his deadly hate for me. The colonel called him my father's *protégé*?"

"Yes."

"That is not all—he was his illegitimate son, and consequently my half-brother. This fact Fortescue himself told me at Baden-Baden on the morning of that appointed duel which might have made one of us a fratricide. He showed me letters which my father had

written him; they established beyond doubt a fact that I had more than once suspected. He pretended to consider himself the rightful heir to the fortune which, by will, had been given entirely to me. He talked a great deal concerning his wrongs. I tried to be generous—I allowed him free access to my purse; treated him in all ways like a brother, and, for my father's sake, kept the secret of his birth. To my blind, implicit faith in the man I owe my ruin."

"Your half-brother!" cried Meg, in mingled amazement and terror. "This relationship makes his sin more revolting. And his love for me—horror! I cannot speak of it!"

Philip Harmon clasped her closer to his side. An expression of bitter anguish swept his face.

"He has filled my cup of misery to the brim. The wealth which surrounds him is mine—stolen from me by the basest means a man ever employed. He destroyed my home, robbed me of everything that gives value to life. He made you, in your helpless infancy, a pensioner upon Dysart's bounty. Ah! it was decreed that Ishmael should triumph utterly over Isaac! But for him, I might have won the heart of the woman I loved. My child, you would not have come to this prison to-day, had you thought me a murderer?"

"No."

"Your mother was as dear to me as my own soul. I was utterly incapable of raising my hand against her life."

"That I believe with my whole heart."

"Thank God!" he said, solemnly. "I could not have borne any other verdict from *your* lips!"

She looked him straight in his sad, haggard eyes.

"Who *was* the murderer?"

He shuddered, as if she had touched an unhealed wound.

"I do not know—I shall never know this side of the grave. The years go on, but fail to throw any light on that dark secret. And yet"—in a musing tone—"I feel confident that if one person lives who knows more about the deed than all others—who could speak if he would (but he never will!)—who could open this prison door to me if he would, that person is Fortescue."

"You answer me as did Colonel Dysart—yes, these are almost his very words. Do you think that Fortescue murdered my mother?"

"My darling, I have thought so much upon the subject, that I wonder the bare mention of it does not drive me mad. I do not accuse Fortescue of her death, but I am convinced (as, I think, Dysart is) that he holds the key to the mystery—that he held it when I was condemned to die on the gallows, and when he robbed me of my entire fortune, and when the gates of this living tomb closed upon me, never more to open."

"If that be so," cried Meg, "he is not a man, but a fiend!"

They were silent for a moment, each absorbed in troubled thoughts. Then Philip Harmon said, sadly:

"My child, I wish you to return at once to the protection of Dysart. It is not strange that he was angry with you for a while. I see plainly that you are warm-hearted, impulsive, imprudent and lovable. Return to him. You have no home, no resources, no other friend."

"I beg you to let me remain in Gerald Fortescue's house," she answered, firmly, "till I can see him once more. I am sure that Moultrie will tell him my story. After his arrival, I promise to go to the colonel."

"Why do you seek another interview with that man—what do you wish to do?"

"To demand of him the wealth which he plundered from you nineteen years ago, and the facts that he has withheld regarding my mother's death."

"Act with prudence. His love for you will be turned to hate, when he discovers that you are my child."

Her grand eyes flashed.

"I am not afraid of Gerald Fortescue—on the contrary, I defy him. Oh, my poor, wronged, suffering darling!" She slipped down to the floor, and clasping her hands about his knees, lifted her ardent face, full now of a prophetic light. "I swear to devote the rest of my life to you—I swear to live for the sole purpose of clearing your name, and freeing you from this place! With heart and soul I will work for it. I am only a girl—weak, almost friendless, with no influence, no money, but I am not dismayed. To be your deliverer, your avenger—that would be joy indeed. How do you know that I, in my feebleness, may not be able to accomplish more for you than all your old-time friends, in their strength and power?"

He lifted her up, and kissed her solemnly.

"My child, do not delude yourself in this way. Long ago hope and I parted company. God keep you from that man! You will not wring from him either his ill-gotten gains or his cherished secrets."

A clock struck. Harmon started—heaved a great breath.

"You must go now, my darling, the time is up. Make no rash vows. You must not waste your energies nor wear out your heart in fruitless efforts for me. No, your life is dark enough already. I trust the wisdom and judgment of Dysart to lead you aright. Obey him in all things. See Gerald Fortescue, if you like, and tell him that a day of reckoning will yet come for him and for me. Meanwhile, may God bless and keep you! Now, you must leave me."

She clung to him, reluctant and weeping.

"Surely you will let me visit you often?"

He shook his head.

"No, no; it is terrible for me to see you in this place. Where are the persons who came with you?"

"Waiting in the warden's room—they are the same good Samaritans that cared for me in Blackhaven. Apart from Colonel Dysart, I look upon them as my only friends."

He embraced her tenderly; then led her toward the door.

"I have not seen Dysart's face for nineteen years," he said; "it has hitherto seemed to me that I could not bear to meet him; but now you have changed everything—you have connected me once more with the outer world. Ask my old friend to come to me, and remember that I shall know no peace till I hear you are in some place of safety, under his care again."

Her soft arms were around his neck; she answered, bravely:

"Have no fears for me. I will send the colonel to you—you shall no longer be left alone and comfortless. Before I go, tell me that you forgive all my indifference and neglect, and my tardy belief in your innocence."

"My darling, I forgive you freely—freely!"

She turned, and passed out into the warden's room, where the Leiths were patiently waiting.

CHAPTER XX.

A DISCOVERY.

"SHALL we go now?" said Leith, considerately averting his eyes from Meg's pale, tearful face.

"Yes," she answered.

Miss Prue drew the girl's hand through her arm, and they descended the steps, entered the carriage and turned homeward, in the wind and rain and gathering dark.

No word was spoken, no question asked. Miss Prue gave Meg's gloved fingers an occasional pressure, to express her sympathy, but that was all. They crossed the bridge and went on through the streets of the city proper. At last Meg spoke :

"I have discovered the whole secret," she said. "Gerald Fortescue is my father's half-brother."

Miss Prue jumped.

"Bless me! what an escape for you! You might have married your uncle!"

Meg repeated, almost word for word, her conversation with Philip Harmon. Leith looked very grave, Miss Prue bristled with indignation.

"Gerald Fortescue is a fiend in human form!" she cried; "and to think of him as a judge—a man extolled and admired by everybody! What hypocrisy, what total depravity! I am disgusted with life when I hear of such things! Oh, these men!—wolves in sheep's clothing, all of them!"

"Miss Grey," said Leith, "surely you cannot mean to return to Fortescue's house?"

"I must," she answered, calmly.

"Is it wise, is it safe for you to do so? Remember the home that once received you at Blackhaven is open to you still. You will be more than welcome there. Use your eloquence, Prue."

Miss Leith obeyed, but in vain. Meg was not ungrateful, she thanked the two with tears in her eyes, but her resolution remained unshaken.

"I shall await him in his own house," she said; "do not try to dissuade me—it is useless. You know how willful I am."

Yes, they knew something about her will. Leith looked displeased, Miss Prue ruffled and perplexed.

"At least," she entreated, "promise to come to us if you need help—as I am sure you will."

"I promise that, faithfully," replied Meg.

They left her at Gerald Fortescue's door. As Leith assisted her to alight, she looked up in his face, and said :

"My grand marriage has come to naught, you see. I am well punished, am I not? How utterly I despise myself to-night!"

Then she turned hastily, and vanished inside the portal.

A depressing silence reigned in the house. Mrs. Maitland had not left her room. Dinner was waiting for Meg. She had no appetite; the thought of the gray prison hung like a weight on her heart, the odor of the guard-house flowers seemed to cling to her garments; before her eyes she could see only a wasted figure in prison uniform, and a pale, worn face crowned with prematurely white hair. Yet it was unwise to excite the curiosity of the servants by any unusual behavior. She must preserve her outward composure. So she seated herself at the stately table and went through the solitary meal—how, she did not know. Before it was ended Colonel Dysart's telegram arrived.

She took the message from the yellow envelope, read it carefully, hesitated, pondered; but did not change her resolution.

"No, nunky," she said, as if her old friend was present, "I cannot obey you. My place is here for a little while. I have accusations to make, reparation to demand. Forgive me."

Night fell, the storm began to rage wildly through the trees of the Common, and up and down the stately street. Meg ascended to the red boudoir. The gas had been lighted there, a fire burned in the grate. She sat down before it to collect her thoughts.

This house was Philip Harmon's—it had been taken from him by cruel fraud; all the wealth here was his. If there was justice in heaven, such wrong as he had suffered could not go unavenged. Her heart burned within her. She was ready to devote her whole life to the service of this unhappy father. Yes, in her newly-awakened love and remorse and compassion Meg would have died for him willingly.

By-and-by she was seized with an irresistible longing to look again on the portrait of her murdered mother—the portrait which Philip Harmon had painted. Go to the chamber where it hung—Judge Fortescue's chamber? No, that she could not do. After some deliberation she rang the bell—a housemaid answered it.

"Sara," said Miss Grey, "there is a portrait of a lady hanging in Judge Fortescue's room. I wish to examine it. Do you think you could take it from the wall and bring it here to me, unknown to any one?"

Miss Grey was a great favorite with all the servants, and especially with Sara.

"To be sure, miss," she answered, and vanished.

Directly Meg heard her returning along the corridor. She appeared on the threshold of the boudoir with the portrait in her hand, tugging at it as if it was no light weight.

"Put it down," said Meg, and Sara obeyed, not without some inward wonder, and retreated from the boudoir.

Against the velvet arm of a sofa leaned the gilt and ebony frame. The gaslight shone on the beautiful, melancholy face enshrined therein. With a swelling heart Meg looked at this, her father's work. The expression of hopeless heartsickness which he had thrown into the eyes and stamped upon the perfect lips was wonderful. Truly, the fatal gift of beauty had been given in full measure to Agnes Ferrol. Meg shuddered to remember that from this very house her blood still cried to heaven for vengeance. Here, in darkness and mystery, she had met her fate.

"Oh, if you could only speak!" she half sobbed, to the portrait, "and tell me what hand it was that dealt the blow, and what service I can best render my poor father, you might make some reparation for the ruin you wrought in his life. You loved Gerald Fortescue! I, your child, cannot judge you, for I, too, have felt that man's wicked power—only yesterday I was ready to sell myself for his wealth and position—flesh-pots of Egypt. Who ended your short, unhappy life? How could you sleep all these years in your grave, while my father was shut in a living tomb, disgraced and ruined!"

The sad eyes of the portrait looked back at her with a sort of dumb reproach. As the uncertain light played across the face the lips seemed stirring to open, as if to reveal the secret which Meg desired to hear.

Leaning forward, with her chin on her hand, the girl gazed at the picture in helpless fascination. Lilian's lapdog sprang out of his satin basket and crept whining to her side. He missed the runaway. Meg caressed the poor brute absently. She had given scarcely a thought to Moultrie or his bride since morning. But now it flashed upon her that *she* was the heiress of all that wealth for which the handsome Southerner had sold himself. If, by any means, she could right her father's wrongs and strip Fortescue of his booty, Danton Moultrie's marriage would be sure to end in bitter disappointment.

For a long time Meg sat gazing at her father's work; then she rang for Sara.

"You may take it away," she said.

With an effort the girl lifted the portrait.

"It's mortal heavy, miss," she remarked; "I had my match to get it down from the wall alone—'twas put up uncommon strong."

"Be sure to return it exactly to its old position, Sara. I do not wish any one to know that it has been disturbed."

"Yes, miss." She gave her burden a slight shake. "It's queer, but something has broke loose inside, and it moves when one lifts it up."

"What?"—Meg ran to the housemaid—"where! Let me see!"

"I'm sure *I've* done it no harm," said Sara, alarmed by the other's manner. "I heard the thumping when I was taking the thing down from the wall."

"Shake it again," said Meg.

She obeyed. A dull thud answered her.

"You hear it, miss?" said Sara, uneasily. "Whatever can it be? A rat inside the canvas, miss? Judge Fortescue never allows the servants to meddle with this picture—not even to dust it. He's given us his express orders that way many times. You're the only person I would have dared touch it for; but as you're soon to be mistress here, I couldn't refuse."

"Sara, you can leave it a little longer. Have no fear—you will not be blamed. I will ring when I want you again."

Sara retired a second time, amazed at Miss Grey's conduct, and suspicious that the portrait, which was so like her own fair self, had totally bewitched her.

The moment she was alone, Meg knelt down on the deep carpet, and breathlessly examined every inch of her mother's picture.

In five minutes she had made a discovery. The back was of thick cloth, closely fitted to the elaborate frame; but by pressing her hand carefully over its surface, Meg could define the contour of some substance—hard, evidently, and flat—concealed within. She felt along the painted canvas for a corresponding outline, but failed to find it. The portrait had a double back, and in the space betwixt the two, some article, valuable or otherwise, was hidden away.

Greatly startled, she ran to Lilian's writing-desk, took from thence a sharp knife, and made an opening in the cloth large enough to admit her hand. Something rustled, a bright color shone; the next moment Meg had drawn forth—what? A few old letters, tied with a faded ribbon, and a crimson-covered book fastened with gold clasps. She opened the latter, and, with a great thrill, read the name on the fly-leaf, "*Agnes Ferrol Harmon.*"

Meg held in her grasp the lost journal for which such ineffectual search had been made at the time of her father's trial, and the letters, still odorous of some French perfume, that Agnes Harmon had written to the object of her secret and disastrous passion.

This discovery was so sudden, so unexpected, she could scarcely believe her own eyes. She turned the crimson volume and the discolored envelopes over and over in utter bewilderment. She needed no voice to tell her that Gerald Fortescue had concealed these things in the portrait—an ingenious repository for such dangerous treasures.

While Philip Harmon was being tried for his life, his enemy had held possession of this journal—he had kept it secreted during all the anxious inquiry which the friends of the suspected man had made for it.

She ran to a Japanese cabinet in the corner, and threw book and letters therein; then, composing her face as best she could, rang a third time for Sara, and bade her replace the picture in Judge Fortescue's chamber. The rent which she had made in the back was not noticed by the girl; she might have thought the weight had decreased somewhat since she last lifted it, but she said nothing.

The portrait was removed, the door closed, and Meg was left with the precious booty she had secured.

She opened the packet of letters first. They were carefully arranged according to their respective dates, after the methodical manner peculiar to Judge Fortescue. The first was written in Paris, previous to Agnes Ferrol's ill-starred marriage. It said:

"Thank you for the sheet-music and the flowers; but papa was angry when they came—he positively forbids me to receive such attentions from you. I am very unhappy, Gerald. In vain I plead your kindness; in vain I speak of the time in London when our acquaintance began—the dreadful night you brought papa home to me, wounded in a quarrel at a card-table, and all your generosity and goodness in the days that followed—he will not listen, he does not like you. Poverty is an unpardonable sin in his eyes, though heaven knows we are poor enough ourselves! To-day a stranger dined with us, an American, named Harmon—handsome, well-bred and—rich. He overwhelmed me with attentions and fine compliments, and papa makes no effort to conceal his gratification. I foresee that he intends to cultivate Mr. Harmon. My heart is heavy; I dare not confess my love for you. Papa can be very, very violent at times; his anger terrifies me. I fear he has chosen this Philip Harmon to be my future husband. If so, heaven help us!"

Meg opened the second letter. This was full of despair. Harmon had proposed, and she must accept him—her father commanded it—and forget the man she loved. Her heart was breaking, and the future was a blank.

Another said:

"You bid me show a proper firmness, and be true to myself and you—to tell Philip Harmon that my heart is yours. I cannot, I dare not! My father has set all his future hopes upon this match. I know him too well to attempt to thwart him. I must marry the man he has chosen for me. Oh, my love, my love, forgive me, and good-by!"

A half-dozen other letters were full of the same lament. Agnes Ferrol's weak, plastic nature was plainly revealed in them. One, written only the day before her marriage, bade Gerald Fortescue an eternal farewell, and implored him never to cross her path again. Here a long interval occurred in the dates. The next letter was written in America—yes, in the very house where Meg now sat, perhaps in the very room. She glanced nervously over her shoulder, half expecting to see some ghostly shape standing there; but ghosts are obsolete; they do not come to modern boudoirs in the glare of gaslights. Meg read on. This was the way in which Agnes Ferrol, wife and mother, addressed Gerald Fortescue, after a lapse of two years:

"You torment, you persecute me mercilessly! I cannot bear it! If you ever cared for me in the least, if I still retain any portion of your esteem and consideration, I entreat you to cease your visits to this house—to cease following me to the houses of my friends, and so provoking cruel comment. You spoke to me in a most unwarrantable manner last night at Mrs. Heliotrope's ball. Am I not wretched enough already? Do you wish to drive me mad? On my knees I beg you to come near me no more, to speak to me no more. I cannot fly from you; I have no one to defend me from your persecutions. Be generous—the world is wide; there are other cities in which you can seek fame and fortune. Go, and never let me see your face again. I am tired of life—at any moment I would be glad to lay it down. A woman who can love neither her husband nor her child, is a monster unfit to live. I appeal to all that is manly and good in your nature to torture me no longer. I cannot avoid you, I cannot escape you, unless you withdraw from this place. Philip trusts you, he asks you here continually, he makes my position unbearable, and I dare not complain."

The blood leaped indignantly through Meg's veins. The next envelope held these lines:

"My cup of misery and humiliation is full. I have read the note which you thrust into my hand at the play to-night. Heaven knows I never thought to fall so low as this! You ask me to leave my husband's house, my child, the world where I am at least respected, and fly with you to another continent. No, no—a thousand times no! I may be weak, but I am not wicked. I will go to Philip and tell him everything."

Meg drew a great breath of relief; but the next letter made her heart stand still. It said:

"You have conquered! I cease to struggle against a fate that is stronger than I. Good-by to peace, hope, heaven—to husband, child, home——"

Hark! Somewhere near at hand a door closed smartly. Meg started and listened. A step was advancing along the corridor. Swift as lightning, she gathered up the journal and letters. Where could she hide them? She rushed to the Japanese cabinet, flung them into a secret drawer, and while her hand still touched the griffin's head that concealed its spring, Mrs. Maitland appeared upon the threshold of the boudoir.

A *robe de chambre* wrapped her heavy figure; she carried a novel in her hand. As she stepped into the room, Meg's pale, agitated face and confused manner immediately arrested her attention.

"Are you amusing yourself?" she said, in a sharp voice.

"Not particularly," answered Meg, as she retreated in haste from the cabinet.

Cold dislike and suspicion mingled in Mrs. Maitland's face.

"How pale you look!" she sneered—"how wild and strange! You have been out all the afternoon, the servants tell me."

A flush of crimson mounted to Meg's white cheek.

"Yes," she answered; "visiting a friend."

"That is what the English call bad form. You show very little sympathy with the judge in his family trouble. You should have followed my example, and remained shut up in your own room to-day."

"Solitude bores me—I am not adapted to it," said Meg, dryly.

To her consternation, Mrs. Maitland settled herself on the sofa.

"No more am I. I will sit here a while with you. Lilian weighs on my mind like a nightmare. To tell the truth, Miss Grey, *you* are the person to be blamed for this elopement. I am confident the poor child and her lover would have gone on peaceably together, and married in a proper manner, but for your interference. I wonder where she is to-night? Has the judge found her yet? Not likely."

Meg did not answer. She was thinking only of the crimson book and the letters in the corner cabinet.

"I trust you will never use your power over the judge for the injury of Lilian," went on Mrs. Maitland. "Everybody knows how hard and unjust elderly men with young wives can be. I fear you will now hate the poor child, and Mr. Moultrie also—especially as he has plainly declared that he never cared for you. Pray do not try to induce Gerald to disinherit his daughter. Are you listening, Miss Grey? No, you are not, and I know of nothing so exasperating as to talk to a person who has deliberately shut both ears to one's voice."

"I am very fond of Lilian," answered Meg, in a strange tone. "I shall do nothing to harm her. She is not accountable for the sins of another. I tried to save her, but I failed. It is now my sincere wish that Danton Moultrie may make her happy, but I am sure he never will."

"Of course *you* think that," sneered Mrs. Maitland. "*I* do not; on the contrary, I quite believe in the young fellow. To-morrow we may begin to look for the judge's return. Perhaps he may bring bride and bridegroom with him. That would be awkward for you. How lonely the house seems to-night! I could almost vow that something evil was in it. What is that paper on the carpet there?"

The blood rushed anew into Meg's face. She had dropped one of the letters in her hasty flight to the cabinet. Her hand trembled as she hurriedly picked it up.

"What an ancient envelope!" cried Mrs. Maitland, whose dull eyes could be sharp enough upon certain occasions. "Why, it is yellow with age! Let me look at it."

"Pardon me," said Meg, and she coolly thrust the letter into her pocket.

Mrs. Maitland shrugged her shoulders, opened her novel and began to read. She had made up her mind to pass the evening with Meg.

Half an hour dragged by. Now and then the woman on the sofa cast a wary glance at her companion over the top of her book. To sit there, wild with impatience and apprehension, and yet obliged to preserve an outward calm, was exquisite torture for our heroine. Perhaps Mrs. Maitland perceived something of this, and secretly enjoyed the situation.

The fire snapped, the storm raged across the windows. Once Meg arose and drew back the muffling curtain. A terrible night, full of darkness and tumult. The wind roared up and down the street like a ravening wolf. For a space she stared blankly out into the tempest, then returned to her seat.

"How uneasy you are!" said Mrs. Maitland, irritably. "Really, your eyes are as wild as a hawk's. That reminds me that I have had no tea. Be so good as to ring for the tray."

"Now? It is very late," said Meg, glancing feverishly at the clock.

"That does not matter. Our servants are to be relied upon at all hours."

Meg rang, and the tray was brought in. A tedious while was occupied by Mrs. Maitland in drinking one cup of tea.

"I have slept a great deal to-day," she explained, cheerfully. "I am in no haste to retire; but I advise *you* to go to bed, Miss Grey—you look sadly shaken."

Nine, ten o'clock struck, then eleven. Mrs. Maitland made no movement toward departure. She lay on her sofa, and read her novel serenely. Meg felt that her self-control must soon succumb to the strain thus put upon it. This trying day had wrought her up to a high pitch of nervous excitement.

"It is *very* late!" she said, desperately.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Maitland, without lifting her eyes from her book. "Go and rest."

A hysterical scream was on Meg's lips. In another moment it would break forth. She fled to her own chamber, determined to wait there till that tiresome old woman should leave the boudoir, and she could safely withdraw letters and book from the cabinet.

She walked the floor; she opened her window and let wind and rain beat in upon her; she was stifling, gasping for breath. Finally she flung herself down on her pink-and-white bed, to wait until she should hear Mrs. Maitland pass through the corridor to her own room. Terribly fatigued she was, and all unawares, exhausted nature gave way, and in spite of her great anxiety and distress Meg slept.

Somewhere in the wee small hours she awoke with a great start. The gas was burning brightly. She sprang to her feet, bewildered, confused. The letters—the journal! Had Mrs. Maitland yet left the boudoir?

Lighting a night-lamp which chanced to be on her toilet-table, Meg swiftly and noiselessly made her way to that apartment. Yes, it was empty, dark and still. Mrs. Maitland and her novel had vanished. Meg ran to the cabinet; she touched the spring of the secret drawer. A cry burst from her lips. The crimson-covered book and the old, discolored letters were gone!

CHAPTER XXI.

A FIRE.

ONE! She searched the drawer, every nook and corner of the cabinet, even the carpet round about it, but in vain. Red book, old letters had vanished as mysteriously as though Agnes Harmon's ghostly hand had been stretched from the world of shades to snatch them away.

Meg was stunned, bewildered, but only for a moment. She felt that the contents of the drawer had disappeared by human agency alone. There was but one person in the house who could have appropriated the precious things. She took up her lamp, went straight to Mrs. Maitland's chamber and rapped. No answer. She shook the door, she called loudly. At last a movement inside the room told that its occupant was still awake. A step crossed the floor, and Mrs. Maitland, with a calm but slightly surprised front, opened the door to this late visitor. A shawl was thrown about her shoulders, her hair was in crimping-pins, and she still held her novel in her hand. It was plain that she had not been in bed.

"Dear me! you are up late, Miss Grey," she said; "what is the matter?"

Disheveled and pale, her dark eyes shining with mingled wrath and fear, a strained, tense look on her face, Meg confronted her.

"Be so good as to return me the things which you have taken from the cabinet," she said, sharply.

Mrs. Maitland drew back with a vacant stare.

"Things!—what things?"

"A book—some letters."

"Letters addressed to *you?*" pointedly.

"No, to Judge Fortescue."

"And by what right, may I ask, do you take possession of the judge's letters?" sneered Mrs. Maitland. "I doubt if your betrothed husband, infatuated as he is, would approve of such a liberty. He very properly resents all prying in his private affairs."

"I do not propose to enter into explanations," said Meg; "I simply ask you to give me back the book and letters."

"I have seen no letters, no book, save this which I hold in my hand," answered Mrs. Maitland, contemptuously. "I am not in the habit of meddling with other people's property. You must be beside yourself, coming to me at such an hour, on an errand like this."

"Give them to me—they are mine!" urged Meg, wildly. "Oh, you cannot know what you are doing! It is useless to deny it—I am *sure* you have taken them. I beg—yes, *beg* you to give them back to me!"

Unmoved and scornful, Mrs. Maitland listened.

"You are laboring under some strange illusion, Miss Grey. It is nearly morning. I advise you to go to bed. When Judge Fortescue arrives I will lay this matter before him."

"I *demand* the book, which is my own property—the letters you may keep, if you like."

"Shall I tell you again, Miss Grey, that your talk is like Sanscrit to me? Are you quite certain you are in your proper mind? I know nothing of the things you ask for. At this unseasonable hour, pray take your high tragedy airs and your mysterious demands elsewhere;" and she deliberately closed the door upon her visitor, and turned the key in the lock.

Meg went back to her own chamber, fully convinced that Mrs. Maitland held possession of Agnes Harmon's journal and letters. Sleep she could not. Morning came at last—that morning which was to bring Colonel Dysart, and, without doubt, some word from Gerald Fortescue, or, perhaps, the latter in person. She made her toilet carefully, and when the breakfast-bell rang, went calmly down to the table. Mrs. Maitland, usually a late riser, was there before her, playing languidly with Lilian's lap-dog. She gave Meg a long, wary look, then a very amiable smile. The previous night might have been a dream, a delusion, so far as this woman's manner betrayed any remembrance of it.

"My dear Miss Grey, I hope you have slept well," she said, sweetly.

"Oh, perfectly!" answered Meg, with enthusiasm.

"How glad I am to hear it! You are a wonderful young creature—quite a study, in fact. To-day, without doubt, we shall have news of the judge. I long inexpressibly for his return."

"And I, also," answered Meg, calmly.

"It is just possible that we may have some strange revelations when he comes," said Mrs. Maitland, with a serene smile.

"I am positive of it," replied Meg.

They drank their coffee, and ate their cold chicken and hot muffins with calm indifference. Mrs. Maitland made commonplace remarks, to which Meg answered politely. Not the slightest allusion to the preceding night escaped either. Meg watched the elder woman as some beautiful tabby might a mouse; Mrs. Maitland was all alert to her finger-tips; yet both went through the meal like accomplished actresses.

"What a charming *tête-à-tête* breakfast we have had, dear," said the judge's sister-in-law, as she arose from the table. "I trust to meet you again at lunch. Be sure to take good care of yourself," and she sailed away to her own room, and Meg fled to the red boudoir.

Her first act was to examine the cabinet anew. Alas! the secret drawer was utterly empty—no repentant hand had replaced the lost journal and letters. Perhaps in that book some incontestable proof of her father's innocence was hidden away. How could she recover it? She went to the window, and stood there, looking out into the pleasant sunny morning which had followed the storm of the night. A man was passing along the pavement below. At sight of the beautiful face shining out in the opening of the boudoir-curtain, he paused, his eager, anxious countenance assumed a relieved look. He raised his hat, and Meg nodded, with a faint smile.

"I dare say he scarcely expected to see me alive this morning," she thought, shrugging her handsome shoulders. "No doubt, Miss Prue sent him this way to discover if I had survived the night in the den of my enemies."

Indifferently she watched the stalwart figure go on and vanish. Meg was selfish in trouble. Robin Leith could

give her no aid in her present perplexity, so he was as nothing to her now.

She looked at the clock, and began to think of Colonel Dysart—to long for his arrival. Hour after hour went by, but, for reasons already known to the reader, the colonel did not keep his appointment. Neither was any message received from the judge. This was odd; Mrs. Maitland, in particular, felt it to be so. While devouring her mayonnaise at lunch, with wary eyes fixed on Meg, who seemed more restive than in the similar ordeal of breakfast, she said:

"I am positive that he must have found Lilian by this time. The child has not flown far. It is singular that we hear nothing. How can so ardent a lover as Gerald allow his betrothed to remain twenty-four hours ignorant of his movements?"

"It *is* strange," assented Meg, dryly. There was a blank pause; then she looked fixedly at her companion, and added, "Have you any recollection of a visit which I paid to your room last night?"

Mrs. Maitland peered around a silver *epergne* of fruit to smile serenely on the questioner.

"A very vivid one! I hope you are not troubled with sleep-walking, or temporary aberration of mind, or anything of that unpleasant character, my dear?"

Meg arose, stern and beautiful, from her chair.

"I ask you once more, where are the letters and book which you took from the cabinet in Lilian's boudoir?"

"And I answer you, as I did last night," replied Mrs. Maitland, insolently. "I have no knowledge of the things you mention, and it would be to your credit, perhaps, if *you* had none. I cannot imagine how such articles could have fallen into your possession since Judge Fortescue's departure."

"In due time you will receive a satisfactory explanation," said Meg, with a strange smile. "Meanwhile, give me back that which you have taken."

"Never!" cried Mrs. Maitland, hotly. "If I really had such things in my possession, Miss Grey, I would restore them only to the judge himself."

"You make assurance doubly sure. Your answer convinces me that I have not accused you wrongfully."

Mrs. Maitland frowned.

"I decline to talk further on so strange a subject, Miss Grey," she said, and straightway relapsed into stubborn silence.

Lunch was scarcely over when Mrs. Belle Ryder rustled into the boudoir. She embraced Mrs. Maitland, who detested her, and gave the tips of her gloved fingers to Meg.

"I have come to ask about that naughty Lilian," she cried. "And so the judge has gone in pursuit, like Lord Ullin in the ballad? Of course, he will forgive and bless her, and accept with resignation the Southern Adonis as a son-in-law. Love is omnipotent. It may be very foolish, but I always feel great sympathy for such willful young folks."

The handsome widow laughed, but there was a serious look in her big brown eyes.

"Then, in spite of your own marriage, you believe in love?" sneered Mrs. Maitland.

"I do, indeed. If I ever wed again, I will surely make a love-match."

"How romantic! Somebody ought to tell that young lawyer, Leith, of your resolution—or perhaps you would prefer that he should hear it from your own lips?"

Meg left the two to their conversation, and slipped away to her own room. It was plain that Colonel Dysart would not come to-day. After a while she rang the bell for the housemaid, Sara. That young person promptly appeared. Meg motioned her to close the door, then said:

"Sara, I need help; you must give it me."

"Willingly, miss; what can I do?" answered Sara.

"Do you attend Mrs. Maitland, in her own room?"

"Yes, miss, since that French creature, Celeste, ran off with Miss Fortescue."

"Have you seen anywhere about her chamber a red-covered book? It is my property, Sara. She has taken it from me, and I would give the best years of my life to find it again. There are letters, too, in faded, old-fashioned envelopes."

"I have seen nothing of the sort, miss. Lor', you look worried to death! Shall I search around for them? Mrs. Maitland is a sly one, but I know where most things are kept in her chamber."

Meg took the girl's coarse hand in her own slight, delicate one.

"Find that book, Sara, and you will do me a great, great service."

She slipped a crisp banknote into the hard fingers. Sara beamed.

"I'll try, miss."

"Wait! Have you seen her reading to-day?"

"Only her novels."

"Sara, the recovery of the things which I have asked you to look for means life or death, perhaps, to one who is very dear to me. Be careful not to excite Mrs. Maitland's suspicion, but begin your search as soon as possible."

With these instructions Sara went away, and Meg was left again to her reflections.

The day crept on wearily. No word arrived from Colonel Dysart, none from Gerald Fortescue. An air of mystery and disaster seemed to have settled over everything.

Just before nightfall, Sara came softly into the room where Meg sat, heavy-hearted, and full of dark foreboding. The girl's disappointed face told her story before she could open her lips.

"I have looked all about her chamber, miss," she whispered—"in every nook and corner, and I can't find book nor letters. I got the keys to the drawers and searched them all, and the wardrobe; but the things you want are not there, neither are they in the bed, nor under the carpet, nor behind any of the ornaments."

Meg grew pale.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried, wringing her impotent hands.

"I'm sure I don't know, miss," answered the sympathetic but helpless Sara.

Meg dismissed her humble ally. It was plain that Mrs. Maitland would keep the journal and letters till the judge's return, and then restore them to him; and she—Meg—would never know what her mother's hand had written in that red book, and all hope of finding there some clew to Agnes Harmon's murderer must be abandoned. After a solitary evening spent in troubled thought, Meg, with a heavy heart and a tired body, went to bed and to sleep.

Wild dreams of Philip Harmon and the great gray prison tormented her for hours. Toward morning she suddenly awoke, with a shriek of distress ringing in her ears. She started up on her pillow and listened. It came from Mrs. Maitland's chamber.

Again and again the sharp, agonized cry smote the darkness and silence. Meg flung on a dressing-gown, and thrusting her feet into slippers, ran out into the corridor, and followed the cry to Mrs. Maitland's door.

"Help! help!" she heard a voice within screaming. "Sara! Miss Grey!—where are you all?"

Meg rushed into the room.

In the middle of the bed Mrs. Maitland was sitting bolt upright, helpless with terror. The silken curtains, which had been looped to one side, the belaced pillows, the smart counterpane, were all alive with leaping, crackling tongues of fire. A little inlaid table by the side of the bed had been overturned; on the carpet lay a lamp and a novel—these last two things explained the situation. She had fallen asleep while reading, and the unconscious thrusting forth of a restless arm in dreams had upset the light and done the mischief.

"Save me, Miss Grey—save me!" she cried, recognizing through the flame and smoke the fair face of her foe.

Meg seized a big porcelain jug of water, and dashed its contents full upon the screaming woman and the burning bed. Directly the servants, in different stages of undress, came rushing into the chamber. For a few moments all was dire confusion. Mrs. Maitland fainted in the arms of the footman, and was borne quickly out. The carpet was on fire, and the drapery of the toilet-table. The belaced pillows, also, were still smoking. Meg, working bravely in the midst of the danger, snatched them from the bed, and flung them extinguished into a corner. One fell without a sound; the other struck the floor with a dull thud. A thrill went over Meg. Hastily she turned and picked up the second pillow. From the drenched, smoking, disordered room she fled to her own chamber, bearing it with her.

There she found a pair of sharp scissors, and ripping open the cover, she drew triumphantly out from this unique hiding-place the lost journal and letters.

She ran to the door and locked it. There was little danger of pursuit, however. Mrs. Maitland was sadly scorched—Meg could hear her hysterical screams still ringing from some distant part of the house.

A broken prayer of thanksgiving trembled on the girl's lips. Fate, in the shape of an overturned lamp and a flash of fire, had foiled the enemy, and returned this precious booty to her own hand.

"Thank heaven! thank heaven!" she sobbed, in a transport of relief and gratitude. Then she opened the red book, and above the first entry, read these words, traced in a feeble, irregular way, as if tears had blinded the eyes of the writer:

"Philip, I charge you never to let my daughter see this journal—never let her know what I have written here. It is the last favor that the wretched mother of your child asks of you."

Meg's eager blood grew suddenly cold. From the grave Agnes Harmon had thrust out a cold finger and closed the pages which her child was aching to read. The dead forbade it! A feeling of mingled awe and fear crept through Meg's veins. She dared not turn the closely written leaves. For a while she meditated, then said, solemnly:

"To-morrow I will go to my father's prison, and take this book to him. It is my belief that he has never seen it, and plainly it was meant for his eyes only."

Yes, this was the proper way out of her perplexity. Reverently she made letters and journal into a package; and, fully determined that no earthly power should wrest them from her again, Meg threw herself once more upon her bed, and fell asleep with her recovered treasure pressed to her heart.

It was late next morning when she awoke to find herself still clasping the precious packet. While dressing, she rang for Sara.

"How is Mrs. Maitland?" she asked.

"Downright sick with the scare and the burns, miss," answered the girl. "I've always heard 'twas dangerous to read in bed, and that's what she does constant. The doctor's given her an opiate, and she's gone to sleep. Dear me! it's very singular, miss. She told me to bring her own burnt pillows to her room, and put them in the wardrobe, but I can find only one. I've looked everywhere, but the other is gone."

"There it is, Sara."

With a smile which the girl could not comprehend, Meg pointed to a corner of her own chamber. The housemaid departed with the pillow, and our heroine went down to breakfast alone.

Mrs. Maitland had sustained such serious injuries that she was not likely to leave her bed for days—perhaps for weeks. Meg had nothing more to fear from *her*. No letters had arrived for any one, no telegram. This silence on the part of Colonel Dysart was utterly incomprehensible. As for Judge Fortescue, she started at every step outside the door. At any moment he might walk in upon her, and then!

She lingered long in the buff-and-brown breakfast-room, toying absently with the flowers in the vases, and waiting for she knew not what. Presently the colored footman opened the door.

"A gentleman in the drawing-room to see Miss Grey," he said.

Her heart gave a great bound.

"What name?"

"He mentioned none; but he said his business was most particular."

Surely it was Colonel Dysart—he had come at last! She hurried to the drawing-room. As she entered, her visitor was standing at a window, his back toward her. He turned at the click of the silver knob, and she saw, not "nunky," but the brown, severe face of Robin Leith.

All the glad expectation faded out of her eyes. Her countenance fell. In undisguised disappointment, she faltered:

"Oh, I thought it was Colonel Dysart."

The gravity of his look deepened. He took a step toward her.

"I bring you bad news," he said.

She grew pale.

"Of my father?"

"No."

"Whom, then? Oh, speak! I cannot bear suspense."

"Be calm, Miss Grey—be brave. A sad thing has happened—Colonel Dysart is dead!"

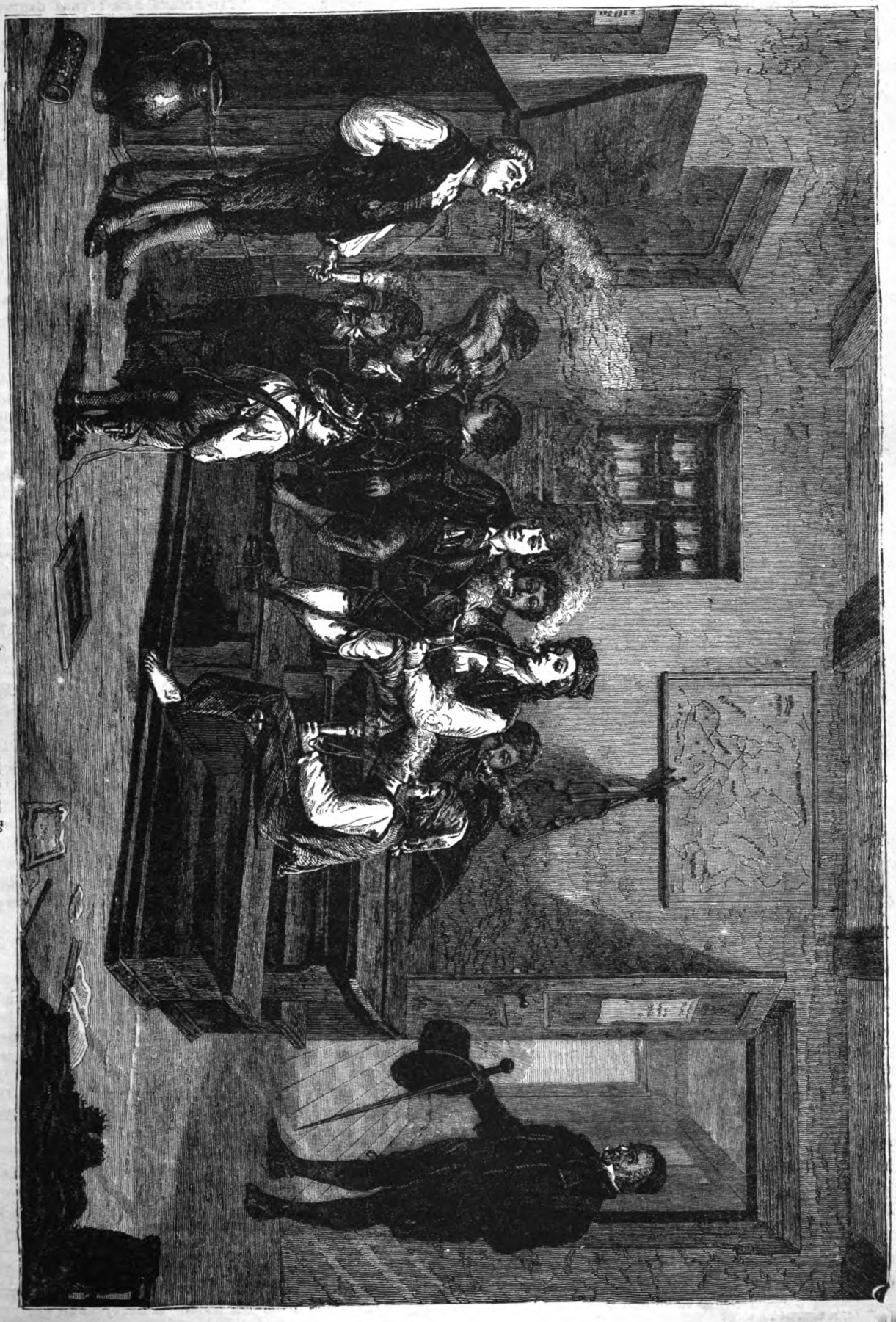
CHAPTER XXII.

AT THE GRAVE.

She was unprepared for such a shock. Her friend, her benefactor, her sole helper, her only hope—dead! She stood for a moment, as if turning to stone, then swayed and fell into Leith's outstretched arms. There she lay, with an expression of unspeakable pain stamped on her flower-face, with the heavy lashes sweeping her white cheeks like a fringe—helpless, lifeless, colorless, she rested against his breast.

He looked down upon her, and the calm of his rugged face suddenly vanished. His patient self-control gave way, like a dam in a Spring flood. The weary years of silence and repression took vengeance upon him in a moment. Overmastered by a great passion and anguish, he strained his soft, nerveless burden to his breast, and on her unconscious lips laid his own, blanched now, and quivering with a pain for which there was no speech.

When Meg regained consciousness, she found herself



AN UNAUTHORIZED TABAK'S COLLEGIUM.—SEE PAGE 79.

reclining in a deep chair, supported by Sara, who was holding a *vinaigrette* to her nostrils. As she opened her great frightened eyes, the maid called out in a relieved tone, "She is better, sir!" and from the far end of the room Robin Leith advanced and stood before Meg. His face looked as if cut from granite.

"How—when did it happen?" was all she could say.

"He was found dead in his bed, on the very night of his arrival at Gull Beach. Mr. Bond, of Blackhaven, with whom I studied law, came into my office half an hour ago and brought me the news. I cannot understand why Mrs. Dysart has not notified you of her husband's decease—it is a most unpardonable neglect."

"You see," sobbed Meg, "how that woman hates me!"

He took an abrupt turn across the floor. Her distress was a severe trial to his self-control.

"Colonel Dysart will be buried at Gull Beach this afternoon," he announced.

"So soon? What cruel haste!"

"It is imperative that I should attend the funeral—I have business with the widow."

"And I, too, must go!" cried Meg, wildly. "I must see him once more. Constance shall not keep me from paying my last duty to my one only friend!"

"I was sure you would feel like this. The train leaves at noon. Will you accept my escort to Beach Hall? Pruc will bear us company. I have already dispatched a messenger to tell her the news, and request her to meet me at the depot."

She staggered to her feet.

"Yes, yes; take me with you. And this is why he did not come to me yesterday! I might have known that nothing, save death, could have kept him from me. What shall I do without him?—how aid my poor father?—how face the bitter future?"

"Do not be unjust," said Leith, with grave reproach; "you have other friends. He was *not* your only one."

She held out her cold little hand. Her eyes shone through tears.

"Forgive me; I deserve your rebuke. Is it time to make ready?"

He glanced at the clock on the mantel.

"Yes. I will wait for you. The judge has not returned?"

"No."

"Doubtless you have heard from him?

"No."

His face expressed his surprise, but he said nothing. Meg fled to her own room, followed by Sara.

She was overwhelmed with this new and terrible misfortune. Mechanically she suffered the maid to dress her for the journey to Gull Beach. The train would start a few minutes before twelve o'clock. She took a little hand-bag of Russian leather, and carefully placed the letters and journal therein. They must go with her—she could not leave them in this house. While thus engaged, she distinctly heard a step in the corridor. It passed her door once, twice. Sara heard it, also.

"Who is that?" said Meg. An unpleasant thrill ran through all her cold, sorrow-sick young body. "Is Mrs. Maitland up?"

"Lor', no, miss; she can't lift her head from the pillow."

"Is there any visitor in the house?"

"No, miss."

Meg listened. For the third time the step went by her door. She ran and opened it, just in season to catch the glimpse of a male figure vanishing over the threshold of an adjoining chamber.

"A man has entered Mrs. Maitland's room," she said, breathlessly.

"It's the doctor, miss," answered Sara; "tall and stout, wasn't he?"

"I could not see," Meg replied. "He reminded me of—but no, that's impossible! Surely Judge Fortescue has not returned?"

"Returned, miss, and *you* not know it?" said the girl, in amazement. "Lor', I'm sure 'twas the doctor. What hat will you wear? The black one—yes, miss. And when may you be expected back?"

"I cannot tell—to-night, probably."

"Should the judge come while you're away, and ask about you, what will I tell him?"

"That I have gone to the funeral of a very dear friend, Colonel Dysart, of Gull Beach, and that I shall return as soon as possible, for I have business of importance to transact with him."

"Very well, miss."

Meg tied a thick vail over her pale face, took up the precious bag, and went down to Robin Leith. Five minutes later the two had left the house, unseen by any one save Sara.

The latter went back to Miss Grey's room, and was busily employed there, bringing order out of confusion, when the furious ringing of Mrs. Maitland's bell made her jump.

"Dear me!" said the girl, "she hasn't had her chocolate;" and she fled to the kitchen for the tray, pursued all the way by that imperative jingle, jingle.

"She's in a great strait, sure enough," thought Sara, and up the stair she went, as fast as her feet could carry her, bearing the smoking cup of dainty porcelain. Still the bell rang on.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," stammered Sara, as she opened the door; "I quite forgot your chocolate—I was bury in Miss Grey's room——"

She stopped, aghast. At the foot of the bed stood the rigid black figure of the man whom Meg had seen in the corridor—not the doctor, but Judge Fortescue!

His haughty face wore the yellow pallor of a corpse. It was drawn, too, and pinched, as if with fear or anxiety, or perhaps both. His eyes were hollow and blood-shotten. He looked haggard, wild and sinister. Surely something strange had befallen the man! Forty-eight hours had wrought a terrible change in his appearance. Why had he crept, unobserved, and like a thief, into his own house? Sara stared at him blankly, then stammered:

"Lor', sir, I didn't know you had come! I hope nothing's wrong?"

He did not answer. He was clutching the carved woodwork of the bed; his lips moved, yet gave forth no sound. His eyes were fixed upon Mrs. Maitland, who held in her bandaged hands a pillow, the depths of which she seemed to have been searching, for Sara could see a yawning gap in the case.

"Yes," she cried, angrily, "she has found them—the cunning hussy! Letters and book are gone, Gerald. She must have secured them during the fire last night."

Judge Fortescue reeled.

"*My God!*" fell with awful emphasis from his livid lips.

"Put down that chocolate—who wants chocolate?" cried Mrs. Maitland to Sara. "Where is Miss Grey? Send her to me instantly!"

"She has just left the house, ma'am," answered the amazed maid. The next that she knew the porcelain cup had been dashed from her hold. A heavy hand grasped her arm.

"Whither has she gone? If you love your life, speak!" cried Gerald Fortescue.

The girl writhed in his iron clutch.

"Oh, sir, you hurt me! She's gone to Gull Beach—to the funeral of a friend. She'll soon be back, to transact some business with you. She bade me say this, if you came in her absence."

"Is she *alone?*" he demanded.

"No," answered Sara, trembling under his sinister look. "There's a gentleman with her—she called him Mr. Leith."

"What train was she to take to Gull Beach?"

"The noon one, sir."

* * * * * * *

At the depot, Meg and Robin Leith found Miss Prue solemnly awaiting their arrival, according to certain instructions which the old spinster had received from her brother. Her wrinkled face was as expressionless as stone, but the disordered state of her bonnet-strings betrayed some mental agitation.

"When that office-boy came with your note, Rob," she said, "you might have knocked me down with a feather. What a sudden death! And to think you should hear of it only by chance—it is really shameful! Plainly, that woman means to keep the colonel's friends from his funeral. I remember the poor man was troubled with heart-disease as long ago as when we lived at Blackhaven."

Through bustle and din the three made their way to the train. Meg took a place beside Miss Prue. Bells were ringing, engines puffing, people scurrying back and forth. As Meg, who occupied the seat next the window, looked listlessly out at the crowd on the platform, she saw, or thought she saw, a tall familiar figure move swiftly by, among the many moving ones, and vanish abruptly from view. She grasped Miss Prue nervously.

"What is it?" said the old spinster.

"I saw a person like—like Judge Fortescue," whispered Meg; "he passed along there in the crowd."

Miss Prue looked forth, but failed to perceive the object of the other's alarm.

"You are nervous and shaken, my dear," she said, soothingly; "the judge is probably miles and miles away. A vail is very deceitful; I could not tell Robin himself through one as thick as yours."

Meg anxiously watched the changing crowd, but nowhere discovered the figure which had startled her so much. Robin Leith, seated at a little distance from the two, had not heard the conversation. Panting and shrieking, the train rumbled out of the depot at last, and started away on the road to Blackhaven.

The day was bright and sunny, with a hint of coming Spring in the cloudless sky and soft south wind. Over miles of barren brown country that was patiently waiting for the Angel of the Resurrection—past thriving towns and smart little hamlets, they went, drawing nearer and nearer to the great sea.

Miss Prue was kind enough to keep silent, and leave Meg to her own thoughts. These were sad enough. She made no outward sign, but with tearless eyes sat and watched the bare landscape whirl by, the glare of the wintry sun on the forsaken fields, and the strange faces collected about the frequent way-stations. How dreary it all was! The bag of Russian leather dropped from her listless hand, and fell to the floor of the car. Meg, absorbed in painful reflections, failed to miss the light burden—unheeded it lay under her feet.

At the end of an hour the train approached drowsy Blackhaven by the sea, slackened speed—stopped. Miss Prue gently touched Meg, and the latter awoke from her miserable reverie, and allowed Robin Leith to assist her from the car.

"I wonder if we can find a carriage here to take us to Beach Hall?" said Miss Prue, looking apprehensively around.

The train rattled, puffed, started forward. At the same instant Meg experienced a disastrous sense of loss. With a wild cry she rushed forward, almost throwing herself under the great wheels.

"The bag!—the bag!" she gasped—"it is in the car!"

Leith seized her with a strong hand, and drew her swiftly back to safety.

"Remain here—I will find it," he said, and promptly leaped upon the moving train, and vanished from her view.

"Oh, goodness me!—how dangerous!" exclaimed Miss Prue, gray with fright. "He will certainly be killed!"

The train turned a curve, and disappeared behind some weather-beaten sheds and piles of yellow lumber. Miss Prue began to weep. Meg stood horrified, holding her very breath.

Several moments passed; then Leith emerged from the shadow of the old sheds, a shade paler than usual, but with the leather bag in his hand.

"Robin!" cried Miss Prue, in mingled wrath and relief; "oh, you dreadful boy! You leaped from the train!"

"I am quite unharmed," he answered, evasively. "'A miss is as good as a mile.'"

"It's a wonder you did not fall under the car, and get crushed to death! There's blood on your forehead—you're surely hurt."

"Not at all. Pray be quiet, Prue—it is nothing."

Hastily he wiped the tell-tale stain away with his handkerchief, and held out the bag to Meg. She, ungrateful creature! was thinking far less of the peril through which he had passed, than of the recovered journal and letters. As she received her treasure, she bent quickly and laid her soft lips to the hand that had restored it—she would have done the same had that hand belonged to a street vagrant. A strange look swept Leith's face.

"For God's sake, don't!" he said, in a stifled voice that had a stern echo in it. "Do you think me more, or less, than a man?"

She drew back in a sort of cold surprise.

"I think you very rash," she answered, "and—very foolish. This bag holds something of great value. I have no words to thank you for its recovery. It was unpardonably careless of me to forget it."

He turned away to look for a carriage. After some delay one was found, and the trio entered it, and rode off to Gull Beach."

The flat sandy road, the pine woods, full of silence and gloom, the low brown marshes, the cold sea, glinting blue and bright through the trees—Meg's eyes roamed eagerly over these familiar, unchanged things.

"At what hour is the funeral?" said Miss Prue to her brother.

"Two o'clock. We shall barely be in time."

Presently they came in sight of the hall, standing solitary and gray in the midst of its guardian firs. As they went up the drive, under the dear old trees, Meg's face was hidden in her vail. She allowed Leith to help her from the carriage; then she crossed a threshold—she stood again in the house from which Constance Dysart had driven her years before.

The place was full of grave, silent people—Colonel Dysart's neighbors, and a few friends from Blackhaven and the immediate vicinity of the hall.

"What do *they* think of this hasty burial?" Meg said to herself, in bitterness of spirit. "Mrs. Dysart might have kept her husband's remains above ground another day, at least."

She flung back her vail, and glided straight into the darkened room where sat the mourners. Conspicuous among them was Constance, stately and fair, in widow's weeds. At sight of Meg she could not repress an angry start. The intruder swept into the midst of the sombre company, and up to something that stood with glimmering silver ornaments and costly flowers in the deep embrasure of a window—Colonel Dysart's coffin.

There he lay, the father of her childhood—her benefactor, protector, friend. She bent and passionately kissed the cold forehead, the sunken cheek, the marble hands. Thank God that he had died loving her once more, forgiving all her sins! Thank God for that interview under Gerald Fortescue's roof! Her hot tears fell upon the placid face, stamped now with the awful dignity of death—death! that mystery of mysteries, against which we rebel, and strive, and question, and plead, and pray in vain—all in vain.

Most of the little company recognized the colonel's adopted niece, and a faint stir, the exchange of significant looks and whispers, greeted her entrance. But, heedless of the curious eyes of the living, Meg sat down by that dreadful coffin and gave herself up to bitter grief. Her place was there—of all his mourners, none could be more sincere than she.

Presently the deep voice of the clergyman broke the hush of the room. She heard words of faith, hope and consolation, heard Colonel Dysart's death called a mysterious dispensation of Providence, heard the reverend man thank heaven that the dead had been permitted to return to his own land, and die in his own house; heard a solemn prayer for the widow upon whom this awful visitation had fallen like a thunderbolt. In one little moment all the joy of her young life had been snatched away.

"I wonder if that is true?" thought Meg, drearily. "*Does* Constance mourn for him?" and then she looked up involuntarily, and saw the bereaved widow sitting but a few feet distant, robed in the blackest of crape, her face shrouded in her heavy vail, through which, nevertheless, Meg discerned two cold, vindictive, yellowish eyes fixed upon herself with anything but a friendly look. Instinctively she felt that her presence at the colonel's funeral had displeased Constance.

The last word was said. Ashes to ashes now, and dust to dust. As the mourners arose to go out, Meg glided up to the widow, and stretched forth her gloved hand. It was a movement expressive of forgiveness, penitence, and a desire for reconciliation in the mute, cold presence of the dead, and all this Constance Dysart understood.

But she brushed straight by the extended hand, never touching it, never deigning its owner a look. Why should she wish for reconciliation? Her hatred for this girl was as intense as ever. And now she had triumphed. The desire of her heart was gratified. She was a widow, with the best of life still before her, and a handsome fortune, entirely her own.

As she passed out to the carriage she saw Mr. Bond, the Blackhaven lawyer, leaning against the staircase. He had come down to Gull Beach to read the colonel's will. Her heart gave an exultant bound. If any pang of conscience troubled this woman to-day she throttled it resolutely. Just how Colonel Dysart had died, no one in this world, save his widow, could or would ever know. A serious mistake had been made, that was all. No wise person ever holds himself or herself accountable for a mistake.

Leith led Meg to the carriage, and handed Miss Prue to a seat beside her. They would follow the silent sleeper to his long home.

No word was spoken. Slowly the procession moved out under the sighing firs and through the tall gates into the highway. The cemetery was two miles distant from the hall—a solemn, lonely place on a hillside facing the sea. Up an avenue of evergreens the line of vehicles went, and stopped at the new-made grave.

Yea, ashes to ashes and dust to dust! The afternoon sunshine slanted through the trees, and flung its wan, westering glow on the freshly turned sods and the faces both of the living and the dead.

Beside the colonel's last resting-place Meg stood, shivering in the gusts of chill wind that began to blow up from the bay, and listened to the final prayer said over the senseless clay, and heard the frosty earth rattle down on the coffin-lid. Silently Leith supported her. Miss Prue remained in the carriage, patiently waiting. The other mourners soon departed, but Meg still lingered, reluctant to tear herself from the spot. The last clods were flung upon the dead, the sun dipped down behind the trees, the cemetery was now silent. Meg turned to Robin Leith.

"Leave me here a few moments alone," she pleaded.

He promptly retired to the carriage, which stood some yards away in the darkening avenue. Meg sank on her knees beside Colonel Dysart's mound, buried her face in her hands, and prayed.

What was it that aroused her at last? A step in the sere grass, a sound of hoarse breathing. She looked up. At the foot of the grave stood the figure of a man wrapped in a long cloak. Over his brows a soft hat was drawn, and from under its brim a white, tense face and a pair of coal-like eyes met the gaze of the astonished girl.

Was she dreaming? Was that black shape there by the newly-heaped mound illusion, or reality?—a thing earthly, or unearthly? Before she could fully determine, Miss Prue's shrill voice was heard among the trees, and the figure darted back into an adjacent clump of evergreens, and disappeared as if the earth had swallowed it up. Meg stepped across the brown grave, following the track of the baleful shadow.

"Gerald Fortescue!" she cried aloud.

No voice answered. The evergreens shook in the rising wind, dead leaves whirled across the mound, and as Meg, rigid with surprise, stared at the clump of trees which had received the apparition, another figure appeared in the avenue—Robin Leith approached.

"Did you call?" he said.

"No," answered Meg, beginning to tremble.

He drew her hand through his arm.

"Come away, you are shaking with cold. You will get your death here. Prue is greatly worried about you. You *must* come. I cannot allow you to stay longer by this grave."

She clung to him suddenly, shaking not with cold, but terror.

"I have seen a wraith," she gasped.

He looked incredulous.

"The wraith of Gerald Fortescue. It vanished yonder among the trees; or, perhaps, it was my enemy in the flesh."

Without a word Leith plunged into the clump of evergreens. No living thing was there. He looked sharply around. Marble shafts and low brown graves alone met his eyes. He went back and forth, here and there, searching the vicinity thoroughly, but discovered neither Fortescue nor his wraith.

"I think our eyes have played you a trick," he said,

as he returned to Meg. "Be calm, there is no one here." His quiet, protecting manner reassured her.

"I dare say you are right," she answered; "I am fast becoming a coward. Twice to-day I have fancied the same absurd thing."

They walked away to the carriage and Miss Prue. With a deep sense of relief Meg saw that the old spinster held upon her lap the leather bag, safe and secure.

"Imprudent child!" she cried, at sight of Meg. "I am sure you will contract a galloping consumption from standing so long on the wet, cold ground. Here is an extra wrap, Robin; put it around her—she looks like a ghost."

Leith obeyed. His hand was not altogether steady as he gathered the shawl about the lovely white throat and sloping shoulders, but Meg failed to perceive it. Down the long avenue, in the mournful dying day, they departed from the cemetery.

For some moments the girl did not notice the direction they were taking; then, in astonishment, she cried:

"What! Are you going back to Beach Hall?"

"Yes," answered Leith.

"To Constance? Over Colonel Dysart's coffin she refused to touch my hand."

"I am going back," said Leith, quietly, "to read Colonel Dysart's last will and testament—a document which I wrote for him on the very day of his death. This is the business which brought me to his burial."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT MIDNIGHT.

FROM the colonel's grave Constance Dysart returned to Beach Hall, to hear the Blackhaven lawyer read her husband's will. She was now a rich, independent, *free* woman. For freedom she had long sighed, and the absence of it had been as poison in her cup of ease and pleasure. Her gilded chain had galled her deeply, but it was broken at last, and now she could forget her past and all the dark things in it, and begin life anew.

Mr. Bond, a little, gray-haired man, was waiting in the dismal drawing-room. He had remained at the house while the mourners followed the dead man to his grave.

"Madam," he said, with some embarrassment, "allow me to speak with you alone."

Constance gave him a surprised look, then flung open the door of her husband's library, and both passed in, beyond the eyes and ears of the curious friends who had returned to the house with the young widow.

The Blackhaven lawyer surveyed her with an apologetic air. She was a fine woman, and he admired her greatly.

"My dear Mrs. Dysart," he said, "I came here to-day to read your husband's last will and testament, but I find that I do not possess that important paper—it is in the hands of another person."

Constance's cold eyes transfixed him like daggers.

"What can you mean?" she demanded.

"There is a later will than the one which I hold. My young friend, Mr. Leith, has brought it down to us to-day."

Constance stood as if thunderstruck.

"A later will! When—where was it written?"

"In Boston—in the office of Mr. Leith, on the very day that preceded the colonel's sudden death."

"Mr. Bond, can this be true?"

"Without a doubt, madam! Perhaps you may know the reasons that induced your husband to make another will?"

Yes—she knew, and a keen pang of apprehension stabbed her cold, calculating heart. The color fled from her face.

"I hope and trust that nothing has been altered," said Mr. Bond, uneasily. "The colonel loved you—surely he has done right."

Constance was "game." She controlled herself admirably.

"I am confident of it! Where is this man Leith?"

"Not yet returned from the grave. He has Miss Meg in charge."

This looked ominous.

"Ah!" sneered Constance, "he is an old lover of hers. We must wait for him, I suppose."

"I think we must," answered Mr. Bond.

Fifteen minutes later, the carriage which contained the Leiths appeared in the fir-bordered drive. Mr. Bond met the young lawyer at the door, and conducted him to the library, where Constance sat, indignant and contemptuous.

"What is this talk about another will?" she cried, haughtily. "I cannot believe Mr. Bond. My husband settled his affairs at the time of our marriage."

"Pardon, madam," Leith answered, politely; "Colonel Dysart came to my office on the morning preceding his death, and there made a final disposal of his property. I wrote his will, and it was duly signed and witnessed. I have come to Gull Beach to-day to make known its contents. That it is genuine I think you cannot doubt."

Constance swept into the drawing-room, where friends and neighbors had reassembled, all agape with curiosity. In a corner she espied Miss Prue and Meg. One vindictive glance she shot at the latter, then sank into a seat, and braced herself for the worst.

Leith drew forth the momentous document, unfolded it, and, in a clear, business-like voice, began to read:

"I, Richard Dysart, gentleman, of sound and disposing mind and memory, but mindful of my mortality, do make and publish this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former will by me at any time heretofore made."

Then followed some small bequests to friends and servants; and then, unto Margaret Grey Harmon, the beloved daughter of his old friend, Philip Harmon, the testator gave, devised and bequeathed his estate known as Beach Hall, to be held by said Margaret, her heirs and assigns for ever. The rest, residue and remainder of his earthly possessions, of what kind and nature soever, was to be equally divided betwixt the aforesaid Margaret Grey Harmon and the wife of the testator, Constance North Dysart. "Said legacy given to my said wife," ran the will, "I hereby declare is intended to be, and is so given to her, in full satisfaction and recompense of, and for her dower and thirds, which she may or can in any wise claim or demand out of my estate."

A silence succeeded. Among the disinterested listeners shrugs and whispers were exchanged. Meg sat dumbfounded. She had not dreamed of anything like this. As for Constance Dysart, her blonde face grew livid. Beach Hall and one-half of his remaining fortune wrested from her—given to her enemy! It was unendurable!

She arose in her long black garments, and glided up to Meg. Her yellowish eyes looked like some angry cat's.

"You have conquered!" she hissed, in a fury—"outwitted me at the very last!"

Then, with the air of a tragedy queen, she turned and swept out of the midst of the astonished company, up the stair to her own chamber.

Robin Leith advanced, and held out his hand to Meg.

"I congratulate you," he said, with earnest kindness.

Miss Prue kissed her joyfully.

"You now stand under your own roof," she cried, "and need take no thought for the morrow. Bless the man in his grave! I was sure he would provide for you at the last."

Other hands were held out to her; she heard kind words from all sides; then, one by one, the company began to depart. Presently Meg found herself alone with the Leiths.

"We shall not return to Boston to-night," said Miss Prue. "I wish to see some friends of mine in Blackhaven, and Rob has business with Mr. Bond that will detain him until to-morrow. So we have concluded to pass the night there, and go back to the city by a morning train. Come with us, my dear; I promise you a warm welcome from our friends."

Meg was gazing out of the deep window into the whispering firs.

"No," she answered, shaking her head; "I thank you, dear Miss Prue, but I will remain at Beach Hall. I wish once more to pass a night under the roof where I was so long happy with *him*."

"Will it not be very lonely, very sad for you?" said Leith.

"No—oh, no. Constance and the servants are here, and with you and Miss Prue at Blackhaven, I cannot feel lonely."

"Blackhaven is four miles away, and I fear you cannot safely count on the company of Mrs. Dysart—she is evidently determined to repel your friendly advances."

"I shall not trouble her. She is welcome to remain in her own quarters. Oh, Robin," with a sudden change of tone, "did the colonel speak kindly of me that day when he came to your office?"

"More than kindly. He assured me that he loved you tenderly, that he had mourned for you without ceasing. His will is surely a proof of his unchanged affection."

Tears gathered in her great, solemn eyes.

"Yes," she answered, with quivering lips, "and for that reason Beach Hall is dearer to me to-night than ever before. I hope Constance does not feel that she has been robbed."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"She need not—she will still be a rich woman." Then, after a rather anxious pause, "Would it not be better for Prue to remain with you till morning?"

"By no means. I would like to stay here by myself to-night, and to-morrow I will meet you at Blackhaven and go back to town. I must see my father as soon as possible."

He said no more. It was not strange that she should crave a few hours of solitude in this home of her childhood. She allowed Leith to hold her slim, cold hand for a half-moment, embraced Miss Prue affectionately, arranged a meeting for the morning, and then the two, with undisguised reluctance, left Meg in the sombre silence of Beach Hall, and departed for Blackhaven.

Twilight gathered on shore and sea. All alone in the dreary drawing-room, where the smell of funeral flowers still oppressed the air, Meg watched the night fall, and a few stars come out, one by one, in the purple heaven. Suddenly the door opened. She turned, and saw Constance Dysart, in bonnet, shawl and vail. With an air of wrathful scorn she sailed across the threshold.

"Beach Hall is now your property, Miss Harmon," she said; "therefore I must leave it. Nothing could induce me to pass a night under *your* roof. Once I had the supreme pleasure of driving you from this place. Now you, in turn, drive me. Do not offer me your hand—I disdain to touch it; betwixt you and me there can never be anything but hostility."

"Constance," pleaded Meg, gently, "for nunky's sake, let us forgive one another."

Constance made a gesture full of aversion and wrath.

"Never! We were foes years ago, we shall be such till death. You stole from me the only man I ever loved—do you remember?—in this house—Danton Moultrie——"

She could not go on; that name choked her.

"Danton Moultrie," said Meg, calmly, "was the mistake of both our lives, Constance. He is now married, and, believe me, his poor little wife is deserving of sincere pity. Let us not speak of him. Weak, heartless, dishonorable, vacillating—no woman in her proper senses could regret such a lover. Least of all should the widow of Colonel Dysart give him a thought."

Constance's blonde face grew scarlet. This rebuke was too much.

"Colonel Dysart!" she hissed, striking her black-gloved hands together; "the weak dotard! His very name is hateful to me! I could curse him in his grave for giving you the lion's share of that fortune by which I had thought to recompense myself for the misery of the last four years. Would to heaven that he had died a day or a week earlier! I have schemed in vain to injure you, Margaret Harmon; I have hated you in vain; I acknowledge myself foiled, outwitted, beaten in a long fight. Now, I bid you, as I trust, a final farewell. I will never willingly see your face again. My luggage will be sent for in the morning."

With that the door closed sharply. Somewhere in the depths of the fir-trees Meg heard a rumbling of wheels. Constance was gone—gone for ever from Beach Hall.

Meg drew a deep breath. She was decidedly glad that the woman who had repulsed all her efforts at reconciliation and insulted the dear dead colonel had left the house. Its gloom seemed less heavy, its atmosphere lighter and sweeter.

Presently a servant entered the room with lights, one who had loved and served Meg in former days.

"It does me good to see you again in this place, miss," she said. "I'm sure I wish you joy of your new property. Mrs. Dysart has taken herself off to Blackhaven, and her Swiss girl with her; good riddance, say I. Everybody declares that the colonel, poor man, never had an hour's peace after his marriage. Shall I fetch your supper to you here, miss? You look quite worn out."

Meg sat down by the fire and drank a little tea and ate a few morsels of the toast which the woman brought her.

It was a silent, solemn night. The sea beat steadily on the shore, gusts of wind sighed now and then around the windows, mysterious voices murmured in the firs, but that was all.

The servant mended the fire, drew the curtains, turned up the lights and removed the supper.

"I have made your old room ready for you, Miss Meg," she said. "It's mortal lonely here to-night. A burying is dreary business. I've got the shivers myself. Would you like the housekeeper or me—there's but two of us besides the man, and he sleeps in the stable—to sit with you a while?"

No, Meg did not care for company, and so the woman went away and left her.

Oh, strange, sad day, which had robbed her of a friend,

and given her a fortune! She sat in a low chair before the fire, with listless hands crossed on her lap, and the red light glancing off her rich hair and lending a false glow to her colorless cheeks. Unpleasant thoughts ran through her head. She began to regret that she had not gone with the Leiths to Blackhaven. Mournfully the wind sighed, dismally the sea complained on the distant sands.

Inside the house a weird and oppressive silence had fallen. The ticking of the clock sounded preternaturally loud, the snapping of the coals made her start and look anxiously around. She fancied that she heard footsteps on the terrace and in the garden. A presentiment of evil was upon Meg—or, rather, she was nervous and tired, and tormented with illusions.

(To be continued.)

AN UNAUTHORIZED TABAK'S COLLEGIUM.

The father of Frederick the Great instituted a Tabak's collegium, which his son never could enjoy, and which was rather a riotous affair. These precious youths have set up a similar institution, believing that their worthy pedagogue was not likely to intrude upon their unauthorized doings. Books and lessons are neglected; the youngest of the band, too little to trust with a pipe, consoles himself by dragging his slate along the floor.

In the midst the door opens. The teacher appears more in sorrow than in anger, for his best and most promising pupils are here prominent as evil-doers. Still unsuspicious of his coming, no one sees him but the youngest, who stands in mute amazement.

But the reckoning comes soon and sharp. There will be cries and pain, and sick boys who will find neither indulgence nor compassion.

HUMAN NATURE IN A LOAD OF WOOD.

There is a better, more truthful portrayal of human nature in a load of wood, *i.e.*, in the way it is loaded, than in half the "plays" we see, and for fear that some will not read the signs aright, an unerring guide is given. When the outside of the load is straight body oak, and the inside crooked basswood and elm, you may know the man who loaded it is an honest, confiding soul, who wouldn't cheat his own mother if the old lady watched him too closely. Then there is the load of solid oak—oak clear through, except about sixty cubic feet of daylight which the ingenious owner has incorporated by a fanciful arrangement of the less ethereal element of his load. The business of this man's life is to sell three-quarters for four, and he almost always succeeds. The arrangement of this load indicates rock-bottomed integrity on the part of the owner. There are many other kinds of loads, and the owner never fails to hold the mirror up to his own nature when he piles it on; but we skip them all, except one—a scarce variety it is, and probably always will be. It is composed of good honest wood, and there is just as much of it as the owner claims. This indicates an entire lack of knowledge of the wood business on the part of the owner; but such dense ignorance is seldom exhibited.

ROSE LEGENDS.

In the neighborhood of Jerusalem is a pleasant valley, which still bears the name, "Solomon's Rose-garden"; and where, according to a Mohammedan myth, a compact was made between the wise man and the genii of the morning land, which was written, not in blood, like the bond between Faust and Mephistopheles, nor in gall, like our modern treaties, but with saffron and rose-water, upon the petals of white roses. In Paris, in the sixteenth century, an edict was issued requiring all Jews to wear a rose on their breast as a distinguishing mark. In the Catholic Tyrol, at the present day, betrothed swains are expected to carry a rose during the period of their betrothal, as a warning to young maidens of their engaged state. Roses have played, and still play, an important part in popular usages in other parts of the world. In Germany young girls deck their hair with white roses for their confirmation, their entrance into the world; and when, at the end of life's career, the aged grandmother departs to her eternal rest, a last gift, in the shape of a rose-garland, is laid upon her bier. Julius Cæsar, it is recorded, was fain to hide his baldness, at the age of thirty, with the produce of the Roman rose-gardens, as Anacreon hid the snows of eighty under a wreath of roses. At mid-Lent the Pope sends a golden rose to particular churches or crowned heads whom he designs especially to honor. Martin Luther wore a rose in his girdle. In these instances the rose serves as a symbol of ecclesiastical wisdom. A rose was figured on the headsman's ax of the Noehmgericht. Many orders, fraternities and societies have taken the rose as their badge. The "Rosicrucians" may be instanced. The "Society of the Rose," of Hamburg, an association of learned ladies of the seventeenth century, is a less known example. It was divided into four sections, the Roses, the Lilies, the Violets and the Pinks. The holy Medarius instituted in France the custom of "La Rosiere," by which, in certain localities, a money gift and a crown of roses are bestowed upon the devoutest and most industrious maiden in the commune. The infamous Duke de Chartres established an "Order of the Rose" with a diametrically opposite intention. At Treviso a curious rose-feast is, or was, held annually. A castle was erected with tapestry and silken hangings, and defended by the best-born maidens in the city against the young bachelors; almonds, nutmegs, roses and squirts filled with rose-water being the ammunition freely used on both sides.

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.

About forty years ago a young seal was taken in Clew Bay, Ireland, and domesticated in a gentleman's house, which was situated on the seashore. It grew apace, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the members of the household. Its habits were innocent and gentle; it played with the children, came at its master's call, and, as the old man described it, was fond as a dog and playful as a kitten.

Daily the seal went out to fish, and, after providing for its own wants, frequently brought in a salmon or a turbot to its master. Its delight in the Summer was to bask in the sun, and in the Winter to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, to creep into the large oven, which, at that time, formed the regular appendage of an Irish kitchen.

For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when, unfortunately, a disease, called in the country the *crippawn*—a kind of paralytic affection of the limbs which generally ends fatally—attacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house; some died, others became infected, and the customary cure, produced by changing them to drier pasture, failed.

A wise woman was consulted, and the hag assured the credulous owner that the mortality among his cows was occasioned by his retaining an unclean beast about his habitation—the harmless and amusing seal. It must be

made way with directly, or the *crippawn* would continue, and her charms be unequal to avert the malady.

The superstitious wretch consented to the hag's proposal; the seal was put on board a boat, and carried out beyond Clare Island, and there committed to the deep, to manage for himself as he best could.

The boat returned, the family retired to rest; and next morning a servant awakened her master to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven. The poor animal over-night had come back to his beloved home, crept through an open window, and took possession of his favorite resting-place.

Next morning another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now be finally removed. A Galway fishing-boat was leaving Westport on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him overboard until he had gone some leagues beyond Innis Boffin.

It was done; a day and night passed; the second evening came; the servant was raking the fire for the night; something scraped gently at the door—it was, of course, the house-dog; she opened it, and in came the seal!

Wearied with his long and unusual voyage, he testified by a peculiar cry, expressive of pleasure, his delight to find himself at home. Then, stretching himself before the glowing embers of the hearth, he fell into a deep sleep. The master of the house was immediately apprised of this unexpected and unwelcome visit. In the exigency the old dame was awakened and consulted; she averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and a third time carried out to sea.

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.—"WHEN MORNING BROKE, THE DOOR WAS OPENED; THE SEAL WAS THERE, LYING DEAD UPON THE THRESHOLD!"

To this hellish proposition the besotted wretch who owned the house consented, and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight, on the hearth for which he had resigned his native element! Next morning, writhing in agony, the mutilated seal was embarked, taken outside Clare Island, and for the last time committed to the waves.

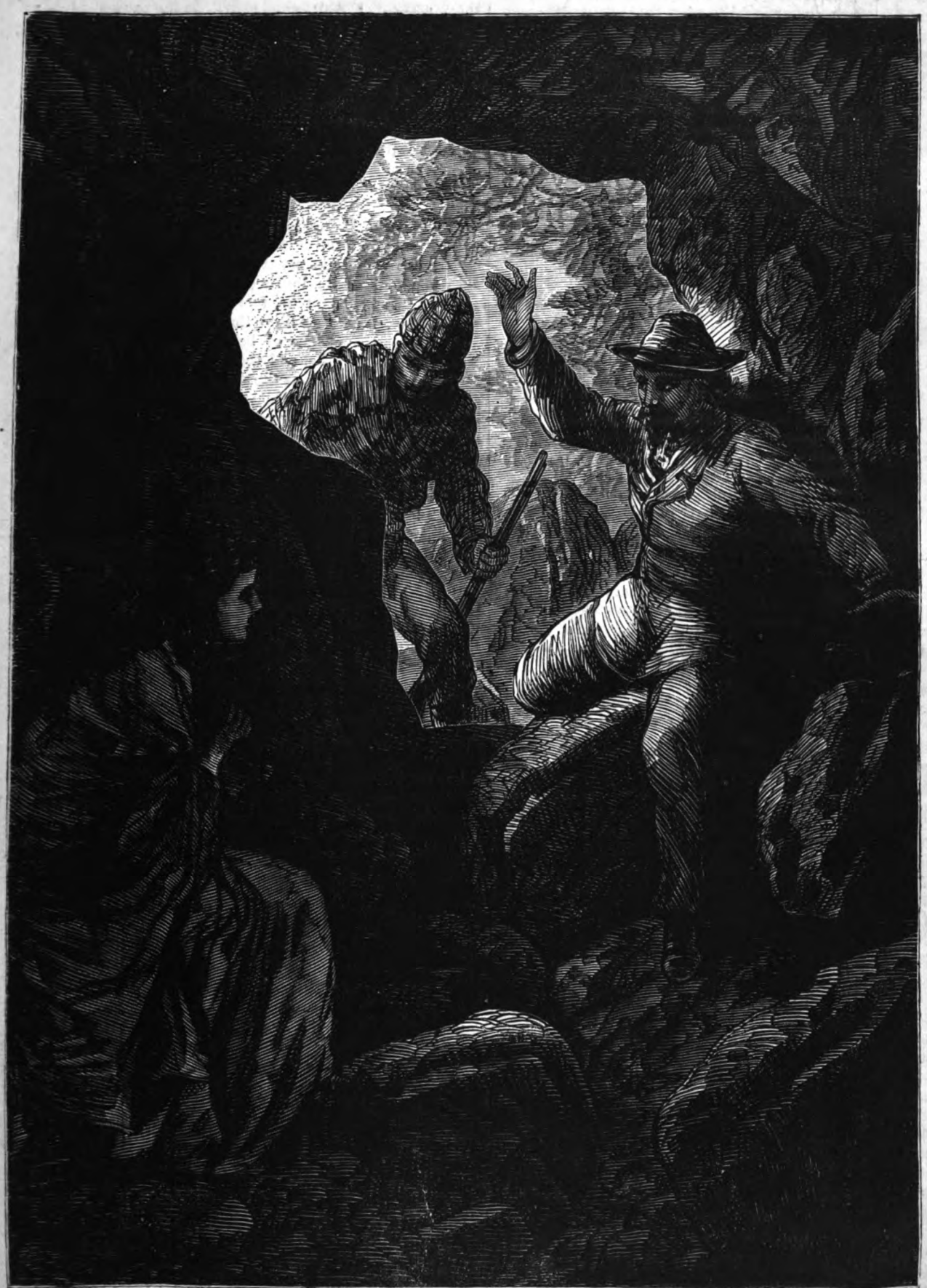
A week passed over, and things became worse instead of better; the cattle of the truculent wretch died fast, and the infernal hag gave him the pleasurable tidings that her arts were useless, and that the destructive visitation upon his cattle exceeded her skill and cure.

On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise at times was faintly heard at the door; the servants, who slept in the kitchen, concluded that the "banshee" had come to forewarn them of an approaching death, and buried their heads in the bed-coverings.

When morning broke, the door was opened; the seal was there, lying dead upon the threshold! The skeleton of the once plump animal—for, poor beast, it had perished from hunger, being incapacitated, from blindness, to procure its customary food—was buried in a sandhill; and from that moment misfortunes followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed. The detestable hag who had denounced the inoffensive seal was, within a twelvemonth, hanged for the murder of her own grandchild. Everything about this devoted house melted away: sheep rotted, cattle died, and the corn was blighted. Of several children, none reached maturity, and the proprietor survived everything he loved or cared for. He died *blind* and miserable.

There is not a stone of that accursed building standing upon another. The property has passed to a family of another name, and the series of incessant calamity that pursued all concerned in this cruel deed is as romantic as true. Moral: Do right, or Retributive Justice will step in and exact compensation for the wrong done.

People proposing to travel abroad would do well to give heed to a little story in London *Truth* of a lady who purchased some diamonds and some "Queen Anne" silver-ware. It became necessary to have the setting of one of the diamonds changed, and the jeweler's bill called it a "Cape" diamond. An expert, who was consulted, declared that the diamonds were not from Brazil, but from the Cape. The lady then investigated the authenticity of her "Queen Anne" silver. It was soon discovered that either the Hall-mark had been forged, or that it had been taken from smaller articles and introduced into the larger plate. The Goldsmiths' Company threaten to impose a fine of several thousand pounds on the silversmith of whom the lady purchased the silver. As "Queen Anne" silver brings between ten and fifteen dollars an ounce, the profit on the spurious article must be enormous.



THE LADY URQUART.—"CHAINED TO A CHAIR, OR RATHER TO A SEAT OF ROCK, SAT YNCEDELLE DE FORTLIEU, VICOMTESSE DE VERNEUIL, AND LADY OF THE LANDS OF BALCONIE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

NEVER AGAIN.

By Adelaide A. Proctor.

"Never again," vow hearts when reunited—
"Never again shall Love be cast aside;
For ever now the shadow has departed;
Nor bitter sorrow, vailed in scornful pride,
Shall feign indifference or affect disdain—
Never, O Love, again, never again!"

"Never again!" so sobs in broken accents
A soul laid prostrate at a holy shrine—
"Once more, once more forgive, O Lord, and pardon:
My wayward life shall bend to love divine,
And never more shall sin its whiteness stain—
Never, O God, again, never again!"

"Never again!" so speaketh one forsaken,
In the blank, desolate passion of despair—
"Never again shall the bright dream I cherished
Delude my heart, for bitter truth is there;
The angel Hope shall still thy cruel pain,
Never again, my heart, never again!"

"Never again!" so speaks the sudden silence,
When round the hearth gathers each well-known face,
But one is missing, and no future presence,
However dear, can fill that vacant place;
For ever shall that burning thought remain—
"Never, beloved, again, never again!"

"Never again!" so—but beyond our hearing—
Ring out far voices fading up the sky;
Never again shall earthly care and sorrow
Weigh down the wings that bear those souls on high;
Listen, O earth, and hear that glorious strain—
"Never, never again, never again!"

THE LADY URQUART.

CHAPTER I.

A SOIRÉE IN PARIS.

NOT long before the terrors of the fearful Commune began, I, Hubert Duncan, on the staff of the —— as local correspondent, had occasion to attend a *soirée* at the house of D——, the celebrated artist.

I had scarcely entered the well-filled rooms ere my eyes fastened themselves, as if by fascination, on the face of a lady upon whom each and all seemed to endeavor to bestow not only attention, but a kind of solicitous care, and about whose chair were grouped many of the great D——'s guests.

This surprised me, for in Paris under the Empire—Second, of course—every one had a *nonchalant* bearing. Nothing but fame, extraordinary beauty—or hideousness—immense wealth, or great eccentricity, excited more than momentary remark.

Who could this lady be, about whose chair *savans*, artists, belles and beaux stood with an air of affectionate interest?

She appeared about twenty-five. But a more *joyless* face I never looked at.

I inwardly remarked, when gazing at her, that even the *opéra bouffe* would not be likely to excite a smile on that face. The traces of some fearful past were upon it, but not the look *of guilt*. No; sad as it was, that was an innocent countenance.

The eyes alone might be commented upon as beautiful. The features were emaciated to a degree that impaired their beauty of outline, and gave them an unnatural sharpness. The form was almost diaphanous, and, in its garb of white, had a weird look.

As I gazed, I remembered a marble angel of the Byzantine period that I had seen many years before—by moonlight—cold, spiritual, unearthly and unutterably sad.

Greatly interested, and the more so from the perfect quietude with which the white-robed lady received the attentions of the beauties and the magnates about her, I finally demanded of C——, the sculptor, the meaning of it all.

"Who is she?" questioned I.

"I'll tell you some other time," replied C——. "Come and smoke a cigar in my studio. Queer business, I assure you," added he, looking at the object of our comments. "Fate, I suppose, fate!"

Next day, awake alike to the honor of an invitation from C——, the chance of beholding the wonders and beauties of his studio, and the merits of a *new* story, I found myself, at the hour the sculptor had mentioned, on the steps of his luxurious house—a mansion worthy of a sybarite. *Entre nous*, my reader, there's a little of that sort of thing about the celebrated C——.

I gazed at the busts around me, and finally came to one which represented what I supposed to be an ideal "Spring."

"Ah! you like my 'Printemps'?" said C——, noting how entranced I stood.

"*C'est quelque chose de divin*," replied I, still lost in admiration.

"*Eh bien, mon cher*," said C——, quietly, "that is the lady you saw last night——".

Here I exclaimed:

"What!"

And C—— quietly added:

"As she was five years ago."

It may be imagined that my already great interest increased, and I drew my chair close to C——, who was at work on wet clay, demanding the story of the pale lady.

"It's rather *sensational*," said C——, before beginning. "Like that sort of thing—eh?"

"*Anything* for novelty!" gasped I.

At this C—— arose, called for coffee, laid two packages of cigarettes—he knows my little weakness—on a silver salver before us, and plunged into the following recital:

CHAPTER II.

A SCOTCH LAIRD'S "HAME."

"Five years ago," began C——, "the most beautiful woman in Paris was Yncedelle de Fortlieu, Vicomtesse de Verneuil.

"Everybody said she ought to marry well. She was celebrated not only for the rare perfection of feature which you will observe in the 'Spring,' but for her long and lustrous black hair—a wonder in itself, for it trailed upon the ground—and hands and feet so perfect that, although the favor was never granted me, I have begged, ere now, that I might be permitted to model them.

"Nobody was surprised, except myself, when Yncedelle de Fortlieu's marriage to a Scotch nobleman, of great wealth and rare personal beauty, was announced.

"The Laird of B—— was a man to attract any woman. But I knew that Mademoiselle de Fortlieu loved another, and that this other was Henry de la Porliere, a gentleman of rank from Brittany, and *écuyer* to the Empress.

"Had the heart of the young vicomtesse been free, there appeared no earthly reason why Lord Urquart

should not win it. The Laird of B—— was a far more handsome man—save to the eyes of her who loved the latter—than Henri de la Porliere.

"Had I been a woman, and in the place of the fair young vicomtesse, I should have made a virtue of necessity—in this case represented by a stern father and a heartless stepmother—and transferred my affections to the Scotch laird, with 'muckle guld' and lands of wide, sweeping acres. But women don't seem to be able to transfer their hearts—poor things!—as *we* do."

"But she married the 'maun with the sack o' siller,'" said I, "and broke the heart of the 'puir barley miller'—in other words, of De la Porliere?"

"Yes," reluctantly added C——, "she obeyed her parents, and a few days after the first announcement of the marriage, the wedding took place. The young laird, it was averred, was impatient.

"The laird's estates in Scotland lay, it was said, in an exceedingly wild, weird spot, and I remember feeling greatly gratified when his bride gave me, before leaving Paris, an invitation to visit the lands of B——.

"Though not a painter, I love wild scenery, and I have found it, ere now, vastly suggestive. I modeled my 'Titan' after a season of mountain-ranging and Rhine-contemplation. That Brocken is a great thing, I assure you! Before long, said I to myself, I'll go to Scotland, and find the lands of B——.

"But years passed by. I had become so engrossed in my not unremunerative efforts" (C—— is worth millions, my reader, let me remark in parenthesis), "and season after season passed, and always found me elsewhere than in Scotland.

"At last, however, I found a little leisure, and departed. After traveling some time I came to B——. Do you know Scotland, Duncan?"

"Not well," replied I. "I've seen a little of it—not much."

"Well, I must say that the scenery would have repaid a more fastidious man than I am. It was grand!

"The River Auldgrande, after pursuing a winding course through the mountainous parish of Kiltearn for about six miles, falls into the upper part of the firth of Cromarty. For a considerable distance it runs through a precipitous gulf of great depth, and the sides approach each other so near that herd-boys have been known to climb across on the trees, which, jutting out on either side, intwine their branches athwart the centre. In many places the river is wholly invisible; its voice, however, is lifted up at all times in a wild, sepulchral wailing that seems the lament of an imprisoned spirit. In one part there is a bridge of undressed logs across the chasm; and here the observer, if he *can* look down—few have the courage—can behold a sight equally awful and astounding.

"The wildness of the steep, rugged rocks; the gloomy horror of the caverns and cliffs, inaccessible to mortal tread, and where the genial rays of the sun have never penetrated; the waterfalls, which are heard pouring down in different places in the precipice, with sounds which vary in proportion to their distance; the hoarse and hollow murmurings of the river, which runs at the depth of one hundred and thirty feet below the surface of the earth; the fine groves of pines, which majestically climb the sides of a beautiful eminence that rises immediately from the brink of the chasm—all these cannot be contemplated without wonder and delight.

"The house and lands of B——, a beautiful property, lie within a short ride of the chasm.

"Thither I rode.

"Arrived at the castle, I inquired for its lord and lady.

"A gloomy fellow enough played the part of seneschal, and abruptly informed me that Lord Urquart, 'did not see visitors, that Lady Urquart had been *dead for the last six months*, and that he could not do more than give me and my horse a meal, for fear,' he added, 'of offending the laird.'

"I cannot account, my dear Duncan," resumed C——, "for the strange feeling that took possession of me at this intelligence. I knew that the old Count and Countess of Verneuil had heard nothing, a few weeks before, of their daughter's death. And here this old servitor informed me that *six months* had elapsed since it had taken place.

"Next day I took my gun and set forth with a vague idea of shooting birds, but also with a determination, by no means vague, to learn more of the Laird of B——. When I met the first villager that appeared on my pathway—I ought here to state that I did not accept a mouthful at the laird's abode—I began to question him.

"And from him I learned what my Parisian friends and the family of De la Porliere quite ignored—namely, that he had visited the lands of B——, and the laird's house, three months before, and that a little more than three weeks after his appearance at B—— the laird had fought a duel with him, *and killed him.*

"The villager also informed me that though the old retainer—Hugh Stevens he called him—and the laird had both given out that the lady of B—— was dead, '*an' in her grave*,' no one had witnessed the funeral ceremonies, if there had been any, and none had seen her burial-place.

"'The devil,' the villager informed me, '*had a grip on the laird's shoulder*,' and many conjectures had been and still were made as to the fate of the fair wife of the 'strange, wild maun,' as Lord Urquart was said to have become.

"I shot nothing that day.

"I wandered near the horrible but beautiful spot I have described, and, looking at its horror and its beauty, I said to myself that it was no strange thing that those who dwelt among surroundings so 'uncanny' should have a life, and perhaps *a fate*, differing from that of the many. But I determined to know more.

CHAPTER III.

C—— A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

"NEXT morning I set forth again.

"I believe in presentiments and warnings, and all that kind of thing. Why, Duncan, the night before my 'Psyche' fell and was broken to pieces I dreamed that it *did* fall."

"I lean a little that way myself," admitted I.

"The first person whom I met," resumed C——, "was my old villager of the evening before. Removing his cap with a respectful salutation, he asked if he might be permitted to talk with me.

"Of course, I assented with alacrity.

"Many a wild legend he related, and among others, the 'auld, auld' tradition of the 'Lady of Balconie, the ancestress of the laird.'

"I must relate it, as it was the 'auld maun's' telling it to me that led to the grand *dénouement*, of which, by-the-by, *I* am the hero.

"It was said, he informed me, that two centuries before, the proprietor of Balconie, the ancestor of Lord Urquart, had married a lady of very peculiar and eccentric habits. She was regarded by the inhabitants of the Highlands with mingled suspicion and terror.

"She spent her time, did this weird 'ladye,' in spots where no human being would, of course, remain or go alone. Solitary rambles about the fearful Auldgrande,

which I have described, engrossed the greater part of her time.

"Suddenly she seemed to attach herself to a young Highland girl, one of her own maids. Yet the dread and suspicion that had attached themselves to her; the species of strange sinking of the vital powers that came to one and all with her appearance; the feeling as if in the presence of a creature from another world—these did not die away.

"At last, after spending a whole day with the innocent object of her preference—a preference which made the girl very melancholy—she accompanied her to the banks of the Auldgrande.

"They came near the chasm just at sunset. All beneath was dark as midnight.

"'Let us approach nearer the edge,' said the lady, speaking for the first time since she had left the house.

"'Not any nearer, madame,' replied her terrified companion; 'the sun is almost set, and fearful sights meet the eye in the gully after nightfall.'

"'Oh, nonsense!' replied the lady. 'Come! I will show you a path which leads to the water. It is the finest sight in the world. I have seen it a thousand times, and must see it again to-night. Come!' continued she, grasping the girl by the arm; 'I desire it much, and so down we must go. Come, I say—come!'

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.—"AS THE TERRIBLE ANIMAL BORE HIM TO THE FLOOR, HE DREW HIS DAGGER, AND STABBED HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN."— SEE PAGE 87.

"'No, lady!' exclaimed the girl, almost dead with terror, and startled by the fiendish expression of mingled anger and terror on her strange companion's face; 'I shall swoon and fall over!'

"'Nay, lost wretch, there is no escape!' cried the lady, her voice rising to a hideous scream, as, with a strength strangely unlike what might have been expected from her delicate form, she dragged the girl, despite her cries and struggles, toward the chasm.

"'Suffer me, madame, to accompany you,' said a hoarse, masculine voice behind her; 'your surety, you know, must be a *willing* one.'

"A dark-looking man, clad in green garments, suddenly stood beside the pair; and the lady, quitting her hold of the young maiden with an expression of mute anguish and despair, suffered the stranger to lead her toward the abyss. Turning as she reached the precipice, she detached from her girdle a bunch of household keys, and, after what seemed to be a farewell look at the sinking sun, flung them up the bank toward the girl. As she did so, she vanished behind the nearer edge of the gulf. The keys, in falling, struck a granite boulder, and left an impression, which, at this stage of his story, the old villager, as we had neared the chasm, pointed out to me.

"The girl," continued he, "remained rooted to the spot in mute amazement.

"On returning home, and telling her horrible story, the husband of the lady, with all the males of the household, rushed toward the chasm. Its perilous edge became alive with torches, and loud cries, to summon the lost lady to make known her whereabouts, resounded through the darkness. But the search proved vain. The impress of the keys remained to bear out the young girl's words; a faint line marked the mold of the precipice lower down, but that was all.

The river at this point is hidden by a projecting crag, but could be heard fretting and growling over the pointed rock, like a lion in its lair.

"They listened, that anxious party, and as they thought of the lady, they shuddered.

"Days, and months, and years passed.

"At last, when ten long years had gone by, an old Highlander, one Donald, who was servant to a maiden lady who lived near the Auldgrande, was engaged one day in fishing in the river, a little space below where it emerges from the chasm.

"'Are you quite sure,' asked his mistress, when he returned, 'that this is all your day's fishing? Have you no more?'

"Now, old Donald had hidden some fish behind a bush, for his aged mother, who lived near, but he replied: '*Devil a one!*'

"After the maiden lady's back was turned, he stole back to the river, and looked for the hidden fish. None remained, but a few scales upon the grass indicated that some animal had passed along the mold, in the direction of the abyss.

IN A PALM GROVE.— SEE PAGE 86.

"Brave Donald followed the track. *Of this track I will tell you more before I close.* Let me say here that it terminated, after he had met much peril, in an immense cavern.

"As he entered, two gigantic dogs, who had been sleeping on each side of the chasm, rose lazily from their beds, and yawning as they lay down again, they turned their slow and awful eyes to his face. A little further on, there was a chair and a table of iron, much corroded by the damps of the cavern. Donald's fish, and a large mass of leaven, prepared for baking, lay on the table. In the chair sat the 'Ladye of Balconie.'

"'Oh, Donald!' exclaimed the lady, 'what brings you here?'

"'I come in quest of my fish,' answered Donald. 'But, oh, lady! what *keeps* you here? Come away with me, and you will be Ladye of Balconie yet.'

"'No,' replied she; 'that day is past. I am fixed to this seat, and all the Highlands could not move me.'

"Donald looked at the iron chair. Its enormous legs rose direct out of the solid rock, as if growing out of it; and a thick iron chain, red with rust, that lay under it, communicated with a strong ring, and was fastened to one of the lady's ankles.

"'Besides,' added the lady, 'look at these dogs. Oh! why have you come here? The fish you denied to your mistress *in the name of my jailer.* But how are *you* to escape?'

"'Deed, madame,' said he, 'I dinna weel ken. I maun first durk the twa tykes, I'm thinkin'.'

"'No,' replied the lady; 'there's but one way—be on the alert!'

"She laid hold of the mass of leaven upon the table and flung it to the dogs, who sprang upon it, while Donald escaped.

"Since then the Lady of Balconie was never seen or heard of more, though sought for long."

"But how could any one reach the cavern?" demanded I, not wishing to appear to doubt the old villager's story.

"I dinna ken," answered he, in old Donald's words, and shaking his head.

"And as he spoke he left me.

"But I fell *to thinking.*

CHAPTER IV.

YNCEDELLE, LADY URQUART.

"And the result of my thinking," added C——, "was a resolve, which was, perhaps, made stronger by a dream I had—a dream that certainly arose from the hearing of the villager's wild story, the most fearful of the old Scotch legends. *I dreamed that I found the track to the cavern, and that in the cavern I found—a woman!*

"Next day, gun in hand, and with old Reuben, the villager, beside me, I set forth for the chasm once more.

"'Yours is a brave heart,' said the old man to me, when I told him that in my dream I had seen the face of the lost Yncedelle, the Lady Urquart.

"I now, in obedience to the memory of my dream, took a track winding over grass and stone, along the edge of the River Auldgrande. The channel narrowed as we proceeded; the precipices on either side beetled in some places so high over our heads as to shut out the sky, and receded in others so that we could catch a glimpse of it through leaves and bushes. From the gloom of the place we thought we had lost the track, and, I admit, we were on the eve of turning back in terror, when, at the abrupt angle of the rock, we found ourselves facing *an immense cavern.*"

"Well!" cried I, quite breathless, in my eagerness to hear *what else* C—— could possibly have to tell.

"Well, *mon cher*, I think I had better stop now," said the sculptor, "for I no longer expect to be believed."

"No, no! Go on!"

"You insist? Well, *chained to a chair, or rather to a seat of rock*, the existence of which probably gave rise to the legend I have related, as I had it from old Reuben Lyle, *sat Yncedelle de Fortlieu, Vicomtesse de Verneuil*, and lady of the lands of Balconie!"

I stared at the sculptor in amazement.

"I speak in sober earnest," he replied.

"Well, *why* was it all?" asked I.

"Simply because of this: *Urquart was mad.* He imagined that Yncedelle had deceived him with Henri de la Porliere. The duel was more a murder than a duel, when put to proof, for the neighbors told the cruel facts of fire exchanged *across a narrow table* in his ancestral halls. After this, with the memory of the legendary—so many thought, but *he* knew really existing—cavern in his mind, the laird had, for six long months, kept Lady Urquart a prisoner there, and himself carried to her, in this horrible, this maddening solitude, the scanty food by which he kept her, by a refinement of cruelty, alive."

"No wonder that the lady looks as though she could never smile again."

"There is one detail which I did not mention," added C——; "it is this: You may have noticed her wide golden bracelets, worn for this reason: the irons about her wrists had *eaten in* so that the perfect hands, that in her bright girlhood I had humbly begged to model, are marked, as well as her delicate wrists, with indelible scars."

"And what became of the wicked *premier rôle* in this strange affair?" asked I.

"He is where he ought to have been before he was ever suffered to marry Yncedelle de Fortlieu—*in an insane asylum.*"

"How is it that his true condition was not suspected?" demanded I.

"That, to my mind, is one of the worst features of the case. Madame de Fortlieu was, in point of fact, only the stepmother of the lovely Yncedelle. The old count had married her *en secondes noces*, and she hated her stepdaughter. The unnatural parent yearned for the laird's wealth, and doomed his daughter, though I will never believe that he would have wedded her voluntarily to madness."

"That is a wasted life," muttered I, as C—— was about to cover the wet clay, out of which, while talking, he had made a strangely beautiful face. "By-the-by, what a sweet face you have made of this! It reminds me of the 'puir ladye,' as old Reuben called her, as she looks now."

"Yes," said C——, "I meant that it should. I shall call it a 'Young Christian Slave doomed to the Arena.' And," added he, as we set out for a walk on the boulevard, "there's one comfort as to Lady Urquart's wasted life—*it won't last long;* the doctors say she is consumptive."

But I presume the reader has guessed, as I did, that the celebrated sculptor *loved the Lady Urquart.*

IN A PALM GROVE.

Rain is rare in the Sahara; it falls in Winter, and stimulates into a newly awakened life the vegetation which has been drained of vigor by a Summer sun. Sometimes it descends in torrents, but these torrents, like our Summer showers, are of briefest duration. At

Tongourt and Ouraegla whole years pass by without a drop of rain. Does not the reader understand, then, the gratefulness of the Arab toward a tree which can derive its nourishment from the burning sand, the scarcely less burning airs of heaven, and the brackish waters beneath the soil which are fatal to all other kinds of vegetation—which retains its verdure fresh in the glare of a pitiless sun—which resists successfully the winds that bow to the ground its flexible stem—which provides him with beams and covering for his tent, cordage for the harness of his horses and camels, fruit to satisfy his hunger and wine to quench his thirst—which is, moreover, "a thing of beauty," and gladsome to the eye ?

> "Those groups of lovely date-trees, bending
> Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,
> Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
> Warns them to their silken beds."

What the vine is to the Italian, the oak to the Englishman, the cocoanut-tree to the Polynesian, is the date-palm to the Arab. And more—far more. This single tree has peopled the desert. A civilization, rudimentary compared with that of the West, sufficiently advanced if you contrast it with that of the Malay or the South Sea Islander, finds in it its standing-point, its centre, its support. And without it the tribes of the Sahara would cease to be.

The wealth of an oasis is computed by the number of its palm-trees. All of them, however, are not fruitful; for the date is diœcious. It has its males and its females. The males have flowers furnished with stamens only, and form a closed-up, folded, grape-like ball, previous to the ripening of the pollen in an envelope called the spathe. The females, on the contrary, bear clusters of fruit also wrapped up in a spathe, but incapable of development until fecundated by the pollen or dust of the stamens. To multiply the date-trees, the Arabs do not sow the kernels of the fruits, though they germinate with extreme facility, for it is impossible to tell beforehand of what sex the tree will be; they prefer, therefore, to detach a slip from the trunk of a female tree, and this becomes fruitful at the expiry of eight years.

The male trees blossom, says Mr. Tristram, in the month of March, and about the same time the case containing the female buds begins to open. To impregnate these, a bunch of male flowers is carefully inserted and fastened in the calyx. Toward the beginning of July, when the fruit begins to swell, the bunches are tied to the neighboring branches.

The dates are ripe in October, at which time any premature rain is fatal to the crop, though the *roots* require a daily watering. Not less injurious are east winds in March and April. The tree when it begins to bear is about seven feet high. Each year the lowest ring of leaves falls off, so that the age of a palm may be roughly computed from the notches on its stem. Its fruit begins to decline after a century, and the tree is then cut down for building purposes; but it will live for at least a couple of hundred years.

Some trees produce as many as twenty bunches; but the average in a favorable season is from eight to ten bunches, each weighing from twelve to twenty pounds. Before the dates ripen, each proprietor is bound to set apart one tree in his garden, whose fruit is consecrated for the service of the mosque and the use of the poor.

From the juice of the date the Arab obtains a sweet fermented liquor, called *laguni*, of which he is inordinately fond. He makes an incision in the top of the tree, taking care to strike home to the centre. A funnel is attached, by which the sap flows into a vessel at the rate of about three quarts every morning for ten to sixteen days. The incision requires to be opened afresh daily.

The cabbage, or soft pith and young unfolded leaves at the summit of the stem, in taste approaching the chestnut, is also eaten, but only when the tree has fallen or been felled, as the loss of its crown will invariably destroy it.

There are fifteen varieties of dates, of which the *dghetnour* is considered the best for keeping, and three other kinds are preferred fresh.

The crest of the full-grown tree rises about fifty feet above the ground. The air circulates freely under the leafy canopy formed by their interlacing branches, but the sun's rays do not penetrate. Shade, air, and water—these three elements permit the most varied cultivation in the palm-gardens, despite the scorching heats of Summer.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

A TROPICAL night on the Pacific. The sky is studded with stars, which are mirrored in the vast deep beneath. There is just enough air to keep the *Dolphin* moving at a quiet rate, and the passengers are gathered on deck to enjoy the matchless evening.

A short distance away stand two lovers—Edmund Prescott and Florence Herndon—looking out upon the ocean, and meditating and conversing upon the scene.

"How different this sky from our own American firmament!" remarked the latter, after a pause. "I can scarcely recognize my favorite constellation. The Southern Cross is beautiful, but then I miss the others. Ursa Major has disappeared, and as for the Minor Bear, scarce a star of him is visible."

At this observation, which was intended for no particular ears, Adolphus Fitzgibbons aroused himself.

"Aw—what's that, Miss Herndon ?—aw—have you seen *bears* at sea ?"

"Yes, and monkeys, too!" was the quick but good-natured reply.

All of us laughed, while Fitzgibbons looked silly, then grinned hugely, then seemed to meditate some scathing witticism, then concluded he wouldn't, and stretched out upon his side, with his back toward the lovers, and pretended to, or really did, fall asleep within the next fifteen minutes.

I was reclining on the deck, about a dozen feet from where the lovers stood—not with any intention of listening to their words, but simply because I had taken my position first, and was too languid to change it. I had been an invalid for years, and was now recovering from a severe spell of sickness.

I was lazily drawing at my Havana, puffing the thin, fragrant smoke from my mouth without removing the cigar, and gazing upward at the brilliant stars as they slowly sailed overhead. I was in that delicious dreamy state, half asleep and half awake, hearing only the murmur of the voices around me as one hears the faint sound of a distant waterfall.

I presume I had lain thus for fully an hour, and my cigar had burned almost to my mouth, while the long column of ashes was still unbroken, when something struck my ear like the sound of a bell. It was not until I had heard it several times that it seemed really to affect my senses.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF THE CICADA OR LOCUST.—SEE PAGE 91.

All at once I gave a start, the ashes dropped upon my bosom, and I arose to a sitting position, and gazed around me.

"Hark!" said I; "didn't you hear that bell?"

"Just what I have been trying to make Edmund believe!" laughed Florence Herndon; "he persisted in not believing it."

"Listen!" said I, raising my hand; and immediately there fell a death-like silence.

And while thus intently listening, there came across the sea, faint but distinct, the soft, distant sound of a bell. We scarcely breathed for a minute, and the strange, solemn sound was repeated at regular intervals, as if swung by the hand of some exhausted sufferer, or tolled by the swell of the ocean.

The captain by this time had approached, and stood in the attitude of attention.

"We must be near the land?" I ventured, rather in the form of an inquiry than in that of an assertion.

"No, sir," responded the captain; "the nearest island is a good eight hundred miles away, and *this* doesn't come from there, I reckon."

"What can it be?" asked several, in the same breath.

"The sound comes from that direction," said Florence Herndon, pointing toward the equator.

"Perhaps it is on board a ship?" I again ventured.

"Don't think it is," replied the captain, with a shake of the head.

"What *can* it be?" asked Florence.

To this no one ventured a reply for several moments. In the meantime, the tolling of the bell had become quite distinct, and Adolphus Fitzgibbons gave a yawn, a groan, a kick, and a woke.

"Aw—yes—aw—I was about to suggest—aw—that the tea-bell should ring—aw—aw!" he stammered, confusedly rising to his feet, and pitching back and forth; then, seeing us all in the attitude of attention: "What—aw—the dooce is the matter?"

"*It's the Bell of Doom!*" exclaimed Backstay Bob, a tall, scarred sailor, from his position at the wheel.

"Pshaw! you're too childish!" replied the captain. "Whatever it is, we are rapidly approaching it, for notice how much louder it sounds."

Such was the case. The bell was now heard clear and distinct to the south, and was approaching every moment. Shortly after, the captain took his night-glass and gazed long and intently in that direction. When he lowered it, he said:

"I can just discover a dark body rising and falling on

the waves, but nothing more. Backstay Bob, you have got the best eyesight of any one on board. See what you can make of it."

Bob resigned his place at the wheel to one of the men, and came forward and took the glass. He went to the gunwale, and leaning over, held it to his eye for several minutes without speaking, and, to all appearance, without breathing, while we awaited his words with the deepest interest.

Finally he gave a great sigh, and lowered it.

"Bile me up for whale blubber, if it ain't old Davy Jones afloat!"

"How does it look?" several of us inquired, in the same breath.

"I'll be hanged if I can tell! There's no bowsprit, and——"

Here he leveled the glass again, and shortly after continued his observations:

"There's no sail—no *nothin'*."

"There must be *something*."

"Aw—certainly—aw—*something*, certainly—aw—if your vision—aw—is able to discern it," ventured the gentle Adolphus Fitzgibbons.

"Don't you see anything like a sail?" inquired the captain.

"Not a speck; nor any place to put one, either. Hold a minute!" shouted Backstay Bob. "I've got her in range now. She hain't got the least mite of a boom, yard, or anything like. She looks like some great hulk of a lightboat. Hold on agin—*I see the bell!*—they've rigged it up at the masthead, so that it swings back'ard and for'ard every time the thing gives a lurch to leeward."

"Can you see anything aboard?"

"Not a creetur', living or dead."

"Keep her away a couple of points," cried the captain, to the man at the wheel.

"Ay, ay, sir!" and the ship's course was altered, so as to bring her rapidly nearer the mysterious craft toward which all eyes were directed.

Several of the company now openly remarked that there was something supernatural in the appearance of this boat with its tolling bell. To all of these Florence Herndon and her lover replied lightly, neither of them having the least faith in their credulity. The captain listened, impatiently, and then said:

"You are all a set of ninnies. No doubt you imagine Old Nick is aboard, with a crew of little imps, bound for the Gallapagos Isles with a load of brimstone. If you'll just contain yourselves for half an hour longer, I'll tell you something about it, for I intend to board that old lumbering concern, even if it turns out to be the Flying Dutchman or Davy Jones's flagship, and shall explore it from stem to stern."

To show that he meant what he said, orders were given to heave to, and to get one of the boats in readiness. By this time the nondescript was plainly visible to all. It appeared to be an old hulk, with a single mast in the centre. The bell was suspended from the masthead, and ever and

THE ONE-THOUSAND-MILE TREE.—SEE PAGE 91.

anon sent forth its solemn tolling, as the hulk rose and sank with the heavings of the sea.

Before the ship was brought to, we had passed the hulk some distance, so that when we halted there were several hundred yards intervening, and it was only dimly discernible.

A boat was lowered, and the captain, having selected a crew, pulled away toward the hulk. I asked permission to accompany it, but, on account of my recent illness, was refused. Fortunate indeed for me was that refusal!

There was something so extraordinary regarding the appearance and action of the thing, that the curiosity of us all was so intense as to be painful. We leaned over the gunwale, and strained our gaze as the captain and his crew drew rapidly near it.

We saw the distance swiftly decrease between the two boats, until the shadowy forms merged into one. And then followed an impressive silence—suddenly broken by a howl, a pistol-shot and a scream; and, as our hearts almost stopped beating, we saw, a moment later, the boat put off from the hulk, and the men rowing with all their might back to the ship.

As they came near, we discerned that the captain was missing!

Backstay Bob dashed toward the boat, and shaking his fist at the men, demanded furiously:

"You cowardly dogs! where is Captain Luster?"

"The devil has got him!"

Absurd as this reply might have seemed at any other time, it was uttered in solemn earnest, as the ghastly faces of the crew attested. In reply to our eager questions, they said that the moment they came alongside the craft they heard a low, hollow, unearthly sound, which caused them to hesitate about going aboard. The captain, however, climbed up the side of the vessel, and after looking about the deck a moment, descended the hatchway, and disappeared from view.

He was scarcely out of sight when the noise they had heard at first was repeated, far louder and fiercer. The next moment the report of the captain's pistol was heard, followed by a terrible shriek, and then all was still.

Horror-struck, they called loudly and repeatedly to their commander, but receiving no answer, pulled away from the ship.

"You're a purty set of cowardly sneaks, ain't you! to go and desert your captain that way, when, like enough, he needed you to save his life!" roared Backstay Bob, forgetting in his fury that the first mate was among those he denounced. "I'm going back to that old hulk, and if I can't get at the devil in it any other way, I'll put a keg of powder in it and blow it to blazes!"

"Bob is right, if his excitement does make him forget his manners," said the mate. "It was not my intention to desert Captain Luster in trouble. The men were so frightened that I thought it best to come back and get a new set."

There was some difficulty in procuring the requisite number, and accordingly Prescott and myself were accepted. As the former went over the ship's side, Florence Herndon said:

"Don't *you* come back, Edmund, until you have learned what has become of poor Captain Luster."

He gave her his promise, and a few minutes later the boat shoved off, and we rapidly neared the hulk, which had acquired such a strange interest to us all.

Prescott, in addition to his revolver, had a small Italian dagger, which I observed him handle, as if to assure himself that it was reliable. Then, as he replaced it, he remarked to me:

"There's no telling what's inside that mass of lumber, and this may be the weapon I need, after all."

Arriving at the craft, after a short consultation it was agreed that the four oarsmen, the mate and myself should remain behind, while Backstay Bob and Edmund Prescott should explore the hulk. As it was morally certain that some dreadful danger menaced all who entered the cabin, and as I was good for nothing, I needed no more urging than the mate to remain in my position.

Prescott went first, holding his pistol in one hand and a lantern in the other, while Bob closely followed with his cutlass. We saw them descend the hatchway; all was still, and then I heard the single exclamation from Prescott: "Oh, my God!"

This was followed by a terrible roar, a quick succession of pistol-shots, a fierce struggle, and then all was still again.

The next moment both Prescott and Backstay Bob emerged to view, covered from head to foot with blood.

"Come aboard," said they; "the danger is over."

The next instant we were on deck. I rushed to the hold and gazed down. Merciful heaven! what did I behold?

By the dim light of the lantern we saw the mangled body of Captain Luster. The head and one of the limbs were gone, and there was scarcely a semblance of humanity in the remains before us. Near him was the gaunt, terrible form of an expiring Bengal tiger, killed by the bullets, cutlass and dagger of Prescott and Backstay Bob.

The two latter, on first entering the cabin, saw the mutilated body of Captain Luster. A low growl announced danger, and as Prescott turned his gaze, he saw the tiger crouching, and in the very act of springing. Dropping his lantern, he fired his revolver, and, as the terrible animal bore him to the floor, he drew his dagger and stabbed him again and again. The needle-pointed instrument reached his heart, which, united with the slashing blows of Backstay Bob, settled him before he could inflict any material injury.

We now made a critical examination of the place. A number of human bones strewed the floor, and several articles of wearing apparel, which seemed to indicate that the place had been tenanted by two human beings of opposite sexes, who had probably been torn to pieces by the famished tiger. The apartment was long and low, extending the whole length of the vessel, and having at either extremity a massive iron chain, terminating in a heavy ring at one end, the other being fastened by a strong staple to a beam in the vessel's side.

The brute had a chain to his neck, and had been confined to one corner of the apartment by a delicate iron ring, which had manifestly been put there to be broken. Over the centre of the room was written something in an Indian dialect, which was pronounced by the mate (who had spent several years in India) to read:

"I have sought—I have found that which I sought—vengeance."

Carefully removing the body of the captain to the little boat, we scuttled the mysterious craft, and it sank to the bottom of the ocean. Shortly after, the captain was wrapped in his winding-sheet, and followed.

The strange, awful tale regarding the old craft we never heard. It ever remained to us all an unraveled Mystery of the Sea.

A LOVING heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should always carry home.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF THE CICADA, OR LOCUST.

In this country, the *Cicada* goes by the name of locust, although it is entirely different from the locust of the other continent, which belongs to the army of grasshoppers.

One variety with us is popularly termed the seventeen-year locust, there being a general impression that it appears in swarms once in seventeen years; but as the seventeenth year seems to fall every year, we may well credit scientific men, and entertain doubts as to the common theory.

The *Cicada* family introduce us to the *Homoptera*, and form a well-characterized group, the kinds of which do not differ much amongst themselves, one *Cicada* being very much like another. In Southern Europe the Cigala (*Cicadæ*) are known to every one, and have been celebrated since the time of the highest antiquity; but they do not live in the centre and north of Europe. The perfect insects live upon trees, sucking the juice of the leaves, and the females deposit their eggs, from 500 to 700 in number, in the dead or dried branches, in holes which they bore by means of a very curious ovipositor, which is something like that of the saw-flies. They make little slits upon the branches, and drop an egg into each one of them

The metamorphoses of the *Cigala* are rather more advanced than those of the *Hemiptera*, and are like those of the dragon-flies. As soon as the larvæ are born—and they look very much like fleas in the first instance—they descend the tree and hide themselves in the earth, and suck the roots in their neighborhood. They are furnished with spiny legs and large and strong thighs, and these are capital instruments for digging. The nymphs crawl out of the earth and live upon the trunks of trees, or on the plants close by. After remaining perfectly quiet as nymphs for a short time only, their skin cracks down the back, and the perfect insect leaves its covering and takes flight.

The *Cigala* of the ash and of the elm are common in the South of France, and their wings are transparent and without any color; but this is not the case with the species of India and Southern Africa, for they have their wings magnificently tinted. The song of some of the Brazilian species is said to be heard for the distance of a mile.

THE ONE-THOUSAND-MILE TREE.

"Thousand-mile Tree's just ahead!" sings out the brakeman. He is a sociably disposed fellow, who keeps us company on the platform, and beguiles the time with chat, furnishing useful information to the female inquisitors who attack him every five minutes for the same, and jumping off at every stopping-place to snatch up stones and specimens for them. (The said specimens, be it observed, accumulate as stumbling-blocks along the passages, at the end of the car, and gradually form stone-quarries under every seat, until Howells spirits them away, under pretense of "jes' layin' 'em to one side for the ladies.")

The train "slows up," and we stop at the landmark by the wayside, everybody pouring out *en masse* as the camera is seen traveling down the track in the grasp of our photographer. It is nothing very remarkable—only a big cedar by the roadside, right on the grassy bank of the noisy little river, and to one of its lower limbs is fastened a great signboard, where you may read its name in black and white. One thousand miles from Omaha and the Missouri—that dividing line of the continent, cutting off "the States" from "the frontier"—one thousand miles from what we call "civilization" in the East, and nearly as far from that civilization of the West which concentrates at San Francisco.

It gives one a vaguely regretful feeling to be distinctly reminded that more than half our journey is over—slipped by almost without our heeding—and that only forty-eight hours more lie between us and the end of our iron trail!

But we jump down at the Thousand-mile Tree, pick up stones with the rest of the travelers, and duly pose for our pictures with them. In the sudden silence of the cañon, now that the puff and snort and rattle of the long train is silent, we can hear the foaming ripple of the Weber River singing loudly as it runs past between the high bluffs; can feel the stillness and the loneliness close round us, and finally guess at what they were before we came, and will be in a minute hence, when we are gone.

WINNING IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

By Richard B. Kimball, Author of "St. Leger," "To-Day: A Romance," Etc.

BADEN-BADEN has long been known as the most extensive and the most fashionable of German—indeed, of European—watering-places.

In its capacity of grand pleasure resort, it has many features in common with our own Saratoga. Like Saratoga, it is (out of the season) a comparatively insignificant place. Like it, while the season lasts, there are attractive saloons, promenades, balls, concerts—indeed, nearly all the luxuries of a metropolis. Like it, also, it is a town of hotels and lodging-houses, and the principal street is filled with shops of greedy traders—Jew and Gentile—from various parts of Europe—the Tyrol, Switzerland, Paris—all of whom charge exorbitantly for their national commodities.

In addition, there are at Baden *licensed* gaming-tables and *hot* springs. Besides (which Saratoga is wretchedly deficient in), innumerable paths lead from the place, by a walk of a few minutes, into the very depths of dark woods and deep valleys, where you can enjoy a perfect seclusion from the haunts of men; while, if you choose to penetrate further, you will soon be within the boundaries of the notable Black Forest, quite ready, if you have a spark of romance, to submit to its extraordinary influences.

Baden, in days of yore, must have been a terror to the neighboring peasants, and a puzzle to the Inquisition and the Vehmgericht. For, from the rocks at the foot of the precipice on which is built what is called the *new* castle—it is only four hundred years old—burst thirteen hot springs, with a temperature at about the boiling-point, which, in earlier periods, led the people to suppose the spot was exceedingly near the capital of the Inferno.

The locality was named "Hölle" (Hell), and it has retained the appellation to this day.

A church was afterward erected near the place, and the inhabitants have not only become familiar with the perpetual outpouring, but are content to utilize this efflux from the regions below by laying pipes to supply the different baths, while they employ the surplus to scald their pigs and poultry. So much for the advancing spirit of the age!

To me Baden has always proved an interesting place, from the contrasts you can enjoy there. Out of conventional life and dissipation, it is easy to plunge directly into the recesses of forests, or among the old and picturesque ruins of former centuries.

If you are inclined to moralize, a fertile subject presents itself as you look down from the summit of the Alte Schloss on the town at your feet, and compare the violent deeds of rapine by which the lords of the castle subsisted and filled their treasury, with what is nightly practiced at the smooth, velvet-covered tables of Benazet, where the licensed plunderers exhibit the soft tread of the cat, the fascinating aspect of the leopard, and a studied decorum.

It was my habit to spend a good deal of time every evening watching the countenances of those who were engaged at *rouge et noir* and *roulette*. I soon learned to distinguish between the professionals and the amateurs—the newcomer and the *habitué*. In no place is there so good an opportunity to study faces and characters.

I would occasionally select my subject for the evening, keep a close watch on his or her fortunes, and perhaps endeavor to identify myself with them. In this way I have retained many painful images, with some agreeable ones.

SOCIAL ETHICS.

MR. FITZ.—"*Do you think the husband should be subservient to the wife, Mrs. Lovejoy?*"
MRS. LOVEJOY—"*Oh, bless you, no. My husband has had his own way these three years.*"
(Which he has, in Greenwood Cemetery.)

The old, the middle-aged, the young, of both sexes, embracing the high and low in the moral scale, are to be seen at these tables. The old present the most repulsive picture, and (I know not why) the sight of an old man engaged in systematic gaming disturbed me more than that of an old woman.

Let me give the reader some of the countenances which particularly impressed me. One was that of a young woman, perhaps five-and-twenty, who came every evening, precisely at half-past ten, to play *rouge et noir*, and who always quitted the room, whether winning or losing, exactly at twelve. Her form was slender and graceful; she had regular features, a clear, pale complexion, with dark hair and piercing black eyes. She dressed plainly but expensively, and seemed neither to seek nor avoid observation.

She always occupied, as nearly as was possible, the same position at the table, and, in deciding on "red" or "black," acted not only deliberately, but often with thoughtful hesitation. She attracted many spectators, some of whom kept the run of her game with evident interest. She paid, however, not the least attention to them.

There were others who attempted to follow her lead in playing. She did not always give them the opportunity, for she would often wait to the last instant before pushing her venture to the destined spot.

I have an idea she was a successful player—one, literally, of a thousand. Sometimes she had, very plainly, a run of ill-luck, but she nevertheless maintained her position till midnight, no matter what she was losing.

Who was she? Where from? What became of her? I do not know.

Another countenance which rises before me is that of a small, weazen-faced, dried-up old man, at least seventy. He wore a snuff-colored coat, nearly threadbare, of an antique style, and a world too wide for him. He, too, came regularly at eleven o'clock, and returned at about one. He differed from the young woman just mentioned in that he never looked up or around him to regard persons or things, while she often cast her eyes over the scene, though in the manner of a person preoccupied.

The old man always played with silver; the young woman, with gold, except during a run of bad luck, when she descended to "petty money."

I always felt sorry for this old fellow. He was so entirely abstracted that he appeared to belong to another world. He kept his store of silver in a long leathern purse, and when the play was going against him, he would draw out piece after piece from its recesses grudgingly, and lay it down with a trembling hand, as if sorry to part with it. When he won, the pieces were quietly slipped in the purse, as if they would be more secure than if left on the table, as was the ordinary custom.

This strange relic of humanity was found one morning dead in his bed. The long leathern purse contained

WINNING IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.—"AT TWELVE PRECISELY, WHAT WAS HER CONSTERNATION TO BEHOLD HER LOVER ENTERING THE PLACE! HE PASSED CLOSE TO HER, BUT HE LOOKED NEITHER TO THE RIGHT NOR LEFT."—SEE PAGE 91.

barely money enough to bury him. All that was ever known of him was that he had been accustomed to frequent the tables for over a quarter of a century.

There was a young man who came constantly to this place—a bold, reckless gamester—who showed traces of early refinement and culture under a hardened visage and defiant look. I used to watch him with great interest.

Once, as I stood opposite, while regarding him with a sort of unconscious eagerness—for he fascinated me by his daring, reckless, unscrupulous demeanor—he happened to raise his eyes, and they met mine.

For an instant it seemed as if he shrank from my gaze. But he quickly recovered, and returned it with one so bold and hard, as if he triumphed in openly exhibiting his vices, that it has always haunted me.

I have heard many stories of suicides in and near the gambling-rooms—some of them very frightful—but have never "assisted" on any of these occasions. Once, indeed, I did hear, from an adjoining room, a dull, muffled thud, which I was told was a pistol-shot; and the next morning the story was rife at the hotels that a very young man—a Frenchman—having made shipwreck of all he was worth, retired to the next room and blew his brains out. I never learned anything more about it.

An English friend, illustrating the terrible hold this vice takes on the confirmed gambler, said that he had thrice furnished funds to an acquaintance to enable him to return to his family and home in England, on a pledge of his honor that he would do so; but no sooner was the money received than the man hastened to the tables, and risked and lost it at *roulette*.

This was repeated. The third time he appeared so utterly distressed, and exhibited so much penitence, that my informant concluded again to trust him. On this occasion he did leave, and, as was supposed, for England. What was the surprise of his friend, a little while after, on visiting Homburg, to find the man there, enjoying a "splendid run of luck."

He confessed that he had no moral strength, when once in possession of the money, to resist this terrible propensity.

While on the subject, a pleasant little story occurs to me, which was told me by an agreeable old German, who was spending the Summer at Baden for his health.

We used to lounge about the place together, and frequently take a cup of coffee in company under the trees of the main avenue.

"I see," he remarked one day, "the Count Stalkenberg has arrived. You have heard the count's story, no doubt?" he continued.

I answered in the negative. My companion was surprised.

"Never heard how Count Stalkenberg secured his wife?"

"Never."

"Nor read of it in the Baden *Vade Mecum?*"

"No."

"Why, it is the principal stock in trade here for story-tellers for the last twenty years."

"Still, I declare I have never heard it."

"You shall have it in brief, then, while we finish our coffee," exclaimed my enthusiastic German. "Everybody has his own version. You shall have mine. I am distantly related to the Helderstein branch of the Von Stalkenbergs, and you can rely on what I say as literal fact."

I settled myself comfortably in my chair, and the old gentleman proceeded:

"The Von Stalkenbergs were formerly a very rich family, but, at the beginning of the century, the then count was a reckless, dissipated, dare-devil fellow, addicted to gaming, and all sorts of extravagances.

"He had the misfortune to lose his wife two years after his marriage. She left a little boy, whom the count placed with a sister, who consented to take charge of him. He was thus left free to pursue his vicious course. In a few years he ran through all his ready cash, what he had in the banks, his property, his vineyards on the Rhine, the family chateau—everything.

"One night the count fell ill. It was said he had mixed and drank off a potion, which did the work for him. He went to sleep, and never woke again this side of eternity.

"As to his estate, there was little or nothing to administer on. The very house he died in belonged to the 'bank' at Baden. But, by a careful management, a pittance was saved, which would afford the son a bare maintenance, in a strictly economical way, as bachelor.

"The young man was carefully educated—this was his aunt's work. His career at the gymnasium was highly creditable. He pursued legal studies at Heidelberg, and at four-and-twenty was considered one of the handsomest and most accomplished young fellows of the day. Only he was wretchedly poor.

"It had early been impressed on him to avoid gaming. His father's course was distinctly explained to him, and the particulars of his death were not concealed; on the contrary, his aunt made use of them to instill in her nephew's very nature a horror of the habit which had proved so disastrous to his family.

"The young Wilhelm, as he grew up, took a solemn oath that under no circumstances and in no possible event would he ever, directly or indirectly, touch cards or dice, or lay any wager of any sort. This oath he kept scrupulously.

"The year he was four-and-twenty, this landless young count spent many weeks at Baden. A dangerous spot, you will say, for one in his situation. What could be his object? Even the very small and ill-furnished chamber which he occupied (really a garret) was almost beyond his means.

"Yet he lingered, week after week, unable, it would seem, to tear himself away. Did the gaming-tables awaken the hereditary instinct? No; he was in love.

"Katrina Von Eberstein was the only child of a rich baron, who, in his youth, was an intimate friend of the Count Stalkenberg, Wilhelm's father. Like most Germans, he had sown his wild oats without injury to his patrimony, and forsworn the company of the count—once his boon companion—in season.

"The two families had been on terms of friendship for generations, and nothing, at one time, would have been more acceptable to either than an intermarriage. Now, however, things had changed. The young count was little else than a needy adventurer, in the eyes of the baron.

"But, what was something to the purpose in the eyes of Katrina, he was the handsomest, the most attractive, the most perfect of young gentlemen. His standing in society, by reason of his birth and his uniform high demeanor, was fully equal to that of the baron, but the poor fellow had scarcely a kreutzer wherewith to support it. What was to be done?

"All he did do was to plunge more desperately than ever in love with Katrina, who, willful girl! in view of the fact that her father, the baron, frowned on the youngster, fell, in her turn, desperately in love with Wilhelm.

"At this point the young count could no longer restrain

himself. He utterly scorned any secret or underhand measures.

"He went directly to the baron, and bodly demanded his daughter in marriage. He was received with frigid courtesy.

"'Your name and lineage are unexceptionable,' quoth the baron. 'Personally, I have nothing to say to your discredit. But you are houseless, homeless, and wretchedly poor. Your patrimony is in the hands of strangers, so that even your presence in the country ought to be painful to you. Regarding you, as I do, as a gentleman by birth and breeding, I am somewhat astonished that you should approach me on such a subject.'

"'Should I be able to retrieve my family fortunes——'

"'That would be another affair,' interrupted the baron, 'quite another affair; but 'tis idle to speak of it.'

"'What amount of fortune on my part would so far satisfy you that I might be permitted to address your daughter?'

"The baron hesitated. The question appeared to him a very foolish one. Still, he would answer it, and in a way which should show the young man he was not unreasonable. He would, to be sure, name a respectably large figure, but not so unconscionable a sum as would imply he intended to put an absolute stay on Wilhelm's aspirations.

"All things considered, it was as moderate as could be expected.

"The young count thanked the old baron, and turned to leave the room.

"'One word,' said the latter.

"Wilhelm stopped.

"'No gaming,' echoed the baron, sternly.

"'No gaming,' was the equally stern reply; and the young man departed.

"I imagine Katrina knew the result of this interview even before her father communicated it to her. This he did, with a severe injunction not to permit her feelings to be interested till he gave his consent.

"Wilhelm had his own plans. Katrina was but seventeen, and there was still time for them. One week more spent near her, and he was to depart to carry them out.

"That night the young count had a remarkable dream. His father appeared to him, as he thought, and said, in an impressive tone, '*Look in the drawer of your escritoire!*'

"The words impressed him so much, that when he rose he mechanically went to it, and opened the drawer, which was in daily use, and unlocked. What was his amazement to discover several rouleaus of gold!

"What could it mean? There was no mistake about it. He handled the pieces. They were genuine, and the sum was large.

"Greatly disturbed by the spectacle, unable in any way to account for it, since he was in the habit of opening the drawer daily, the young man sat entirely bewildered. He did not know what to do. At last he rose, placed the rouleaus in a secure place, and went out to breakfast. That finished, he returned once more to examine the treasure; for, as it had come in a manner so unaccountable, might it not disappear with equal facility? However, there it was, in good, solid, heavy pieces.

"The rest of the day was spent in a bewildering state. Night came to his relief; he retired early, and soon sank into a deep sleep.

"Strange to relate, his former dream was revived. Again his father's shade appeared to him, exclaiming: '*Look in the drawer of your escritoire!*' Again, on waking in the morning, he hastened to open it, and found even more gold than on the previous day!

"Wilhelm thought he must be bewitched. Then it occurred to him some kind benefactor was taking this method to give him substantial aid. But who would do this? Besides, his dream!

"Heated and feverish with excitement, he wandered about the town. He had not courage to call on Katrina. He felt, somehow, like a criminal. He thought of giving up his lodgings, and flying from the place. Yet the spot, with its golden secret, fascinated him.

"Again he retired to rest, and again the scenes of the previous night and morning were repeated. Gold—yellow gold—flowed in on him!

"Wilhelm was nearly crazy. He became pale, careworn and abstracted. He even avoided his beloved Katrina. Still he could not help keeping count of the treasure.

"As it gradually swelled in amount, he saw that, at this rate, very soon he would possess the sum required by the baron, and be free to address his daughter. His heart beat loudly at the thought.

"Thus matters ran for nearly a week, with the same daily results. His last deposit had given him more than the sum stipulated.

"Only think of it!

"Wilhelm sat, that morning, in a sort of maze. One thing he was decided on—he would quit the place. The locality seemed to him dangerous. Another week, and he would lose his senses. It occurred to him that he would take an exact account of his treasure, secure it in one solid parcel, and arrange for his departure. Once safe away from the wizard spell, he would return, call on the baron, and claim the fulfillment of his promise.

"He locked his door, brought forth the rouleaus, placed them on the table, and began his count. In the midst of his labors he was disturbed by a heavy tread up his narrow staircase, and a loud knock at his apartment.

"He was silent; the knock was repeated. He hastily swept the gold into an open drawer, and opened the door.

"Who should enter but the Baron Von Eberstein! Wilhelm asked him to be seated.

"'I did not come to sit or parley, but to express to you my sense of your disgraceful conduct, and to tell you never to appear within my doors again.'

"'What do you mean? What *can* you mean?' gasped the young man.

"'Do not add duplicity to your other vices,' exclaimed the baron. 'I find you to be a notorious gamester, false to your oath, and scandalous in your undisguised practices.'

"'I do not understand you!' cried Wilhelm.

"'You deny the charge?'

"'I do, on my honor.'

"'Honor!' said the other, scornfully. 'What is that?' pointing to the drawer, which Wilhelm had unconsciously left open, and where the gold was displayed in full view. 'Have you now the hardihood to deny it?'

"'As I hope for happiness here and hereafter, I am ignorant of how that came in my possession. I discovered it in my chamber.'

"At this the baron flew into a terrible rage, and left the apartment, after heaping on Wilhelm the most opprobrious and insulting expressions. The latter was in despair. He knew not what to do. Later in the day he endeavored to see Katrina, but was denied admittance.

"At last he engaged a conveyance to leave early the next morning, and carry him away from the place of abominations.

"Meanwhile the baron had informed his daughter that Wilhelm had gone the way of his father, and was gaming desperately.

"'I do not believe it,' was her loyal response.

"'Perhaps if you saw it, you would allow yourself to be convinced?'

"'I certainly never will be so till I do,' she answered.

"'Very well; come with me this evening.'

"About half-past eleven the baron and Katrina, with two or three friends, entered the room where *rouge et noir* is played, the baron confident on one side, Katrina confident on the other.

"'I am sure I do not see him,' said the young lady.

"'Wait,' responded the baron.

"She did wait. At twelve precisely, what was her consternation to behold her lover entering the place!

"He had a perfectly calm expression. He passed so close to her that he almost touched her, but he looked neither to the right nor left. Seating himself at the table, he commenced playing.

"'Are you satisfied?' said her father.

"His daughter did not reply. She stepped closer to her lover, and regarded him fixedly. Then, suddenly catching hold of his arm, she shook him vigorously.

"The young man started to his feet, and began to rub his eyes. He had been fast asleep—in fact, he was a sleep-walker. The young lady had seen it at a glance, and so the mystery was made clear. There was great rejoicing, and the young people were very happy.

"A disagreeable question was started the next morning—what should be done with the money which had been won?

"The old baron took a rather sensible view of the affair. He thought what the young count had gained was but a trifle compared with what the old count had lost, and there need be no scruples about keeping it.

"Wilhelm, however, felt differently. He resolved to return the gold to the 'bank.' The manager, with many thanks, declined to receive it. Doubtless he would have been willing to handle the cash, but he feared the precedent. If he *took* back, might he not be called on to *pay* back?

"So the young count kept the money and married Katrina, and from the night of his wedding was never known to walk in his sleep."

"And is this a positive fact?" I asked, as my companion concluded.

"Positive," replied the old German; "and the only correct version, I assure you."

AVENGING TRUTH.—FROM THE STATUE BY PROUHA.

THE London *Globe* announces that the skull of Confucius is for sale in a curiosity shop in that city, but so far it has found no purchaser. It was found at Pekin during the plunder of the Summer Palace of the Emperor by the allied French and English troops in 1860, and was then mounted in gold and ornamented with diamonds to the value of $50,000. It was brought to London in 1862, and exhibited in the Universal Exposition, where, on account of its mounting, it attracted attention. Sixty thousand dollars were offered for it, but now, stripped as it is of its gold and jewels, it cannot find a purchaser at any price.

W. C. MACREADY.

By J. Brander Matthews.

The appearance within a year or two of new and important biographies of Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman, the great American dramatic artists, makes timely a telling anew of the life of the great English actor, who had so marked an influence on the career of each.

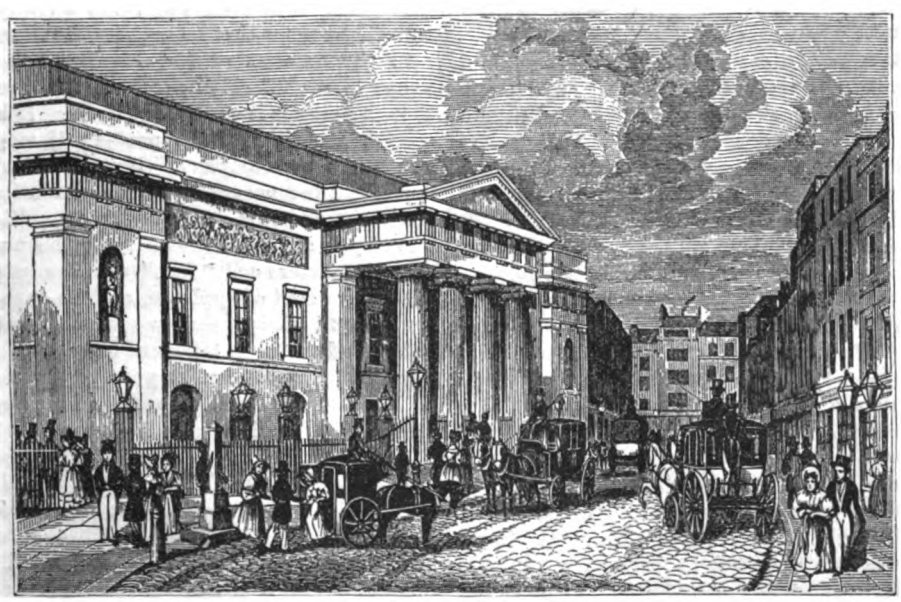
W. C. MACREADY.

Macready, like so many famous actors, was the son of a provincial manager, who gave him a liberal education in view of the bar. After he had been three years at Rugby, the elder Macready became too much embarrassed to pay the bills of his son, who at once left the school to give his father the benefit of his assistance.

On Thursday evening, June 7th, 1810, when he was seventeen years old, he made his first appearance as *Romeo*, with great success. As the curtain fell, a lady asked him: "Well, sir, how do you feel now?" He replied: "I feel as if I should like to act it all over again."

For six years he remained in the provinces, playing "star" engagements at Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bath, etc., and in his father's theatre, supporting Mrs. Jordan—whose merry laugh he long remembered—and Mrs. Siddons, who encouraged him, saying, in her stately way: "Study, study, study! and do not marry till you are thirty!" He also played with Mr. Betty, who had once been Master Betty, the "Young Roscius"—as a child overpraised, and as a man undervalued, by the fickle public.

Macready took Mrs. Siddons's advice—he studied. He lost no opportunity of perfecting himself. After service every Sunday he would lock himself in the empty theatre, and pace the stage for hours, reciting parts and practicing gestures.



COVENT GARDEN THEATRE IN THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

During all these years, he was negotiating for an appearance at one of the two patent theatres in London. Lord Byron was then on the committee mismanaging Drury Lane, and when the Rev. J. Noel, a relative of the poet, was urging Macready's claims, he expatiated on his merits, adding:

"And besides all this, Mr. Macready is a very moral man."

To which Lord Byron characteristically replied:

"Ah! Then, I suppose, he asks five pounds a week more for his morality."

Macready made his first appearance in London at the Covent Garden Theatre, on September 16th, 1816, as *Orestes* in Phillips's "Distressed Mother." His success enrolled him among the leading actors of the metropolis. Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, although alive, no longer ruled the stage; but Edmund Kean, Young, Charles Kemble, Booth, George Frederick Cooke and Miss O'Neil had succeeded to their thrones. It was among these that Macready had to win his way by sheer intellectual power alone, for he was aided by no beauty or grace of form or feature. Indeed, he was a very homely man. He himself overheard the reply of a gentleman who was asked if he had seen the new actor.

"What, Macready? No, I've not seen him yet. I am told he is a capital actor, but a devilish ugly fellow—they say he is an ugly likeness of Liston."

Now, Liston prided himself on his plainness. "Macready," said Lord Lytton, later, "looks like a baffled tyrant."

For a long time he could get no parts but "villains." At last, however, he had an opportunity as *Rob Roy*, and he made the most of it. It was a strong melodramatic part, and Macready succeeded in forming it with vigorous vitality. And in 1820, when "Virginius" was

first produced, those who had thought Macready only a good actor of heavy or melodramatic parts were forced to change their opinion. It was the first play of Knowles ever acted, and it was the first original leading tragic part ever intrusted to Macready. Both actor and author achieved a great success.

Within a very few years, Macready's position improved so rapidly that his right to a place in the front rank of the best actors of the day was disputed by none. In 1823, Elliston, then managing Drury Lane, engaged both Macready and Edmund Kean, with the idea of having both play in the same piece. But Kean, unhappiest of "Mother Carey's chickens," refused, saying he did not mind Young, but would not act with Macready.

In 1826 he paid his first visit to America, and in 1828 he took a trip to Paris, where he created a great excitement, assisted in part by the beauty of Miss Smithson, so grotesquely courted by Hector Berlioz. The full-blooded, able-bodied, robust English drama, so different from dry bones of French tragedy, produced an undoubted effect upon at least one of the French spectators. Alexandre Dumas, then earning his livelihood by his beautiful penmanship, had determined to live by his pen. To the force of Macready's acting, and to the freshness of the plays he produced, Dumas ever acknowledged himself greatly indebted. Indeed, the visit of the English actors to Paris has always in a certain degree been considered the starting-point of the romantic revolution.

Three years later, Macready appeared in "The Pledge; Or, Castilian Honor," an adaptation of Victor Hugo's "Hernani." It seems almost as incongruous for Macready to act the fiery *Hernani*, as for the pathetic Mme. Dorval, whom Macready justly praises, to appear, as she did once, as *Miladi Tizle* in "L'Ecole du Scandale."

In 1836, Macready was acting at Drury Lane under the management of Alfred Bunn—"Poet" Bunn, as *Punch* afterward called him. After submitting to great annoyance, insult and provocation, Macready so far forgot himself as to strike Bunn, saying, as he did so: "You damned scoundrel, how dare you use me so?" For this act, which he at once bitterly repented, Macready was sued by the "hot, cross" Bunn (*Punch* again). By the advice of his friend, Sergeant Talfourd, and other counsel learned in the law, Macready offered no defense, and the jury awarded Bunn £150 damages—which could not have satisfied Bunn, as he copiously and mendaciously abused Macready in his book on "The Stage."

Macready's act was without excuse, but not without great provocation. His profession was most unfortunate for a man of his temperament. He had inherited certain defects of temper which he deeply deplored. Fully aware of his errors, Macready strove earnestly to amend. Some of the most eloquent passages in his diaries record his struggles with himself. His father must have been a most uncomfortable man to get along with. Again and again he records the loss of his temper, and it sometimes even seems probable that he had not found it when he made the entry. But with those who knew him well—who were really his friends, he never quarreled. In spite of his frequent irascibility, he was a very kind-hearted man. Indeed, the badness of his temper often only masked the goodness of his heart.

Mr. John Brougham, who was the stage-manager of the Howard Athenæum, in Boston, when Macready played there in 1849, tells a curious story, showing his tendency to get in a terrible rage about trifles. "Macready always came to the theatre two hours before the curtain went up, and he would sit down and chat and talk and grumble about the things which had displeased him the day before, and make all sorts of trivial complaints. On one occasion he started up suddenly and called to his man, Thompson:

"'Thompson! Great heavens, what a beast you are! Thompson, I don't know why in thunder I should be bothered and annoyed and pestered by such an infernal scoundrel.'

"'What—what—is the matter?' gasped the frightened Thompson.

"'Look round and see, you scoundrel. Don't you see you have forgotten something?'

"'I don't know, indeed, what I have forgotten,' said Thompson.

"'*My book of beards!*' roared Macready.

"Thompson rushed out into the street and across to the Revere House for the book, and then Macready turned to me and said:

"'Brougham, did you ever know such a wretch? Did you ever see such a consummate scoundrel? I ask you how I can preserve the equilibrium of mind I require for the arduous labors I have to undergo, with such a villain?'

"At last Thompson rushed in, and laid the book of beards before him. Again Macready eyed him, and flew at him in a violent rage once more.

"'Thompson,' he said, 'when I took you out with me I promised your people I would take as much care of you, confound you, as I could—as much as your brutal nature would permit anybody to do; and yet, on such a night as this, with the snow on the ground, *you go out without an overcoat!*'"

As I have said, the stage was a most unfortunate profession for a man of Macready's temperament. His imperious manner unfitted him for close association with his fellow-actors. He felt himself out of place in the greenroom. His full consciousness of the precariousness of his position as the leading tragic actor of England, and his acquaintance with the fickleness of the public, on whom he, of necessity, depended, laid him open to constant self-annoyance.

Webster's assertion that there is always room on top is only half true of the theatre. There can only be one monarch behind the curtain. There cannot be two kings in the same greenroom. There are never two best parts in the same play; seldom are there two equally good. When an actor is once elbowed out of sight by a competitor he can rarely regain his place.

Macready was always afraid of a rival near the throne. In 1837 he notes that he sent for the *Morning Herald*, and read the account of Mr. Phelps's appearance, "which seems to me a decided success. It depressed my spirits, though perhaps it should not do so. If he is greatly successful, I shall reap the profits; if moderately, he will strengthen my company. But an actor's fame and his dependent income are so precarious that we start at every shadow of an actor. It is an unhappy life!"

And yet, although thus nervous, he was very just. He was what actors call "fair." He always let his assistants take their mead of applause, and he gave Anderson, Vandenhoff and Phelps many a golden opportunity.

Macready managed Covent Garden in 1837 and Drury Lane in 1842. The next year he again visited America. In 1845 he gave a second series of performances in Paris. In 1848 he left England to pay us his third visit. Mr. Dickens would not go to see him off, for fear the news should travel to the United States, and Macready be punished for his intimacy with the author of "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." This shows at once the thoughtful kindness of Mr. Dickens, and the exaggerated opinion he had of his own importance.

Macready undoubtedly liked this country. His liking

was formed after examination and upon judgment. It was during this visit of Macready's to our country that an event occurred discreditable to all concerned—to Macready, to Edwin Forrest, and to the City of New York. With Mr. Alger's semi-official biography of Forrest before us, and with Macready's diary at hand, it is possible to consider anew the whole melancholy squabble which ended in the foolish and bloody Astor Place riot.

Macready and Forrest had been friends during the early visits of each to the country of the other. Macready welcomed Forrest to London, and when the Englishman in turn became a traveler again he resided, while in this city, in the American actor's house. Although Macready made money during his visit to this country in 1843 and 1844, it was at the expense of the managers, for he had failed to attract as large audiences as had been expected, and he left America with a natural feeling of disappointment, in spite of his pecuniary profit. When next Forrest visited England he was courteously received by press and public—with one marked exception.

In the *Examiner*, then edited by John Forster, the friend and biographer of Dickens, Forrest was criticized with brutal severity, and treated, indeed, with marked contempt and contumely. Knowing that Forster was very intimate with Macready, Forrest naturally saw in this attack the hand of his former friend. On one occasion Forrest was hissed under such circumstances as to leave no doubt in his mind that the intention was deliberate, and the insult premeditated and personal, and he believed that this, too, was Macready's work.

With the knowledge the English actor's diary has given us of his character, we now know this to be extremely improbable; but the thought was natural to Forrest, who, scorning all underhand machinations, in retaliation for this hiss he believed to be secretly due to Macready, one day himself hissed Macready openly. This ill-advised and discourteous act opened a deadly breach—and led to fatal results. With Macready's character, it was scarcely possible for him to come to this country soon after without making uneasy and restless allusions to an alleged conspiracy against him—a conspiracy which existed only in his imagination, although the language of more than one newspaper here was intemperate enough to give color to it. In Philadelphia Macready was hissed, and in reply he ill-advisedly made use of Forrest's name. An angry correspondence followed.

In May, 1849, both actors had engagements in New York; party feeling ran high here then, and Forrest was endeared to one faction—the noisiest and least reputable. On the 8th, Macready made his first appearance, and was shamefully treated. He refused to act again, but yielded to the request of the leading citizens, and was announced for the 11th. It was evident that the brutality of Tuesday was to be repeated on Friday. Forrest advised letting "the superannuated driveler alone," but it is not known that he took any steps to allay the excitement of his partisans. Macready appeared on the 11th as *Macbeth*; a riot ensued; the Seventh Regiment fired on the mob; and thirty dead and dying remained on the stones of the surrounding streets.

In 1851, two years after his final visit to America, Macready made a farewell tour of the principal cities of England. In London, on February 26th, he made his last appearance on the stage, as *Macbeth*. On March 1st, a farewell dinner was given to him, at which the leading representatives of literature and art were present.

Macready did not regret the loss of the life he had never liked. His retirement was enlivened by the society of many brilliant and devoted friends. Weakened by domestic bereavement, he began to fail in 1869, and at the age of eighty, on April 27th, 1873, he died. The last legible entries in his diary, written with a trembling hand, are, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" and "Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief!" On May 4th, he was buried at Kensal Green.

Macready is a rare instance of a man's success in a profession he did not like. Intended for the bar, he was forced on the stage by his father's losses. Even after he held a position among the first—although not absolutely the first—he thought of studying for the pulpit, and was prevented only by the necessity of immediately earning enough to repay money borrowed by him to lend to his brother.

Scattered through his diaries are frequent references to his distaste for the stage. "I could curse the hour that it was suggested to me; I would eat a crust, or eat nothing, rather than play in it." He was afraid his children "should imbibe a liking for the wretched art which I have been wasting my life upon. God forbid!"

The sight even of his name in the playbills on the walls affected him most unpleasantly. And yet, with a full knowledge of the effect of extraneous trifles upon an actor's reputation, he always insisted upon his name being given due prominence. Dowton had the same dislike to seeing his name blazoned upon dead walls in capital letter, telling Elliston that whenever he passed such a playbill he could almost feel that the bystanders were saying, "There he is! Now for the reward!"

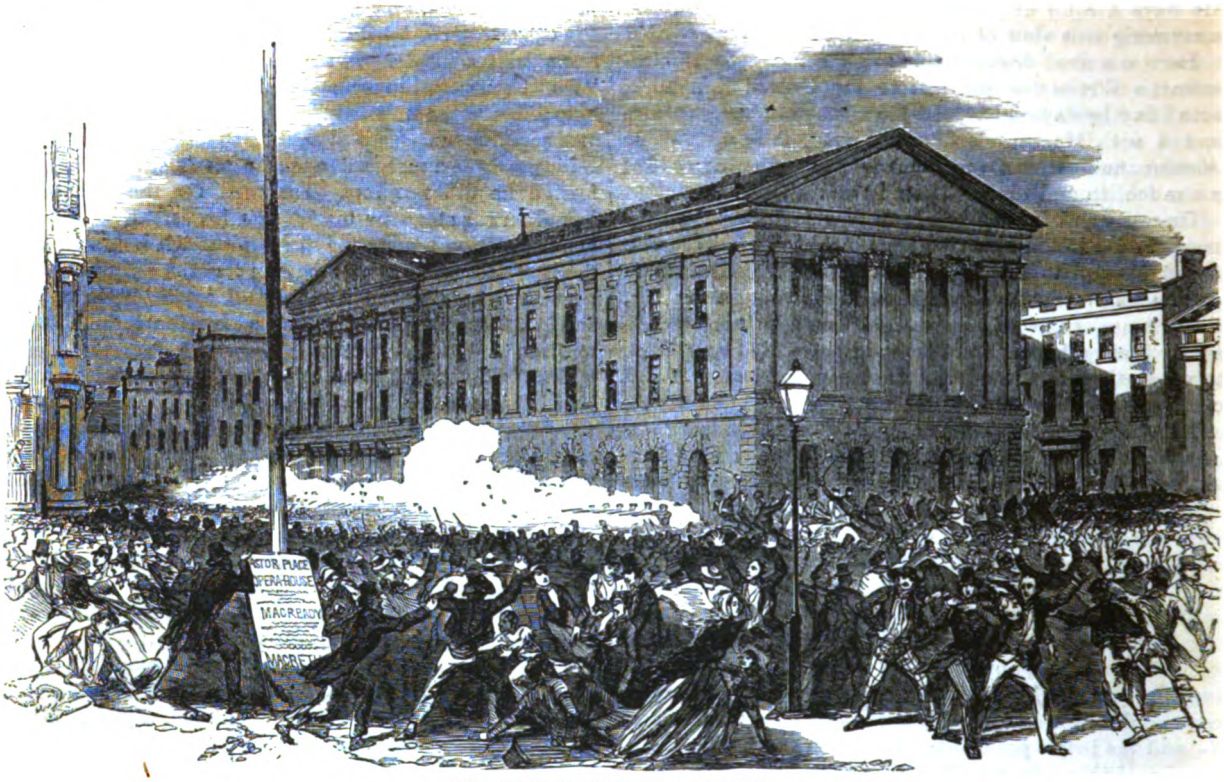
Although Macready hated his profession, he loved his art. To a great dislike for the stage, he added an admiration even greater for the drama. He was constantly conning over old plays, to see if they would not bear revival. He was ever ready to read new plays by untried authors, in the hope that he might find something worthy. He thoroughly understood the great advantage to an actor of a good part in a successful new play. In an old part, the actor is always wrestling with the shadow of his predecessors; and however brilliant and truthful may be his rendering of the *rôle*, there will always be those who will condemn the new-fangled reading, out of regard for the superannuated old-fashioned.

Macready was the protagonist at the original production of more successful and enduring plays than any other modern actor. Garrick was the "creator," to use the expressive French phrase, of few original parts; Kean of none, and Kemble of only *Rolla*, in "Pizarro," and the *Stranger*. Macready was the original representative of *Virginius*, *William Tell*, *Claude Melnotte*, *Richelieu*, *Alfred Evelyn* and *Ion*.

To Macready's desire as an actor of good parts, and to his appreciation as a critic of poetic ability, we owe a long list of beautiful plays, varying in merit as they varied in success, but all showing a strong wish to enlist the pen of the poet in the service of the stage. Indeed, Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of the farthing epic, "Orion," taxed Macready with causing a waste of poetic labor, from the futile encouragement he held out to poets without dramatic ability.

To Macready we owe the production of Sheridan Knowles's "Virginius" and "William Tell," Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu" and "Money," Talfourd's "Ion," Browning's "Strafford" and "Blot on the 'Scutcheon," Sheil's "Evadne," Baunn and Sheil's "Damon and Pythias," Gerald Griffin's "Gisippus," White's "King of the Commons," Lovell's "Provost of Bruges," Marston's "Patrician's Daughter"—of a truth, a goodly list.

Some of these plays were very successful, remaining on the repertory to this day; others failed, and have been



THE ASTOR PLACE RIOT, NEW YORK.

forgotten. That they did not succeed, was probably owing to their lack of theatrical skill, not to any want of dramatic power. A good dramatic poem is not of necessity a success upon the stage. That can only be gained by the dexterous adjustment of a thousand little trifles—and even then nothing is certain. Macready himself says, "The conclusion has been forced upon me, that the most experienced judges cannot with certainty predict the effect in representation of plays which they may hear read or even see rehearsed. Some latent weakness, some deficient link in the chain of interest, imperceptible till in actual presence, will oftentimes balk hopes apparently based on the firmest principles, and baffle judgments respected as oracular."

Macready was an excellent critic. His opinions of Young, Kean and the Kembles are well worth reading. His impression of Edwin Forrest, in 1826, was that, "possessed of natural requisites in no ordinary degree, he might, under careful discipline, confidently look forward to eminence in his profession"; but that he would never submit to a hard course of self-training, as its necessity would never be made apparent to him.

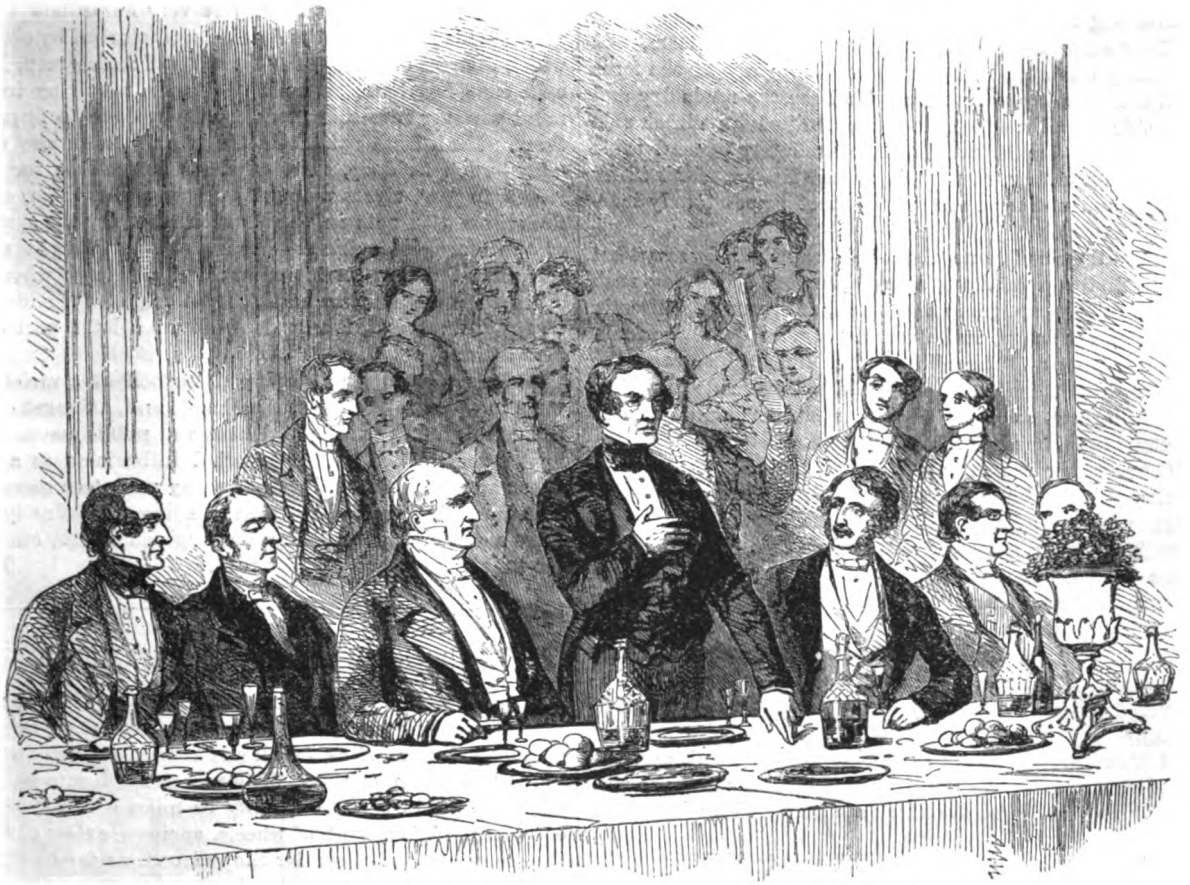
THE ASTOR PLACE RIOT—THE LAST VOLLEY.

Macready thought M. Fechter's performance of *Othello* shallow, and often in the taste of a small melodramatic theatre. His remarks on Mlle. Mars and Aaron Burr are excellent specimens of condensed criticism. Of Mlle. Mars he adds, "Her voice was music, and the words issuing from her lips suggested to the listener the clear distinctness of a beautiful type upon a rich vellum page."

He says Aaron Burr, whom he saw in 1826, "looked like a mysterious shadow of an unrepented evil."

He was a stern critic of himself—always analyzing his acting, and rarely satisfied with it. He noted how he had acted day by day. "Acted very ill," he writes, in 1833, and a few days later he says, "A criticism in the *New Monthly*, finding fault with a passage in my *Jaques*, pleased me much, from its truth and good taste."

He was a modest man, and yet with a sense of his own merits. He was ever striving after self-culture. He was familiar with the best authors in the literature of Greece, Rome, Italy and France. Yet, on one occasion, he makes the strange error of crediting to Corneille, instead of Molière, "Le Festin de Pierre"; "which," he adds, "seems to me the best of any of the pieces dramatized on the story of Don Juan."



MACREADY AT THE FAREWELL BANQUET ON HIS RETIRING FROM THE STAGE.

As an actor, Macready's genius was, as Lord Lytton finely said, truly comprehensive, rather than merely versatile. His greatest eulogy will be found in the dedications of the plays to which his skill gave life. He was honest, earnest and able; ever striving for the best, and never satisfied with less. He was dignified, and yet easily ruffled; often, indeed, fretful, but always regretting his irascibility. He was an honest man, and worthy of the praise of *Damis*, in the "Métromanie" of Piron:

"Excellent caractère,
Bon ami, bon mari, bon citoyen, bon père."

A BEARISH GOLCONDA.

THE clearing and draining of the cypress swamps of the Bay River section of North Carolina, while developing a mine of wealth for the farmer in the rich land reclaimed for agricultural purposes, also reveals some interesting items for the naturalist.

Not long since there was found on South Creek, where some of the best swamp-lands in the State lie, eleven bear-skulls in different stages of preservation, lying so close together in the mud as to attract attention and excite inquiry as to why they should be collected in one spot, as they had evidently not all been deposited there at once by some convulsion of nature.

Curiosity as to the death of the former owners of these skulls was at fault, until a negro noticed some bees flying from an opening in the under part of an old cypress-tree, that leaned over at an angle of some forty-five degrees. Examination showed a swarm of wild bees who had deposited their honey in a hollow about forty feet from the water, and the mystery was at once solved.

The love of bears for honey is well-known to all naturalists and apiarists, and whenever the chance is offered they invariably gorge themselves to repletion with it. The place where the bees entered being on the lower side of the tree, it was at once evident that the bears had either been so badly stung by the bees as to quit their hold and fall into the water, or, "heavy with sweets," had tumbled off and been impaled on the "knees" of the cypress-trees, which stood below like a forest of spears.

These "knees" are excrescences that grow up from the roots of the cypress-trees, often as high as six and seven feet, and are always more or less pointed, and quite sharp enough to impale a body falling from a height of forty feet upon their points; and as they were abundant in that spot, which, until drained, had been inaccessible to man, the "milk in the cocoanut" was accounted for.

As man advances the bears retreat, and are not often

found near settlements, though it is hard to convince strangers that they, together with rattlesnakes, do not make life dangerous in these unclaimed lands.

Mr. Abbott, a Northern gentleman, who had been for some five years engaged in the timber business near the locality where these eleven skulls were found, had vainly assured his wife that he had neither seen a bear nor a rattlesnake during that period. Nothing could induce her to live there, and he had to content himself with occasional visits to her in her Northern home, hoping gradually to overcome her fear of the "varmints" and reptiles of his Southern one.

At length, after much persuasion, she was induced to pay him a visit, and soon after her arrival at his saw-mill he proposed they should drive over to a farm he had recently purchased, so that she might see the beauties of the country for herself, and be convinced it produced something more than bears and snakes.

They accordingly started with an excellent team, and the lady was soon in raptures at the beauty of the ferns and other swamp vegetation. To keep the roads dry and passable in all weather, they are flanked on either side with ditches for drainage, and immediately beyond these ditches, or, rather, canals, the swamp lies luxuriant in its foliage and undergrowth, but in most places totally inaccessible to man.

When they had gone about half-way the lady saw what she at first supposed was a large Newfoundland dog rush out of the swamp, jump the ditch, and, running directly under the carriage, make for the other side of the road. The single word "bear" from her husband showed the true state of things, but she could not be made to realize that bruin was as badly scared as she was, and quite as anxious to escape her as she was to elude him.

On reaching the farm she was delighted with the profusion of wild-flowers, and, as the clearing was large, and there was no shelter for a bear, was easily induced to take a walk for the purpose of gathering a few. But the fates were against Mr. Abbott. Five years had he lived there without seeing either a bear or a rattlesnake, and on that fatal day he was to see both; for scarcely had they gone a hundred yards before his wife asked him what was that strange singing sound she heard, and to his horror he discovered a rattlesnake ready to strike within a few feet of them.

Instant retreat was the order of the moment, and the next train north bore off Mrs. Abbott from what she still firmly believes to be a country swarming with snakes and "varmints."

BLIND METCALFE, THE ENGINEER.

One of the most extraordinary instances of victory over adverse circumstances is found in the career of John Metcalfe, of Knaresborough, England, the well-known engineer and roadmaker. He was deprived of sight by small-pox when only six years old. As a rule, the loss of sight shatters the whole framework of mind and body, and the child grows up selfish and moody, becoming day by day more silent, reserved, nervous and discontented. The very reverse of this was the case with little John Metcalfe. No boy ever entered into the sports of boyhood with a keener relish than he; he was a proficient climber and birds'-nester; he knew how to ride and manage a horse, and enjoy a good gallop; he knew how to swim, and on one occasion saved the lives of three of his companions, and on another the life of a man, after whom he dived to the bottom of the River Nidd four times. Nor was he less apt at indoor than outdoor amusements; he could play the violin with considerable skill, and amuse himself in such a variety of ways that time never hung heavily upon his hands.

As he grew up, he devoted himself to useful pursuits, made a little money, and was rich enough to buy a horse of his own, on which he constantly followed the hounds, and was as bold and daring a rider as any in the field. He even entered for a race, and won it, to the chagrin of many who had laid long odds against him.

Among the feats which proved his courage and sagacity, was a walk from London to Harrowgate, a distance of 200 miles, on an unknown road; and what is more extraordinary, and would be incredible but for the good authority on which the story is told, he accomplished the distance in the same time it took a Colonel Liddell to perform the journey by coach. It should be mentioned the roads were then in a terrible state of dilapidation, rendering coach traveling not only very slow, but very hazardous work. During this journey, with his mind undisturbed by objects which distract or engage the thoughts of seeing men, Metcalfe considered the state of the roads, revolving in his mind whether something might not be done to improve them. Each fresh episode in the journey, each new difficulty—such as deep, marshy places impossible for carriages to pass, rivers without bridges across them, steep declivities with ruts in them sufficient to try the springs of the strongest vehicles—impressed the thought more and more strongly on his mind; and, although when he returned home the time had not yet come for the idea to be fully developed, it was destined at a later period to bear fruit.

In the meantime, he employed himself in a variety of ways in order to procure a livelihood, and, amongst other things, played the violin at dances and public assemblies, kept a vehicle for hire, then started in business as a fish salesman; enlisted, and gained many volunteer recruits; afterward dealt in hosiery, then in horses, and finally became a carrier between Knaresborough and York, starting the first stage-wagon on that road.

LARGEST WORKSHOP IN THE WORLD.

The last annual report of the establishment of Krupp, of Essen, Germany, gives some interesting facts and figures. The manufacture of cast steel and refined steel alone employs 298 steam engines, 77 large steam hammers, and 8,500 men. It turns out daily 10 miles of rails, with a corresponding amount of wheels, springs, axles, and all the complete steel-work for the railroad carriages. This is Krupp's main contribution to the arts of peace; what he does for the art of war is shown by the fact that he completes 300 large cannon every month, and since 1847 he has turned out over 15,000 cannon.

The establishment is lighted up every night with 21,000 gasburners; its different parts are connected with 37 miles of railway, employing 24 locomotives and 700 cars, while the various offices are connected by 44 telegraph stations. In the mineral works and coal mines outside belonging to the firm, they employ 5,300 workmen. They have built 3,277 dwelling-houses, which are occupied by the workmen and their families, which number 16,200 persons and form a small town, with 22 stores for groceries, meat, clothes, shoes, furniture, and similar daily needs.

Messrs. Krupp have provided for the education of the children of their workmen by 4 primary schools, divided into 21 classes, an industrial school for girls, and a school for adult women, all attended by thousands of learners, and provided with the best teachers.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.

By Nellie C. Hastings.

Within, a tropical splendor,
A noon of color and light;
Without, the roar of the tempest,
In a barren and starless night!
Within, there are silvery voices,
Timed to the mellow keys,
Soaring and sinking together
In tangled harmonies;
And for music without, the wind
Goes wailing in endless pain,
And drives through the leafless branches
The sobbing gusts of the rain.

One stands by the window, watching—
How the faces come and go!
Are they playing the waltz of Weber,
As they played it long ago?
Here, instead of the floating waltzers,
Whirl the withered and ruined leaves—
(Lost! Only the rain is weeping—
Only the night-wind grieves!)
And higher up, in the darkness,
The black clouds hurry by,
In a wild and stormy pageant,
Through the spaces of the sky.

Close by the velvet curtain,
With only a glass between,
Leans one in the glow and the splendor,
Jeweled and draped like a queen.
The spectre out in the darkness
Looks in at her proud, fair face,
And she hears their childhood crying,
Through a long-forgotten space.
"Sister!" she whispers, and, shuddering,
Turns from the glare and the light:
Who knoweth what ghosts are walking
With the wind and the rain to-night?

Now the voice and the keys rise, blended
In a passion of tender pain—
She knows the song and the singer—
She has sung that old refrain!
Once, under the rain of roseleaves,
In the mellow nights of June,
They played with its sweet, sad burden,
Watching the dying moon.
Now, in the wild October,
One listens, with tearless eyes,
To the sad old foolish burden,
Of a love that never dies!

The lights are quenched in the windows,
The last wheel rolls away;
And the dancers go hurrying homeward,
Out of the dawning day.
Through the gray eastern portals
The shafts of the sunrise creep;
The singer—his song forgotten—
Smiles in a dreamless sleep.
And the shadow that stood at the window
Lies where the dead leaves lie—
A ghost that is laid for ever—
A dream that has flitted by!

LINDORIS'S WIFE.

She stood at the far end of the long drawing-room, like a lily rising from its sheath, this superb white woman, in her superb green clothes; stood leaning one perfect arm on the tall malachite pedestal, whose green bronze Mercury sprang god-like, slender, shooting up far above her tall head—for Cidney Godwin was

> "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
> And most divinely fair."

And in those sea-green draperies clinging about her, with her tawny Guercino hair drooping low without a flower; with her exquisite neck gemless, and her two arms bare—she is a woman whom most men would esteem; at the least, well worth looking at.

Miss Godwin is reading a letter, apparently with some slight amused interest, for a half-smile shows the dimple in her round chin and the whiteness of her small, square teeth.

Presently, through the heavy curtains, which serve as doorways in the Palmer mansion, the pretty *dame chatelaine*, Cidney's hostess, makes her appearance.

"Who is it from?—oh, Cidney!" the little matron says, a sigh chasing her ready smiles. "One could read that handwriting a mile off. Why *will* you persist in receiving that man's attentions? I can't endure him!"

"Oh, Floy, dear, it amuses me; and can't you endure him? Why? I am sure Lindoris is what you usually demand my admirers shall be—handsome, highbred, money, a Bayard in devotion, and a Chesterfield in courtesy—the favorite of women, the envy of men—*que voulez vous de plus, ma belle?*"

"Nothing more, Cidney, but something less. My dear girl, Geoffrey Lindoris is a married man, and I can't bear to know that your name is bandied about the clubs as his latest flame; that is why I honestly object to this constant intercourse—these daily and nightly attentions."

"I go about with Carter just as much as with Lindoris."

"I know you do; but, Cidney, Carter has not a wife, and Geoffrey Lindoris has."

"Where is his wife?" Miss Godwin asks, with his last note almost against her lips; she has a lovely voice, full of tremulous, exquisite possibilities—a voice that, just for mere curious pleasure's sake, one would like to hear uttering the love-words of our rich English.

"That's the worst of it!" Mrs. Palmer exclaims, warmly, pacing up and down the room in all her Paris glory of silk and silver. "Nobody knows—there's some mystery, or—or—something. Oh, Cidney, dear, you have enough men at your feet! In mercy to this wife, wherever or whoever she may be—in respect to yourself—teach this man that there is one woman in the world who holds the attentions of a married man too cheap for her acceptance."

The little flushed matron stops, with lurking tears in her eyes, in front of Cidney, who is sitting on a low ottoman, leaning forward, with her chin resting in her hands. Presently she looks up into her friend's eager face with two fearless eyes, a little paler maybe than she was five minutes since, but she speaks very quietly, very firmly.

"Millie, I cannot."

"You cannot! Oh, Cidney, it is not possible that you—I—— No, no; I will not even say it, Cidney, darling!"—little, tender Millie with a sudden sweep of recollection of her own love for her Harry, drops on her knees beside

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

her friend and puts her arms around her. "It's hard, dear, but don't you know, for your own sake, for *his* sake, then, you ought to send him away from you?"

"Useless, Millie, dear." Miss Godwin puts away the caressing arms with a short, hard laugh. "I have thrown down the plank—let me walk over it. Surely you can trust me—you may, Millie, for I can trust myself." Her voice softens as she finishes.

"But what is to be the end of all this?" cries Millie, sore distressed. "I wish you had staid in England and never come back to America!"

"Do you, cousin mine? I do not. My chiefest ambition, ever since father died and left me so utterly alone, has been to get back to the country I called 'home,' although I had no recollection of it!"

"What a curious life you've had, Cidney! Well, your father, from all Harry says, was a very curious man; he left his property in the hands of some total stranger, did not he?"

"Yes—that is to say, a total stranger to me, not to him. And not three months after his death, my guardian and administrator threw up his situation in disgust and left England."

"Have you never heard from him?"

"No; why should I? I became a ward of Chancery, *pro tem.*, and now I am my own mistress—twenty-four, and a very bad girl—eh! Millie mine?"

She smooths back the little matron's curly hair, and smiles down into her troubled face.

"No, no; not bad, Cidney—but I wish Geoffrey Lindoris had no wife."

"I dare say he would echo that sentiment."

"What sentiment? Madame, mademoiselle, your most obedient." Geoffrey Lindoris stands before them, hat in hand. "Am I on time?"

"Five minutes early," Miss Godwin answers, glancing at the clock.

"Ah, you know, over-punctuality is my failing where you are concerned."

"Where can Harry be?"

Mrs. Palmer sweeps away to hurry her liege lord from his dressing-room.

"You are looking charmingly to-night, Miss Godwin."

She has not even risen at his entrance, but looks up now with a slow, scornful smile. He draws another hassock near to her, and seats himself.

"I must play Turk, I suppose, to my sultana. That green is just your color—perfect. No ornaments? What a woman! Last night a blaze of diamonds, to-night not so much as a rosebud. To-morrow you may wear home-spun, and I shall think you still fairer than ever before."

"Have you finished?" she asks, with uplifted, supercilious brows.

"Finished! I have not yet begun." There is latent fire in his gray eyes, drowsing passion in his voice.

"Oblige me by changing the subject of conversation, then; you surely know that I abhor personal remarks. They are so excessively commonplace. Do try a little originality, Mr. Lindoris, just by way of variety."

"You are a remarkable woman."

"Do you think so?"

"I do."

"What a singularly mediocre set of women you must have known in your day!"

He laughs.

"I think not. Yes, you are remarkable. Most people would not credit you with much heart, Miss Godwin, and yet I—although I appreciate your head to the full—think you one of the few women capable of a great love."

"Indeed! And no doubt you are a most experienced judge of the matter."

"Experience has taught me to value a pure and lovely, a lovable and perfect, woman—now that I have met her—if it has taught me nothing else."

He is not looking at Cidney Godwin—he is staring hard, with strained eyes, at vacancy. And she?—surely there is a little flush of pleasure on the exquisite pallor of her face.

"We're off, Cidney!" Mrs. Palmer's cozy face peeps in a moment, *en route* to her carriage and Mrs. Howland's german. "I suppose you and Mr. Lindoris will follow soon?"

"Coming, Millie."

And in a moment, after he has folded her wrap around her, they are off also.

"Where is Geoffrey Lindoris's wife?" "Who is, or was, she?" "Why is she not here with him?" "Why is he not there with her?"

Such and such are the questions society is almost tired of asking itself; but to them all there comes no answer. No one knows anything about her, and presently society is quite content to bask in his smiles, drink his wines, accept his attentions, ride behind his horses, and have its heart broken by his constant devotions.

According to society, Cidney Godwin is going the thing with rather more recklessness than any previous woman, and also Lindoris is perhaps more absorbed than by any of the innumerable hithertos.

Be that as it may, it is absolutely certain that, for eight long months, Geoffrey Lindoris has been constant to this new divinity through a New York half-season, following her to Washington for two months, back to New York, thence to Saratoga, the White Mountains, and to-day they are at Newport, both guests of Mrs. Palmer; for poor little Millie, since Cidney sees fit to tread the broad path, is determined that her husband's cousin shall tread it beneath her own grieving and watchful eyes.

If Miss Godwin was reckless last Winter, Mrs. Grundy must needs coin some new word for her misdoings this Summer. Lindoris is never absent from her side one moment: long *tête-à-tête* drives in the phaeton, without a footman, in the mornings; conventional drives up and down the avenue in the afternoons, or devious rides on horseback to the Glen, or off into the country, of which neither is able to give the most lucid accounts on their return. They always dance together—Geoffrey Lindoris has not danced, in fact, with any other woman in months—and then they are in the house together! How many nameless small opportunities for meeting, for exchanging thoughts, or merely words! Poor Millie is almost distracted, but she keeps up a brave appearance, takes the initiative herself, and invariably speaks of them in the same breath.

'Tis a lazy sort of day. There is a soft haze over the land and sea. The waves lap over each other lovingly, and there is not air enough to sail a toy-boat.

Morning, too—perhaps eleven o'clock—and not any one, except two or three children and a nursery-maid, on the beach, besides Geoffrey Lindoris and Cidney Godwin. The reins hang loosely over the dashboard. Poppet and Peacock may have their way and "gang their ain gait," slow enough, up and down—up and down the long stretch of smooth sand, while the breath of the sea, so salt and fine, fans softly over the drivers' faces.

There has been long silence between Cidney and Lindoris, and the latter breaks it. He takes, quietly but very firmly, in his her two hands.

"Cidney, my love, look at me—so! I love you—love you as a man loves but once. I never said it to a woman before, although, God help me! I suppose I made them think it. But listen to me just a little while, and condemn me after it, if you will. Ten years ago I was in England, and late one evening a dispatch was sent me at my club, asking me to go at once to the bedside of a dying friend, Colonel Langham. I, of course, went. Langham saved my life once, Cidney, at the imminent risk of his own. My friend was indeed dying, surrounded by lawyers, physicians, nurses, a priest, and a weeping little girl—a tiny thing, whose face I scarcely saw. He told me she was fourteen, and his only child, the heiress of his immense fortune. He asked me to be his sole executor,

LINDORIS'S WIFE.—"'MY WHOLE NAME IS BERTHA CIDNEY LANGHAM. MY UNCLE ADOPTED ME; I TOOK THE NAME OF GODWIN—AND—AND——' HE IS KNEELING ON THE ROCKS BEFORE HER. 'YOU! YOU! MY WIFE!' 'I—BELIEVE—I—AM!'"—SEE PAGE 103.

and to marry then and there the little girl who knelt crying at the other end of the room. He would listen to no reason either from lawyers, physicians, clergyman or myself —represented the utterly lonely position of his daughter, and finally brought up the debt of life that I most certainly owed him. Cidney, I was married to Bertha Langham that evening, and a couple of hours afterward her father died. From that hour to this I have never seen the girl's face, have never held the slightest communication with her. Two months later her mother's brother came to England; she became his ward, for I had legally relinquished my guardian and executorships." He stops short and fetches a deep sigh—such sighs as are so much more sorrowful than woman's, for they are so much seldomer—and adds: "I only know that she lives, and is the bar sinister in my life. Cidney, have you no pity for me?"

Oh, despairing strong voice, make not your appeal so pleadingly, lest her two arms fold in for ever to bless your sorrow and regretting!

For a moment she is still, and then, with a look far out to sea, Cidney answers:

"And how about the woman?"

"The woman! What woman?"

"Your wife."

"Oh, yes! I never think of her as a woman—only as a weeping child."

"She cannot have staid a weeping child for ten years, although she may be a most wretched woman. Did you never think of that? She may love, and may curse the hour that made her your wife as bitterly as you can do. Did you never think of how forlorn, how desperate she may have been all these ten years gone?"

His hands have loosed from hers, his face is buried in his hands. Poppet and Peacock have come to a dead stand-still before Purgatory.

"God Almighty, no!" he says, at last, drawing a hard breath. "But"—recovering himself and turning to her —"see here: in a way, after a fashion, we are both free, she to marry whom she pleases, I—to offer a tarnished name to one who deserves a spotless one. Oh, Cidney, my darling, in the eyes of the world ten years of separation have freed me and her both. Will you stoop to take me?"

"I love you!" she says, simply and unresisting. His arms are around her, while the waves creep closer up the sands to listen to their broken words, and while the solitary nursery-maid, for the nonce neglectful of her three young charges, is lost in amazement at the remarkable social customs of the sojourner at Newport-on-the-Sea.

The engagement is not "announced"—that is, to any one save Millie and Harry. Poor Millie, after a few showers of tears, finally utters fervent thanksgivings to Providence that it is no worse, and is only grieved—kind, womanly little soul!—that there is to be no wild wedding preparations, no guests, no breakfast, no reception—nothing. She ventures to express the wish to her husband that Cidney might have "taken it into her head to fall in love with an unmarried man, so that there might have been a regular wedding, and a swell affair all through!" But outwardly the pretty matron is all smiles and silence, for the affair is as yet a profound secret—such is Miss Godwin's desire.

"Cidney, when will you marry me?" Geoffrey Lindoris asks, three weeks after that memorable day when he and Miss Godwin so shocked the nursery-maid's ideas of propriety.

"Never!" she says, with a laugh, throwing her white arms up over her head, as she half lies, half sits on the cliff-rocks by Bailey's Beach.

"Don't jest with me about that," he says a little sternly, putting his arm around her and drawing her to him. "Tell me when, my sweetheart?"

"In a year or two," she laughs again, and turns her willing face to his kisses.

"I forbade your jesting with me on this affair. A year or two! You will marry me next week."

"Next week!" she echoes, scornfully. "I would as soon marry you to-morrow as next week."

"So you shall, then!" he cries, triumphantly. "You have set our wedding-day, my darling."

There is no remonstrance, or smile even, on her face—only for a moment a curious look, as though she were remembering some cruel thing, and then for ever putting it away from her.

"Geoffrey!"—she has moved away from his reach, and is sitting straightly—"you do not know exactly all about me. My whole name is Bertha Cidney Langham. My uncle adopted me; I took his name of Godwin, and—and——"

He is kneeling on the rocks before her.

"*You! you! my wife!*"

"I—believe—I—am!"

"Great God! Cidney! Cidney! can you forgive me!"

"I love you!" she answers him again, quietly.

"And to think that I might have had you for ten years —ten years out of a man's life is a great deal, Cidney! My wife! my wife!"

He turns away, shuddering with the bitter knowledge of his lost half-score.

"Geoffrey!"

She goes over and lays her hand upon him.

"Yes, my darling!"

"Are not you happy—have not you me now?"

"Have not I you? By the Lord, I have! Happy! I look into your eyes, and see the only heaven I believe in. But, oh, Cidney! those lost ten years, when I might——"

She closes his lament with her lips.

To-morrow society is simply stunned with two pieces of information, viz.: that Mr. Geoffrey Lindoris's wife is in Newport, and that she has heretofore been known as Cidney Godwin—and society thinks it now knows why he was so attentive to her from the very first time he saw her until the present moment.

Cidney is alternately commiserated and congratulated —but Cidney is happy, and has almost banished from her husband's recollection his lost half-score.

POUNDEXTER'S VOW.

"I vow I'LL marry!"

Not a very desperate case, in the common acceptation of the word; but could you have seen Poundexter's face after he uttered this vow, you would have been sure that he had received nothing less than a warning of his speedy demise. A more woebegone expression cannot easily be imagined. Terror, anger and sorrow were about equally blended; and one would have guessed his age at fifty, when, in reality, he was not over thirty-five.

If there was one thing that he disliked more than another, it was matrimony; and he had managed to escape it so long, that he felt quite secure, and was, therefore, quite careless. He could not recollect when he had uttered the word *marry*, without the little prefix *never;* and he was startled when he realized the nature of his vow.

He looked cautiously at the doors, to see that they were

closed, and at the windows, to make sure that no impertinent listener was near—he occupied rooms in the second story—and then he felt easier. His face gradually assumed its natural, and by no means forbidding, aspect, and at last broke into smiles, as he thought how frightened he had been.

"I vow I won't marry!" was his first thought. "I guess no one overheard me. And what if they did? A man can change his mind, if he wants to, as well as—a woman. Mine is changed, most certainly; but I really feel sorry and ashamed that I have expressed myself so foolishly."

You may think that Nicholas Poundexter was a very fickle-minded man; but he was not. Every one who has the pleasure of his acquaintance knows that there is not a man living that clings to the old ways more closely than Poundexter. Fickle! Far from it! Why, he has occupied the same rooms for at least ten years; and has taken the same paper, and read it at the same hour, for more than ten years. He takes his meals at the same table that he sat to a dozen years ago; and in all that time he has not changed the brand of his cigars, or the color of his wine, or his determination never to marry. If there was any fickleness about him, it was when he made the vow, and not when he retracted it. He stepped from the old track; and, when he found he was wrong, stepped back again.

"No, I won't marry!" he continued, while pulling on his boots. "I can't see for my life what ever caused me to think of it! Humph! I guess I won't!"

Poundexter's thoughts were running a little wild. He very well knew that the little billet lying right before him was the whole cause of his foolishness; yet it was nothing but a request for his attendance at Mrs. Hazleton's reception—a request that must be complied with, for Mrs. Hazleton was a Poundexter. He had also promised.

Now, the reception itself he cared nothing about; but the thousand little annoyances (attentions) that he should meet, and which he was vain enough to believe were all so many baits on the matrimonial hook, seemed a little more than he had courage to face. He had half a mind to plead illness; but that would not do, for he was never known to be sick a day in his life. His imagination then conjured up a room full of ladies, young and old, coming to inquire after the health of "poor Mr. Poundexter." No, that would never do! After racking his brain for other expedients, all of which were rejected, he decided that he must go. And this gave rise to the thoughts that prompted his vow.

"I vow I'll marry! Then the women would scarcely look at me, and I might go where I pleased, without having so many soft glances thrown at me, so many soft sighs, such bewildering smiles. Bah!"

But, as Poundexter could not marry in time to escape the trouble that then threatened him, he concluded not to marry at all.

For some reason, Poundexter did not feel quite so comfortable as usual. That foolish vow haunted him. He had never made but one other. Had he fulfilled it? Perhaps he was thinking of this. At all events, he was troubled the entire day; and almost the last thing at night was a thought of the vow. Yet he closed his eyes obstinately, and declared again and again that he would never marry.

But closed eyes did not bring sleep. For the first time in a dozen years, he was lying awake in bed when the clock struck twelve. Try as he would, his eyes were wide open, staring into the darkness. Nothing was right. The night was too warm; the clothing too heavy; the room too dark; the clock ticked too loud, and too fast. He got it into his head that if it did not tick at all, he could sleep. So he got up, and groped his way toward the door leading to the other room.

"Confound the clock! it never ticked so loudly before! I'll stop it!"

He felt around, and at last found the catch that secured the door to the little timepiece; but he changed his mind just then. Take care, Poundexter! You will surely acquire a character for fickleness.

He started back toward the bedroom.

"I'll let it run; it never has failed me yet. I guess I'm nervous. Hallo! what's this?"

The room was flooded with a light so intense that Poundexter was forced to cover his eyes, and shut out the brilliancy. When at last he could bear the light, he looked up, and saw written upon the wall, in letters of dazzling, flaming fire, "*Remember your vow!*"

With shrieks of terror, he turned and fled from the room, closing and bolting the door, overturning stools and chairs in his frenzied haste to escape the fearful sight.

"Bless me! this is awful!—this is terrible!" exclaimed poor Poundexter, the perspiration falling from his face in great drops, and his teeth chattering with a sound not unlike the click, click, click of the telegraph.

"Remember the vow? I vow I shall never forget it!"

For an hour or more he dared not enter the bedroom; but as he heard no sounds whatever, and imagined that the great light had been removed, he at last found courage to open the door and look in. All dark and quiet, and not even a sulphurous smell. He lighted the gas, and examined the room thoroughly, but found nothing wrong; so he went to bed and slept.

In the morning he thought of the vow, and the singular visitation; but, his courage and obstinacy returning with daylight, he had the hardihood to declare that he would remember the vow, but would never marry.

Ah, Poundexter! Is that the way you keep your word?

To see Nicholas Poundexter in Mrs. Hazleton's elegant parlors, bowing to the fair hostess, and smiling so pleasantly as he passed through the crowded rooms, one would not suppose that he had ever been scared in all his life—that a great fear was even then weighing upon his mind.

"Remember your vow!" How the words haunted him!

"If I should have to!" thought he. "Bless me! what a simpleton I was! But if I should have to—marry!"

He looked cautiously at the guests that thronged the rooms, as though he could tell the fair one destined for him. He saw the one that he would have chosen, if a choice had been allowed; but he had the impression that if he was coerced into the fulfillment of his vow, he would also be required to take the fair one allotted to him. What a predicament for a man who didn't want to marry!

He became intensely uncomfortable. The ladies smothered him with attentions, and the gentlemen bored him. The rooms were too full, and insufferably hot; yet he dreaded to leave them, for the darkness had terrors since those flaming letters appeared to him. Anything, however, seemed preferable to the misery he was then enduring, and he passed into the grove. He found a spot quite secure from intrusion, and, lighting his cigar, gave himself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

"*Remember your vow!*"

A voice, low, distinct and sepulchral, sounded right at his very elbow—a voice that thrilled him through and through, and made every hair of his head erect with fear. Without stopping to see from whence the sound proceeded, he sprang to his feet and fled from the spot, nor looked once behind. But the voice pursued him.

"Remember your vow!" sounded at his side, behind him, above him, and before him. Go whither he would, he heard the awful words, and, half dead with fright, he cleared the door of the house.

"Remember your vow!" was whispered in his ear, as he stopped for one moment in the hall; and with renewed terror he bounded up the stairs at a speed that threatened to upset him. He reached the landing, and paused again. He had escaped. The voice did not follow him there. He did not breathe much easier, however, for there was but little breath left; but a few moments' rest enabled him to put on a calm exterior, and he re-entered the parlors as smiling as ever.

"I shall be compelled to marry," was the conclusion that was forced upon him. "If I could only choose, myself! However, I'll wait a while. Bless me! I can't wait long, if I'm haunted in this manner! If I could only choose a—a—wife! Bless me! how odd it seems!"

Half an hour later he was sitting on the balcony, conversing very pleasantly with a trio of ladies; but, at the same time, he was stoutly declaring in his own mind that nothing could ever induce him to marry.

"If the red-hot letters meet me every night, and the awful voice follows me day and night, I'll hold to this resolution. But, if I'm obliged to marry, I should prefer the lady who is now advancing toward me. I'll turn my head, and see if she will speak."

"Mr. Poundexter——"

"Ah, Miss Forman, I was just thinking of you"—Poundexter was always truthful. "I received a letter from Captain Rainer, and he requested me to say to you that he had found what he was seeking."

Poundexter looked quite sharply into the face of Clara Forman. He saw nothing to disturb his peace; but he did feel somewhat curious to know what this was that the handsome captain was seeking.

"If this Captain Rainer (he's a good fellow for a companion, but a rascally rival) hasn't a prior claim, I should prefer Clara Forman for a wife, provided that I conclude to take one."

A BEARISH GOLCONDA.— SEE PAGE 101.

Poundexter certainly had very good taste, for Clara Forman was decidedly the most dazzlingly beautiful woman in Mrs. Hazleton's parlors. Poundexter thought as much; and, for the first time in his life, wondered whether he was good-looking or not. He certainly was not bad-looking; and the idea which had somehow got abroad that he was a little fast, did not injure him in the least.

"If I ever marry, I think I'll take this woman leaning on my arm" (he was taking Clara down to supper) "if she does not object. What lovely eyes! I never thought a woman could be so fascinating. And such lips! If I ever marry, I don't think I could do better than take Miss Clara. I think, too, that I shall marry. I'm almost certain I shall."

Don't think Poundexter unstable if I tell you that, half an hour later, he solemnly declared: "I'll never, never marry! No, not if a whole volume of flaming letters is stuck up in my bedroom!"

He was just stepping into the carriage when he made this firm resolve, and the thoughts had scarcely taken shape when that mysterious voice sounded in his ear: "Remember your vow!"

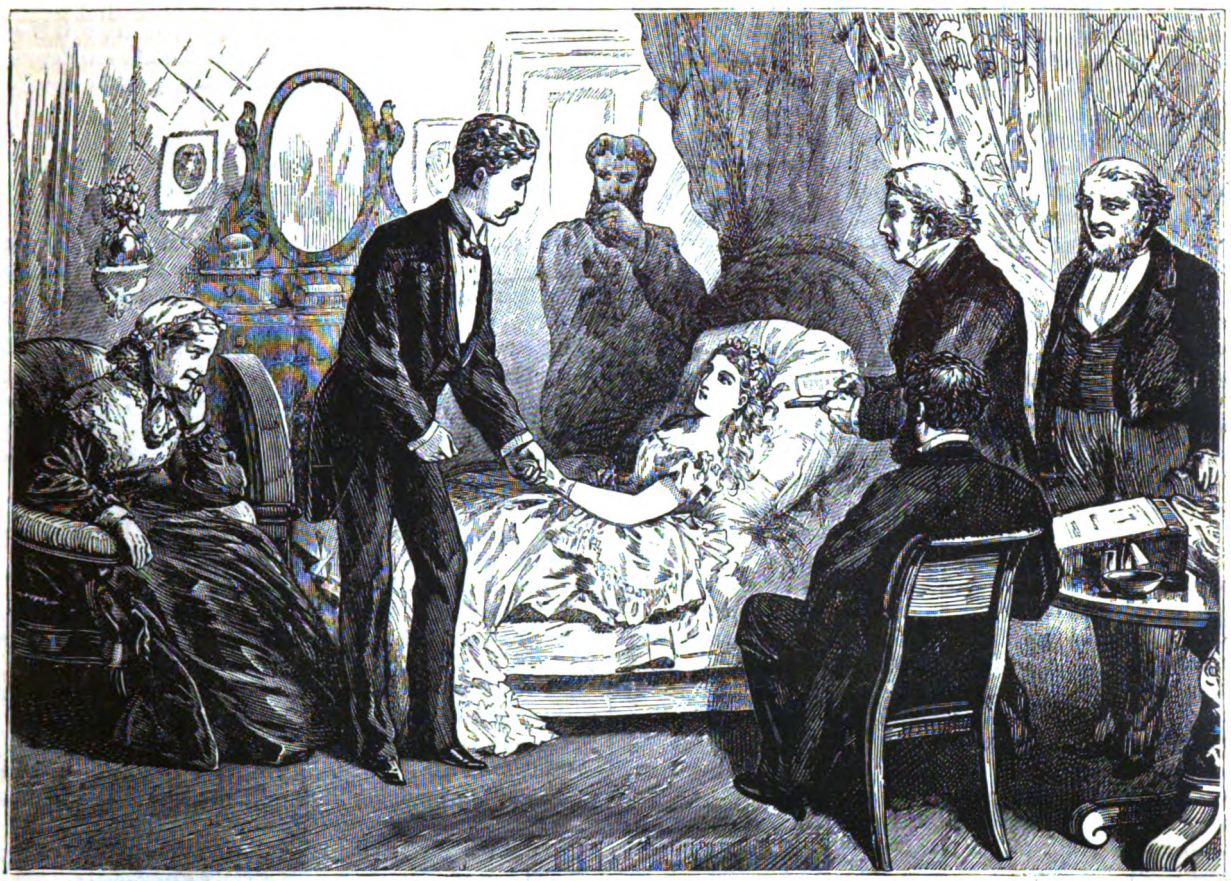
The same voice—and surely in the coach—as low, distinct and sepulchral as ever.

"Drive! drive!" he shouted to the coachman. The coachman did drive; but when Poundexter alighted in front of his own home, the voice spoke again:

"Remember your vow!"

A key never turned a lock quicker than Poundexter's did then, and a door was never opened and closed quicker. He felt but a trifle more secure when inside.

"I guess I shall be obliged to marry; but I really should like the privilege of choosing my wife. This forcing one to marry, and then forcing one to take a woman that he does not—ahem!—love, is—is—confounded provoking, to say the least. I wonder if I shall see the fiery paragraph to-night? But what do I care for it? It can't hurt me. Pooh! But I guess I'll not take the trouble to go to bed to-night. It is quite late. Marry! I guess I won't! Not if a fiery paragraph meets—— Ha! what's that? Somebody in my bedroom! Robbers!"



POUNDEXTER'S VOW.—"LYING ON THE BED WAS A YOUNG WOMAN, WITH BRIDAL ROBES COVERING HER PERFECT FORM. AT THE BEDSIDE SAT FATHER AND MOTHER, WHILE AT THE WINDOW WAS THE VENERABLE CLERGYMAN AND THE GOOD PHYSICIAN—ALL WAITING. THE STRANGE GUIDE LED POUNDEXTER TO HER COUCH AND PLACED THE INVALID'S HAND WITHIN HIS OWN."—SEE PAGE 106.

Poundexter forgot his vow and matrimonial thoughts in a twinkling. To think that any one could have the audacity to enter his apartments while he was away! It was without precedent.

It is somewhat strange that he did not think of another ghostly visitation, from the fact that the sounds came from the bedroom; but he did not, until he had grasped the coal-scuttle, the only weapon of defense within reach, and posted himself beside the door. The door opening so noiselessly, when he knew that it had creaked unmercifully for a week or more, startled him; but he kept his place.

Wider, wider, wider opened the door, yet not a creak from those dry hinges — not a sound from the bedroom.

Poundexter stood there in an attitude of attack, the coal-scuttle all ready, and waiting, but no one appeared.

"I wish he would come," thought Poundexter. "This old scuttle is growing heavy. I believe the tongs would have been sufficient. I wish I had 'em." He looked wistfully across the room at the coveted tongs; but they would not come to him, and he could not go to them without passing the open door, so he was forced to content himself with the coal-scuttle.

"HIS EYES TURNED TOWARD THE DOOR, THE COAL-SCUTTLE DRAGGING HEAVILY ON HIS RIGHT ARM."

It seemed an age that he waited there, his eyes turned toward the door, and the coal-scuttle dragging so heavily on his right arm. Not a sound came from the bedroom. All was as still as the grave. Taking courage from this, he resolved to make a forward movement. Bracing himself for the charge, and raising his voice to its loudest tone, he shouted:

"Who is in my bedroom?"

At the same moment he made a rush through the open door. If any one had been unfortunate

enough to have been in that bedroom, they would have been very much frightened; but the sight that met Poundexter's eyes was more terrifying to him than a score of robbers. Right before him, and apparently coming toward him, were those flaming letters, hissing, seething hot, and longer than the room; while coming from the room he had just left was that awful voice, deeper and more unearthly: "Remember your vow!"

Besieged before and behind, Poundexter knew not which way to turn, so he dropped on his knees and begged for time.

"Remember your vow!" was the answer, repeated again and again, all the while growing less distinct, and at last ceasing entirely. At the same time the letters were receding from him—they were blended into one ball of fire, which still receded, leaving nothing but a point of light, and this soon vanished in total darkness.

Poundexter gazed in wonder and awe at this ending of the mysterious visitation; and when the whole had vanished, he arose, much relieved, yet very nervous.

"I vow, I guess I must marry, or drown myself. There is not much choice, unless I can have Clara Forman. I wonder if she is extravagant? I have five thousand a year. That ought to buy a great many nicknacks; and I could double it by a little exertion. I don't use over one-third of it. It ought to keep us, with what she will have. I guess I'll try it. At any rate, if I must marry, I'll marry the one I want, or I'll not marry at all. Who'll frighten me into it, I'd like to know?"

Very decided was Mr. Poundexter. During the hours of daylight you could not have found, in the whole city, a man more averse to matrimony; but as the sun went down he began to think of the terrible voice, the letters of fire, and Clara Forman.

"If I could only have the choice of a wife, I should not be so averse to this matrimonial state," thought Poundexter, as he strolled leisurely toward home; "but this being forced into it without a word to say in the matter, is—— Well, I won't marry, and that is all there is about it. No, not if an extra edition of that fiery paragraph is issued. I won't marry! I'm determined, and I don't know but that I am a little desperate; but I won't marry; *that—is—so!*"

He thrust his hands very deep in his pockets, and stepped along very firmly; but had gone a few squares only, when that voice from the other world (?) greeted him:

"Poundexter, remember your vow!"

It was not dark, yet there was no form visible from whence the voice could have come; and there was no place of concealment, for Poundexter satisfied himself on that point, much to the amusement of some gentlemen who had been attracted to the spot by his singular conduct, and much to his own amazement.

"I might have known better than to have prowled about this gentleman's yard in search of such an *ignis fatuus*. Upon my word, it's the Forman place! I must offer an apology for my rudeness. Ah, here is Forman now; and, no doubt, has been looking at me all the while. I wonder if they think I'm crazy? More than half right, if they do."

"Good-evening, Forman."

Quite a broad smile overspread Forman's face, as he returned the salutation.

"Can I assist you in your search, Poundexter?"

"Thank you, Forman; but I guess it was only an illusion. I was so very sure that I heard some one speak to me, that I made bold to enter your grounds and search for the speaker."

"Remember your vow!" came in slow, distinct tones.

"There it is again, Forman! Did you hear it?" exclaimed Poundexter, looking all around, and even stepping about, to make sure he was not treading on the speaker. "Did you hear it?"

"Very distinctly, Poundexter."

"There is no use hunting for it," said Poundexter; "it is supernatural. I hear the same voice every night; it is wearing my life away; but I cannot escape it."

"Tush, tush! You are losing your wits," said Forman. "Come in and dine; no one but the family. So, you hear this voice every night? Have you ever made a vow?"

"Between you and me, Forman, I did make one," said Poundexter, very confidentially. "It was very foolish, but I supposed no one heard it. Since then, I have been haunted, sir, by this mysterious voice."

"What was the vow, Poundexter?"

"I vowed that I would marry; but you who know me so well do not believe that I was serious. Nor was I; and I assure you that I never shall marry. There! you have the whole of it, Mr. Forman, and so let it rest. I never shall marry."

A moment later, he fell to thinking again.

"If I ever should marry, I certainly would prefer Clara Forman."

He caught sight of her through the open door of the parlor; and when he entered the room, he added a little to these thoughts.

"I think I shall marry. I know I should, if I had the privilege," etc., tapping his head, as though the remainder of the remark was treasured there.

He did not change his mind during the entire evening, for he enjoyed Clara Forman's society exceedingly.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" thought he, as he stood by her side, turning the music. "Handsome as—as my near chestnut, and he can't be beat for beauty in this little world!"

This was the highest praise that Poundexter could bestow; for he had never yet found anything, animate or inanimate, that was half so beautiful as the chestnut roadster. At least, so he declared; but at last he had found his equal.

Ah, Poundexter! have you forgotten another Clara, whose beauty eclipsed even the beauty of the woman you are now looking upon so admiringly? Remember! Remember!

Poundexter went home very well satisfied with himself, and had no thoughts of altering his mind until he stood at his own door, thrusting the key into the lock. A lady just across the way was gently reproving her liege lord for his late hours, and the night being very still, Poundexter unintentionally overheard it.

"Humph! late! why, it's not past eleven!" muttered Poundexter. "Bless me! I wonder if they all do so? I won't marry, not even Clara Forman!"

He forgot to turn the key in the lock, so frightened was he when he thought how near he had been to the brink.

"Never! never!" he exclaimed, grasping the door-knob nervously; but the door did not yield, and his face came in contact with its varnished surface in no very gentle manner.

"Bless me, but that was a bump! However, I'll not marry, so sure as my name is Nicholas Poundexter!" and so he continued to declare all the way up the stairs, and into his own room.

He locked the door very carefully, and threw the key upon the table; but before he could light the gas, there

arose such a din in the bedroom that poor Poundexter thought the whole house was falling upon him. He clapped his hands to his head, to ward off any stray timber that might come near him, and rushed for the door. It was fastened, and he could not remember where he had put the key. Turning from the door, he made a rush for the sofa, and stowed himself away beneath it, shrieking:

"Mercy! mercy! mercy!"

The bedroom door began slowly to open, and the room became flooded with a light brighter than the sun. Then he knew that this awful clamor was only another visitation from—he didn't know where.

Still the horrible sounds continued, and out of the tumult arose the dreaded voice:

"Mercy? Did you have mercy, Nicholas Poundexter? Remember your vow! The years are passing unheeded! Fulfill that solemn vow before it is too late! Remember! Your days are numbered!"

"I will!—I will!" shouted Poundexter. "I will!—I will!"

"It is well!" replied the voice. "The time is short. I leave you in peace. You have renewed the vow. Remember! Beware!"

The voice ceased, the light vanished, and the bedroom door closed with a bang that threatened to shatter it in pieces. Poundexter remained under the sofa a long time.

"I vow, I shall have to marry," thought he, "or the whole house will be down about my ears. I'd run away, but I never could escape these—these exhibitions. They are worth considerable in a scientific point of view, and I could clear a small fortune if I was allowed to make them public; but I don't think I could stand another one like this. I suppose the next would be worse yet. What I have ever done to be so persecuted is beyond my comprehension. There is only one way to get rid of this, and I'll marry. And I'll marry Clara Forman."

Poundexter now began to show stability. The very next evening he was at Forman's, and made good progress.

"I vow I will marry," said he, as he crossed the threshold of his own door. "I wonder if I shall be tormented to-night?"

He was not. The angry gods were evidently appeased, and everything went on quite smoothly for several days. He found so much real enjoyment on the "road to matrimony," that he forgot the "fiery paragraph," and the awful voice; but he remembered his vow.

If he had a heart—and who can doubt it?—Clara Forman's beauty had touched it. He became the most attentive of lovers.

And he pressed his suit with some success; for the wealth of Nicholas Poundexter, and such an agreeable accompaniment as Poundexter himself, were not to be thrown lightly aside. There was his town house—a model of taste and elegance; and his country seat was a most beautiful place. Then his stables were filled with enviable thoroughbreds, and who could drive them like Poundexter? And there was his five thousand a year. Who can wonder that Clara Forman was proud of his attentions, and looked eagerly forward to the time when she should be mistress of his elegant establishment?

Of course her heart had some influence. Indeed, it is but justice to her to say that she had regarded Poundexter with favor for a long time; but he was so very far out of reach! As she had not "vowed the grapes were sour," she was ready to grasp the coveted prize, and she was also determined to hold it securely.

Poundexter was very prompt. When he once decided to marry he gave his whole attention to it, just as he would have pushed the purchase of a favorite horse; and so speedily did he "close the bargain," that he took his acquaintances by surprise.

The appointment of the day followed as speedily, and Poundexter was deep in the details of furniture, and beds, and curtains, and the thousand and one things necessary to refurnish his elegant home.

He rather liked it. It gave him an exalted opinion of himself. There was an added dignity to his step, and to see him behind that "near chestnut" and his mate, one surely would know that he was about to marry.

And he congratulated himself on his escape from those terrible visitations that had made his life perfectly miserable. He had been unmolested since he had decided to marry—he heartily wished he had decided sooner—and he had no more fear of them, and no more need of them.

The day arrived at last; or, rather, the evening, for so it had been arranged. The carriage drove up to the door, and Poundexter hastened to enter it. He was somewhat excited—happy is a better term—and did not notice the muffled figure that held the door while he stepped into the carriage. But when this same figure followed him, and took a seat opposite, he began to wonder. He was so happy that he couldn't be cross, and he asked, very pleasantly:

"My dear sir, have you not made a mistake?"

The stranger made no reply, but instead came the much-dreaded, almost forgotten voice:

"Poundexter, this night you fulfill your vow! A guide is given you. Follow him, and all will be well. Disobey, and you forfeit your life. Remember, and beware!"

Without waiting to hear more, Poundexter sprang for the door; but the stranger grasped him, and forced him back upon the seat.

"The vow must be fulfilled!" said he; and at the same time Poundexter caught the gleam of sharp steel. He became very quiet, leaning back in his seat and wondering what would come next.

Carriages passed and repassed; the walks were thronged with people, and ever and anon he detected a policeman among them. But he dared not cry out. The stranger's hand was at his throat, and right above him gleamed the knife.

He saw the long line of carriages drawn up before the residence of Clara Forman; saw the brilliantly lighted mansion, and heard the merry laughter and the joyous music. But still the carriage drove on. Waiting! waiting! How long would Clara Forman wait for the expected one?

On, on, on! and at last they drew up before a plain dwelling, situated in the very outskirts of the city. Poundexter turned pale, and his whole frame was in a tremor, as he looked out at the house. Did he recognize it?

"There, Nicholas Poundexter!" said the strange guide, pointing at the one lighted window. "Go!"

Poundexter alighted, and tottered up the walk to the house. The stranger was close at his side, and when they reached the door he opened it, and commanded Poundexter to enter. Then he led him up the narrow stairs, and ushered him into a dimly-lighted chamber, following and closing the door.

Poundexter took in the whole scene at a glance. Lying on the bed was a young woman, with bridal robes covering her perfect form. Her beauty outshone even Clara Forman's, notwithstanding the weary hand of suffering that had been laid upon her. She, too, was waiting—had been waiting—*so long!* At the bedside sat father and mother, while at the window was the venerable clergyman and the good physician—all waiting.

They rose when Poundexter and his strange guide entered. The young woman turned her full, dark eyes upon Poundexter with a wistful look, that he could not misunderstand. How many days and months had she waited for this hour! but not for it to come in such a manner. It gave her no happiness now; only relieved her anxiety.

Poundexter was perfectly passive in the hands of the strange guide. He stood with bowed head just where he had stopped when he entered the room, his mind busy with the past, and now and then a thought of Clara Forman and the gay company awaiting him. He was aroused by a sound like rushing water. Then the room became filled with that strange, dazzling light, following which was the mysterious voice:

"The bridegroom is ready, and the bride is waiting."

Then there was a short pause, during which no one spoke. Again the strange voice was heard:

"'I will make you my wife, Clara Lefever, and acknowledge you before all men. I solemnly promise it—within the year.' Has Nicholas Poundexter forgotten his own words? Does he remember this solemn vow? This night ends the year. This vow must be fulfilled. Let the ceremony be performed. See, the clock marks the time, and only ten short minutes are left. Peace be with you, Poundexter, and happiness attend your bride through all the years that are to come!"

The voice ceased, and the strange guide led Poundexter to the bedside, and placed the invalid's hand within his own. The white-haired clergyman proceeded with the duty assigned to him, and Nicholas Poundexter solemnly responded.

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!"

The clock tolled the midnight hour, and the voice spoke for the last time:

"All is well! Adieu, adieu!"

For a brief time Poundexter was left alone with his bride. What was said by those two persons—the betrayed and the betrayer—may never be known; but when the parents again entered the room they knew, by the joyful light in the beautiful eyes, that their much-wronged, but now righted, daughter had at last found happiness. Well, she deserved it.

When, a few months later, Poundexter led his bride, in the full flush of health and happiness, to his luxuriant home, people wondered not that he had cast aside the smiles of Clara Forman for the love of this peerless beauty. They never knew the suffering she had endured for his sake, nor the hand that led him back to his allegiance.

Clara Forman felt the loss, but there was love enough in her heart to make her merciful toward the man who had ruined her happiness and so sorely wounded her pride. With a forgiving spirit, that deserved a better return, she said:

"I hope he will be happy."

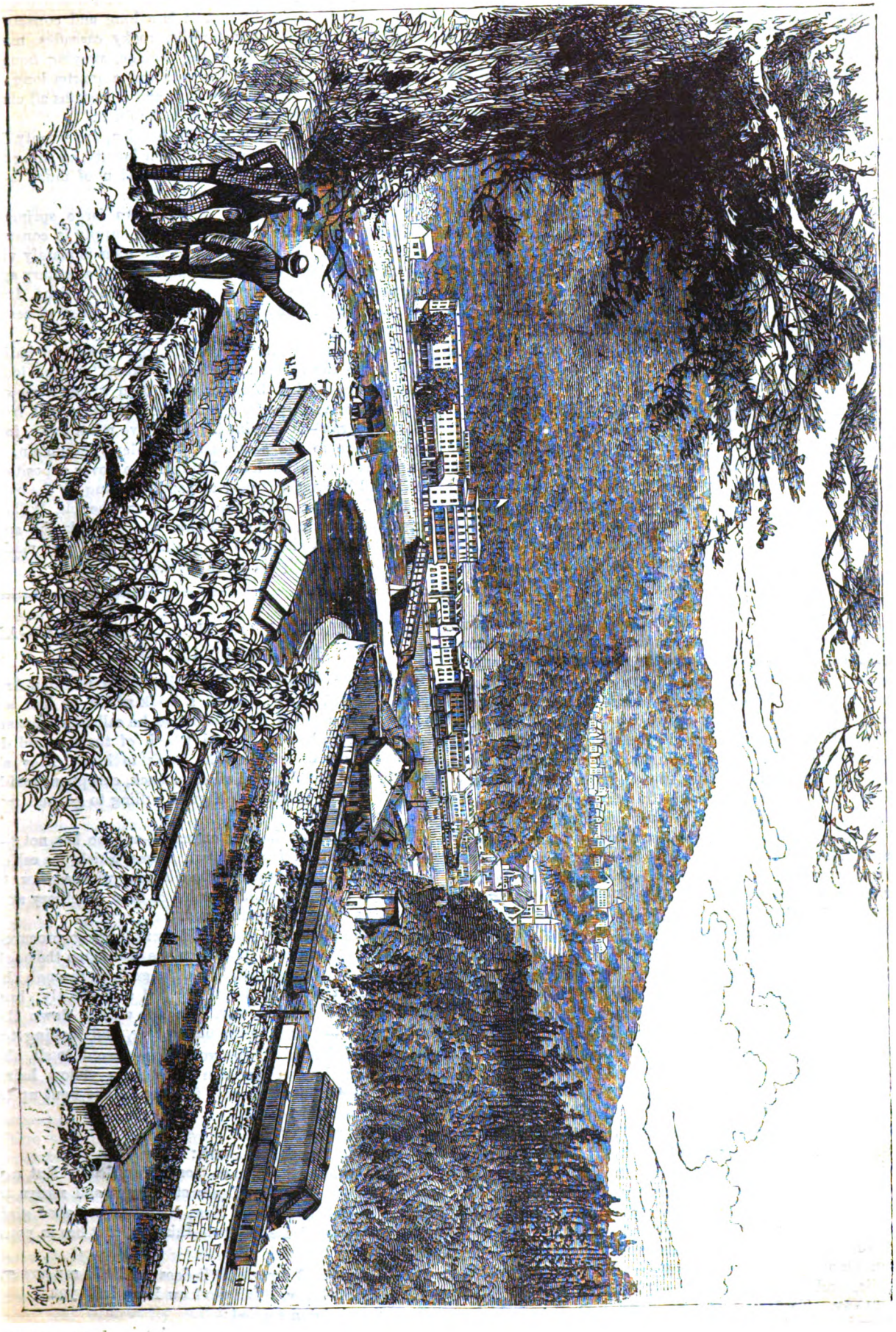
May we not all hope that *her* sorrow may grow lighter as the years go by, and that she may at last find perfect happiness?

Thus was Poundexter married; thus was the vow fulfilled; and thus ended the mission of Signor ——, one of the most accomplished ventriloquists and necromancers of modern times.

A SURPRISE IN THE HAYFIELD.

THE LEHIGH VALLEY.

One of the most Switzerland-like parts of America, easy of access, too, from our great cities of New York and Philadelphia, is the Valley of the Lehigh. From Easton, if you take the Central Railroad, your route follows up the Valley of the Lehigh, hugging the left bank of the river all the way. Opposite, and similarly crowding and winding along the river, often in full view, is the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which, with the Central of New Jersey, divides the entire business of the great Lehigh coal-producing region. We pass through the active and bustling cities of Allentown and Catasauqua; the quaint town of Bethlehem, which still retains many of its Moravian characteristics; by the great iron foundries of Hokendauqua, where the descendants of the first manufacturer in America of iron from anthracite coal still conduct an enormous business; through a number of smaller towns, all interested in some form or other of iron manufacture; Packerton, with its extensive yards for the making-up of the long coal-trains which are almost constantly in sight; and a little more than four



THE LEHIGH VALLEY.—MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

hours from New York, are landed at Mauch Chunk, almost on the steps of the Mansion House.

Back of the house, at an angle of sixty degrees, rises Mauch Chunk Mountain, crowding its base under the very foundations of the hotel, and thrusting the limbs of its overhanging trees almost into the second and third-story windows. Mauch Chunk (Indian for Bear Mountain) ought to be a paradise for the operator in real estate —there's so very little of the article. In front of the Mansion House is a narrow street, the only one in the town; in front of the street, the tracks of the Central Railroad; in front of the tracks, the Lehigh River; in front of the river, the Lehigh Canal; in front of the canal, the Lehigh Valley Railroad; and in front of the railroad, the bold and precipitous side of Bear Mountain, with its base cut off sharply, in order to permit the existence of the railroad. All these are laid in together, "spoon-fashion," between Mauch Chunk and Bear Mountain; and what with two railroads, river and canal, small room is left for corner lots, avenues, boulevards and real-estate speculators.

The "Switch-back," the ostensible object of every excursion to Mauch Chunk, is an exceedingly simple and highly interesting affair. Built for the transportation of coal from the Summit Hill mines to the railways and canal at the Lehigh, it was superseded for that purpose five years since by the Nesquehoning tunnel, and is now used only for pleasure and excursion travel. Its tracks, of a guage one foot narrower than the ordinary railway, describe a gigantic ⋈ against the mountain side, and over them the cars are run with gravity as the sole motive power.

Arrived at the terminus of the road, at the foot of one of the arms of the ⋈, you see the Mount Pisgah Plane, 2,300 feet straight away up the face of the mountain before you, rising 660 feet to the opposite terminus of the other arm of the letter. The car, which holds perhaps thirty persons, is rapidly drawn up by a stationary engine, and once at the summit, the view is charming and picturesque. The valley, with its restless rushing river and equally restless trains, the sluggish canal and lazy boats, the towns of Mauch Chunk and East Mauch Chunk, are spread out as a map, while all around and near at hand on every side rise densely wooded mountains. The sides of Mount Pisgah are precipitous, and the view sweeps closely around its base. The whole field of vision, limited and sharply defined, gives one "a bird's-eye view" of this charming valley.

From the summit of Mount Pisgah the distinctive feature of the Switch-back Railroad is put in operation. A brakeman stations himself at the front of the car, and, without ado, delay, or effort of any kind, the car rolls swiftly down the declivity of six miles, diagonally, so to speak, along the side of the mountain, where the foot of another straight ascent—"plane" it is called here—is reached. This is Mount Jefferson, and we are hoisted to the top as at Mount Pisgah, by a stationary engine, and landed in the heart of the little mining village of Summit Hill. From this point we return to the foot of Mount Pisgah by gravity, the round trip of eighteen miles occupying, with stops for sight-seeing on the way, about an hour and a half. The grade of the gravity road is not heavy, ranging from forty to sixty feet to the mile, and the trip is attended by no danger whatever.

Two miles up the Lehigh from Mauch Chunk is the Glen Onoko, within two or three years opened to the public, and improved by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company. To describe in detail Glen Onoko would be impossible. Of its general characteristics it may be said that it is one of the most beautiful and attractive spots that can be imagined; that it is a long and constantly varying succession of waterfalls, rocky cascades, moss-covered rocks, green, gleaming foliage, swaying boughs and brilliant flowers; it is a mile and a quarter long, ascending in that distance 900 feet, and it sustains all claim which its most ardent admirers make for it.

Onoko Falls, the principal in the glen, are seventy-five feet high, and almost perfect in their beauty, equaling the far-famed Minnehaha, with the accession of much more effective and sympathetic surroundings.

The water of the glen is from two large springs a short distance above its head, and the supply is constant and bountiful. Near the head of the glen is plainly visible the trail along which General Sullivan, a century ago, marched his little army in pursuit of the Indians, dragging over the almost impassable heights seven pieces of field artillery.

From the upper entrance of the glen, a walk of half a mile brings the visitor to "Packer's Point," where a look-out observatory has been erected, from which a view—similar in some respects, superior in others, to that from Mount Pisgah—is obtained. Sixty-five miles away, in a straight line to the southeast, Schooley's Mountain, in Jersey, is seen through the Lehigh Gap; over opposite is the broad Pocono, and near at hand, nestling by the bank of the Lehigh, are the two houses, on the old Wilkesbarre road from Mauch Chunk, which mark the spot where the first shipment of anthracite coal was made, bound for Philadelphia and a market.

THE SKELETON OF HOLAR CHURCH—AN ICELANDIC LEGEND.

ONCE, on a Winter evening, it happened that Jón Arason, Bishop of Hólar, wanted a book which he had left lying on the altar of the church, so he called his household folk together, and asked which of them would do him the favor of fetching the book to him. They all shuddered at the idea, and all drew back, except one maid-servant, who declared herself quite willing to go, and not in the least afraid.

Now, the bishop, having enemies—as who has not?—had made a tunnel from his own house, which was called the palace, underground to the church, with a view to being able, if need should ever be, to take sanctuary at a moment's notice, and unobserved.

Through this tunnel the maid went, having procured the keys of the church; but when she had taken the book from the altar she determined n ot to go back through the tunnel, which she had found dismal and ghostly, but, rather, round the other way. So she walked down the church with the keys to the outer door, and looking toward the benches where the women were wont to sit, she saw there a human skeleton with long yellow hair! Amazed at this, but in no way frightened, she went up to the figure and said:

"Who are you?"

Upon which the skeleton said:

"I am a woman, and have long been dead. But my mother cursed me so that I cannot corrupt and return to the dust whence I sprang. Now, therefore, my good girl, I entreat you to release me from this ban, if it lies in your power."

"But," answered the girl, "it does *not* lie in my power, as far as I now know. Tell me how I can help you."

Then the skeleton replied:

"You must ask my mother to forgive me my faults,

and to annul her curse; for she may very likely do for the living what she refuses to do for the dead. It is a rare thing, indeed, for the living to ask favors of the dead."

"Where is your mother, then?" asked the maiden.

"Oh," said the other, "she is here, there and everywhere. Now, for example, she is yonder in the choir."

Then the maiden went through the door into the choir, and saw sitting there, on one of the benches, a wondrous ugly old woman in a red hat, to whom she addressed herself, asking her to be good enough to forgive her daughter and remove from her the curse. After pausing awhile, plainly unwilling, the old hag answered:

"Well, it is not often that you living people ask favors of me, so for once I will say to you Yea!"

Having thanked her for her goodness, the maiden went back toward the outer door, but when she came to the place where she had seen the skeleton, found there only a heap of dust. So she went on toward the door, and as she opened it she heard a voice from the inner part of the church, which cried after her:

"Look at my red eyes, how red they are!"

And without looking round she answered:

"Look at my black back, how black it is!"

As soon as she had shut the door behind her she found that the churchyard seemed to swarm with people, who were shouting and screaming direfully, and who made as if they would stop her. But she, summoning up courage, rushed through the middle of them, without looking either to the right or to the left, and reached the home-building in safety.

As she delivered the book to the bishop she said:

"So loud were the voices of the goblin band,
That five echoes for each were found
In the mountain-rock, though far they stand
From Hölar burying-ground."

HOW SPECTACLES ARE MADE.

The white lens in use in the ordinary spectacle of commerce is made of the common window-pane glass rolled in sheets—sometimes it is made into balls. From these are cut pieces of about one and a quarter to one and a half inches in size; they are then taken into the grinding-room and each piece cemented separately upon what is called a lap, of a semicircular shape. These are made to fit into a corresponding curve or saucer, into which fine emery powder is introduced, and subjected to a swift rotary motion. The gradual curve in the lap gives to the glass as it is ground a corresponding shape, until the desired centre is reached. The lap is then taken and subjected to warmth, which melts the cement sufficiently to permit the glass being removed and turned upon the opposite side, when the same process is renewed. This being completed, the lenses are again detached from the lap and taken to another department, where they are shaped to fit the frames. This is accomplished by a machine of extreme delicacy. Each piece of glass is put separately upon a rest, when a diamond is brought to bear upon it, moving in the form of an oval, th us cutting the desired size; but the edges, of course, are rough and sharp, and must be beveled. For this purpose they are turned over to another set of hands, mostly girls, who have charge of the grindstones, which are about six inches in thickness. Each operator is provided with a gauge; the glass is taken between the forefinger and the thumb, and held sufficiently sidewise to produce the desired bevel; when this is attained it is again turned and the other side of the bevel completed. During this process it is constantly gauged in order to ascertain that the frame will close upon it without too much pressure, which would break the lens.

The next process to which the lens is subjected is that of "focusing," and requires extreme care. The person having this department to attend to is placed in a small room alone; across the entrance is hung a curtain, which is only drawn aside sufficiently to admit the required amount of light from a window several feet away, upon one of the top panes of which is placed a piece of heavy cardboard with a small hole cut in the centre representing the bull's-eye of a target. Through this the rays of light shine upon the lens in the hands of a workman, and are reflected through it to a dark background. The lens is then moved back and forth upon an inch measure until the proper focus is attained. Say, for instance, the extreme end of the measure is sixty-two inches—the lens is placed at that, but does not focus; it is gradually moved along, inch by inch, until, perhaps, it is brought to thirty-six inches. At this the proper height of centre or focus is attained, and it is then numbered thirty-six. The same operation is of course necessary with every lens. This accounts for the numbers which are upon spectacles or glasses of any kind when purchased.

HARK!

How weary have the minutes staid,
As at each my poor heart strayed,
That his loved steps have delayed
While I wait here!

I chid the rustling leaves above,
I hushed the cooing of the dove,
I waited for my coming love,
In anxious fear.

Hark! what is that, faint and far,
Reaches my ear? He lifts the bar;
He treads the path; shine out, O star!
My love is here!

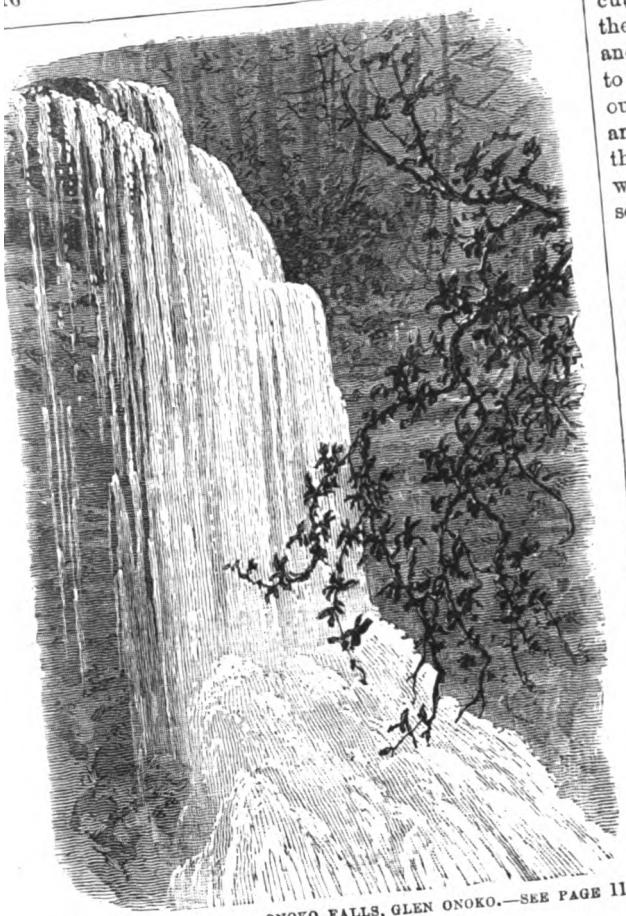
The peril that around him hung,
The danger that struck dumb my tongue,
The viper foe that would have stung,
Now disappear.

A MURDER DISCOVERED BY TOUCHING THE DEAD BODY.

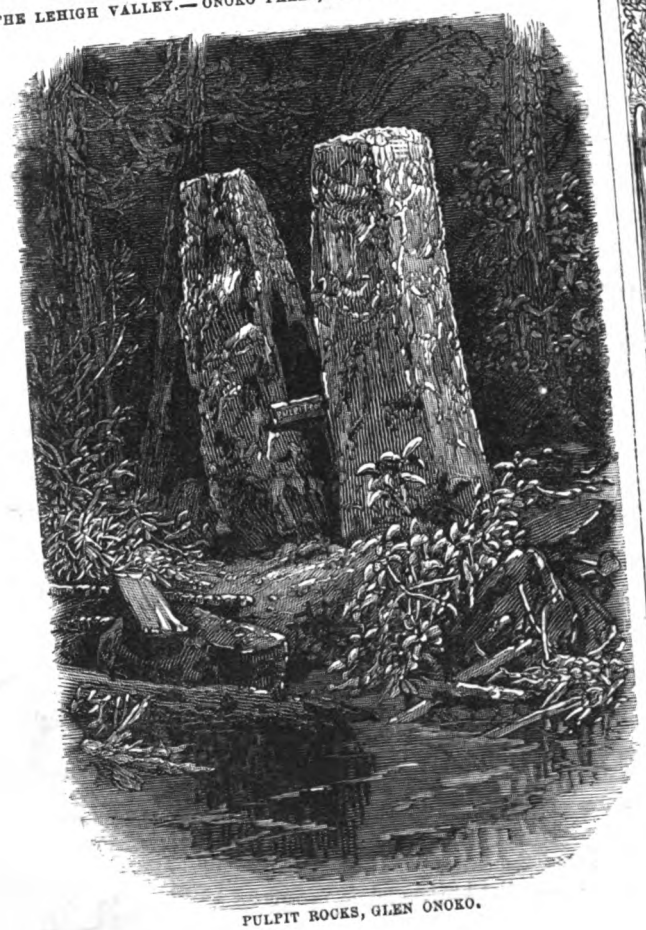
The following account of an extraordinary case of murder, in Hertfordshire, was found amongst the papers of that eminent lawyer, Sir John Maynard, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal of England:

"The case," relates Sir John, "or rather the history of a case, that happened in the County of Hertford, I thought good to report here, though it happened in the fourth year of King Charles I., that the memory of it may not be lost by the miscarriage of my papers or otherwise. I wrote the evidence which was given, which I and many others did hear, and I wrote it exactly according to what was deposed at the bar of the King's Bench, viz.:

"Johan Norkett, wife of Arthur Norkett, being murdered, the question was, how she came by her death? The coroner's inquest, on view of the body, and depositions of Mary Norkett, John Okerman, and Agnes his wife, inclined to find Johan Norkett *felo de se;* for they informed the coroner and jury that she was found dead in her bed, the knife sticking in the floor, and her throat



THE LEHIGH VALLEY.—ONOKO FALLS, GLEN ONOKO.—SEE PAGE 112.



PULPIT ROCKS, GLEN ONOKO.

cut; that the night before she went to bed with her child, the plaintiff in this appeal (her husband being absent), and that no other person, after such time as she was gone to bed, came into her house, the examinants lying in the outer room, and they must needs have seen or known if any stranger had come in; whereupon the jury gave up to the coroner their verdict, that she was *felo de se*. But afterward, upon rumor among the neighborhood, and their observance of divers circumstances, which manifested that

MOUNT PISGAH PLANE.

she did not, nor, according to these circumstances, could ever possibly murder herself, whereupon the jury, whose verdict was not yet drawn into form by the coroner, desired the coroner that the body, which was buried, might be taken out of the grave, which the coroner assented to; and thirty days after her death she was taken up in the presence of the jury and a great number of people, whereupon the jury changed their verdict. The persons being afterward tried at Hertford assizes, were acquitted,

but so much against the evidence that Judge Hervey left fall his opinion, that better an appeal (or action by the heir against the murderer for his life, a proceeding now abolished) were brought than so foul a murder escape unpunished; and in Easter term, 4th Charles I., they were tried on the appeal, which was brought by the young child against his father, grandmother, and aunt, and her husband, Okerman; and because the evidence was so strange, I took exact and particular notice, and it was as follows, viz.:

"After the matters above related, an ancient and grave person, minister to the parish where the murder was committed (being sworn to give evidence according to custom), deposed, 'That the body being taken out of the grave thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants present, they were required each of them to touch the dead body. Okerman's wife fell upon her knees, and prayed God to show tokens of her innocence, or to some such purpose—her very words I have forgot. The appellees did touch the dead body, whereupon the brow of the dead, which was before a livid and carrion color (that was the verbal expression *in terminis* of the witness), began to have a dew or gentle sweat arise upon it, which increased by degrees till the sweat ran down in drops upon the face, the brow turned and changed to a lively and fresh color, and the dead opened one of her eyes and shut it again, and this opening the eye was done three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three several times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood on the grass.'

A MURDER DISCOVERED BY TOUCHING THE DEAD BODY.—SEE PAGE 115.

"Sir Nicholas Hyde, Chief Magistrate, seemed to doubt the evidence, and asked the witness:

"'Who saw this besides you?'

"*Witness:* 'I cannot swear what others saw; but, my lord,' said he, 'I believe the whole company saw it; and if it had been thought a doubt, proof would have been made of it, and many would have attested with me.'

"Then the witness, observing some admiration in the auditors, spake further:

"'My lord, I am minister of the parish, and have known all of the parties, but never have had any occasion of displeasure against any of them, nor had to do with them, nor they with me. But as I was minister, the thing was wonderful to me. I have no interest in the matter, but as called upon to testify the truth, and that I have done.'

"This witness was a reverend person; as I guessed, was about seventy years of age. His testimony was delivered gravely and temperately, but to the great admiration of the auditory; whereupon, applying himself to the chief-justice, he said:

"'My lord, my brother here present is minister of the parish adjacent, and, I am assured, saw all done that I have affirmed.'

"Therefore, that person was sworn to give evidence, and deposed to in every point, viz.: the sweating of the brow, changing of its color, opening of the eye, and the thrice motion of the finger, and drawing it in again—only the first witness added that he himself dipped his finger in the blood which came from the dead body, to examine it, and he swore he believed it was blood.

"I conferred afterward with Sir Edward Powell, barrister-at-law, and others, who all concurred in the observation; and for myself, if I were upon oath, I can depose that these depositions, especially the first witness, are reported truly.

"The other evidence was given against the prisoners,—viz.: the grandmother of the plaintiff, and against Okerman and his wife—that they confessed they lay in the next room to the dead person that night, and that none came into the house till they found her dead the next morning. Therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the murderers. To that end further proof was made:

"*Firstly.*—That she lay in a composed manner in bed, the bed-clothes nothing at all disturbed, and her child by her in bed.

"*Secondly.*—Her throat cut from ear to ear, and her neck broken; and if she first cut her throat, she could not break her neck in the bed, nor *contra.*

"*Thirdly.*—There was no blood in the bed, saving there was a tincture of blood on the bolster, where her head lay, but no substance of blood at all.

"*Fourthly.*—From the bed's head there was a stream of blood on the floor, which ran along till it ponded in the bendings on the floor to a very great quantity; and there was also another stream of blood at the bed's foot, which ponded also on the floor to a very great quantity; but no continuance or communication of either of these two places from one to the other, neither upon the bed—so that she bled in two places severally. And it was deposed, turning up the mats of the bed, there were clots of congealed blood in the straw of the mats underneath.

"*Fifthly.*—The bloody knife was found in the morning sticking in the floor, a good distance from the bed, but the point of the knife, as it stuck, was to the bed, and the haft from the bed.

"*Sixthly.*—There was a print of a thumb and forefinger of a left hand.

"Sir Nicholas Hyde, chief-justice, said to the witness:

"'How can you know the print of a left hand from the print of a right hand in such a case?'

"*Witness:* 'It is hard to describe; but if it pleases that honorable judge to put his left hand upon your left hand, you cannot possibly put your right hand in the same posture.'

"Which being done, and appearing so, the defendants had time to make their defense, but gave no evidence to any purpose. The jury, departing from the bar, and returning, acquitted Okerman, and found the other three guilty, who being severally demanded what they could say why judgment should not be pronounced, said no more than, 'I did not do it! I did not do it!'

"Judgment was given, and the grandmother and the husband executed, but the aunt had the privilege to be spared execution, being with child.

"I inquired if they confessed anything at their execution, but they did not, as I am told."

BUTTER AND CHEESE OF THE ANCIENTS.

From the fact that ancient writers of the Hebrew and Greek schools do not mention butter or cream, some have concluded that neither was known nor used, up to nearly the close of the first century of the Christian era; but this must be a mistake, for no doubt one of the oils mentioned in the Old Testament was of a butyraceous description. The milk of herds and of goats is spoken of, consequently there must have been cream, and butter also, produced by the conveyance of milk in skins on camelback, as it is frequently carried in what is called the Holy Land to-day.

The climate, in patriarchal times, as at present, would not allow butter to remain long in a solid state; and hence its mention as oil. This is, however, speculative, though more than probable.

Pliny speaks of "cow-cheese," which he calls butyrum; and the nomad Arabs made what they called "kymac," which is a thickened preparation of cream, almost like butter. It is made by shaking cream of goats' milk in a calabash. The native East Indians make butter from buffaloes' milk, which they call "ghee," which is simply butter of a thick, oily consistency.

Homer and Virgil both mention cheese, the former that could be cut by a knife—Hercamede being described in the Iliad as having shred and scraped goats' cheese into a posset he prepared for the wounded Machaon. Virgil leaves cheese with no greater consistency than curd, which the Scythians used to mix with mare's blood and feast upon.

Long before the Christian era, the buttery extract from milk was used by the barbarous nations and by the Romans as an ointment, with which they anointed children when teething, and applied to their skins to defend them from the sun. This was butyrum, ghee, or melted butter; and, if it looked then no more tempting than when presented forty years ago, under an Arab tent at the second cataract on the Nile, it must have been then, as now, a very repulsive appearing article of food, with a most offensive smell of rancidity.

THE EYE AND ITS USE.

By William Ackroyd, F. I. C.

It is easy to work with an instrument without knowing anything at all about its construction. Thousands of tourists yearly point their "glasses" to mountain and mere without having the least idea in what manner these wonderful instruments bring that which is afar off comparatively near to them; and how many millions are there who use their eyes every waking hour of their lives without knowing about the build of these wonderful organs! Yet, if one sets about it properly, it is very easy to learn quite enough to understand how the eye is built up, how its parts work harmoniously together, and how we have acquired our ideas of form, size, distance, etc.

If desirous of knowing all about the telescope, our first work would be to take it to pieces, and then we should try and ascertain, as well as we could, the use of each part, arriving finally at a conception of the working of the whole instrument. We must proceed similarly in the case of the eye. Let us, then, dismember an eye, and by a series of intelligent observations, experiments and comparisons we may arrive at all we at present want to know—the structure and use of it. Fortunately for our purpose, the eye of a sheep or cow will do quite well. If you send to the butcher for two eyes he will probably, as in my case, send you half-a-dozen. With these make the following investigation:

Take one and cut off the muscle which has been left adhering to the side. Now note that the eyeball is nearly spherical, and has a white cord projecting from the back. This cord proceeds into the interior of the eye, and before it was severed connected the eye with the brain. Without cutting up the eye, we can ascertain little more now than we do by an inspection of our own eyes in the looking-glass. We observe a transparent, circular front, which bulges out slightly; this is the cornea, and it merges into the "white of the eye" or *sclerotic coat*, which seems to form the rest of the eyeball. Under the transparent cornea one sees a colored ring, the iris, and the opening in the middle of this is termed the pupil. We may turn now to make a cursory examination of its interior.

With a pretty sharp razor cautiously make a cross incision into the cornea of the cow's eye. As soon as the thick cornea has been cut through a watery-looking fluid issues, which is termed the *aqueous humor*. When the incision has been made large enough gently press the eyeball, and there will be squeezed out a most important organ, the *crystalline lens*, truly crystalline, for it is *ice-like* in its transparency and purity. It is not always thus, for on the approach of old age it becomes tinged with yellow, and has then a peculiar effect on the color sense, not of much consequence save in the case of an artist. To one troubled with this defect, the *strong* blues presented by nature in daylight appear bluer than they are, and the *weak* blues of his pigments much weaker than they are. But in following his art the painter has to copy nature's bright blues, with the weak blues he has before him in

his pigments, and consequently puts too much of the latter on to his canvas in his endeavor to represent nature faithfully. This was Mulready's condition in his old days, and Leibreich points out that his later pictures are too cold, and only look of a natural tint when we observe them through yellow glass.

After observing well the form of the lens, how that it is more convex on one side than on the other, put it aside for future experimental use. One of the incisions that have been made in the cornea may now be enlarged, so that the sclerotic coat is cut through and the eyeball nearly bisected. The remainder of the eyeball will be found to contain a perfectly colorless and jelly-like substance, the *vitreous humor*. Through this transparent humor the color of the internal coating of the eye is plainly visible, of a satiny, and in some parts a perfectly violet, tint. The wall or spherical shell which surrounds the vitreous humor consists of three layers—the inner colored one, termed the retina, the outer sclerotic coat, and between these two the choroid coat, which is lined with pigment on the side which it presents to the retina. The more minute structure of some of these we must inquire into further on; and now, before the mangled eye is pitched away, note the spot on the retina where the white cord or optic nerve enters, by pushing a pin through the nerve into the interior. The pin-point will be found to come out a little to one side of the central portion of the retina.

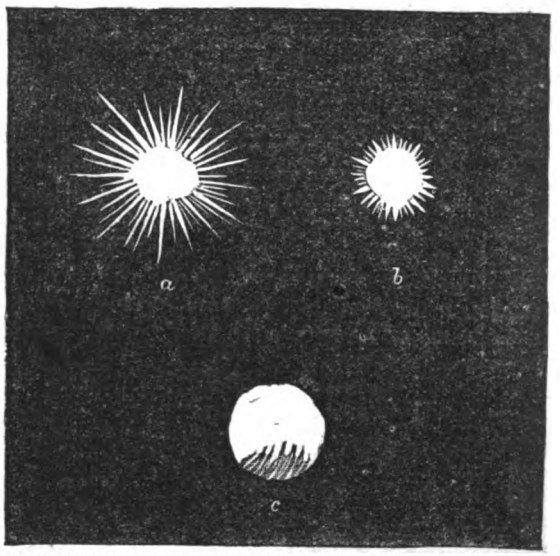
Our preliminary work has necessarily been of a rough nature; we have been settling broad landmarks, and the reader who may be inclined to go in for a more minute survey will now use the microscope and dissecting apparatus, and have recourse to the instructions furnished by special works of too technical a nature to be detailed in these pages. We have done well if the position and shape of the principal parts are understood, so that we can form a picture in the mind's eye of the inside as well as the outside of the visual organ. To aid us in this, let us turn to a finished diagram, so that we may understand one or two points concerning which we are at present a little hazy—as, *e.g.*, the exact position and mode of suspension of the lens, how the iris is attached, etc.

On reference to cut on p. 125 it will be seen that the lens is placed between the vitreous humor and the aqueous humor, and is kept in its place by a membranous frame, which extends from the edges of the lens to what are termed the ciliary processes of the choroid coat.

The outer edges of the iris are firmly connected with the shell at the junction of the cornea and sclerotic coat, and it is applied pretty closely to the front face of the lens. By the contraction of certain circular muscles, with which it is provided, it can lessen the area of the pupil quickly, just as in an old fashioned purse the drawing to of the strings closes the mouth. It has likewise certain radiating fibres, and the contraction of these enlarges the pupil, as, again, we might open the mouth of the purse by pulling at the sides of the bag.

The movements of the iris or colored curtain of the eye are of extreme interest, showing as they do how very sensitive the eye is to light. There are several ways of watching its movements, one being the familiar looking-glass method. Shut one eye and look into a mirror with the other at the iris. It will be found that upon opening the closed eye the iris which is being gazed at will expand very markedly, or, what amounts to the same thing, there will be a marked contraction of the pupil. Other methods the writer has described in a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and as they require no complicated apparatus, we may give them here.

The surface of the cornea is moistened with the fluid which forms tears, and as every time one winks this film of liquid is disturbed, it follows, from what we know of the influence of rough surfaces on light, that there must be a slight alteration in direction of some of the rays which enter the eye. Regard a distant gas-lamp with one eye closed—beams seem to proceed from the flame like golden bars. These are due to a large extent to the bending influence of this surface-fluid. Whilst looking at the light with one eye, it will be found that there is an alteration in the disposition of the bars at every wink—that is, at every disturbance of this tear-fluid. Now gaze steadily at one of the brightest of the stars, or at a gas-lamp some distance away, and strike a match in front of the face while looking at the star or lamp. Immediately the match is lighted, the bars of light, which seem to project from the star on every hand, retreat into it like the horns of a snail that have just come into rude contact with some unwelcome object. The influx of more



A STAR SEEN WITH EXPANDED PUPIL (*a*); THE STAR SEEN WITH THE CONTRACTED PUPIL (*b*); ILLUSTRATING THE PIN-HEAD EXPERIMENT (*c*).

light into the eye when the match is struck causes the pupil to contract, and the rays which appear to stretch out from the star are thus cut off by the iris, until the distant luminary appears only like a dot of light. The next two ways are equally as interesting as this one.

Burnish the head of an ordinary brass pin, and then place the pin up to the head in a black hat. Now, with one eye shut, and your back to the light, bring the pin-head near to the other eye, so that light may be reflected into it from the polished convex surface. One sees a circular luminous field, with projecting hairs at the bottom, which belong to the top eyelid (*c*). Globules of the tear-fluid also appear at each wink. Now, while looking at this circular luminous field, bring up the other hand and intercept the light which is falling into the eye for a moment. When the hand is drawn away, mark the distinct alteration in area of field which is produced—the field contracts most markedly.

For the remaining method we only require a piece of tin-foil in which a minute hole has been pricked with a pin. Upon closing one eye as before, and looking with the other through this hole, placed about half an inch away, any alteration in size of the iris is at once discerned by the alteration in area of the circular field of view.

Substantially the same effects may be observed under very different circumstances. Lying idly on one's back on the grass in the midday sun, with the eyes screened

HARK!—SEE POEM ON PAGE 115.

by the border of a straw hat, one sees a great number of round holes against the bright sky, and they simultaneously and capriciously alter in size.

Were we not acquainted with the foregoing facts, we should little think of referring these alterations to the movements of the iris.

Again, if with the back to the light a polished walking-stick be held close to one side of the face, like a fencer guarding that region, the portion of it nearest to the eye presents a bar of light, which varies in width according as the pupil is expanded or contracted. The ring on one's finger will answer admirably for the pin in the hat experiment, and the reader may often have seen the round circle of light reflected from its surface when in meditative mood he has had his ring-finger near to his eye; he may, moreover, have seen it expand and contract, and have been quite at a loss to account for the phenomenon.

These and other facts all prove how very sensitive the eye is to variations in amount of light entering it, a sensitiveness which has been admiringly pondered over by both poet and philosopher. Thomas Moore and Oliver Wendell Holmes each compare the pupil of the eye to bigotry, which the more light you pour upon it the more it contracts; and no doubt some poet of the future will liken the iris, in its beauty, to liberal-mindedness, which the more you illuminate it the more it expands.

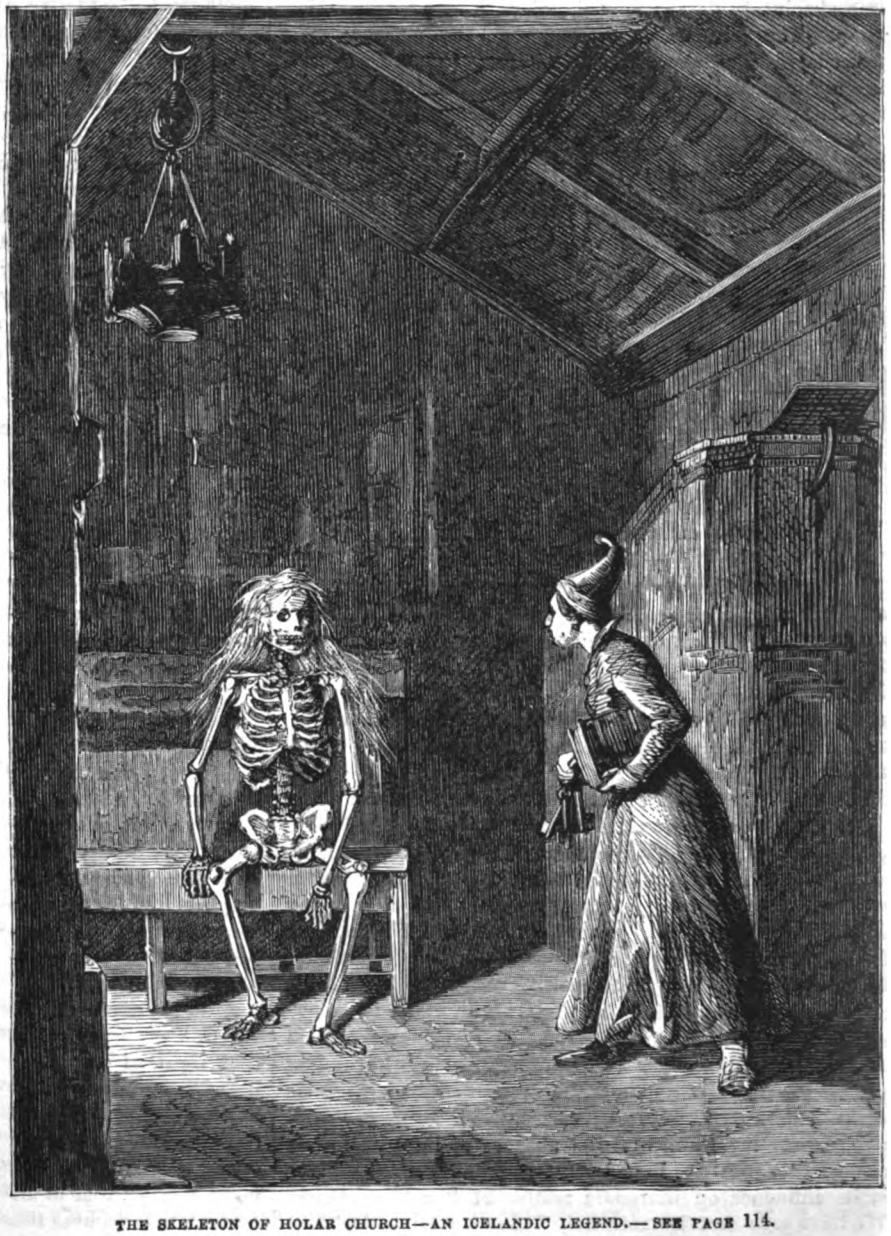
We have now taken our optical instrument to pieces, and know the positions of its most prominent parts—cornea, aqueous humor, crystalline lens, vitreous humor and retina. By a very homely device we may illustrate the use of the more important of these. The apparatus necessary consists of a plain glass flask filled with water, a candle, and two pieces of white cardboard, one of which must have a small round hole punched in it, about the size of a three-cent-piece. Place the flask so that the light of the candle may fall full upon it, and take the unperforated piece of cardboard and fix it upright on the other side of the flask, at such a distance that an image of the candle-flame is projected on to it. The image will appear somewhat blurred, owing to what is known as spherical aberration, or the inability of a lens with spherical surfaces to bring all the rays which fall upon it to the same focus. Now place the perforated cardboard between the light and the flask, and it will be found that the image is very much improved, more distinct and perfect than before. With the completed arrangement we have the apparatus placed as on p. 122, in this order: light, perforated cardboard, water-flask and cardboard screen; and the use of three very important portions of the eye is illustrated, the screen (IV.) representing the retina, the flask (III.) the crystalline lens, and the perforated cardboard (II.) standing for the iris. One of the uses of the iris, then, is to correct any tendency the crystalline lens may have to form a blurred image; and the use of the lens is to project a pretty picture of external objects on to the retina, whilst the latter transmits its impressions through the optic nerve to the brain.

That the action of the crystalline lens is precisely the same as that of our water-flask may be easily shown. Stick a pin into the edge of the lens that has been kept to experiment with, and now bring the candle on one side of it and a paper screen on the other. A blurred image appears on the screen, and it is *inverted*. Its distinctness is much improved by having here, as in our former experiment, a perforated piece of cardboard or paper to represent the iris.

The iris is said to have another use, which will be well understood after considering the behavior of a bundle of rays passing through a double convex lens. Since the lens is thickest in the middle and thinnest at the margin, we may look at it as a combination of peculiar glass prisms. Suppose a double convex lens were cut in two, its section would be of the shape shown at *a* (page 122), which is not unlike a section of two prisms base to base (*b*), and it behaves toward white light like two such prisms. A prism, as the reader is aware, breaks up white light into its "parent colors," red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, and in the course of this breaking up violet light is most bent, and red least so. If, therefore, two thin pencils of white light, *a* and *b* (page 122), be sent into two prisms, placed base to base, it will be readily seen that the violet rays come together at *f* much sooner than the red rays at *f'*, and when a double convex lens is employed to bring together an infinite number of rays of light, it behaves like two prisms placed base to base. In the centre of the field the overlapping of the spectra gives us a white area, but the borders, where no such overlapping can take place, are colored; the border of the section at s, before any of the rays have been brought to a focus, is of an orange to red tint, and the section of s', after all the rays have been brought to a focus, is of a bluish tinge. This may be seen with an ordinary magnifying glass in the case of the sun's rays. Before the sun's image is well formed the border of the circle of light is of an orange tint; after the focus is past the disk of light is fringed with blue. Double convex lenses all behave in this way, a peculiarity which is termed *chromatic aberration*. If this fringe were cut off by means of a ring-like screen, it is evident that inconvenience arising from this aberration would be overcome. Ring-like screens of this kind are, therefore, employed inside telescopes for this purpose; and many eminent men maintain that in the iris we are supplied with a ring-like screen which neutralizes any tendency the crystalline lens may have to exhibit this defect.

In darkness we see nothing, nor can we see anything in daylight if the eyes be closed. Immediately, however, the eyes are opened, we become conscious of the existence of external objects; their images are cast upon the retina, and in some wonderful manner the facts are flashed along the optic nerve to the brain. This action of light upon the retinal membrane is one of the most marvelous that we are acquainted with; not that there is a lack of surprising facts concerning the power of a beam of light, for we know that it is an agent that has a peculiar and potent influence in the three kingdoms of nature. The work done by it in the green leaves of trees must be something enormous, and had we the proper data, it would be an interesting problem to ascertain how many millions of tons of wood are yearly produced by its chemical action on the carbonic acid floating in the air. Its influence on vital phenomena is somewhat surprising, it being a well-known fact that the healthiest portions of a hospital are those wards which are best lighted. The prolonged absence of light would be a very serious matter, for an eternal night on the face of the earth would probably lead first to death and disease, and finally to a sightless animal creation. Note the effects of an Arctic night in Smith's Sound, as described by Dr. Kane:

"*Dec. 15th, Thursday.*—We have lost the last vestige of our mid-day twilight. We cannot see print, and

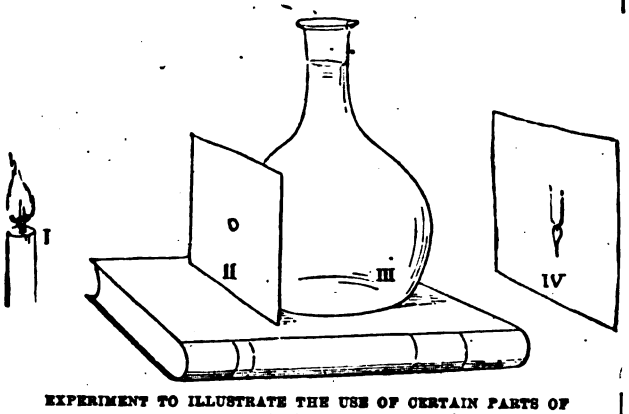


THE SKELETON OF HOLAR CHURCH—AN ICELANDIC LEGEND.—SEE PAGE 114.

scarcely paper; the fingers cannot be counted a foot from the eyes.

"The first traces of returning light were observed at noon on the 21st January, when the southern horizon had for a short time a distinct orange tint. . . . .We had been nearing the sunshine for thirty-two days, and had just reached that degree of mitigated darkness which made the extreme midnight of Sir Edward Parry in latitude 74° 47′. Even as late as the 31st, two very sensitive daguerreotype plates, treated with iodine and bromine, failed to indicate any solar influence when exposed to the southern horizon at noon; the camera being used in-doors to escape the effects of cold. The influence of this long, intense darkness was most depressing. Even our dogs, although the greater part of them were natives of the Arctic Circle, were unable to withstand it. Most of them died from an anomalous form of disease, to which I am satisfied the absence of light contributed as much as the extreme cold. I give a little extract from my journal of January 20.

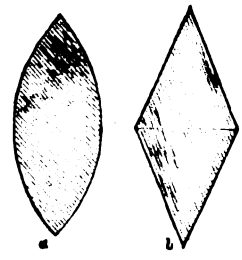
"'This morning at five o'clock—for I am so afflicted with the insomnium of this eternal night that I rise at any time between midnight and noon—I went upon deck. It was absolutely dark, the cold not permitting a swinging lamp. There was not a glimmer came to me through the ice-crusted window-panes of the cabin. While I was feeling my way, half puzzled as to the best method of steering clear of whatever might be before me, two of my



EXPERIMENT TO ILLUSTRATE THE USE OF CERTAIN PARTS OF THE EYE.

Newfoundland dogs put their cold noses against my hand, and instantly commenced the most exuberant antics of satisfaction. It then occurred to me how very dreary and forlorn must these poor animals be, at atmospheres + 10° in-doors, and — 50° without, living in darkness, howling at an accidental light as if it reminded them of the moon, and with nothing either of instinct or sensation to tell them of the passing hours, or to explain the long-lost daylight. They shall see the lantern more frequently.'"

Now, suppose an animal, untold ages ago, had been placed in darkness, kept there, and all its descendants after it—what would have happened? An organ that is never used decreases in size, and in the course of ages may disappear. It is highly probable, therefore, that after a few generations, the eyes of these confined animals would be diminished in size and sensitiveness, and that finally they would become stone-blind. It is thought by many scientific men that the blind fishes and insects which inhabit the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky have had some such history, and are the descendants of originals still represented by perfect forms outside. From the foregoing facts it follows that the absence of light is injurious, and its presence beneficial, to animated nature. Nor is its influence on inorganic matter of less importance. We have seen that it materially influences the electrical conductivity of the element selenium, and as a quality is seldom isolated, but possessed by a host of other bodies to a more or less degree, light has probably this action on other substances. When absorbed it may be turned into heat, or employed in effecting chemical changes, as in the photographer's iodized plate. Books, sometimes, which have lain for years and years side by side, with only the titular portion of the backs exposed to the sun's rays, exhibit a marked difference in the color of their covers, the backs being decidedly paler than the sides.

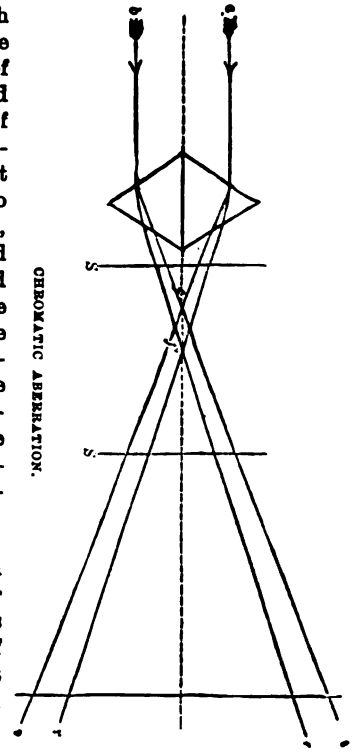


SECTION OF DOUBLE CONVEX LENS (*a*); SECTION OF TWO PRISMS PLACED BASE TO BASE (*b*).

The bird-stuffer, aware of this action of light, takes good care to paint the plumage of his birds with more stable colors; and the careful curator, long tormented with the destructive action of light on the gaudy colors of his butterflies, now endeavors with tinted glass to sift the sun's rays of what he has found to be their most destructive parts.

This bleaching action is exhibited in a remarkable degree in the case of the retina. After Prof. Fr. Boll announced the discovery that the outer layer of the retina —*i.e.*, the layer furthest from the vitreous humor—is in the living condition not colorless, but of a purple-red color, and that the color is being continually destroyed by the light which enters the eye, this subject became of the utmost importance, and ere long, Dr. W. Kühne, Professor of Physiology in the University of Heidelberg, ascertained that this coloring matter, termed the *visual purple*, may be bleached by light *after death*—an important discovery, inasmuch as many experiments could now be made on removed retinæ, which before would have seemed useless or impossible.

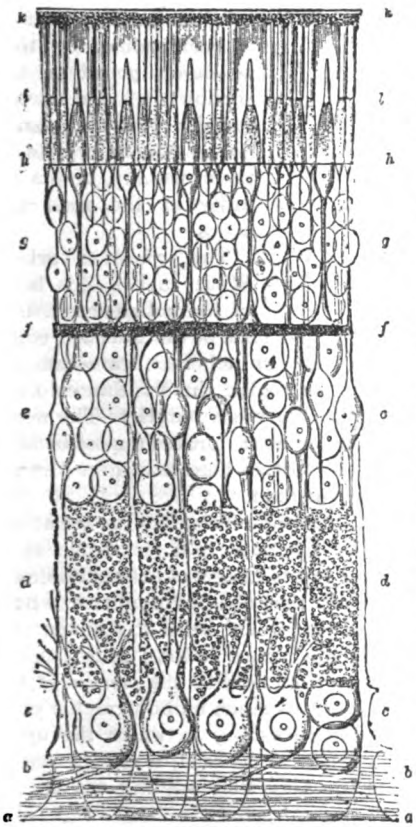
To show the influence of solar light, Kühne took ten uniformly purple retinæ of frogs (*Rana temporaria*), and spread them out in a row touching each other; he placed the retinæ in a spectrum of the sun's light obtained by passing a bundle of rays through a flint-glass prism, so that some were exposed to ultra-red and red rays, others to violet and ultra-violet rays, and the remainder to the light of the rest of the spectrum. It would appear that where there was the greatest absorption of light, the bleaching of the exposed retinæ was soonest effected.



CHROMATIC ABERRATION.

After his experiments, Kühne was able to affirm that light of one color bleaches and decolorizes the coloring matter of the retina, as white light does, only very much more slowly; that of all one-colored lights the

following act with decreasing rapidity: greenish-yellow yellowish-green, green, bluish-green, greenish-blue, cyanogen-blue, indigo-blue, violet, later pure yellow and orange, and still later ultra-violet and red; that the extreme red and ultra-violet rays are not entirely without action, but that the commencement of the ultra-violet is more active than the commencement of the visible red. He points out, as a most significant fact, that precisely those rays which most affect our eyes, and appear to be the most intense—namely, the greenish-yellow—are those by which the coloring matter of the retina itself is the most changed. Seeing then that the retina is the eye-screen, and that it is materially influenced by the action of light, it now behooves us, because of its importance, to inquire more particularly into its structure, and the uses of its various parts.



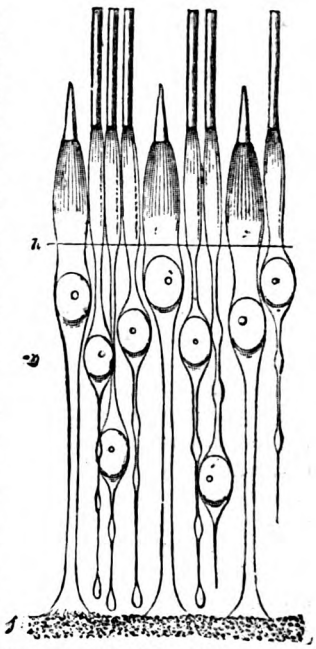
SECTION OF THE HUMAN RETINA.

(a) Surface of the Retina in contact with the Vitreous Humor; (b) Expansion of the Fibres of the Optic Nerve; (c) Ganglionic Corpuscles; (d) Molecular Layer and Nervous Fibres; (e) Inner Granules and Nuclei; (f) Intergranular Layer, and interwoven Nervous Fibres bearing the Inner Granules; (g) Granules of the Outer Layer; (h) Outer Limiting Surface where the Rods and Cones start, and Connective Tissue ceases; (i) Rods and Cones; (k) Limiting Surface in contact with the Pigment of the Choroid Coat.

The retina is a perfectly transparent membrane, varying in thickness from an eightieth to a little less than a hundred and sixtieth of an inch, and lines the interior of the wall of the eye-ball, as we have seen. A thin vertical section of it at any spot except the exact centre (called the yellow spot) and the entrance of the optic nerve, when viewed under the microscope, presents us with the structures represented. From *b* to *h* the nervous element is held together by what is termed connective tissue, and beyond *h* the remainder of the retina consists of peculiarly shaped nerve filaments, some like staves, and called *rods*, and others of a sugar-loaf form, termed *cones*. Three of these cones and six rods are shown on a larger scale.

Where the optic nerve enters the eye it spreads out its filaments in all directions, forming the fore-part, (*b*), of the retina; and these, doubtless, are in connection with the rods and cones at the back. The intermediary structures are stated in the detailed inscription to the cut.

One would naturally suppose that the portion of the retina turned toward the light would be the part which is affected by it; we shall see, however, as we proceed, that such is not the case, but that these rods and cones at the very back of the retina are the agents which *feel* the light after it has passed through the transparent parts which lie in front. There are minute blood-vessels in the retina, ramifications of the artery which enters the eye along with the optic nerve, and they are spread out in the portion of the membrane which lies between the layer of rods and cones and the surface in contact with the vitreous humor. Evidence of their existence may be easily obtained without even having recourse to dissection. Let the reader try the following simple experiment upon himself, by means of which he will see the shadows of the vessels like the black and bare arms of a tree seen against a red sunset sky. No light must be in the room save that of a candle, and this must be employed in the following way: Close one eye, and with the other stare into the dark vacancy. Now move the candle-flame up and down near to the outer side of the open eye, so that the light enters it in a slanting direction. Under these circumstances the reader will see a series of diverging black lines against a red ground, which are known as *Purkinje's figures.**



THE RODS AND CONES ON A LARGER SCALE; THERE ARE THREE OF THE LATTER BETWEEN SIX OF THE FORMER.

For the success of the experiment it is very necessary to keep the candle moving. Sir Charles Wheatstone invented an instrument for showing an original variation of this experiment. It consists of a circular plate of metal, about two inches in diameter, blackened at its outer side and perforated at its centre, with an aperture about half an inch in diameter. To the inner face is fixed a similar plate of ground glass. On placing the aperture between the eye and the flame of a candle, and keeping the plate in motion, so as to displace continually the image of the aperture on the retina, the ramifying lines are seen distributed as before, but brighter. In the very centre of the field of vision there is a small circular space, in which no traces of vessels appear; this is the most sensitive portion of the retina. When this portion of the retina is examined it is found to be full of close-set cones—a fact which, taken along with another we shall now mention, seems to show that these cones are the portions of the retina which are sensitive to light. Where the optic nerve enters the retina there are no cones; this spot is blind. We have experimentally ascertained that the optic nerve enters the eye a little to one side of its central part, and as the eye rests in the head it is the side nearest the nose where the nerve enters.

TESTING FOR THE BLIND SPOT IN EACH RETINA.

* In some of our best physiological text-books the idea is given that *bright* lines on a *dark* ground are seen—a curious mistake.

ABOUT EYES.

The following experiment proves that the point of entrance is not sensitive to light: Close the left eye, and regard the cross (page 123, A) steadily with the right, held, say, eighteen inches away. Now bring the paper gradually nearer, keeping the gaze fixed on the cross, while, however, an effort is made to keep the white circle in sight without turning the eye away from the cross. As the cross nears the eye, a position is reached where the white circle disappears. Upon continuing the approach of the cross, the white circle comes into view again. Now close the right eye and follow precisely the same directions with the following circle and cross (B), keeping the eye steadily fixed on the cross as before. It will be found again that at one stage of the approach of the cross the white circle disappears. This experiment proves that there is a spot on each retina on its nasal side which is blind; this spot is the entrance of the optic nerve, which has accordingly been called the *punctum cæcum*, or blind spot.

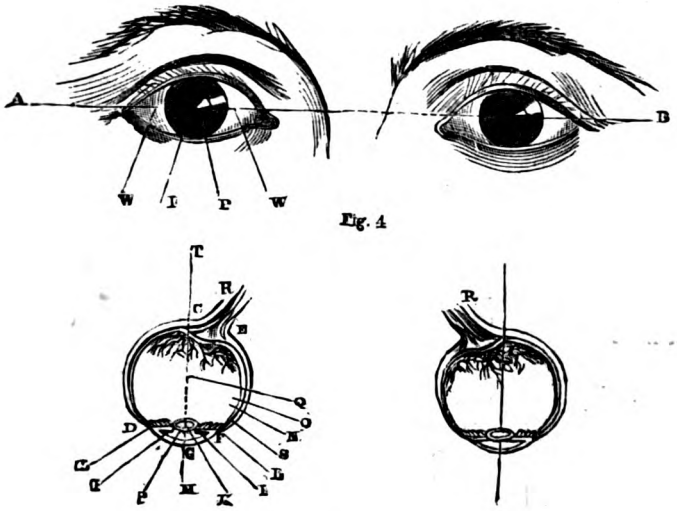
On page 126 we have endeavored to represent the conditions in these two experiments. Three positions of the circle and cross with respect to the eyes are shown. In the second position, where the image of the circle rests in each case on the blind spot, the circle cannot be seen. It has again come into sight by the time the third position is reached, and when the image no longer rests on the entrance of the optic nerve. These two facts, then, that there are no cones in that spot of the retina which is blind, that there are cones nearly to the exclusion of other elements in the spot of retina where vision is most acute, would lead us to suppose that these cones are in some way concerned in the phenomenon of vision. Nocturnal birds, like owls, are said to have very few cones, and the eel, which lives in dark mud, none at all. The mode of occurrence of Purkinje's figures likewise points to the region of the cones as being that which is influenced by light. In producing these figures the light falls on the inner surface of the retina, so that whatever perceives the shadows of the blood-vessels will necessarily lie on the other side of them, namely, in the locality of the rods and cones.

The question arises, What makes this layer of the retina sensitive to light? Can it be the peculiar form of the rods and cones which are adapted to take up ethereal wave-motion? or can it be because in this region there is that coloring matter which is known as the *visual* purple? The working out of the question has so far proved a most baffling inquiry, and we cannot do better here than give the results of the most recent research.

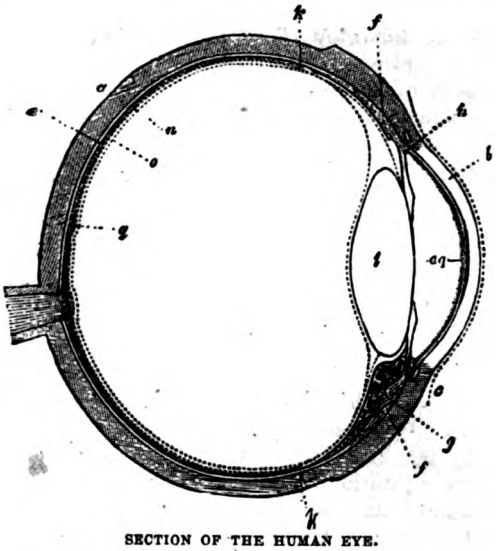
Some have supposed that the retina, like the sensitized plate in a photographer's camera, is a membrane upon which the light acts and prints images of external objects. It is noteworthy, however, that the philosopher to whom we owe much evidence that would seem to support this hypothesis thinks that the retina, so long as it is maintained in its natural connections with the *pigment* of the choroid coat, resembles not so much a photographic plate as a whole photographic workshop, in which the operator, by bringing new sensitive material, is always renewing the plates, and at the same time washing out the old

THE PIN-HEAD EXPERIMENT.

HOW TO SEE PURKINJE'S FIGURES.



EYE WITH SECTIONS SHOWING LINE OF VISION.



SECTION OF THE HUMAN EYE.

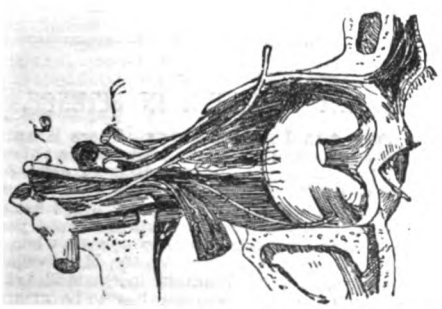
(*a*) Sclerotic Coat ; (*b*) Cornea ; (*c*) Conjunctiva ; (*e*) Choroid Coat ; (*f*) Ciliary Muscle ; (*g*) Ciliary Processes ; (*h*) Iris; (*i*) Optic Nerve ; (*k*) Boundary of Retina ; (*l*) Crystalline Lens ; (*n*) Choroid Pigment ; (*o*) Retina ; (*q*) Yellow Spot of Retina ; (*aq*) Aqueous Humor ; (*v*) Vitreous Humor.

image ; for Kühne, to whom we refer, found that the visual purple could be renewed upon bringing a bleached retina into contact with the layer of pigment which lines the choroid coat.

And here we may remark that this pigment forms the natural support of the rods. The pigment, when viewed under the microscope, appears to be formed of six-sided particles, arranged side by side, as represented at *a* (page 126) ; *b* is a side view of two of these particles, and at *c* one is seen with retinal rods imbedded in it.

Kühne recounts some other remarkable experiments, a few of which we may here describe as bearing on this subject.

On one occasion a frog exposed only to blue light kept its eye steadily fixed on the flame. After fourteen hours' exposure it was found that a beautiful image of the gas-light had been photographed on the retina, appearing perfectly colorless on a deep red ground. It will be observed that we have here a phenomenon analogous to what would take place in our experiment, represented on page 122, supposing the screen IV. were colored, and the light had the power to imprint its white likeness on it.

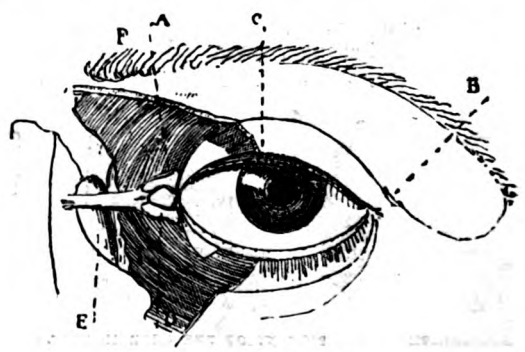


MUSCLES AND NERVES CONNECTED WITH THE EYE.

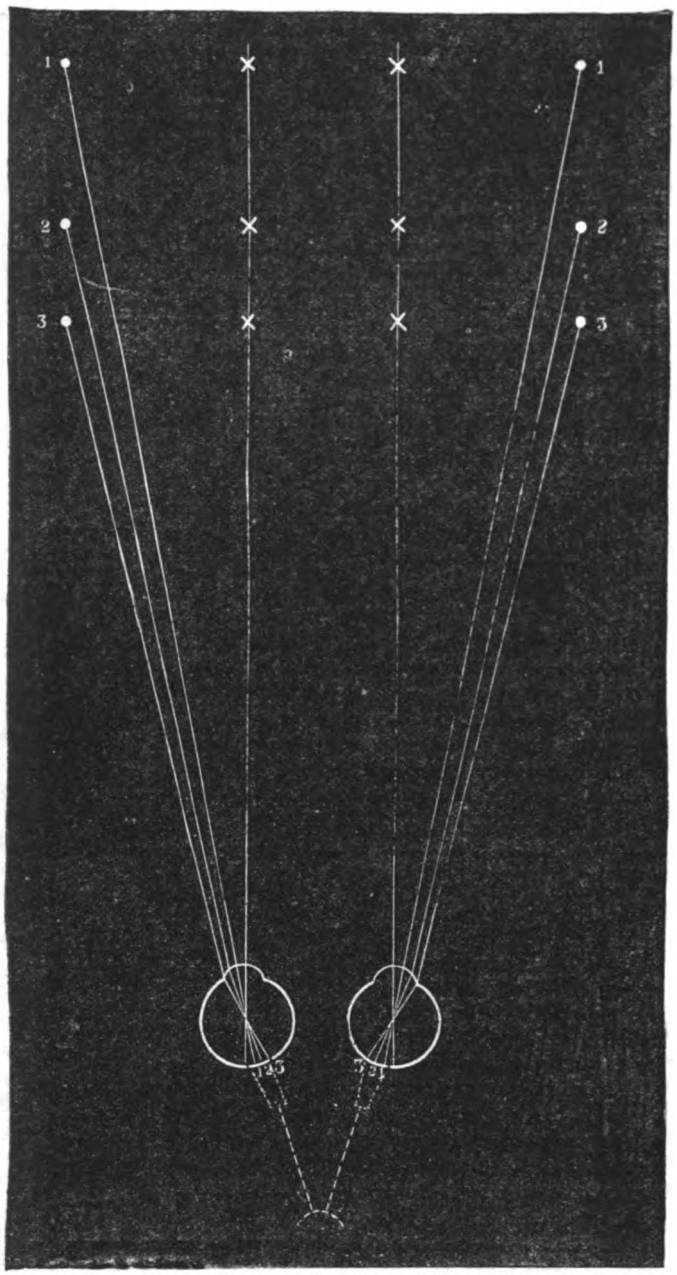
These *optograms*, or retinal photographs, are not easily obtainable, and Kühne had long tried to get them in the eyes of the larger mammals before he was successful in the case detailed above. One of the difficulties in the way of successful optography arises from the fact that the front layers of the retina become opaque in death, and as the visual purple is in the region of the rods and cones at the back, the light can evidently not penetrate so far. Kühne accordingly found it necessary to remove and invert the retina for optographic purposes. Whilst treating of this matter he is careful to remark that there are not wanting imaginative persons who profess to have seen in the eye of a murdered person the image of the murderer, but for his part he cannot corroborate their wild assertions.

This photographic change of the retina under the influence of light is associated with a change in its electrical condition, and just as various kinds of light bleach the visual purple in different degrees, so in like manner various kinds of light influence the electrical condition of the retina in different degrees. To ascertain this Messrs. Dewar and McKendrick experimented on a great number of animals—snakes, frogs, toads, newts, gold-fishes, stickle-backs, rockling, the common crab, the swimming crab, spider-crab, lobster and hermit-crab. They were able to show that in each of these cases when light falls on the retina its electrical condition is altered, and afterward they ascertained the same fact with regard to the cat, rabbit, pigeon and owl. Some of the results of their series of elaborate experiments are these :

1. That the specific effect of light on the eye is to change the electrical condition of the retina and optic nerve. 2. That the change is in agreement with Fechner's law. 3. That those rays, such as yellow, which appear to our consciousness to be the most luminous, affect the electrical condition the most ; and that those, such as violet, which are least luminous, affect it least ; that this



THE MOTION OF THE EYE.



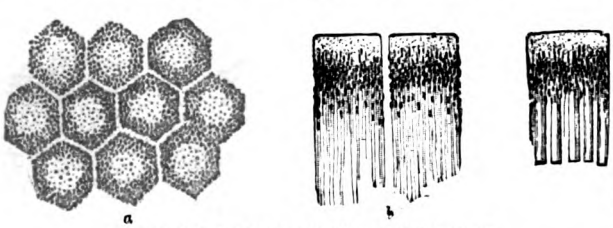
HOW WE PERCEIVE THE INSENSIBILITY OF THE BLIND SPOT. THE DOTTED LINES SHOW THE DIRECTION OF THE OPTIC NERVES UNTIL THEIR JUNCTION UPON ENTERING THE BRAIN.

electrical change is essentially dependent on the retina, because, if this structure is removed, while the other structure of the eye lives, there is no sensitiveness to light.

These two phenomena, then, the bleaching of the retina and its electrical change, are probably both concerned in the act of vision, and more especially the latter, for there may be something more than analogy in experiments like that of Siemens, wherein an artificial eye is made to vary the indications of a galvanometer with each alteration in color or intensity of the light entering it.

Now we are in a better position than when we started to inquire into the reason why we perceive external objects so well in daylight. The light reflected from these bodies, varying in color and quantity, enters the eye, and by means of its media forms a perfect image at the back; wonderful changes are all the while going on in the substance of the retina, varying in amount with the nature of the image on it, and intelligence of these changes is transmitted along the optic nerve in some way, to produce in the brain an idea of what is before the observer. The growth of this power, from the "evolutionist's" standpoint, we cannot give in better words than those which were used by Professor Tyndall, in his memorable Belfast address to the British Association:

"In the lowest organisms we have a kind of tactual sense diffused over the entire body; then, through impressions from without, and their corresponding adjustments, special portions of the surface become more responsive to stimuli than others. The senses are nascent, the basis of all of them being that simple tactual sense which the sage Democritus recognized 2,300 years ago as their common progenitor. The action of light, in the first instance, appears to be a mere disturbance of the chemical processes in the animal organism, similar to that which occurs in the leaves of plants. By degrees the action becomes localized in a few pigment cells, more sensitive to light than the surrounding tissue. The eye is here incipient. At first it is merely capable of revealing differences of light and shade produced by bodies close at hand. Followed as the interception of the light is in almost all cases by the contact of the closely adjacent opaque body, sight in this condition becomes a kind of 'anticipatory touch.' The adjustment continues; a slight bulging out of the epidermis over the pigment-granules supervenes. A lens is incipient, and through the operation of infinite adjustments, at length reaches the perfection that it displays in the hawk and the eagle."



THE BLACK PIGMENT OF THE CHOROID COAT.

(a) Six-sided Particles of Pigment; (b) Side-view of two; (c) one with Attached Rods.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

HOW TO WEAR THE LIFE-PRESERVER.—There is an ingenious mode of showing how life-preservers should be put on. It has very properly been contended that vessels of every description should be compelled to carry an ample supply of life-preservers; but it has been noticed that though many ships have complied with so reasonable a regulation, there are some persons who do not know how to adjust the preserver, even when they have succeeded in obtaining it. Consequently, Mr. Delhommer has constructed an iron drinking-fountain in the model of a human figure, upon which the life-preserver has to be arranged in its exact position, as for use. Seeing that the fountain must be repeatedly visited by all the passengers, and that they cannot possibly fail to observe the preserver-arrayed figure, it is assumed that they will speedily acquire a knowledge of the manner of applying it. Of course a large supply of the life-saving apparatus must be kept on board readily accessible, the one on the model being employed for the sole purpose of explaining how it should be worn.

THE first experiment with the electric light in connection with vegetation was made by Hervé-Mangon in 1861. He succeeded by means of it in developing chlorophyll in young seedlings of rye, but he did not succeed in demonstrating any chlorophyllian

activity by the evolution of oxygen. Dr. Siemens has worked on a far larger scale than is possible in a laboratory experiment, and has substituted for the sun a little sun of his own. To quote the account in the London *Times*, "an electric centre of light equal to 1,400 candles, placed at a distance of two metres from growing plants, appeared to be equal to average daylight at this season of the year." As far as the experiments went, not merely were all the effects which, from a horticultural point of view, might be expected from daylight reproduced by the electric light, but, by making the latter supplement the former, double work was extracted from the plants, and the growth of vegetation under the prolonged Summer of northern latitudes was artificially imitated. The observation of Hervé-Mangon was also extended, and it was found that the electric light was competent to produce all the mechanical effects of daylight, such as bringing about the re-erection of the foliage of plants which during night-time exhibit the phenomenon of sleep. Seedlings of mustard which had never seen daylight were quite as green and vigorous as those which had never been submitted to the artificial light. The same result was shown by the foliage of carrots, and those which had been illuminated naturally by day and artificially by night, had leaves which were palpably taller and greener than those which, whether from natural or artificial sources, had only enjoyed a smaller amount of illumination.

A New Photographic Process.—The Japanese are now beginning to return in kind some of the scientific instruction which they have so diligently borrowed from Europe during several years past. One of the first-fruits of their Western culture is a new sort of photograph, something similar to the well-known English type-printing photograph. It had long been observed by the workmen engaged in making Japanese lacquer, that one of the substances has the singular property of becoming almost as hard as a stone when exposed to the action of sunlight; and a Japanese inventor has conceived the idea of applying it in the preparation of relief photographs. A slab covered with this material is exposed for twelve hours to daylight, which is allowed to pass through the "negative" plate placed in front of it. By this time the slab has become hardened to different degrees, according to the intensity of the light falling on it, or, in other words, according to the light and shade of the negative in front; and upon carefully scraping away the softer parts, a pictorial surface in low relief is obtained, similar to an engraver's block, and suitable for printing from.

Cow-tree Milk.—Amongst the numerous curious objects exhibited in Paris last year, were some bottles of cow-tree milk from Venezuela. This milk, or juice, is extracted from the plant known as the *Brosimum galactodendron*, and an analysis of the milk has been made, with the following results. The component parts are:

Alkalies	.5	per cent.
Caseine	1.7	"
Sugar, etc	2.8	"
Wax, saponifiable mass	35.2	"
Water	58.0	"
Undetermined	1.8	"

It will thus be seen that this juice bears a resemblance, so far as its sugar alkalies (phosphate) and fatty constituents go, to the milk of the domestic cow. Further, it has been ascertained that the waxy mass in the juice of the plant very much resembles the butter churned from ordinary milk, the solid constituents being almost identical; while those of the vegetable milk generally are three times as great as the solid constituents of cow's milk—resembling cream, in fact.

Prof. Colladon finds that the sheet of ebonite in the audiphone may be advantageously replaced by a sheet of fine elastic cardboard, the best kind being that smooth, dense variety known to the trade as *shalloon* board, or satin board (*carton d'orties*). This card audiphone costs but a trifling fraction of the ebonite article, and is on all hands admitted to yield a better result. Some experiments conducted in January by M. Colladon and by M. Louis Sager upon deaf-mutes, leave no doubt of the existence of cases in which the audiphone is successful. M. Colladon mentions the case of a professional singer who had been deaf for fourteen years, to whom the audiphone of cardboard brought back once more the power of hearing the music of a piano. It is an interesting point in M. Colladon's observations, that persons deaf-mute from birth evinced emotions of a pleasurable nature on thus hearing music for the first time.

It surprises people to see the great logs of poplar wood go through the powerful machine at the Connecticut River pulp-mill at Holyoke. The wood, as it is brought to the mill, is about the size of cord-wood used for fuel, and in this shape the machine takes it and gnaws it up very fine. So rapidly does this process go on, that the machine eats about seven and a half cords of wood a day, and this makes between *three and four tons of pulp*. After coming from the machine, the wood is put into vats and reduced by the action of chemicals. It is used for the manufacture of news and book paper, and pulp made from spruce-wood, which has more fibre than poplar, is sometimes used in the cheaper grades of writing-paper.

Photographing on Leather.—A successful mode of taking photographs on leather has been patented by Herr Lewisohn, of Stuttgard. A coating of copal varnish is put upon the leather, and well dried; then a second coating is placed over it, composed of albumen and white lead. When this is dry, the faced leather is ready for the silver bath which forms the sensitive surface. The composition of the albumen and white-lead varnish need not be very definite, so long as the stratum of lead deposited is thin and uniform. A little practical experience soon enables the operator to estimate the proportions to a nicety.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

How to mark table-linen.—Upset the gravy.

An ism to be put down by the police.—Ruffianism.

Better have large feet than a small understanding.

You never see a woman button anything she can pin.

What the cabbage said to the cook—"My heart is thine."

A Matchless Story.—One in which there are no weddings.

Leap-year Motto.—Look before you leap into matrimony.

Why are blushes like girls? Because they become women.

A lady is not benefitted by the length of dress trailing the floor.

A woman's curiosity will always go further than her pin-money.

"I like your impudence," as a pretty girl said when her beau kissed her.

The man who fell into a barrel of whisky said he was "depressed in spirits."

There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it.

The wind always finds something to blow about, even if it only blows about one's ears.

Any girl has a right to look at a milliner's window and wish she had a rich husband.

A pretty wife's big account from the fashionable milliner's is, after all, only a bill of fair.

It is when the schoolgirl first puts an "e" to the word "lov" that the spell begins to work.

It is one of the curious ways of the world that a male hairdresser often dyes an old maid.

The Postmaster-General should suppress matrimony, by all means, for matrimony is a lottery.

A man may be very well behaved before marriage, but after the knot is tied he is inevitably "made fast."

A man's great ambition is to be credited with some great feat; a woman's, to be credited with small feet.

It's easier to tie a knot in a bull's horn than to make your wife believe that every other night is a lodge night.

A woman who can take a mental inventory of another woman's attire in half a minute, will occupy an entire morning in telling her neighbor the details.

A lady was once asked why she always came so early to church. "Because," said she, "it is a part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others."

A newly-converted gambler, in an impassioned exhortation, said, in describing the millennium, there would be so many trumps that a little child should lead them.

A conservative old man said he didn't like the way his youngest daughter celebrated the wooden wedding, because she celebrated it by marrying a blockhead.

Pope says that beauty draws us with a single hair. It doesn't nowadays. When a beauty gets so bald-headed that she has but one hair left, she doesn't draw much.

We lose confidence in the woman, be she ever so amiable, who celebrates the anniversary of her wedding regularly, but disregards the yearly recurrence of her birthday.

"It is not the truth in her remarks," said a suffering husband, pointing to his wife, "that aggravates me, but it is the crushing quantity of remarks that she puts in her truth!"

In reading descriptions of all sorts of new inventions, publications and medicines, a young married man is startled with the number of things that no family should be without.

A traveler, describing a tropical shower, wrote to a friend in the following words: "The raindrops were extremely large, varying in size from a shilling to eighteen pence."

They were inspecting a group of statuary, and she asked him who that female figure was. He said he wasn't certain about it, but he supposed it was a bust of Sahara—at least, it was a barren waist!

A damsel applied for a place behind the counter. "What clerical experience have you?" asked the man of drygoods. "Very little," she said, with a blush, "for I only joined the church last week."

FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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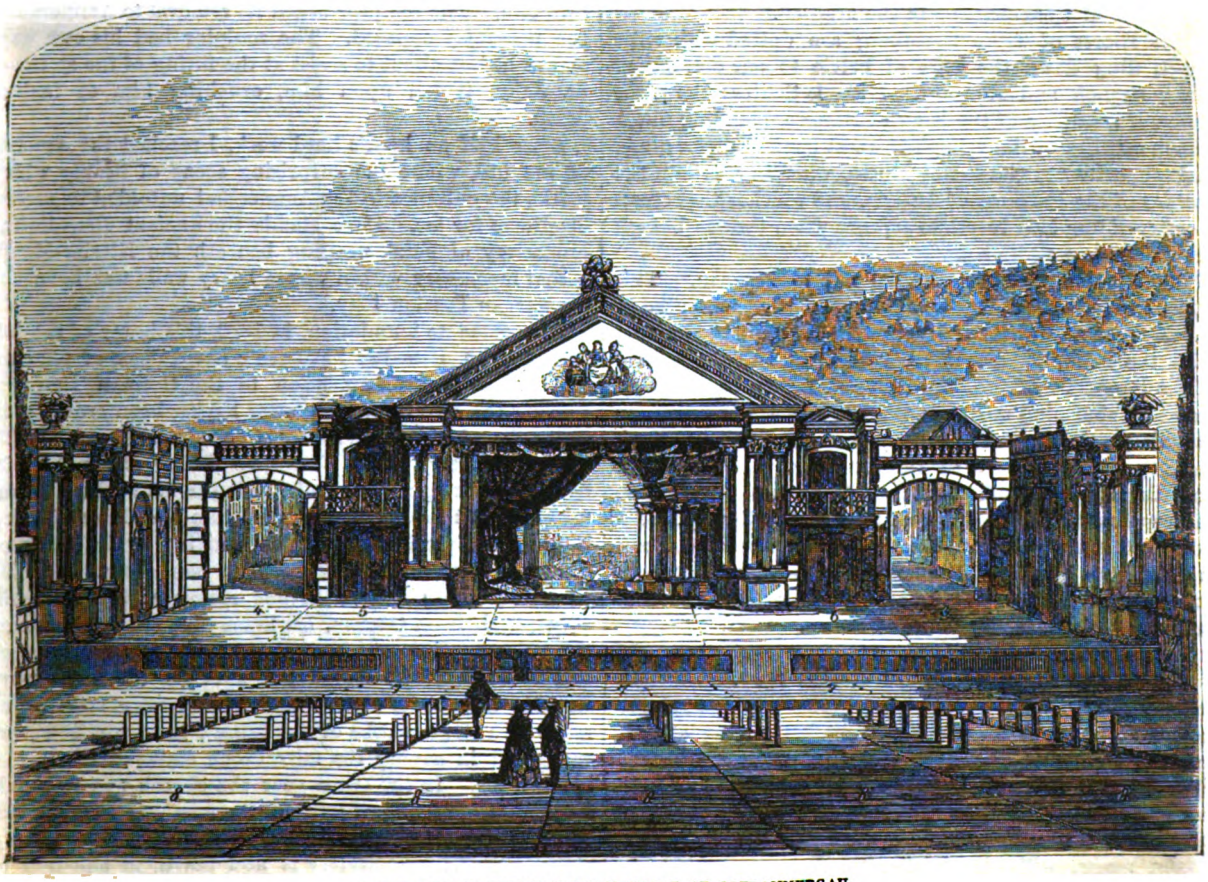
THE PASSION PLAY IN 1880.

OBERAMMERGAU AND ITS ATTRACTIONS—THE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, ETC.

BY N. ROBINSON.

THE curtain has descended upon the awful realism of the piteous Passion Play, *the* tragedy of tragedies, and I feel as though I had just returned from "the blood-stained Hill of the Cross," outside the walls of Jerusalem. I am awed, bewildered, dazed! Have I gone back eighteen hundred years, and has my life with its paltry gleanings been but a dream? Am I now only awakened? Do Mary, and Magdalene, and St. John, and the disciples mourn beside me? Is the blood shed for the redemption of man not yet dry upon the wood of that ghastly cross? Are the footsteps of Christ, as He staggered beneath the weight of His unendurable burden, still fresh on the Via Dolorosa? I ask myself all these things as I sit pondering over the strangest, most marvelous, and the most awe-inspiring and most gruesome sight it is possible for man to gaze upon. I have been to Calvary. *Satis est!*

Before describing the Passion Play at Oberammergau, the first representation of which I have this day witnessed, I shall briefly state that I left New York on the 30th of April in the good ship *Herder*, of the Hamburg Line, in command of the lynx-eyed Captain Brandt; that, owing to a boisterous passage, we were one day late, but as the *cuisine* was so admirable, we would fain have made it two; that we struck at Hamburg on Wednesday, the 12th of May having touched at Plymouth and at Cherbourg on Monday; that after a capital dinner at the Kron Prinz on the



THE STAGE OF THE PASSION THEATRE AT OBERAMMERGAU.

picturesque Alster, I took the train at 10 o'clock P.M. for Dresden, *via* Berlin, where I arrived at 6 A.M.; that I breakfasted Unter den Linden, and left for Dresden at nine; that I spent two hours before Raphael's starry-eyed Madonna San Sisto, in the glorious gallery; and that I quitted Dresden at 3 P.M. for Munich, reaching that city at nine o'clock upon the following morning, Friday, the 14th. How I missed our palatial sleeping-cars! How I relegated directors and officials to the infernal gods, as, cramped and wearied, I wooed the drowsy god in as many positions as there are Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and all in vain!

At Munich I beheld the first evidences of the forthcoming Passion Play. Enormous posters at street-corners announced special trains, and extra special excursions. These posters, tame enough in their way—how we would have illustrated the play in New York!—were surrounded by gossiping groups, notably English, the ladies of the "tight little island" in the shortest of skirts and the clumsiest of low-heeled, thick-soled boots. Photographs of the leading characters in the drama appeared in the windows of the quaint little stores, while colored daubs representing scenes familiar in Scripture history gayly bedecked numerous open-air booths in odd and out-of-the-way corners.

Leaving the Bavarian capital, the traveler has the choice of several routes—one of them, and that which I selected, is by rail to Murnau, the latter being the nearest railway station to Oberammergau, which can be reached in a four hours' carriage drive. Those who prefer crossing the beautiful Lake Starnberg can take the steamer from Starnberg to Seechauft, and thence by conveyance to Ammergau. In the journey by railroad every mile is a mine of wealth of legendary lore, from the celebrated Virgin's Oak, with its image of the Madonna, at Planegg, to the birthplace of Charlemagne in the Mülthal.

The shores of Lake Starnberg are dotted with villas which fling down the gage of battle to our cottages at Long Branch and Newport. Here is Schloss Berg, the Summer residence of the King of Bavaria, standing like a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley in a great bank of green moss, and opposite the Garden of Roses, wherein dwelleth the mother of the Empress of Austria, and whither that cross-country-riding lady loveth to sojourn when the sun baketh the Prater to a white heat.

The Passion pilgrims take the rail to Murnau. This little town, with its dainty hooded-roofed houses painted in light greens and pinks and yellows, was originally named, with the valley it overlooks, Wurmeau, *i.e.*, the Valley of the Dragon. It, too, had its Passion Play in the olden time. A charming mirror is the Staffelsee, the lake near the village, on one of the tiny islands of which St. Boniface, the great apostle of the Germans, consecrated a small *kapelle*, or chapel. I reached Murnau at ten o'clock, and repaired to the hostelry of Herr Kotmüller. Here I had my first *krügel* of the famous Bavarian beer, and my first *bed* since I quitted the land of the stars and stripes. I recommend this *gasthof* to all Passion pilgrims. It is deliciously clean, wholesome and cheap.

On Saturday morning, in company with two old chums on the English press, I started for Oberammergau. The road for a little way lay between rows of shady trees and beside a stream that "rippled a song of welcome." Past this screen of greenery, what a glorious sight burst upon me, causing my heart to leap in a very ecstasy! Rising majestically in front were the peaks of the mountains, sublimed with snow; to the right, the Ettaler range, with the Etaller-Mandl, over 5,000 feet high; to the left, the Herzogenstand and the Krotten Kopf, over 6,000 feet, while directly in front, barring the end of the gorge, stood the Zugspitc, 10,000 feet, cameo-cut against the keen, full-blue sky. The sunlight flashed amongst those Titanic crags, laying bars of gold across dark pine-woods, and illuminating patches of vegetation till they shone in gilded green; while delicate shades of pink passed over the face of the virgin snow, like the first blush in the heart of the bud of the moss-rose. The road was enlivened by vehicles of all sorts, shapes, sizes and descriptions, either *en route* to, or returning from, Ammergau. At every few hundred yards, a tiny shrine, with its rude representation of the Passion, pointed to the path that all of us, sooner or later, are destined to travel; and high up, on jutting crags, stood miniature Calvarys, telling the great story, the representation of which awaited us on the morrow. It somewhat jarred upon my sense of chivalry to behold women scavengering the roads; but this feeling became considerably blunted when, in the fields and farmyards, I perceived that the ladies wore the —— no; I will *not* mention them! I shall call them bifurcated overalls of leather, and admirably adapted to the situation.

At the little village of Oberau, we dismissed our carriage, preferring to do the remaining five miles on foot. And what a climb that was! Up the steep hill, the road enshrined in trees, the wayside a fringe of ferns and mosses, the clear little river like a silver thread a thousand feet below, on our left; the pine-clad mountain, sheer 2,000 feet above us, on our right. Votive tablets are erected in many places—one tells the story of Alois Pfaulsen, who here met his sudden death from apoplexy, in July, 1866, the result of his exertion in climbing the hill; another chronicles the tragic death of a sculptor of Munich, which occurred in this wise: There stood a life-size marble group on the roadside, representing the Christ, the Madonna and St. John. The sculptor urged its removal to Ammergau; the peasantry opposed. The sculptor had his own way, and as he was about to assist at the lifting of the statue of St. John, it fell upon him, crushing him to instant death.

After half an hour's hard work, I reached the summit of the hill, where the surprising scene of beauty which marks the entrance to the Ammerthal unfolded its serene loveliness for me. Here stands the ancient Benedictine Monastery of Ettal, nestling beneath the Ettaler-Mandl—that monastery within whose hoary walls was born the Ammergau Passion Play.

Ever since its foundation, in 1330, this home of the followers of St. Benedict has been a noted place of pilgrimage. It owes its foundation to the German Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian, who, after having been crowned in Rome, found himself suddenly attacked near Milan. While in the monastery of St. Victor, imploring aid in his distress, a monk appeared, and placing in his hands a beauful image of the Virgin, promised him the divine blessing if he would pledge himself, on arriving in the Valley of the Ammer, to found a Benedictine monastery. This he promised to do; and as he was riding up the steep hill which leads from Oberau, his horse dropped on its knees three times. This was interpreted as a sign from heaven, and the Emperor selected this spot for the monastery. In 1744 the abbey, church and library were reduced to ashes by a single stroke of lightning; the prior, however, succeeded in saving the miraculous statue at the risk of his own life. In the same year the church was restored. In 1803, Ettal was involved in the common holocaust of monastic institutions, and its inmates sought sanctuary elsewhere. The monastery is now noted, in addition to its Madonna, for its splendid organ and its beer—for it has

been converted—*O tempora! O mores!*—into a brewery! This, after four hundred years!

Opposite the fortress-like gate stands the house formerly the quarters of the Lord Abbot, his arms and mitre sculptured on the keystone over the entrance, in bold relief. A smiling, rosy-cheeked, yellow-haired Bavarian maiden, plump as an October quail, greeted me with, "*Grüs Gott*"—"God be good to you," as I entered, and, in a trice, placed a glass silver-capped mug of beer before me on the oaken table.

As I was quaffing this amber nectar, two gentlemen strode into the apartment. Let me describe their picturesque costume, for they were dressed alike. A short, very short gray frieze jacket, with a bright-green velvet collar and cuffs, and broadly bound in the same material; a green velvet double-breasted vest, with four rows of antique silver buttons elaborately wrought, and black leather breeches reaching to above the knee, broidered in green braid down the sides. The knee and part of the leg were bare, Highland fashion. Gray worsted stockings, embroidered in green, reached to the calf, and the feet were incased in low shoes, hobnailed. The hat was conical, of gray felt, bound in green, and adorned with the *gamsbart*, or beard of the stag chamois, so much prized by those who delight in hunting that wary animal on the peaks of the Bavarian Alps. Their scarfs were blood-red, knotted sailor-wise over very open-at-the-neck white shirts.

If blue blood and gentle lineage ever told a tale, it was written upon the woman-white skin of the two chasseurs who now bowed to me with the stately grace of the Court of St. Germains. They were the Counts Max and Ludwig Von Pappenheim, returning from fishing in the Ammer; and their father, the hereditary Grand Marshal of the kingdom, dating in direct descent from the sixth century, is the owner of the Monastery of Ettal, and its renowned brewery.

With these two sunny-haired, violet-eyed, white-skinned patricians I fell into easy converse, and under their ciceronship I visited the monastery. Count Max, the elder, aged twenty, ascended the organ-loft, and presently the frescoed dome resounded with the swelling strains of a glorious voluntary, played by a master-hand. Then followed a weird fugue of Sebastian Bach's, and then the Bavarian National Anthem. The miraculous image of the Madonna was unvailed for me, and a set of crumbling vestments attributed to the period of the first Lord Abbot.

Fain would I have lingered in this hallowed region, and in this "goodlie companie"; but I was a Passion pilgrim, sent forth by the greatest illustrated publishing house in the world, and dared not tarry, lest my scrip and scallop shell should remain unfilled. More of Ettal and its lordly inmates anon. I needs must write chronologically. Two miles by the murmuring river brought me to the village of Oberammergau.

The village, which I approached on foot, I found to be rich in deep-eaved houses, all-unexpected galleries and gables and coignes of espial, brave and coquettish in new coats of paint, whitewash and varnish. I sought the Burgomaster, and in him I found a—donkey. Armed with a brief authority, he railed and ranted at the pressure put upon him to find shelter for the incoming pilgrims, as though rehearsing the part of *Caiaphas*, which, to do him justice, he acted "excellent well" upon the following day. I quitted him in disgust, and proceeded to work out my own pattern within my own rights and privileges. I repaired to the house of *Herod*, but he wouldn't listen to me. *St. Peter* denied me admittance. *Judas* refused my pieces of silver. *Pilate* washed his hands of me. *Joseph of Arimathea* was three deep; and, after a weary searching, I found sanctuary in the house of the worthy Frau Krach, to whose daughter Anastasia was cast the part of the *Virgin Mother* in the coming play. My apartment I could not whip a cat in. It was only to be reached by passing up a ladder through a hole in the ceiling of the principal sitting-room. My bed—ah, that bed! Talk of the rack of the Inquisition! of the instruments of torture exhibited to awe-stricken visitors to the Tower of London! and yet I slept on it—not much, though—and it was neat as the collar of any Puritan maiden ever put on canvas by Boughton. My pillows were square, and flat, and hard as cricket-balls, while my quilt was of balloon shape, and inflated by feathers. It lay on my chest like a warm plaster, but at every movement of my tortured frame it rolled or floated to the floor. Then, uttering full-flavored language, I was compelled to fish for it in the darkness, to clap it on my chest, only to insure its instant removal.

Around the apartment hung representations of the supreme moments in the agonies of the personages mentioned in Fox's Book of Martyrs, and in one corner—oh, Chickering! oh, Erard!—a piano—yes, a piano with wooden keys, with strings to operate the pedal, and which, when played upon, emitted a gasping, wheezing jingle, suggestive of music in its very last throes. The ceiling was low, and if my head—I am six feet in my stockings—were to be examined by a skillful phrenologist at this blessed moment, I have little doubt but that he would endow me with every development, abnormally extensive, known to his mysterious and yet unsatisfactory science. What did I pay for this accommodation? Please to remember that the village was swarming with tourists, to whom reckless expenditure upon creature comfort had developed into a necessity. Two marks—fifty cents! If Frau Krach had demanded as many marks as Judas received from the Sanhedrim, I would have paid them over without a murmur. I was in a Christian country at last.

Having deposited my *impedimenta*, I sallied forth to satisfy the inner man, and repaired to the Gasthof Stern, where I partook of a liver soup and a veal cutlet worthy of Delmonico, washing them down with copious libations to Gambrinus. Let me advise Americans about to visit Oberammergau to try this hostelry. I heard many murmurings against the fare in other hotels; none against the Stern. Tourists everywhere, from the Vienna swell to the London 'Arry; from the meek Irish priest to the port-wine-nosed Anglican prelate, endeavoring to conceal the "fat living" behind a giddy Tweed suit and a disreputable wide-awake. Vainly did I seek for piquant and perfect toilets from Fifth Avenue, and for the dainty *chaussure* which distinguishes the daughters of America wherever they set their tiny feet; vainly for the irrepressible "down-Easter," or the rough-and-ready representative of the West. Not yet. There were not half a dozen Americans at the first representation of the Passion Play. The French element was conspicuous by its absence, and with the exception of the correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, the land of the Gaul was unrepresented. Of English there were about one thousand. They did not seem to fraternize, and the Browns kept haughtily aloo from the Joneses, while the Robinsons gazed stonily at both. Peasants from the Tyrol, from the neighboring villages, came flocking into the town, attired in quaint and picturesque dresses; but—alas! that I have to write it—the tide of progress is washing away national costume all over the world, and a great wave would seem to have swept over Bavaria. Few were the men in short jackets and knee-breeches and elaborate gaiters and conical hats;

THE MONASTERY OF ETTAL.

fewer still the women in black satin corsets, scarlet skirts, vivid hose, pointed shoes and gold-bedecked headdresses. The large earrings still remain; but one might as well be in a village on the Hudson as on the Ammer, so far as similarity of costume is concerned. The Bedouin Arab will soon change his burnoose for an ulster, and the ladies of a Coptic harem their yashmaks for hats *à la* Gainsborough.

What a quantity of beer was consumed on that Saturday night! but all in good humor and good-fellowship. What a number of brat-wurste—those dumpy, dyspeptic-looking sausages which the Bavarians love, not wisely, but too well! Every long-haired man was treated with marked respect, as he represented some character in the Passion Play, while all hats were raised whenever Joseph Meyer, the *Christ*, passed on his way. The great tragedy was the one universal theme, and tiny children lurked in quiet corners, rehearsing their parts for the coming tableaux.

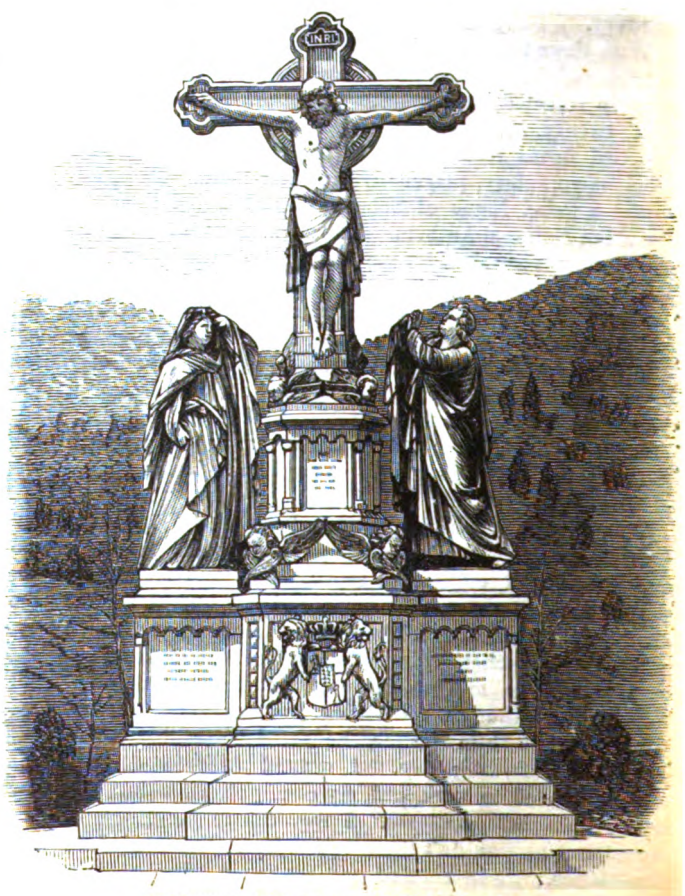
On Sunday morning I repaired to the church and assisted at a High Mass magnificently sung. Colonel Mapleson should hear the soprano. The manner in which the acolytes served the Mass gave me a foretaste of the exquisite grace of the actors in the play, while the mode of the responses to a litany by the congregation evinced a superb and faultless training.

In the churchyard I encountered Anastasia Krach, the *Madonna*, and accompanied her home. Up to two months ago she was a domestic servant in the village. She is a modest, starry-eyed girl of eighteen, with a bright, sweet smile, and a general I know not what of guilelessness about her that eminently fits her for the high *rôle* she has been selected to play.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I love the part! I feel so holy, so good, when I am acting; it seems as if I was in the House of God and before the altar. I cry very much at the Calvary—I cannot help it. The tears are in my eyes all the time I am playing. I am utterly exhausted when it is over, but I feel—oh, I cannot tell how I feel."

I had many conversations with this girl, and her whole soul seemed wrapped up in the glorification of being elected to play the *Madonna*. I may say that she is a very poor actress, and her voice is far from being musical.

The theatre is close to the village, and is a structure of very unpretending exterior. It is built entirely of boards, and is partly open to the sky. Considered in its relation to architectural beauty, the interior presents nothing of importance except its simplicity. The auditorium has in width 118 feet, and in depth 168. It occupies an area of nearly 20,000 square feet, and is capable of conveniently seating an audience of from 5,000 to 6,000 people. The stage has been treated at considerable length by most writers on the Passion Play. Some have found in it traces of the ancient classic theatre of Greece. To others, again, it presents traces and a more perfect form of the mystery theatre of the Middle Ages. The spectator sees, in all, five distinct places of action for the players—first, the proscenium for the chorus, for processions and the like; second, the central stage for the *tableaux vivants* and



THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMMERGAU.

the usual dramatic scenes; third, the Palace of Pilate; fourth, the Palace of Annas; fifth, the streets of Jerusalem. But, oh, the background!—did any theatre ever possess the like? That glorious wall of softest green towering to the sky, the pines standing like needles against the azure! That green plush mantle fringed with foliage which Nature has hung out to be kissed by the sun! On the left the vale of Ammergau, with its flower-dappled meads and its solemn stream stretching away in the distance; behind, the cross-crowned Kofel, 2,000 feet sheer above the nestling village.

It was while I was engaged in inspecting the theatre

MARIA LANG AS "MARY MAGDALENE."

JACOB HETT AS "PETER."

that I met Joseph Meyer, the *Christ*. He was smoking a very bad cigar. Having replaced it by a genuine Victoria Reina, I entered into conversation with him. He is tall, slight, graceful, humble and very civil. His eyes are not as large as I could wish them to be, nor as sweet, and his hair and beard are almost black. Now, the wine-color that Guido loved to paint has ever been branded in my imagination as the true Nazarene, consequently I felt disappointed in Meyer's general appearance. He is supremely but calmly elated at being permitted to play the leading *rôle*. He performed it in 1870 and 1871, and the King, in order to save Meyer's hair during the Franco-German war, ordered him to be detailed on orderly duty in Munich, instead of being sent to the front, as was poor *Simon of Cyrene*, who was killed at Sedan.

"I feel as if I should like to die on the cross, like my Lord and Master," said Meyer. "I feel as if the bloody sweat was pouring from me when I kneel in the Garden of Gethsemane, and I wish that I were really scourged. I feel faint when I bear the cross to Calvary; and when I utter the last words of Him, it is as if my soul was going away from me." Becoming more material, and in reply to an inquiry of mine: "I remain twenty minutes on the cross. I am sustained by a loop attached to a pair of corsets, just like a woman's; my left heel rests on an iron step on the cross. Come, and I'll show you the cross."

I went behind the scenes and examined the mechanism by which the cross is elevated, and the other appliances and "properties" connected with the drama. I may mention that when I met Meyer this evening, after his eight long hours of masterful performance, he was the same humble, retiring individual, and was nowise elated at his supreme success. The English ladies surround him—nay, absolutely mob him; and one enthusiastic dame, although she dropped her h's, could not be induced to drop his hands, to which she clung with the tenacity of a cupping-glass.

Magdalene I found, like Werther's Charlotte, engaged in cutting bread-and-butter. She is a bright, intelligent, laughing girl, not by any means pretty, who takes a childish delight in talking about the forthcoming performance.

"Won't you watch me when I pour the ointment on His head," she exclaimed—"and on His feet? That is the part of the play I feel most inspired in."

Magdalene lives at home, and takes care of her brothers and sisters. The father is a musician, and sub-leader of the church choir.

My last visit was to Gregor Lechner, the *Judas*. He has played this part since 1850. He is considered the best actor in the drama. Like Meyer, he is a carver in wood—the former excels in crucifixes, the latter in groups. I found him posing opposite a very fair copy of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated picture of the "Last Supper." He is a man of sixty, with a low, cunning expression and a restless, furtive eye. He had dyed his hair and beard to a rich purple, which seemed to render his appearance even more repulsive to me.

"I am the shadow, as *Christ* is the light, in the play," he said. "I feel the villain. I feel myself to be the veriest wretch and traitor all through the piece. I loath, abhor myself; and when I kiss my Master I am ready to hang myself. The kiss is my great point. I throw all my dramatic talent—for I do possess dramatic talent—into that action. See," he added, pointing to the *Judas* in the 'Last Supper,' "look at that *pose*, that expression! Watch me *now!*" and Lechner in a second assumed the hideous, anxious cunning, as depicted by Da Vinci on the face of *the* traitor of traitors.

A Church of England service was announced for eleven o'clock at a *gasthof*, the entire *façade* of which was concealed behind the enormous posters of an enterprising excursionizing firm, to the great disgust of the inhabitants. The congregation numbered forty, and the collection, a very generous one, was handed to the curé of the village for distribution amongst the poorest of his flock.

Having gladly accepted the invitation to dinner from the Graf von Pappenheim, I walked out to Ettal. The road was literally blocked by incoming vehicles, while the sidewalk was equally crowded. That delightful evening at the monastery will live in the very heart of my brightest recollections. The highbred courtesy of the Grand Maréchal, the winsome grace of the countess, who is a sister of Count Schouvaloff, Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James, and the supreme beauty and elegance of the ladies Katrina, Anastasia and Edith, daughters of a hundred—nay, a thousand, earls; that wondrous old dinner-room, with its oak paneling and outlined trophies, wax-lighted, the charming heads of the young countesses in delicate relief against the grim, dark wainscot; the post-prandial promenade in the red-brick-paved cloister, lighted by a few quaint oil-lamps and the tender beams of the young May moon; and the Alps, like giant phantoms, overleaning all; the music in the *salon* — zither and piano; the recitations by the Lady Katrina; the wondrous old tomes and priceless *bric-à-brac;* the wild student-songs of the Counts Max and Ludwig, up in an apartment once the cell of a bloodless Benedictine; —what a picture to frame in one's memory!

I could have slept on Sunday night, and slept soundly to boot, but for the chattering of a bevy of "strapping wenches," who had anchored their long, white canvas-roofed wagon—a prairie-ship—right beneath my window. These damsels laughed and chatted all through the short night, and I was just on the threshold of my forty winks, when, boom! went the first gun, announcing that the performance of the Passion Play of 1880 would commence in three hours—namely, at eight o'clock. Masses were celebrated in the church from midnight, and a procession, with a band—headed by the fire brigade, five in number, very brassy as to helmet—marched bravely through the village at six o'clock. Everybody was up, and everybody looked fresh, rosy and expectant. By half-past seven every available place in the theatre claimed its occupant, to the number of six thousand, while upward of three thousand Passion pilgrims failed to obtain admittance. In order to foil the artful designs of certain speculators, it has been ordered that no person can obtain a ticket for the performance until he has registered as a lodger in the village, his landlord standing sponsor. This should be borne in mind by such Americans as resolve to "take in" Oberammergau during their Summer wanderings.

One word about the origin of the play, ere the curtain rings up. In the year 1633 a fearful pestilence broke out in the neighboring villages; so fearful, indeed, it was thought everybody would die. In Kohlgrub, distant three hours from Ammergau, so great were the ravages made by the disease that only two married couples were left in the village. Notwithstanding the strict measures taken by the people of Ammergau to prevent the plague being introduced into this village, a day-laborer named Caspar Schucher, who had been working at Eschenlohe, where the plague prevailed, succeeded in entering the village, where he wished to visit his wife and children. In a day or two he was a corpse; he had brought with him the germs of the disease, which spread with such fearful rapidity that within the following thirty-three days eighty-four persons belonging to the village died. Then the

villagers in this sad trial assembled, and solemnly vowed that if God would remove the pestilence they would perform the Passion tragedy in thanksgiving every tenth year.

In 163[illegible] the first play was performed. The decaded period was chosen for 1640, and the Passion Play has been performed every tenth year, with various interruptions, since that time. The great training-school for the Passion Play has been all along the village church, with its purely Catholic ceremonies, its processions, its music and its song. To the *Geistlicher*—Rath Daisenberger—the play at Oberammergau owes its supreme success. This venerable man—he is now eighty-five years of age, formerly a monk at the Monastery of Ettal—has for the last fifty years educated his flock for the performance. He has re-written the play and some of the score. The addresses of the Choragus were written by him after the Greek model of strophe and antistrophe. He was present to-day, and announced himself as thoroughly delighted with the acting of the *corps dramatique*.

A dead silence fell upon the vast audience as the third cannon boomed, and the chorus of *Schutzgeister*, or Guardian Angels, stepped slowly and solemnly forward from recesses on either side of the proscenium, taking up their position across the whole extent of the theatre, and forming a slightly concave line. They number nineteen, ten of whom are women. Each is dressed in a white robe with a flowing mantle of rich color, save immediately before the Crucifixion, when they assume black. A golden tiara is worn on the head. The play is in eighteen acts, each act containing a series of dramatic scenes complete in itself, prefaced by one or more *tableaux vivants*, the subject being taken from the Old Testament. These tableaux stand in the closest connection with the dramatic part of the performance, being so many symbols and prophecies of the scenes from the life of Christ, which they are intended to illuminate. After the chorus has assumed its position, the *Choragus*, or Prologue, gives out in a melodramatic manner the opening address, or prologue, which introduces each act; the tone is immediately taken up by the whole chorus, which continues either in solo, alternately, or in chorus, until the curtain is raised in order to reveal a *tableau vivant*. At this moment the Choragus retires a few steps backward, and forms, with one half of the band, a division on the left of the stage, while the other half withdraws in a like manner to the right. Thus they leave the centre of the stage completely free, and the spectators have a full view of the tableau which is thus revealed. These spirit singers prepare the audience for the approaching scenes, and, while gratifying the ear by delicious harmonies, they explain and interpret the relation which shadow bears to substance, the connection between the type and its fulfillment, and, as the name implies, they must ever be present as guardian spirits, as heavenly monitors, during the entire performance.

The main object, the whole extent and scope of the Passion Play, is exhibited in two tableaux. The first type represents the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden—symbolical of the Fall; the second, the Adoration of the Cross—typical of Redemption. The first verse of the intoned prologue fell with powerful intensity upon the ear, and the silence was almost painful. The sun shone upon the mountains and valley and river; upon the streets of Jerusalem; upon the homes of *Annas* and *Pilate*: and, to add to the realism, birds flew swiftly about, blithely twittering upon the housetops. A tiny child, clad in dead green, bare-legged and shading its eyes with its hands, came suddenly into the blazing dayshine from out a house in Jerusalem. This was the first performer who appeared in the Passion Play of 1880.

I can but briefly refer to the performance of the action of the Passion. The first dramatic act is *Christ's* entry into Jerusalem. From the distance beyond the city, as it were, sounds of rejoicing, of glad shouting, of singing, are heard. Down the slope of Olivet comes the Messianic procession, and we hear the singing and rejoicing of the crowds of Passion pilgrims, and the people of Jerusalem, who welcome *Jesus* to the Holy City. From the side-streets bands of Hebrew children, led by their parents, come forth to join the throng that has already collected about *Christ*. The crowd opens, and *Christ* appears seated on an ass, His disciples immediately following. When *Christ* appeared, the audience uttered a murmur, which died as quickly as it was born. There were over five hundred persons on the stage, each waving a palm branch. Such a combination of color I have never seen—such sage greens, and dead yellows, and blues and purples!—such artistic groupings, such realism! The bare-legged, bare-footed children, frisking as children frisk; everybody gazing at *Christ*, and not at the audience. The *Saviour* was attired in a dove-colored flowing robe, with a reddish-purple mantle. The portrait was intensely Nazarene, and seemingly transferred from the canvas of an old master. Yet no painting ever brought to my mind so complete a realization of my ideal as this dramatic delineator, whose life has been one of years of preparation for his task. No spectator could have gazed upon the *Saviour* as represented by Meyer, and remained untouched by the solemnity and grandeur of the scene. Meyer's action was full of marvelous grace, while all through the performance his exquisite humility was painfully sympathetic. *St. John* was a vivid and beautiful picture in his green and red, as was also *Peter* in blue and yellow. *Judas* wore a gaberdine of pale-yellow, with a mantle of reddish-brick color.

Next followed the scene in the Temple, where *Christ* drives out the money-changers, overturning the table. Here we had a number of real doves let loose, while jars were smashed and coins plentifully scattered on the ground.

In this act of the Passion Play we see the germ of the conspiracy that leads to the final catastrophe.

The second act reveals the High Council, or scene in the Jewish Sanhedrim. The priests composing the assembly are seated on benches about the room, *Caiaphas* and *Annas* presiding, the former impersonated by the Burgomaster, whose breast is graced with the most sublime of all Jewish decorations—namely, the shield or breastplate containing twelve precious stones, with the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. *Caiaphas* was so energetic in this scene that he subsequently became as hoarse as a raven.

The third act, fearfully realistic, represents the anointment. It is the house of *Simon*, in Bethany. *Christ* and His disciples take places at the table, and *Martha* waits upon the guests. *Magdalene* enters, and, casting herself at the *Saviour's* feet, anoints them. The waste of this precious salve disturbs *Judas*, and his *rôle* now commences. This entire act is one of supreme interest and importance in the Passion Play.

In act fourth we have *Christ's* last journey to Jerusalem. The *Saviour*, with His disciples, passes before us on the brow of Olivet. Before them lies the Holy City. *Christ* weeps over its doom. The second scene is the temptation of *Judas*.

The next act, the fifth, was devoted to the Last Supper, preceded by the tableau of the rain of manna in the wilderness. Leonardo da Vinci's picture was represented in the most minute details—the positions taken at the table

JOSEPH MEYER AS "CHRIST."

by the *Lord* and the twelve, the grouping—all, everything. *Jesus* proceeds to wash the feet of His disciples. The acting here was wonderfully impressive and realistic, as the *Saviour*, ewer in hand, attended by a servant with an earthen pitcher, bent over each foot, unwillingly unsandaled by the disciples, and gently laved it. After this followed the institution of the Holy Sacrament. *Christ* here broke the bread, and gave a portion to each of His disciples in turn. *Judas* shrinks as he receives his. Then the *Saviour* raises the cup, uttering the words of eternal life. *St. John* presses his Master to tell who it is that will betray Him; to which the *Saviour* replies, "He it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it." The moment the *Lord* gives the sop to *Judas*, the latter rushes from the apartment.

In act sixth, *Judas* appears before the Sanhedrim and consents to betray his Master. When the blood-money—the thirty pieces of silver—come to be counted out to the base traitor, he chinks them one by one to test them; and here, for the first time, the vast audience gave expression to their wrought-up feelings by laughter—yes, laughter! and it grated horribly on the ear. In fact, *Judas* is regarded by the Bavarians as the comic man of the piece, and even when he retires to hang himself, his exit is followed by laughter.

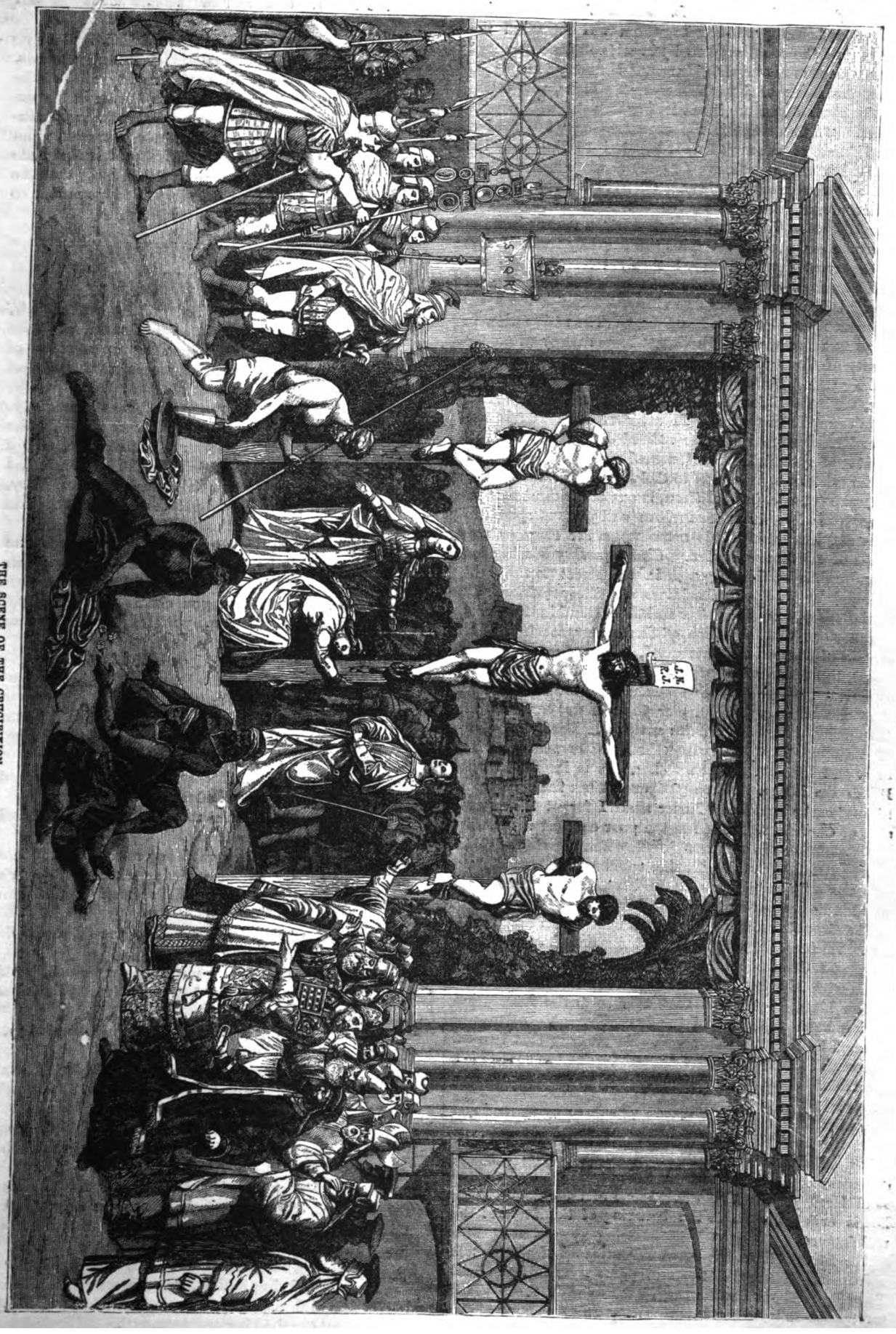
Act seven brings us to the Garden at Gethsemane. *Jesus* enters, followed by His disciples. He prays while the others sleep; and, when He raised himself from the ground, a bloody sweat was on His forehead. A murmur ran through the entire audience at this piteous sight. A laugh was raised when *Peter*, drawing his sword, cuts off the ear of *Malchus*; but this was instantly repressed by an indignant "Hush!" Meyer's acting in this scene was perfect.

When the act concluded—at twelve o'clock—the Burgomaster stepped forward in plain attire, and announced a recess of one hour and a half. A vast majority of the audience retained their seats, while the remainder repaired to the village for dinner. Those who remained picnicked, the sausage and white-wine *du pays* serving as the *al fresco* meal.

Precisely at half-past one the second division of the Passion Play commenced, which comprises from the captivity in Gethsemane to the Resurrection and Ascension. It was in act eight, when *Jesus* appeared on the balcony of the house of *Annas*, that occurred a weird and wondrous and awful scene. *Christ* was standing before *Annas*, and had just been struck on the face by *Bulbus*, when suddenly the heavens became black as ink—"a noonday night"—causing the gigantic mountains to stand out in horrid distinctness, and a flash of the most blinding lightning blazed across the glorious face of the man-God. Then came a clap of thunder that crashed with the crack of doom among the Alps, followed by the rolling of heaven's artillery, the artillery of the Great Captain! It was a moment of paramount grandeur. An awful accessory to the awful tragedy, an awful setting to an awful picture!

In act nine, *Christ* is led before *Caiaphas*,

ANASTASIA KRACH AS "MARY."



THE SCENE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

looking divinely beautiful. In this act *Peter* denies his Master, and the performer to whom was intrusted the crowing of the cock, acquitted himself so admirably that all the roosters in the village seemed instantly to reply.

Act ten is devoted to the despair of *Judas*, who utters his unendurable torture in masterly words and with superb action. On the stage is the elder-tree on "the field of blood," and as the arch traitor flies to it to fling away his accursed life, the audience, I regret to write it, burst into loud and continued laughter. *Christ* is led before *Pilate* in act eleven. In act twelve the *Man of Sorrows* is brought before *Herod*, and in act thirteen takes place the scourging and crowning. This was horribly realistic, and as the great gouts of blood slowly trickled down the divine forehead after the crown of thorns had been pressed upon His head, a thrill of awe vibrated through the spectators as if on the same heart beat. The resignation in the scene was a marvel of acting. Meyer never allows the dignity of *Christ* to suffer, and when pushed off the stool to the ground, he falls so as not to detract from His dignity, while the intended degradation of maltreatment reflects upon His accusers. In act fourteen *Christ* is sentenced to death. Even the *rôle* of *Barabbas*, who held the stage for a brief moment, was admirably impersonated.

The bearing of the cross to Golgotha, after the picture of Paul Veronese, in act fifteen, is one of the most marvelous scenes of this most marvelous and piteous spectacle. Over six hundred people come upon the stage—a very magic of color combination. *Christ*, meekly bearing His unendurable burden, appears in the street to the right, followed by the Roman soldiers and the populace. On the left, *Mary* and *Magdalene* and *John* stand in the street, unconscious that the *Man of Sorrows* approaches. The captain of the guard is mounted. *Jesus* stops opposite a house, the owner whereof tantalizingly bids him press on to Calvary. The *Saviour* regards him for one second. That man is doomed *for ever* to walk the earth as the Wandering Jew. *St. Veronica* meets the Lord, and offers Him a linen cloth. He wipes the bloody sweat from His brow and hands the cloth to her. It is impressed with His divine image. *Simon of Cyrene* takes the cross upon his stalwart shoulders. Never shall I forget the expression of *Christ* as he turned to the poor carpenter, uttering the "glad tidings of great joy," "The blessing of God be upon thee and thine." The sobbing of the spectators was the only sound now to be heard as the procession wended its way along the Via Dolorosa.

The Crucifixion was a ghastly, a terrible, an awful realism. The curtain rose to the hideous sound of the hammer, and the three crosses lay upon the ground, each laden with its victim. Those of the two thieves were first set on high, then came that of *Christ*, the inscription having been nailed on at the last moment. I dare not attempt to describe this scene. Any words that I could pen would fail to afford the faintest idea of the soul-awing spectacle. *Jesus*, as in Rubens's great picture, hangs suspended before you, the divine head gently reclining on the naked breast, the hands pinioned and bloody, the feet lacerated and bloody. When the soldier pierces His side with a lance, and the blood gushes forth, a short, sharp cry of agony came from the spectators, and a thousand faces paled. The whole scene of that bloody sacrifice is enacted, even to the breaking of the limbs of the malefactors.

The Descent from the Cross was a marvel of affectionate reverence. Never did the real personages in the Great Tragedy perform the harrowing office with more pious care, more delicate handling. It was an exact copy of the great painting of Rubens, at Antwerp. In act seventeen we had the Resurrection, and in the last act the Ascension.

Having witnessed the Passion Play, I believe it to be the outcome of the pure enthusiasm of believing minds. I no longer look upon it as an interesting relic of the past, long distant, out of keeping with the times, lingering on a threatened existence; but as upon the most marvelous and elevated dramatic exhibition of our epoch, and the perfection of the religious drama. I quitted that rude theatre awed, bewildered, subdued; and I pray that the impressions left by the play, so simple, so powerful, so grand, may never be erased from my heart.

IN THE WRONG BOX.

"IS there any way of getting out of this, Loo?" asked Captain Breton of Miss Louise Fairlegh, holding up a piece of glazed paper, otherwise a card, between his finger and thumb.

"Certainly not, sir," was the reply. "You know papa is going to stand for the borough at the very next election, and if we refuse to attend the Snaggleton ball, I suspect he wouldn't have a chance. Why, all the principal voters will be stewards on the occasion."

"Yes," said the captain; "and all dowdy wives and flashy daughters will be there, with wreaths upon their heads, and——"

"Come, now, I won't have you chaffing so horribly," said Louise. "You have become positively silly since your return from India."

"Indeed!" said he. "Shall I go back?"

"No—at least, not for a while," replied Louise. "But, Charley, it is settled about the ball?"

"Well, I suppose it is; but, on my honor, Loo, I would sooner face a cannon-ball!" said the gallant captain, laughing heartily at his execrable pun.

"If you do that again, Charley, I will never allow you to come in here again, without I have Amy with me."

This seemed such a frightful threat, that the captain had to look humbled and repentant.

"I want you to be a very good boy another way," said the young lady, after a pause, during which her lover's arm had stolen fondly round her little waist. "Will you promise me?"

"First tell me what it is, Loo. You know I would do anything for you."

"This will not tax your generosity very much," said Louise. "I simply wish you not to ask me to dance at Snaggleton."

"Not ask you to dance!" said the captain, curiously.

"Not ask me to dance at all," repeated Louise. "And when I dance with other gentlemen, you are not to stare at them as if they were Sepoys, as you did at Mrs. Smithson's party."

"By Jove! but that's too bad, you know," said the captain. "Now, there's a dear girl; won't you give me all the waltzes?"

"A very modest request!" said Louise. "I would have you understand I have promised papa to win five votes for him during the evening, and I don't want you to interfere with my tactics."

So the captain, very reluctantly, had to give in; but was rewarded by being told he was an excellent fellow; and Miss Loo did not shrink away in the least when his big mustaches touched her pretty mouth.

"I shall ask some of you to lend me a trunk," said the captain, in the course of the day. "Awkwardly enough, mine was borrowed by Fred Brown, of ours, who wanted it for his wedding-tour."

"Jane has a large box to spare, and I dare say can let you have it," said Louise. "We start to-morrow, as papa has some canvassing to do; and, oh! I was near forgetting—you must wear your uniform."

"My uniform!" he exclaimed. "A dance of fire, as it was called by the *Times* correspondent, in a country ball-room! I shouldn't be surprised if you asked me to bring my horse next, and mount guard outside the Town Hall, in honor of the company."

"Don't be nonsensical, pray, or I might insist even on that," said Louise. "You will be a splendid ornament to the room; and the Snaggletonians, who seldom see a real officer, will be highly flattered. Good-by. Eyes right! Quick, march!—and remember, full regimentals."

When Captain Breton reviewed his wardrobe, he found that Fred Brown had not only taken his trunk, but also his best coat. He had another suit, certainly, but nothing spick and span to honor the occasion and please Miss Loo Fairlegh.

"If one goes in for it, one might as well go properly," he thought. "I never do the turkey-cock at tea-fights; but there's Bellamy, who gleams in scarlet and gold like the—the chap in Dr. Watts."

So Captain Breton, who didn't know Byron from Tupper or Dr. Watts, but who was an excellent, brave officer, strolled off toward the quarters of Cecil Bellamy, the dandy and chief lady-killer of the —th. Cecil, who was just about Breton's size, gave him eight or nine suits to choose from; and selecting a very gorgeous raiment, the captain sent a servant to fetch it in Jane Fairlegh's box, which he had taken the precaution of bringing with him.

Next day the Fairleghs and Breton started for Snaggleton. The party consisted of Miss Fairlegh (Jane), Miss Louise, Mr. and Mrs. Fairlegh and little Amy, who was daisy-picker and representative of British propriety during the many strolls of the engaged pair. They arrived on Tuesday, but the ball was not to take place until Thursday.

"We must buy everything for the ball here," said Loo (who was papa's favorite, and took a great interest in the election), "except, of course, our dresses."

Captain Breton accompanied the ladies on some of their shopping; from which will be understood the desperate condition of spooneyism to which he was reduced.

"Charley, you are in for more trouble," said Loo to him on Wednesday. "The Jeddoes have written, asking us to dine with them to-morrow evening, and we are afterward to accompany them to the ball in their omnibus carriage. You are specially included in the note."

"Oh, I'll send an excuse—I couldn't stand it!" said the captain. "I'll take out my rod. Tell them I am a mad fisherman, and that nothing could keep me from a trout-stream."

"Very well," said Louise; "but I thought you might like to come with me."

"Dearest, you know I would," said he; "but how could I manage to get you to myself among those tremendous Miss Jeddoes? Besides, I suppose you must be doing the fascinating electioneerix?"

"How sarcastic! Whatever I do shall be from my own free choice, Captain Breton," said Louise.

"Loo, darling! why take me up so quickly? Indeed, I——"

But before he could finish the sentence she was gone from the room. Could he have foreseen how they would meet again, he would not have let her go so easily.

On Thursday morning the captain hired a car from the hotel, and drove to the river. After fixing his rod, he commenced thrashing the stream. There was no rising in the trout.

In vain did Breton try his red hackle, and his cock's hackle, his grouse, his hare's ear, and the various other lures supposed to be irresistible. After about six hours' work a miserable sprat—whose curiosity got the better of the discretion so admirably exhibited by his companions—a troutling of tender years, laid hold of a hook well-nigh as large as himself.

"I think I'll try worms," said Breton, who was really bitten with the angling mania, when the pithy significance of one of Dr. Johnson's most celebrated apothegms occurred to him, and he relinquished the idea. He fell back upon his cigar-case and the pleasures of smoking. The day was warm, and the soft grass of the stream-bank deliciously cool.

Listening to the drumming of a distant millwheel, the sob of a tiny waterfall, the dunning of gnats and the cooing of ring-doves, a lark rippling the Summer air with wondrous melody, and no rising in the trout, and the cigar all right, who will be surprised that Captain Breton fell asleep?

He woke to find a dragon-fly riding upon his nose, and a bee tromboning in the centre of a honeysuckle unpleasantly close to his ear. He felt fuddled from the heat, jaded from his walk, unrefreshed by his nap, and altogether uncomfortable. It was no use trying to fish again. He had told his driver not to meet him until a certain hour, and it was a long way off yet. "Confound it, how am I to kill time?" he exclaimed.

Happy thought! He had recently read a book by which the reader learnt to derive intense amusement from the common objects of the country. The more common the object the greater the amusement. Now or never was the time to put its principles into practice. If he could only catch a frog or a toad, and watch those interesting creatures occupied in their slimy concerns! Halloa! A whopper!—a regular Batrachian banting!

Captain Breton, determined to be interested, watches the frog. The frog commences to puff himself, as if he were the proprietor of a patent medicine; he alternates this performance by collapsing with the suddenness of a bubble joint-stock company. He is evidently contemplating a movement toward the river. He disappears in a bouncing sort of flop.

Poor Captain Breton! Three hours more to wait, and caring as little for the primroses as Peter Bell. Charming sport, trout-fishing!

The Fairleghs started from the Snaggleton Arms for the Jeddoes' at six o'clock, bringing their boxes, etc., with them.

The Misses Jeddoe were good country girls, who seldom got the chance of a ball, and who, when they did, considered they were bound to everything on the list of dances. They were in the greatest state of excitement about the coming event, and scarce gave the Fairleghs time to finish a cup of coffee when they hurried them off to dress.

Louise took Amy to the room set apart for her, and put her back hair into the hands of that precocious little lady, who was chattering like a magpie behind her chair.

"I must see your dress, Loo," said she, running over to the box. Loo was before the mirror, and exclaimed:

"Amy, dear, mind how you take it out! Spread it on the——"

JOHANN RUTZ AS "HEROD."

SEB. DESCHLER AS "ANNAS."

She ceased abruptly. In the glass she saw Amy holding up, not her *moire*, but a military dress coat!

"Oh, Loo, Loo! such fun!" she exclaimed. "You have got Captain Breton's box, and I suppose he has got yours. I must run and tell papa and Jane and mamma, and——"

"Be quiet, miss!" interrupted Louise; and, though she felt mortified at the mistake, she could scarce refrain from laughing. The worst of it was, all the badinage it would subject her to. She put the coat back in its place, and directed Amy not to say anything about the accident; indeed, to be sure that she would not, she kept her well in sight.

By-and-by Miss Jeddoe No. 1 came in, dressed in pink silk, lace trimming, and altogether thoroughly got up. "Is it possible, Louise, you are not ready?"

"No, indeed. I am afraid I shall not be able to join you."

"Not join us! What can have happened to you?"

"Such a headache, you can't imagine! And then I forgot my dress."

"That is strange. But we can send for it."

"Oh, please, don't trouble yourself. I should not be able to go in any case. Would you get me some eau-de-cologne?" And Loo Fairlegh put her hand to her forehead in quite an invalid manner.

"Loo, what is the matter?" said her elder sister, now entering. "Is it possible you left your box at the inn?"

THE PASSION PLAY IN 1880.—THOMAS RENDL AS "PILATE."
SEE PAGE 129.

"I did, Jane," she replied; but she did not say she had taken Captain Breton's box instead.

"How sadly disappointed Breton will be!" said Miss Jane. "I thought he might be here before this for us; but I suppose he will meet us at the door," she added, as she bade Louise good-by and hastened away.

The carriage had rattled down the avenue, and Loo felt rather lonely as she heard the clank of the gate shutting after it. With all her anxiety about the election, she would have enjoyed a *tête-à-tête* and dance with Charley so much! It was partly a joke, her forbidding him not to ask her for the night; why, she had him down for the very first waltz, and he waltzed beautifully! How would he manage himself, though?

Meanwhile Amy had gone to the box again, and drawn out the gorgeous uniform. She put her arms through the sleeves and strutted about, turning to see the gilded tails which were dangling almost to the ground. She was in love with the medals on the breast. There was a tiny watch-pocket, just such a place for another nice medal. Amy's little fingers pulled something from it.

"Amy," said Loo, "you should not do that. Be quiet, child."

This latter phrase was spoken as Amy commenced running about the room and holding up in triumph a prize which she had that instant extracted from the pocket.

IN THE WRONG BOX.—"SHE WENT TO HER DESK AND BEGAN TO MAKE UP A PACKAGE."

"See, Loo, what I have found! Such a picture inside a gold penny! A lady as handsome as—as anything!"

"A lady! Show it to me! quick, quick!" said Louise, and with jealous haste she snatched the locket from the child.

Yes, it was a locket, set in brilliants; it contained a twist of hair and a portrait of a lady, a splendid creature. On the reverse, in blue enamel, she read, "From Laura to C. B."

"C. B." Charles Breton! The ball, the election, everything was forgotten now. How her heart throbbed wildly, and the shame tingled her cheeks, as she saw the proofs of his unfaithfulness, his base, cruel infidelity! He had often told her he had no female relative, so there could be no mistake. She had loved as only woman loves once. For an hour she cried; cried until a certain dull relief came, and then a sickening resolution. She went to her desk and began to make up a package. The old gloves, *carte-de-visite*, drawings and what not, and the letters. The letters! How madly, too, with the strange inconsistency of passion, did she kiss them as she made them into a package—never, never to be opened or read again!

And then she went to the drawing-room and sat in the dark; and Amy, hushed and frightened at the strange grief she saw, came and nestled in her sister's lap.

Captain Breton arrived rather late from his piscatorial excursion. The car which should have met him was taken off by Sir Diggory Mangel, the great county agriculturist, who insisted on having it, and the landlord was obliged to dispatch a broken-down horse and a ramshackle chaise for our hero. The horse (to speak rather paradoxically) fully sustained his character for breaking down, so that it was after nine o'clock when Breton got to the Snaggleton Arms. He took a slight dinner, and attempted a glass of old port—which had the flavor of old boots—and then went up-stairs to make his toilet. He sent for the waiter to open his box. That functionary, after removing the cords, turned up the lid, and then gazed with a sort of stupid grimace at the captain, who was busy at the washstand.

"I think you had better brush that uniform," Breton called out; "but be careful of it."

"Oh, yes, sir; of course, sir. Is it an 'Ighland regiment you're in, capting?"

Breton looked round sharply. His first impression was that the fellow was drunk.

"P'r'aps you'd 'ave the petticoats first, capting?"

Breton could never stand insolence—he had the waiter by the ear in an instant.

"How dare you, you scoundrel! Hallo! I beg your pardon. Get up. Here's a nice state of affairs!" and

Breton was obliged to smile as the contents of the box were displayed before him. He knew Louise's favorite color, and he felt at once for the disappointment such a blunder would occasion her. He must remedy it at once. He tied up the box, and sent for a cab, which was not long bringing him to the Jeddoes'. He ran up to the drawing-room. He tapped at the door, and the handle was turned for him. It was Amy.

"Is Loo here?" he asked. He saw a figure like hers rise from a chair near the window. If it was Loo, why did she not hasten to him? "Excuse me," he said, hesitatingly, for he thought it might be one of the Jeddoe girls. "Are you Louise Fairlegh?"

"Miss Louise Fairlegh, Captain Breton? Yes."

Her voice—but how changed!

There was a pause. Then Breton began:

"I am sorry for the mistake which has prevented your being at the ball. I suppose my uniform came here?"

"Your uniform did come here," she replied.

The butler entered with the lights. Breton saw Louise standing erect with a proud, distant air. He was beyond measure puzzled.

"Of course, Loo, you know the mistake was not altogether my fault. You can get ready now, and Amy will——"

"Thank you," she said; "I have made up my mind not to attend this ball under any circumstances. Amy, would you hand the parcel to Captain Breton?"

"Dear, dear Loo! what is the meaning of this?" he exclaimed. "What is it that has come between us so suddenly?"

"Pray do not ask me what has come between us," she said. "Ask yourself—ask your own heart."

"Loo, my own! What have I done to earn your contempt?"

"I have no explanation to give," she replied.

"Then, after all, you refuse even to tell me why you send me from you?"

There was no answer.

For one instant the idea of some mistake crossed her mind; but her resolve was taken. What heroic fools we are occasionally! She courtesied as if he was to go.

"Won't you even say good-night, Loo?"

She colored to the temples. They had always their own lover-like fashion of "good-night" since they had been engaged. That was all over now.

He noticed her hesitation, and grasping both her hands firmly, he looked straight into those eyes, which for the first time sank coldly and irresponding before his gaze.

"Make it up," he whispered, and he bent toward her with the tenderest caressing gesture.

She drew back; she felt her resolution wavering at his touch, and so started from him. That was enough. Immediately afterward Captain Breton was driving off.

It was near midnight when the captain got to Snaggleton. He could scarcely realize the events of the last hour. He was thoroughly and utterly wretched, but it was not in his nature to give up to anything. He therefore decided on going to the ball, if it were only to distract his thoughts. He had brought *the* uniform with him from Jeddoe's, and was quickly incased in it. As he hurried to the town-hall he noticed a great crowd running in the same direction, and, behold! the parish engine tearing through the street.

"Fire, sir!" cried some one, in answer to a question from Breton; "the ballroom is afire!"

He was at the scene of the conflagration in a moment, and saw at once that no lives were in danger. The revelers could easily escape from the burning apartment. Indeed, the only peril they were in was from the ill-directed exertions of his worship, the fussy mayor. Breton upset him (accidentally) and took command of the constables; rescued a good deal of the supper from the devouring *gamins*, who were the chief "devouring element" on the occasion; saw the Jeddoes and Fairleghs snug in their carriage, and quieted the panic, at the cost of the "full-dress," however, which suffered considerably in the row, confusion and puddle.

"You must come with us, Charley," said Miss Jane Fairlegh; "we must have a chat over our terrible escape."

Breton hesitated.

"Oh, do, Captain Breton, please!" chorused the Misses Jeddoe; "we must have some fun at home for our disappointment here; and Loo will be so anxious about you!"

Breton sighed—although a warrior, he sighed. What did Loo care if he broke his neck? Nevertheless, buoyed with some vague hope, he got up with the driver. Then he was in the Right Box.

Louise was waiting for them on the steps. She feared an accident, as the report of the fire had traveled to her already. They overwhelmed her at once with the particulars—how a chandelier had tumbled and set fire to the muslin decorations, and how Charley Breton had brought them back perfectly safe and sound.

"You are in a wretched plight, captain," said Mrs. Jeddoe. "The Snaggletonians ought at least to subscribe for a new uniform for you."

"Considering that it is not my own, Mrs. Jeddoe," said he, "but one I borrowed for the occasion."

"Loo, Loo!—mamma!" cried Miss Jane. "Goodness gracious, she has fainted!"

Breton ran over and took her in his arms. She recovered after a few restoratives.

When she was quite herself, the girls went to change their things. Captain Breton lingered in the room with Louise—he couldn't tell exactly why.

"Come here!—come here, Charley!" she called, but so very low that he did not hear at first.

She spoke again, and he was kneeling by the sofa. She held the locket before him.

"Do you know this lady?" she asked.

He opened it, and smiled—an honest, candid smile.

"Yes, Loo," he replied; "it is Miss Delaval, who is engaged to Cecil Bellamy, the gentleman who lent me this unfortunate uniform. He will be vexed at leaving such a treasure in my keeping."

"Oh, Charley, Charley, dearest, will you ever forgive me?" and she sobbed her contrition on his shoulder.

The next moment their lips met in a reconciliation, such as only those who have loved can tell of—and so finished their first and last quarrel. Yes, their first and last!

ORNAMENTING THE EYES WITH KOHL IN ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

The eyes of Egyptian ladies, with very few exceptions, are black, large, and of a long, almond form, with long and beautiful lashes, and an exquisitely soft, bewitching expression. Their charming effect is much heightened by the concealment of the other features under the vail, and by the universal practice of blackening the edge of the eyelids with a black powder called kohl. This is produced by the burning of an aromatic resin, the smoke-black being collected in a little vessel similar to the one shown in our engraving. It is also prepared by burning almond

shells. Although believed to be beneficial to the eyes, it is merely used for ornament.

The kohl is applied with a small probe of wood, ivory or silver, tapering toward the end, but blunt. This is

MODERN STYLE OF PAINTING THE EYE.

ANCIENT STYLE OF ORNAMENTING THE EYE.

moistened with rose-water, then dipped in the powder, and drawn along the edges of the eyelids; it is called *mirwed*, and the vessel *muk-hulah*.

The custom of ornamenting the eyes prevailed among both sexes in Egypt in ancient times, and is shown by the sculptures and paintings in the temples and tombs. The square-shaped box, adorned with hieroglyphics, is one that

VESSEL, PALATE AND PROBE.

PAINT-BOX ORNAMENTED WITH HIEROGLYPHIC CHAAACTERS.

was used by the ancient Egyptians for keeping the kohl. The ancient mode of ornamenting the eyes was somewhat different from the modern fashion, as shown by the sketch, but is, however, still practiced at present in the neighborhood of Cairo.

The same custom existed also among the ancient Greek ladies, and was practiced in early times by the Jewish women.

A WILD BEAST SHOP.

Few of our readers ever saw, or perhaps heard of, a wild beast shop. Yet wild beasts are brought to the country, bought and sold, and have their range of prices like other commodities. In London, Jamrach is the great dealer in wild beasts. In New York, Reiche, who has long been known as a great importer and dealer in canary birds, is also a great dealer in wild beasts.

Buckland thus describes a wild beast auction:

It was a dull, misty morning when I entered the gardens, some few minutes after the sale had commenced, and they looked the very picture of wretchedness. Not far from a model of Sebastopol the auction was going on, the head of Mr. Stevens, the auctioneer, forming a centre round which the crowd had collected.

"Eight shillings for a wax-bill and two cut-throat sparrows. Yours, sir," were the first words that met my ears. "A paradise grackle—nine shillings—thank you, sir. The next lot—a red and yellow macaw. No. There is some mistake—a yellow and blue macaw. What shall we say for this fine bird, gentlemen? Three pounds five—you have a bargain, sir. A sulphur-crested cockatoo—two guineas—mind your fingers, sir; that lot is spiteful. The next lot—an armadillo—what shall I say for the armadillo, gentlemen? Ten shillings?—thirty?—yes, that's more like its value. A pair of flying squirrels—one pound—cheap as things go. Now for the snakes."

There were only five snakes for sale, and these consisted of one boa and four pythons; the former came from South America, all of the latter from India. The boa was bought for five guineas, the others at prices varying from two to four pounds.

The sale was a peripatetic one, and the auctioneer having descended from his chair, we all followed a man, who carried the chair in one hand and rang a bell with the other.

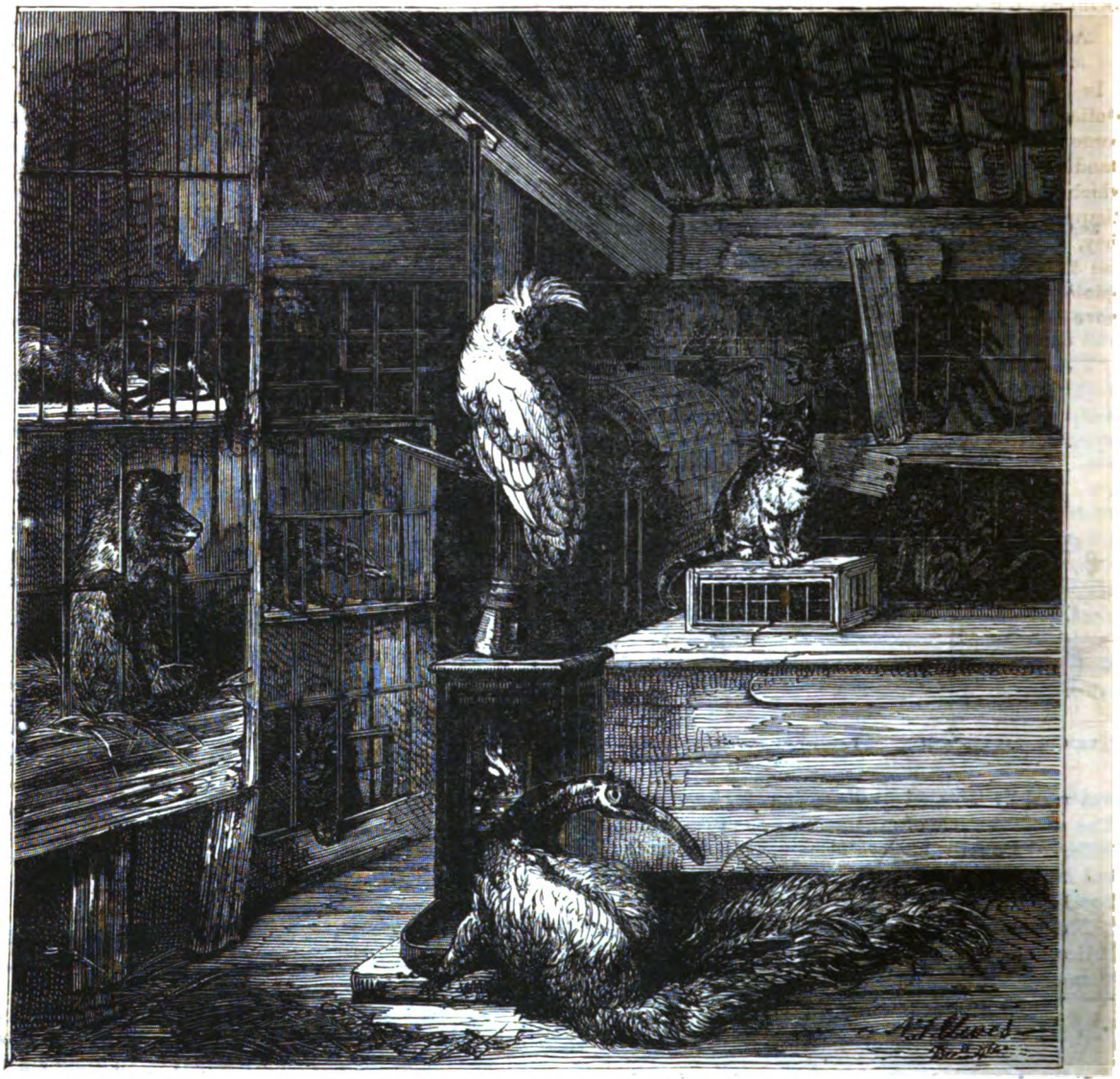
During the walk from place to place I had time to look about me at the company. There were about three hundred people present, who consisted—firstly, of a deputation from the Regent's Park Gardens; then several professional animal-dealers from Liverpool and large Continental cities, among whom was Mr. Jamrach, of Radcliff Highway, before mentioned, one of the largest animal-dealers in the world; then proprietors of shows, both great and small, from the Messrs. Wombwell & Maunder to your scantily clad man who owns the penny show, and who has just bought the smallest and the cheapest of the large serpents, to be shown to gaping villagers at country fairs; lastly, many who, like myself, came to learn the value of an elephant or a lion. We, crowd of naturalists, therefore—the bellman showing us the place—halted in front of the aviary.

The first lot was two Indian falcons, which fetched two pounds ten shillings each. Then a pair of white, or, rather, whity-brown, storks—they sold for sixteen shillings. A black stork—being, as another black bird well-known to schoolboys was formerly supposed to be, a rare bird—brought two pounds six shillings. Then followed lot fifty-seven, a pelican, a very amiable or else a very hungry bird, for he kept jabbering with his great bill at the numerous gloves held out to him, and endeavoring to swallow them. Here a spirited competition began, and the bird was at length knocked down for eighteen guineas. In Egypt, my friend Captain Cunninghame, late Second Life Guards, informs me he lately bought a much finer bird for two shillings, which makes me think seriously of speculating in pelicans.

The reason why a pelican sells well is, that he is a good show-bird, and a good attractor of pennies. The poor bird is probably at this time shut up in some small cage, inside a house upon wheels, never again to behold his native wilderness, or, according to the showman, his master, pluck blood from his breast to feed his young ones.

Next came the monkeys. Great was the rush to the monkey-house, which was speedily filled, but as speedily emptied again, for Mr. Stevens wisely took up his position outside, under cover of the wooden guns of one of the Sebastopol batteries. But though the folks were so anxious to see the monkeys, they did not seem equally anxious to buy; for the biddings were few and far between. The first lot was a Rhesus monkey, common in Bengal—a fine name for an ugly creature. He was sold for twelve shillings, as also were two more of the same species. Then followed divers sorts of monkeys rejoicing in various names, such as "bonnet," "green," "sooty," "marque," etc.; but none of them fetched more than ten shillings each, and one of the customers wanted Mr. Stevens to give him an organ into the bargain. Another wanted his monkey—a great savage Barbary ape—delivered *immediately*, which Mr. Stevens said he really could not undertake to do, but he would "be happy to receive the money for him on the spot."

Away we went again after the bell and the chair to the opposite side of the gardens. Here two jackals were the first sold—twenty-four shillings the two. Then a pair of porcupines—good show animals again—eight pounds



A WILD BEAST SHOP.—SEE PAGE 143.

fifteen shillings. Then an Indian goat, one four-horned sheep, and one Indian sheep—only two guineas the three; cheap, at that rate, even as mutton. Then followed a red hind—who nearly devoured my catalogue while I was looking another way—for two pounds ten shillings. Then followed the sale of six eagles—namely, two golden eagles, a wedge-tail eagle, a sea eagle, and two from Chili. These sold at prices varying from two pounds to thirteen shillings; and the skins of some of this lot, if I mistake not, are by this time full of hay and tow, with glass eyes in their heads.

The next lot was a hybrid—between a zebra and wild ass. This spiteful brute sold for eight pounds. He was formerly the property of Lord Derby, and when brought up from his lordship's sale, kicked the horse-box to pieces, and did ten pounds' worth of damage, so that he was dear at any price. A fine ostrich sold for twenty-seven pounds, and a nylghau for nine pounds, both fair prices.

Then came the lions and tigers. The first, a fine tigress, sold for seventy-nine guineas—not her value; the second, a very fine lion, for two hundred guineas. Just as the hammer was going down this noble brute stood upright in his den, and looking sternly at the crowd, gave a roar of indignation—a fine study for an artist.

"Next we will proceed to the elephant!" exclaimed Mr. Stevens.

The folding-doors opened, and, gently led by his keeper, the elephant came forth. Sad and demure the poor beast looked, never again to draw his cart full of happy, smiling children round the gravel walks, receiving biscuit contributions from his young employers.

"Trot him out!" cried a bidder, as two hundred guineas were bid.

"By your leave!" cries the keeper.

The crowd cleared away, and the elephant made a sort of a mock trot. His price went up in the market immediately, and he was finally knocked down to Mr. Batty, the circus proprietor, for three hundred and twenty guineas.

After the elephant came the camels, male and female; being stupid, they looked stupid. Nevertheless, the male was knocked down for sixty-two pounds, the female for fifty pounds, to Mr. Edmonds, for his menagerie. Lastly came the giraffe. It was supposed to be too cold for him to come out, and his house was not big enough to hold the good folks present, so that while he was pacing his stall in solitude, the figures two hundred and fifty pounds were put down opposite his name on the catalogue outside. He was "bought in," I believe.

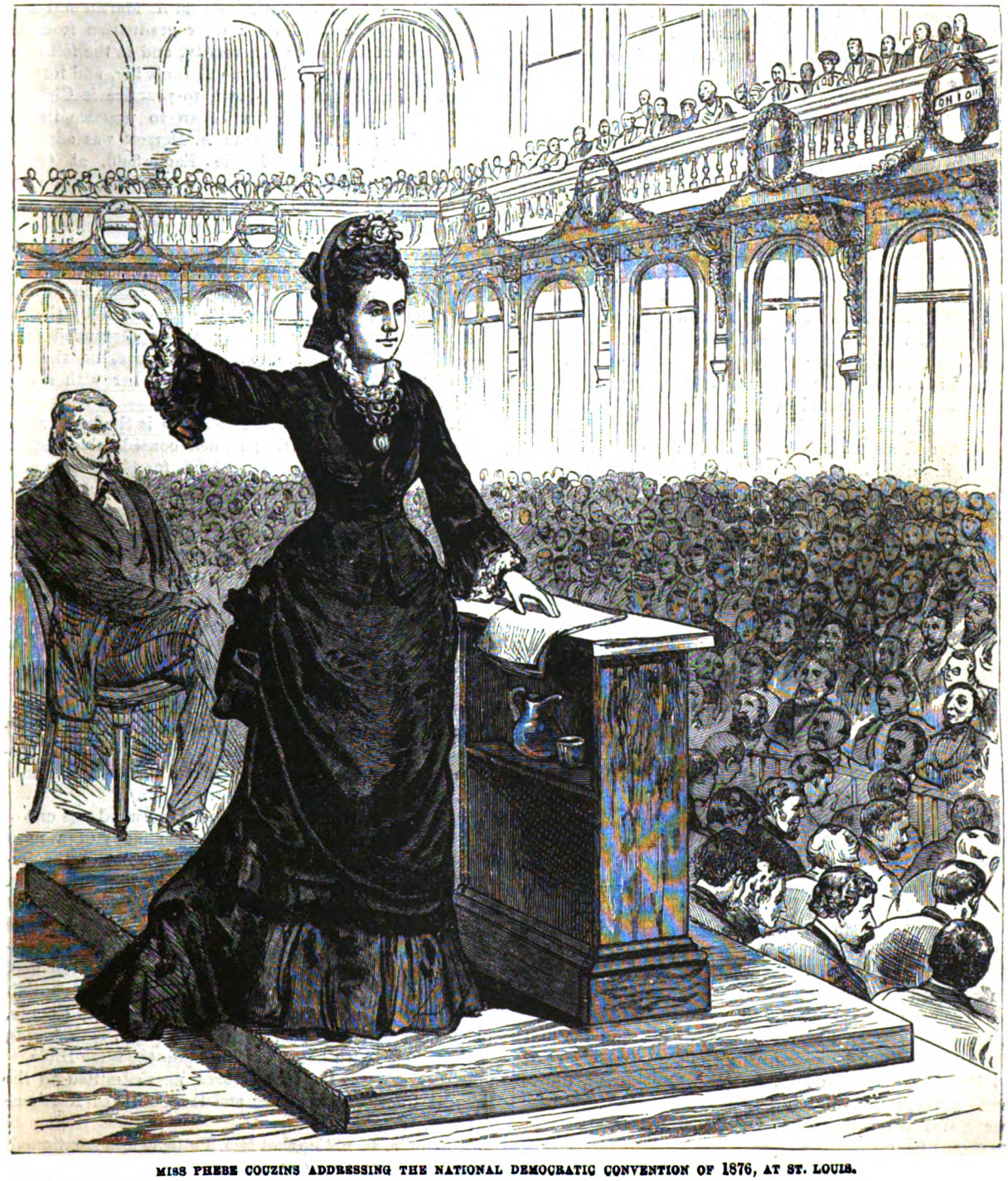
SOME REMARKABLE AMERICAN WOMEN,

At the Bar, in the Pulpit, and on the Dramatic and Operatic Stages.

In one of the first chapters of his "Inquiry into the Duties of the Female Sex," written in 1796, Prof. Gisborne said: "Young women endowed with good understandings, but desirous of justifying the mental indolence which they have permitted themselves to indulge, or disappointed at not perceiving a way open by which they, like their brothers, may distinguish themselves and rise to eminence, are occasionally heard to declare their opinion that the sphere in which women are destined to move is so humble and so limited as neither to require nor to reward assiduity; and, under this impression, either do not discern, or will not be persuaded to consider, the real and deeply interesting effects which the conduct of their sex will always have on the happiness of society."

And Miss Muloch, in contrasting the cheerful with the gloomy woman, observes that a large number of women, particularly the younger portion, are by nature constituted so exceedingly restless of mind, or with such a strong physical tendency to depression, that they can by no possibility keep themselves in a state of even tolerable cheerfulness except by being continually occupied.

As there are men who might become pioneers in some work of reform if they could only experience the "call," so there are women, active, tolerant, willing, endowed with



MISS PHEBE COUZINS ADDRESSING THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OF 1876, AT ST. LOUIS.

all the forces necessary to render them distinguished, if they only knew just how to apply their capabilities. Such people are ready to enter with alacrity a field of congenial labor when some one else has discovered it, attracted their attention to it, and demonstrated exactly how to work it successfully. True reforms may possibly be carried on by this class, but they can never be projected. Had such noble women as the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mary Carpenter, Miss Rye, Caroline Chisholm, Florence Nightingale, Lady Strangford, and, in our own country, Miss Dix, Jennie Collins, Clara Barton and Linda Gilbert, contented themselves with waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up, they might have lived far beyond this day without having any to bless their names and kindnesses. They possessed discernment and energy; they saw suffering in forms for which no relief had been provided—they made their opportunity.

The Muscovite ideal of woman was purely a monastic one, and the virtues of the cloister—faith, prayer, charity, obedience and industry—were the highest she could possibly attain in the eyes of the world. Women are still faithful in prayer and charity, still dwell in convents and meditate for hours and days in the solemn retreat of the cloister. At the same time, women, discerning their special capabilities for new species of occupation, are taking the advanced positions in life which they have hitherto shunned, or from which they have been excluded either by their own sense of impropriety or by man's restrictions in the form of legal enactments.

In the United States the sphere of woman's usefulness is now in a remarkable state of enlargement. We have been accustomed to seeing her on the lyric and tragic stages, in the studio of painting and sculpture, and in the sanctum of literature and poetry. Now, we see her also in the pulpit, in the medical college and hospital, in the common and superior courts of law, in the public school boards, in public libraries, and, to a limited extent, at the polls. And during the past Winter she has been recognized in the legislation of several States as a powerfully supported applicant for a larger share of the public rights and personal privileges that man has hitherto enjoyed exclusively.

There was doubtless more opposition to the application of women for permission to practice law than to follow any other professional calling formerly monopolized by men. It is believed that the pioneer in the study of law was Mrs. Myra Bradwell, who, in 1869, applied for admission to the bar of Illinois. On being refused she carried her claim to the Supreme Court of the United States, and was again repulsed. Next came Miss Lemma Barkaloo, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who, during 1869-70-71, studied in the Law School of Washington University, at St. Louis, Mo., and died just as she had completed her course. After her was Miss Lily Peckham, of Milwaukee, who, becoming discouraged by the opposition, abandoned the study of law for that of theology, and died before any of her hopes were realized.

The first woman admitted to practice of whom we have any record was Miss Phebe Couzins, daughter of a former superintendent of police of St. Louis, Mo., who was received at the bar of that city in 1871. The first who ever argued a case in the Circuit Court of the United States was Miss Helen M. McDonald, of Boston; the first who was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States was Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, whose name was enrolled March 3d, 1879; and the first who practiced law on the Pacific slope was Mrs. Mary J. Young, of Sacramento, who was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of California May 13th, 1879.

Between the application of Mrs. Bradwell and the admission of Mrs. Young there were many successful applications, of which the following are recalled: Miss Sarah Kilgore was admitted at St. Louis in 1871, from the Law School of Michigan University. In 1872 Miss Georgie Snow was admitted to the bar in Utah, and Mrs. Clara A. Nash in Maine. In the following year Annette and Florence Cronise were admitted at Tiffin, Ohio; A. M. Hulett, at Chicago; Charlotte E. Ray, at Washington, D. C.; and Miss Raper, at Ann Arbor, Mich. Miss Hulett died after three years of successful practice; Miss Ray is a graduate of the Law School of Harvard University, and Miss Raper of the Michigan University.

In 1874 Lavinia Goodell was admitted at Janesville, Wis., and she soon after associated with her Miss Angie King. The Michigan bar received Miss Ella A. Martin and Miss Fredrika Perry in 1875, after their graduation from the Law School of the State University, and in the following year both were admitted to the Illinois bar, and forming a partnership, they settled down to practice in Chicago. In 1876 Mrs. Mary E. Foster began to practice in Ann Arbor, Mich.; in 1877 Martha A. Dorsett was admitted in Minnesota; in 1878 Bessie Eaglesfield, at Grand Rapids, Mich.; Miss Agnes Scott, at Tiffin, Ohio; and Miss Morrill, at Chicago, besides two young women from the Iowa Law School. Miss Kane, of Janesville, Wis., and Mrs. Clara S. Foltz, of San Francisco, were admitted in 1879, in addition to those before credited to that year. A special honor was paid to Miss Nancy Smith in November of the same year, when, on being received by the bar of Keokuk, Iowa, the presiding judge descended from the bench to congratulate her. In the evening the lawyers of the city further complimented her with a very grand banquet.

Of the above women, Mrs. Lockwood is the best known to the public. After having gained considerable distinction as a lawyer, she applied, in 1877, for admission to the Supreme Court of the United States. At that time the motion was denied, not for any lack of experience, study or ability, but solely because the petitioner was a woman. In the fall of 1878 she applied to the Circuit Court at Baltimore, and was refused admission by Judge Magruder. Disappointed, but not cast down, by these failures, she determined to secure, if possible, for her sex an authority to practice in the Federal Courts that could not be questioned. Her efforts were directed to Congress, and with marked success, for at the ensuing session a Bill authorizing the admission of properly qualified women to practice in the Supreme and Circuit Courts was passed by both Houses. On the 3d of the following March, on motion of District Attorney Riddle, she was received into this high grade of practice at Washington.

On the 2d of February last, Mrs. Lockwood was one of a group of persons engaged in a ceremony of a most notable character. A motion had been made in the Supreme Court at Washington, before Chief Justice Waite, that ex-Governor Joel Parker, of New Jersey, be admitted to practice in that Court. Immediately Mrs. Lockwood rose and moved the admission of Samuel Lowery—a colored lawyer, of Huntsville, Ala.—also, who, she testified, possessed the necessary qualifications. His credentials being properly executed, and no objection being made, Mr. Lowery was sworn in with Mr. Parker, both taking the same oath, with hands resting upon the same Bible.

Mr. Lowery was the first colored man admitted to the Supreme Court of Tennessee and the Courts of Northern Alabama.

As we write, we notice that Mrs. Foltz, before mentioned, has scored quite a victory in San Francisco. Having ap-

plied for admission to the Hastings College of Law in the State University, the directors refused to admit her, because they "believed and determined that it was not wise or expedient, or for the best interests of the college, to admit any female as a student therein." Upon this, she in person obtained from the District Court of San Francisco a mandamus compelling the college to open its doors to her. The directors then appealed to the Supreme Court, where Mrs. Foltz argued her case with such clearness and legal force that the Court decided the question wholly in her favor.

The first of American women, now living, who entered upon the evangelical calling, was Isabella, a slave, born in Ulster County, N. Y. She was the property of Colonel Ardinburgh, and under the name of "Sojourner Truth" has been known in the churches and Sunday-schools of the United States for upward of half a century. The date of her birth is unknown, but she is popularly supposed to be over one hundred years old. In 1817 she was emancipated, a poor woman, using the colloquial Low Dutch with a decidedly African accent, and so ignorant that she was unable to distinguish her right hand from her left. She came at once to New York City, and engaged in service, living, as she says, "with the best people in the city."

The story of her life has been repeated to thousands of audiences throughout the country, and is preserved in a pleasant volume written by Mrs. Stowe.

"Sojourner" is a woman of strong religious nature, with an entirely original eloquence and humor. At the various anti-slavery demonstrations she was able to attend, she was a great attraction, for she was known to be a stanch defender of the claims and rights of her race. Her work in the freedmen's camps at Washington and in Virginia during the war was both valuable and highly esteemed, and she had no truer friend and admirer than the lamented Lincoln.

At the present time, she is living at Battle Creek, Mich., waiting "for the Lord to call her." On the 2d of March last, many of her friends gave her a surprise-party in her neat cottage. The good old soul was in a state of bewildered delight, saying to a particular friend who came late: "They kept floodin' and floodin' in till I just says, 'Why, bless my heart, chil'ren, war on arth did ye all cum from? and when in the name of common sense are ye goin' to stop comin'?"

Next in popularity to Sojourner Truth is Mrs. Margaret N. Van Cott, familiarly known as "the Widow Van Cott." She was born in New York City, in 1830, her father being Major William K. Newton, who for many years had the management of John Jacob Astor's estate. As a child she was considered a marvel of precocity. She received the rite of confirmation in the Episcopal Church when but eleven years old. Soon after she was attracted to the Methodist Church by the more active character of the services, and desired to attend the meetings in a church near her home, but her father refused his permission.

At the age of seventeen she was married to Peter P. Van Cott, who carried on the drug business. When, a few years later, he died, she took possession of his business and conducted it successfully. One day, after pausing some time before the old Methodist Church in John Street, she determined to devote herself to the Lord's service. Uniting with the Duane Street Church, she at once began to relate her experience and to exhort. It was not long before her extreme piety and her fitness for the work attracted the attention of the clergy; and the Rev. Mr. Battersby was more than gratified when she offered to assist in his Five Points Mission labors. It is said that when the missionary preached his hearers were few, but when she took charge of the services every seat was occupied. Then she traveled about the country for a considerable time in the interest of her business, but carrying on her exhortations at every opportunity. Her efforts were rewarded by so many conversions that in 1868 she abandoned business altogether and devoted her energies exclusively to the work of revival preaching. As she keeps lists of her converts in each place where she labors, she has no difficulty in organizing praying-bands to carry on the work when she has departed to other fields.

Mrs. Van Cott was regularly licensed to preach, and was specially commended by the late Bishop Gilbert Haven, who, shortly before his death, said of her: "She is without doubt to-day the most popular, laborious and successful preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. She has more calls, does more work and wins more souls than any of her brethren, and she does this by her genius and her faith."

To this opinion we add the more enthusiastic one of the venerable Dr. Whedon: "The world has seen flaming evangelists, but never before of her sex. A Chrysostom, whose magic oratory endowed him with the title of 'silver-tongued'; a Bossuet, whose thrall over an audience was complete; a John Knox, who prayed, 'Lord, give me Scotland or I die'; a Whitfield, who preached to audiences of forty thousand persons—all these were rivals of him of Tarsus; but never before has a woman entered upon this arena save Mrs. Van Cott, and surely her success has been as marvelous as theirs."

Another woman who has attained much celebrity in the pulpit is Mrs. Phebe A. Hannaford, a native of the Island of Nantucket, where she was born in 1829. She engaged early in literary pursuits, and wrote poems, sketches, biographies, editorials, histories, lectures and sermons with marvelous facility. Of the score of volumes she has published, one was a prize story, "The Soldier's Daughter," with which almost every Sunday School attendant is acquainted. Her "Life of Lincoln" reached a sale of 20,000 copies, 5,000 being issued in the German language; and her Life of George Peabody had a run of 15,000.

She preached her first sermon in 1865, in the schoolhouse at Siasconset, on her native island. Three years later she was ordained as pastor of the Universalist Church at Hingham, Mass., being the first woman regularly ordained in that State. In 1869 she added the parish in Waltham to her pastoral charge, and preached alternately for a year in Waltham and Hingham. She settled in New Haven, Conn., in 1870, the Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., of New York, preaching the installation sermon, and in 1874 she accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Church of the Good Shepherd, on the Heights of Jersey City, at a salary of $2,500 per annum. During the three years of her engagement the church tripled its membership, and the Sunday-school grew from thirty to nearly two hundred persons. At the close of her term there was a majority of three votes against re-engaging her, and upon her retirement the best portion of the parish and the majority of the trustees, deacons and Sunday-school accompanied her to the place of worship which she temporarily rented in Library Hall.

One of Mrs. Hannaford's best friends in the early days of her pastoral work was Miss Olympia Brown, who, in 1866, invited Mrs. Hannaford to preach in the pulpit at South Canton, Mass., then occupied by her on a brief appointment. Shortly after, Mrs. Hannaford went to Weymouth, and officiated in Miss Brown's own pulpit, while the latter made a visit to the church at Hingham. When

MRS. MAGGIE VAN COTT, REVIVALIST.

Mrs. Hannaford was ordained, Miss Brown gave her the hand of fellowship, and when she was installed pastor of the church at Hingham, February 19th, 1868, the same woman preached the formal sermon.

The venerable Lucretia Mott, who passed her eighty-seventh birthday on the 3d of January last, became a preacher when she was twenty-six years old. She was one of the first abolitionists, and has always been a zealous member of the Society of Friends. She ascribes her longevity, with excellent bodily and mental health, to her simple mode of living, her continual self-restraint and her constant intellectual activity.

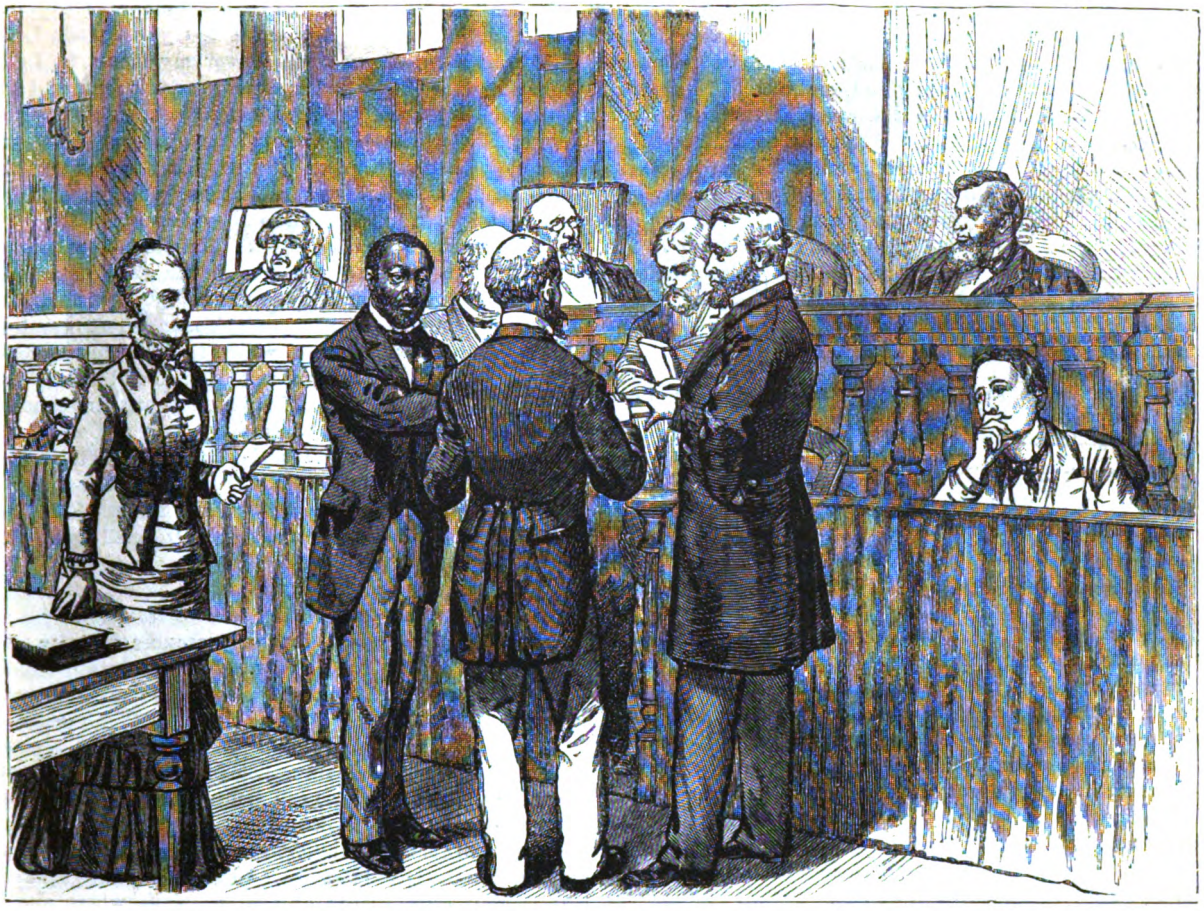
In this connection we must not neglect mention of the Rev. Anna Oliver, who for years was known as the "girl preacher." She was born in New York City, graduated

MISS CHARLOTTE CRABTREE—"LOTTA."

REV. PHEBE A. HANNAFORD.

from the Rutgers Female College, on Fifth Avenue, and afterward at the Theological School of the Boston University (Methodist), being the first female pupil ever admitted to that school. Soon after graduating from the latter institution—June, 1876—she took charge of the First Methodist Church at Passaic, N. J., where she remained a year. She is now pastor of the Willoughby Avenue Methodist Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y. She prefers pastoral to evangelical labor. Besides being a capital

SOJOURNER TRUTH.



MRS. LOCKWOOD MOVING FOR THE ADMISSION OF THE FIRST COLORED LAWYER IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

speaker, she is an accomplished artist in oil and water-colors, and in decorative work.

In the Winter of 1871–72, quite an excitement was created in the ecclesiastical world by the action of the Presbytery in officially "investigating" the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, for permitting a woman, Miss Sarah F. Smiley, the gifted Quakeress preacher, to address his congregation. At the close of the War she had

MRS. MARY J. YOUNG.

MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

volunteered as a missionary to the emancipated slaves of the South; she had been honored by the British "Yearly Meeting" of the Orthodox Friends with the fullest membership during a visit to England, and she had preached from Methodist, Baptist and Congregational pulpits in this country. Dr. Cuyler had spoken to a Friends' revival meeting at her solicitation, and at his invitation she in return occupied his pulpit, and spoke to a very large audience. The Presbytery could scarcely bring itself to censure a pastor so popular, learned and faithful as Dr. Cuyler, neither did it dare put itself on record by pronouncing against Miss Smiley; so, after a lengthy discussion, the Presbytery adopted a resolution simply calling attention to the rules of the General Assembly:

"To teach and exhort or to lead in prayer in public and promiscuous assemblies, is clearly forbidden to women in the Holy Oracles."

This attack upon Dr. Cuyler, and through him upon the Quakeress, very justly increased the popularity of both; and although Miss Smiley naturally shrinks from all that savors of notoriety profitless to her mission, she has since sought to carry on her evangelical labors in fields where she is not likely to encounter such formal obstacles.

The number of American women who are recognized as great actresses is really small. Each critic has already formed his or her opinion on the question of superiority, and, therefore, the order in which we give the brief notes on the women we have selected as types of this class will not be considered indicative of their relative rank.

One of the best known who have risen to acknowledged distinction by force of genius and downright hard work is Mrs. Harriot, known to theatre-goers as Miss Clara Morris. She was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1843, and made her *début* when but fifteen years of age. After but four seasons she became "juvenile lady," and held this position for some time, during which she acted many leading parts, filling all the lines of dramatic business from broad comedy to heavy tragedy. In 1869 she took the part of "leading lady" in Cincinnati, and it was while playing there that she attracted the attention of Manager Daly, who brought her to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in New York City, the following season. The sudden illness of another lady forced her to assume, upon short notice, the *rôle* of *Anne Sylvester* in "Man and Wife," and this character afforded the first opportunity for displaying her innate dramatic abilities. She found herself at once famous as an emotional, sentimental, pathetic actress. Since her introduction to a New York audience she has gratified it by appearing in "Article 47," in which her acting as the mad creature, who is the real heroine of the piece, took the city by storm; in the "Geneva Cross," in "Miss Moulton," the French adaptation of "East Lynne," and in "Alixe."

On being once asked why she did not restrain her power while acting, she replied, "I do not know when I cry. I lose myself in my characters, and it is the sorrow born of them that makes me weep. Of course, it exhausts me, but I recuperate from it." Her private life is charming, sympathetic and unassuming. Although a great physical sufferer, her figure is graceful, her manners easy and dignified.

Miss Mary Anderson represents more truly the school of tragedy, and, yet in her young day, she has exhibited a wonderful variety of talent. She is a native of California, although she considers Louisville, Ky., her artistic birthplace. "There I learned to love acting and to try to act." In 1875 she made her *début* in the play of "Romeo and Juliet." She says of herself at this period: "I had a tremendous voice, and, like most beginners, I supposed that shouting was acting, and I tell you I made Louisville howl when I got excited over my pieces." In the following year she played a regular engagement, and then she made a tour of the South and West. This tour was followed by a second, and at its close she appeared first in Philadelphia and then in Boston. It was not until her *début* in New York, however, that her phenomenal abilities met with the recognition they deserved. Her first appearance here was November 13th, 1877, when she braved a most critical audience in the *rôle* of *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons." From beginning to end her power, fire and freedom from stock mannerisms created a succession of surprises; and when, in turn, this performance gave way to her *Juliet*, in "Romeo and Juliet," and the antipodan *rôle* of *Meg Merrilies*, she was unanimously voted a wonderful, a great actress.

Although for many years she has pleased the public with performances of "Jane Eyre," "The Pearl of Savoy," "The Young Prince," "The French Spy," and other familiar pieces, Mrs. Maggie Mitchell-Paddock is best known as the creator of "Fanchon the Cricket." She is of Scotch parentage, though born in New York in 1832, and she has been on the stage almost from the time she could walk alone. Her first appearances were in children's parts in the Old Bowery. In 1851 she appeared at the Chambers Street Theatre, and soon after began a starring tour of the country. In June, 1862, she produced "Fanchon" for the first time in New York, having leased Laura Keene's Theatre for the purpose. The medium through which she became acquainted with the part was a heavy translation of the German play, but she has made it thoroughly her own, and by it has attained a fame not confined to the United States. An engagement of eighteen years' standing resulted in her marriage in 1868.

Equally well known is the romping, frolicksome "Lotta" (Miss Charlotte Crabtree), whose success on the stage was assured the moment her feet touched it, and whose sprightliness makes it almost impossible to regard her as out of her teens. She was born in 1848, and made her first appearance in Laporte, Cal., when seven years old. She next assumed the *rôle* of *Gertrude* in "The Loan of a Lover," at Petaluma, and on her second night the house was not large enough to hold the people who rushed to hear her. Her *répertoire* includes "The Firefly," "Little Nell," "The Marchioness," "Heart's Ease," "Zip," "The Little Detective," "Musette," and "La Cigale." She is the first girl who ever danced a jig on the stage in this country, the first who ever danced with clogs, and the first who ever played *Topsy* on the Pacific coast. Having begun her career in California, she has always taken great pride in the State and in the City of San Francisco. A few years ago she testified her appreciation of the courtesy with which she had ever been received there, by presenting to the city a drinking-fountain of elegant design and costly manufacture. There was a large display of civic and military people on the occasion.

When speaking of our great actresses, the name of Kate Bateman should not be omitted, although her voice has not been heard among us for several years. Her experience on the stage dates back to childhood. She was born in Baltimore, October 7th, 1842. When five years old she made her *début* with her sister Ellen in Louisville, Ky., in "The Babes in the Woods." The success of the little ones was signal. Season after season they traveled about the country under their father's management, new parts being adapted for them from time to time. After spending two years in Europe they returned to the United States, and Kate retired for study.

In 1860 she reappeared in the character of *Evangeline*, in a drama written by her mother on the subject of Longfellow's poem; and in 1862 she played an engagement in New York City, beginning with *Julia* in the "Hunchback," and following that with *Lady Gay Spanker* in "London Assurance," *Lady Teazle* in "The School for Scandal," *Juliana* in "The Honeymoon," *Geraldine* in her mother's drama of that name, originally written for Matilda Heron, and *Lady Macbeth*. Her *Leah* was first produced in Boston, and met with such success that for several years she starred the country with it.

In the Fall of 1863 her father took her to London, where she sustained the *rôle* of *Leah* for two hundred and eleven nights in succession. After making two tours of England, Scotland and Ireland, she reappeared in New York in 1866 for six weeks, and followed this engagement with one in Boston. In October of that year she was married to Dr. George Crowe, an English gentleman. Since her marriage, she has played several engagements, mainly in London and Liverpool, retiring at length to her residence near Bristol, England.

The name of Clara Louise Kellogg has been a familiar one in operatic circles in this country and in Europe for twenty years. She is a native of Sumter, S. C., where she was born of New England parentage, in 1842. Her first public appearance was in the Academy of Music, New York, in 1860, but it was not until the following year, when she appeared as *Gilda*, in "Rigoletto," that she attracted attention as a singer of great promise. She then devoted four years to uninterrupted study, and in the season of 1864–65 she boldly came before the public as *Margherita*, in "Faust," in which *rôle* she vindicated her title to be regarded as one of the best artists of her time. Her success was none the less flattering in "Crispino," in "The Barber of Seville," "La Sonnambula" and "Lucia di Lammermoor," in which she appeared during the ensuing two years.

In 1867 she made her *début* as *Margherita*, in London, when she was subjected to a critical comparison with Patti —who had appeared in the same *rôle* but a short time previously—with Lucca, Nilsson and other *prime donne;* but her triumph was generously conceded. The next year she returned to the States, and sang until 1874, when she revisited England for a brief season, coming back to organize a troupe and make a tour of American cities. She is invariably attended by her mother, who is said to design all her costumes, superintend her dressing, and stand ever ready behind the scenes, with wrap in hand, to fold about her as she leaves the stage.

The career of Annie Louise Cary, the popular contralto, has also been successful to a remarkable degree. Born in Wayne, Me., in 1842, she was a member of the quartet choir at Dr. Bedford's church, in Boston, when eighteen. With this choir, and those of Dr. Lowell's and Dr. Huntington's churches, she sang two years each, at the same time studying with the best teachers of Boston. After a brief season of concert-singing throughout New England, she went to Italy in 1866, and spent two years in study at Milan. Her *début* as a professional singer was with an Italian troupe in Copenhagen, whence she went to Stockholm, where the American Minister presented her to the King of Sweden.

The next eighteen months were spent in Germany, in study, except that during the opera season she returned to Copenhagen. Her services were also in request from time to time at concerts in Hamburg, Brussels and other German cities, and she also sang at Christiana, in Norway.

While continuing her study in Paris, she attracted the attention of Mr. Strakosch, who persuaded her to appear in London. Her success there was so prompt and thorough that it led to the engagement to visit this country with Christine Nilsson. The reception of these singers in New York, in September, 1870, was as hearty as deserving artists could desire, and the laurel wreaths of that first home triumph have been worn each year by Miss Cary with greater right.

Mrs. Ernest Gye, *née* Emma La Jeunesse, but better known as Mlle. Albani, although born in Canada, spent so much of her young life in New York State that it may justly claim her as one of its great singers. When twelve years of age she improvised readily, composed several pieces, and began teaching music. It was to save her from convent life that her father moved across the border. For some years she taught music in Plattsburg, Saratoga and Albany, and subsequently became organist in the Convent of the Sacred Heart in the latter city. In 1868 she gave a concert, by which a large sum of money was realized, and with this she went to Paris, where she remained two years with Duprez, who sent her to Lamperti, at Milan, when she had finished her course with him. In the Summer of 1870, under the name of Mlle. Albani, chosen in honor of the City of Albany, she appeared in the opera "La Sonnambula," at Messina, and added to her *répertoire* the chefs-d'œuvre of Italian opera. Her London *début* was in 1873, at Covent Garden, and her American in the fall of 1874, at the Academy of Music, New York. She is very fond of Wagner's music, and many critics regard her *Elsa*, in "Lohengrin," as the finest of all her impersonations.

Miss Minnie Hauk, who appeared in January last as *Katharine*, in an English version of Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew," at Her Majesty's Opera House, London, is a native of New York City, where she delighted thousands during Col. Mapleson's memorable season of 1878–79. She was born November 6th, 1853, and, like Mrs. Gye, made her first appearance as *Amina*, in "La Sonnambula," at the Academy of Music, New York, in 1868. During that season she essayed the *rôle* of the heroine in "Romeo and Juliet." A tour of the States followed her *début*, and in October of the same year she made her bow to the London public. Her *Amina* was succeeded by *Zerlina*, in "Don Giovanni," and *Margherita*, in "Faust." In the interval of ten years between her first and second appearances in London she pursued her professional career on the Continent, visiting nearly all the chief cities where opera is an established institution, and singing, as circumstances required, in French, Italian, German or Spanish, with no less ease and fluency than English in her native land. She has made herself thorough mistress of a *répertoire* embracing almost every opera of note, classic or modern, from Mozart down to Wagner.

To this galaxy of operatic favorites the great West has contributed a soprano of vast natural gifts and high promise, Miss Emma Abbott, who has not yet found it necessary to Italianize her name. She is a native of Milwaukee, Wis. When she made her first appearance on any stage, in London, as *Maria*, in "La Figlia del Reggimento," the *News* of that city said of her: "Considering the inexperience of the singer, her acting and general stage bearing were truly remarkable, abounding in vivacity and animation, while free from awkwardness or exaggeration. Her occasional by-play, too, was excellent, and (rare power with a novice) Miss Abbott can preserve, when requisite, an attitude of perfect calm and repose." She studied both at Milan and Paris, having been sent to Europe in 1872 by a number of ladies and gentlemen connected with the Church of the Divine Paternity, of New York City, in the choir of which she had been singing.

MAGGIE MITCHELL AS "FANCHON."

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

Miss Emma Thursby, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., November 17th, 1857, has had marked success as a singer in oratorios and miscellaneous concerts, but she does not like opera, and will not undertake it. She has studied with Meyer, Errani and Mme. Rudersdorf in this country, and Lamperti and San Giovanni in Italy. Before going abroad she had sung in the choirs of Dr. Porter's church in Brooklyn and Dr. Taylor's in New York, receiving at the latter the high salary of $3,000 per annum. After studying oratorios in Boston, she secured phenomenal successes at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society and the Crystal Palace in London and those of the Colonne and Pasdeloup in Paris. The past Winter she traveled throughout the United States, and this Summer she expects to begin a European tour in England, where she is an immense favorite.

CLARA MORRIS.

Like Miss Thursby, Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, born in Hartford, Conn., but now a resident of New York City, has devoted herself exclusively to the concert stage. Her instructors were Steffanoni, Barili and Vanuccini of Italy, and Duprez of Paris, and she has sung in the choirs of several churches in Boston, with the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, with Theodore Thomas, Miss Phillipps, Miss Kellogg, and the Mendelssohn Quintet Club.

THE higher the order of intellect with which one is brought in contact, the less one has to fear; true goodness is all charity, and true genius is the least presumptuous.

MARY ANDERSON.

HOW MAY PINK BECAME THE RICHEST GIRL IN CHESTER.

By Richard B. Kimball, Author of "St. Leger."

Yes! many a one have I seen die. Many a man, many a woman, and no end of children, boys and girls. It is not often you find a person who isn't afraid. Few grown-up people are content to quit, letting alone the poor scared little folks. I have talked with men half an hour before they died—well, I may say, up to the last minute. They were pretty much all afraid. I don't wonder! I am afraid to die myself, but I am not afraid to be dead. It is the *operation;* and when you come close to it a horror takes hold, takes hold hard. There was Colonel Thorne, now—a brave man, I should say one of the bravest men in the town of Chester, fought like a lion in the war of 1812—my wife and I took care of him all his last sickness. I got three dollars a night and my wife two dollars a day. That was good pay—ought to satisfy any reasonable man and woman. They didn't mind the money. The squire said to me, "Take good care of him"—they were own brothers, and he was sick at the squire's house—"take good care of him," says the squire; "sleep all day if you like; I shall not stint you when we come to settle." That is the right talk when a friend is sick.

"What about the colonel?"

Oh, the colonel! He had a long pull of it; fought off stoutly; was determined he wouldn't die. I saw it was no use; he didn't see it—he wouldn't see it. One morning, just at daylight, he beckoned me to him.

"Amos," says he, in a hoarse whisper, "I've got to go!"

"I guess not this time, colonel," says I. "Keep up good courage."

"I've got to go," he whispered again.

Then I saw the *horror* was on him. He wilted right down after that. Well, I won't go into particulars; he died that very night.

"But pious people?"

Pious! What do you call pious? They are few. The Lord says they are few. I took care of Deacon Lewis—typhus fever. We all calculated he would pull through; doctor thought so. In fact, he did pull through, but took a relapse. Before that, he kept saying how resigned he was to God's will; he told the minister so every day, and the minister would pray with him, and all the folks talked what a Christian Deacon Lewis was. *I* knew the deacon wasn't calculating to die. *I* could tell. When the relapse took him—— He had been talking the day before about getting his clothes on, and had sat up a good deal too long; I told him so; but visitors came to see him, and he did not mind what the doctor said, nor what I said, neither —— Where was I?

"About the relapse?"

Yes; it took him a little after midnight. The deacon called me. You see, he was so much better he did not need quite so close watching. I was sitting in a chair, in a light doze, by the bed. I sprang up quick.

"Do you want anything?" says I.

"Amos," says he, "I don't feel well."

His voice trembled, and I thought perhaps he had been dreaming or something.

"I guess you are a little nervous," says I; "overdone a little. You have slept pretty well, haven't you?"

"Amos," says the deacon, "send for Dr. Lynn."

"Why, Deacon Lewis——"

"Send right away. Wake up Reuben, and tell him to make haste."

I started Reuben, and called up Mrs. Lewis, who slept in the next room, and she called the girls. Nobody knew exactly what it was all for, only the deacon kept saying, "I don't feel well." I couldn't do anything. The women got round the bed and began crying, and after a while in came the doctor. He was taken aback, and no mistake. He just set eyes on the sick man, and said, "Too many folks in the room." When they went out, he bent over and examined him a minute. Says he:

"Deacon Lewis, you are a calm-minded, Christian man. If there is anything particular requires attending to, you should not delay it."

"What do you mean, doctor—what *do* you mean? You don't mean I am going to die? Tell me you don't mean it!"

You see, the doctor kind of hesitated, and the deacon kept pushing him, until at last the doctor said:

"I must not deceive you."

"Where is Mr. Bliss?—somebody go for Mr. Bliss!" screamed the deacon.

He was the minister, and lived next door. We got him there in a few minutes. There was such a time! Never want to see another such—never! The deacon got hold of the minister's hand, and says he:

"Pray for me, pray quick—pray with all your might! Wrestle with the Lord! I want to get well; I want to do good! Doctor, don't let me die!"

He was a dead man ten minutes after.

"But as to really pious people? You say they are few, but they do exist?"

That I am willing to admit; though giving up because you have got to is one thing, and being resigned in a godly way is another. That's what I think. But I do allow there be real pious people, who find it is all right from the start, and who act up to it and never vary. It is a comfort to be with them. They go in peace. They *do* go in peace; I have minded that.

"You were saying something about children?"

Ah, the children, poor innocent little creatures! They are frightened easy; greatly frightened sometimes. But when they get very sick they don't seem to be afraid, like grown folks. They are more quiet, more resigned like—don't fret so much. Said I to one sweet, pretty dear, about ten years old, who was very restless, just before she died:

"Don't be afraid, you will be better soon."

That's the way we always talk, you know.

"Oh," said she, "I am not afraid. I am going where ma is!"

Now, that is what I call faith. I tell you, the children have the advantage; the Lord says so.

"And women?"

In course, I have not seen women as my wife has, but I am almost always called in when there is a change. As a general rule, they are believers. They love to believe, and a man doesn't. That is about it. They will listen quiet to what the minister says, and a man is restless and asks questions. There is no denying it, they are a better lot than we are. I have always said so.

"You said something about cantankerous people?"

Yes. I had old Elnathan Sage in my mind. "Old El," they used to call him, and some of the wicked boys would put an H before the E. Don't you know, as we came along, you asked me whose place that was set back from the road, where a sweet, pretty girl passed through the gate, and I told you she was the mistress of the whole concern, with ever so much bank-stock and five-twenties?

"Yes."

I will tell you a story about that. This Elnathan Sage

was the hardest old customer in the county—the richest man, too. He had been a wild boy, ran away from his father two or three times. When the old man died, he settled down steady, and paid attention to a very nice girl. She was poor, but Elnathan owned a good farm, free and clear. I was a boy then, and remember all about it. After a while he stopped keeping company with her. Then came a scandal—you know what I mean? The girl got all the blame, poor thing! and Elnathan walked about, head up, just as if nothing had happened. Next year he married Squire Pinneo's daughter. The squire was the richest man in the place, and she an only child, homely as a hedgehog, and five years older than Elnathan—some said seven years.

When Squire Pinneo died, it made Elnathan a very rich man. He and his wife were dreadful avaricious, and the only thing they agreed in was in saving and piling up money. They quarreled like cats and dogs all the time. The old woman was more than a match for Elnathan, and could drive him out of the house whenever she liked, and that was pretty much every day in the year. They had no children, and the consequence was they quarreled about where the property should go. Gracious, how they did quarrel! The fact is, Elnathan wanted the property to go to his relations, and his wife was determined it should go to hers.

At last Lawyer Jones settled this plan between them: He got them both to make a will, each one leaving everything to the other.

"Now," says the lawyer, "try and be peaceable, and live as long as you can; and the one who lives the longest takes the whole."

"Agreed!" says Elnathan.

"Agreed!" says his wife.

You see, Elnathan had an idea, as his wife was so much older, he would outlive her, sure; and his wife, knowing Elnathan was subject to bad spells, while she was as tough as a knot, wasn't a bit afraid.

It ran on so ten or a dozen years, till—well, it is just three years ago this Fall—they were both taken down with the fever. It was very bad that season—kind of spotted fever, the doctors called it; very cold Summer, frost every month, and warm rains and hot sun in September—I guess you remember it.

Elnathan lay in one room, and his wife in another. I and my wife took care of them. Everybody in town knew about the will, and as it was pretty much decided that neither of them could get well, folks were talking and laughing and guessing which would last the longest, for nobody cared whether they lived or died.

Elnathan was a dreadful wicked old creature. He could curse and swear worse than any man I ever heard. His wife was a church-member, but her scolding, I have heard folks say, was worse than Elnathan's swearing. She had the minister called in as soon as she took sick. He came every day to pray with her. When he came the old man would make me shut the door, so he couldn't hear, and he would go on awful till the minister was gone.

One day, as he was going out of the front door, Elnathan says to me:

"Tell Mr. Bliss I want to see him."

I was half scared to death, for he had been cursing worse than usual.

"Tell Mr. Bliss I want to see him," says he again.

I ran after the minister and did the errand.

He came right back and went into the room. Says he:

"Mr. Sage, I am glad to find you want to set your mind on serious things."

"That's a fact, parson," says the old man.

"Do you feel prepared for the great journey?" said the minister.

"Parson," says the other, "before we speak of preparation, I would like to hear where the journey leads to. I will make you a square offer: I will give you half my farm if you will tell me where I am going to."

"'Tain't yours to give, El!" screamed a voice from the other room—"'Tain't yours to give!"

The old man didn't heed the interruption, but kept looking the minister in the face.

He answered solemnly:

"Mr. Sage, what you ask is known only to God."

"Then why —— —— do you come sneaking around, pretending to be wiser than your neighbors, you—— ?"

The minister was out of the room before the old man could finish the sentence. Then he chuckled, and, says he:

"I think I have done for him."

That night he was very bad, and raved awful. I could not stand it. Says I:

"Mr. Sage, I guess you want to outlive Mrs. Sage, don't you?"

"What's that to you?" says he.

"If you calculate on outliving her," says I, "you had better quit swearing and exciting yourself."

"Amos," says he, with an oath, "you are right. It's a good dodge. You be sure to tell your wife I have quit, and she will tell the old woman, who will know by that, certain, I can't live twenty-four hours, and then she will die, sure."

It is a strange thing to tell, but he did stop, and when his wife heard of it, she said:

"El must be near his end."

Her mind wandered after that, and in thirty-six hours she died, pretty much as the old fellow had said. The very minute the breath was out of her body, the old man called me close to him—he was nearly gone himself. Says he:

"Amos, tell your wife to come to me, and go yourself and fetch the doctor, Lawyer Jones and the parson—all three. Don't bring any separate, but all together, if it takes the whole day; and tell Lawyer Jones to bring my will with him."

I did just what he told me; and as it was dinner-time, I had the three there in less than an hour. The minister was loath to go, but the others persuaded him. When they were all in the room, the old man got them close around the bed. Says he:

"Doctor, I have some business to attend to. I am very sick. Let Amos give me half a tablespoonful of brandy, with a little water."

The doctor nodded, and I gave it to him.

"Doctor, is my wife dead?" said Elnathan.

"She is," answered the doctor.

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"Have you brought my will?"

"Here it is," said the lawyer.

The old man tore the paper in pieces.

"I call you to witness," said he, "to my free act and deed. Now, Amos, you feel in my pockets somewhere, and get the key to my desk and open it."

I did so.

"Unlock the left-hand small drawer, take it out, and bring it to me."

I did that.

"I have called you three together," says the old man, "because I would not trust either of you separately as far as I could swing a bull by the tail. I don't believe you

will ever agree well enough, considering Amos and his wife are looking on, to swindle extensive. Lawyer, what's that paper?"

"It appears to be a marriage license," said Lawyer Jones.

"And what is that?" says the old man, handing him another. "Read it out."

"It is a certificate of marriage between Elnathan Sage and Polly Freeland."

"Just so. I married the girl—couldn't get along without. Got away her certificate; told her it was a sham; gave her a couple of hundred dollars, and sent her off. We were married in another State, and she thought her child was—no matter what. She didn't live long. The child grew up and married Asa Pinkerton, and had a daughter they named Mary, after her grandmother—you know who she is. When her parents died, the widow Lamb adopted her. The girl has grown to be so fresh and handsome, folks call her May Pink, instead of Mary Pinkerton; and a May pink she is, and these papers will make her the richest person

SOME REMARKABLE AMERICAN WOMEN.—MLLE. ALBANI.—SEE PAGE 145.

MRS. ANNA GRANGER DOW.

MISS EMMA THURSBY.

in the county; and she is my lawful granddaughter, by ——! Give me another half-spoonful of brandy. I have had a hard tussle with the old woman all my life. Lately it has been nip and tuck, but I was too much for her—not a great sight to spare, though. That is all I want to say. Just leave me alone now."

The old man lasted till about four in the morning, and died with an oath on his lips. It was a terrible business, and I never quite got over it.

"And May Pink?"

Ah, she is a lovely creature! You must try to get another look at her—just nineteen. She has the whole property; took the Widow Lamb home with her to the big house; gave me and my wife fifty dollars apiece extra. She is a lovely creature, indeed! Folks say she is going to marry Frank Staples; he is the most promising young man in all this northern country. It will be a splendid team if they do get married. Won't you sit longer? Well, don't forget next time you come to Chester to give me a call—that is, unless I have moved.

AN ADVENTURE IN A FOREST.

By James Payn.

I was sitting, two years ago, with an American lady and her husband, in one of the cool parlors of "Botham's" at Salt Hill—that fine old inn, which, though it had had its day, still up to that date maintained its dignity. I was telling them how, in the "King's Room," above-stairs, the allied monarchs with old Blücher had dined together, and how, every year, old King George III. or jolly King William had been wont, at Montem time, to visit the hospitable place, when the air rang with boyish shouts and the full-foliaged garden was gay with Greek and Albanian, with Turk and Spaniard, with admiral and post-captain, all in duodecimo editions. The old-world legends of the place, and, above all, the literary air, blown across from Stoke Pogis (Gray's burial-place), not two miles away, delighted my transatlantic friends, and, indeed, we all three were having a "good time" at Botham's, and naturally enough, perhaps, we began talking about old English inns.

"Now, the inn of all others I should like to see," said the lady, "is the old Maypole Inn at Chigwell, drawn by Cattermole so beautifully in Dickens's 'Barnaby Rudge.'"

I did not know where Chigwell was, but I gallantly said, "And you shall see it."

There is nothing astonishes English people (and I hope shames some of them) in their companionship with their American cousins so much as the interest which the latter take in all things literary, and especially in the English classics. I will venture to say that the average educated American—and there are few who are not, at all events, well read in our common tongue—knows better than his English cousin where our great men are buried or have been born, where they wrote their more celebrated works,

MINNIE HAUK, PRIMA DONNA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

and what localities they have immortalized. This wish to visit Dickens's Maypole, for example, though every way pleasant and natural, was what had never occurred to myself, though I know my Dickens as well as most men, and love him more than most. But as to Chigwell, I had forgotten that the scene of the rioters' visit to the inn was laid there, and I only vaguely knew that it was somewhere in Epping Forest. Nay, I only knew Epping Forest as a spot rarely visited save by the wild East Enders on their Sundays' "outings," and in connection with some Bill in Parliament respecting its preservation. To my American friends, just fresh from the Windsor glades, it suggested vast ancestral trees and herds of deer; and though I had my doubts of anything quite so noble as *that*, I partly shared their expectations. At all events, there would be the inn, more antique now than when the great novelist described it, with its huge porch and carved oak parlors, and gracious associations such as cling around the picturesque abodes of old. And there would be, methought, if not a venison pasty and black-jack of ale, still some good homely fare, and honest liquor in which to drink the memory of him who drew the raven and his master, and sent down Cattermole, R.A., to draw the Maypole inn.

It is astonishing how quickly have fallen to Dickens's lot that tender reverence and sympathy among his countrymen—and, I may add, at least as much among his transatlantic cousins—which ordinarily takes many years, and even generations, to grow about a dead writer.

In this respect the localities of "Barnaby Rudge," including the famous Maypole, have a double attraction, since an historical as well as a literary interest attaches to them. It was Dickens's first attempt, and a most successful one, at the historical novel.

My American friends admired "Barnaby Rudge," and were anxious to visit the famous inn—itself so picturesque a fragment of old times—where old John Willett was tied and bound by the mad London mob, and where his noble son abode, whom she who has given her name of late to so many a fashionable garb clave to so faithfully, and about which still hang the echoes of that dread alarm-bell which, though it gave but a single knell, still speaks of murder done.

Naturally, all the arrangements for visiting the Maypole—an excursion which was, of course, to include the deer-forest of Epping—devolved on me, the Britisher; and, to begin with, I am ashamed to say I had to consult "Bradshaw's Railway Guide" as to how we were to get there.

The East End of London is literally a *terra incognita* to us West Enders, and even our starting-point was much too distant to be reached by cab or carriage. An extension of the Metropolitan Railway, however, seemed to promise to take us to the required station, and by it, on the day appointed, we started accordingly. It landed us somewhere in the city, and from it we were directed by an official to Liverpool Street Station—only just across the way—where tickets could be procured to Epping. And here it was that our difficulties in search of the desired shrine began.

The booking-clerk at Liverpool Street Station, when I said, "Three for Epping," replied, "For Epping?" doubtfully, and then consulted a little ledger. "Well, you see, you *can* go to Epping by this line of rail, but it isn't usual."

I did not wish, of course, to induce my American friends to do anything more unusual than what they had in hand (for nobody that I could discover among all my circle of acquaintances, which is large, had ever tried the expedition on which *we* were bound), and accordingly I went back to the Metropolitan line to be directed on our way afresh. But the officials stuck to their text—the Liverpool Street Station was the station for Epping, and, to their knowledge, a thousand people had gone that way "a-foresting" only that very morning.

Upon our second application, the clerk gave us tickets to Epping, though, as it were, under protest, and giving us notice that we should have to change at Bethnal Green—the dismalest, ugliest and most abject portion of London, and wholly unconnected with literature, except by a specimen of early ballad poetry.

At Bethnal Green, and for many stations afterward, our view was bounded by walls and roofs; but as we emerged from the great wilderness of brick and mortar, the pleasant fields of Essex began to appear as heralds of the fairer scenes beyond.

We were the only people, as it seemed to me, who patronized the first class at all, which perhaps accounted for the guard in his turn (doubtless with the idea of a "tip" in his head) patronizing us.

"For the Forest, I suppose, gentlemen?" said he, putting his head into our open window as we drew near our destination.

"Yes," said I—"for Epping."

"Oh, but Epping ain't the Forest, sir; very true it's *called* Epping, and you *can* get to it *from* Epping."

"How very extraordinary!" observed my American lady. "That is the very same thing the booking-clerk said."

I had no explanation to offer of this eccentric behavior of my countrymen, so I confined myself to asking which station would be more convenient for us to alight at, since Epping was not the place for Epping.

"Well, you had better try Loughton, sir."

I didn't like the idea of "trying Loughton," as though the notion of finding the forest at all (let alone our way in it) was doubtful; but of course I assented.

However, before this experiment could be made, the guard's elbow appeared at the window again, with—

"What *part* of the Forest, now, may you be in search of, ma'am?"

He had observed by this time that the lady was our guiding star, as indeed she was (and deserved to be), and henceforth addressed himself exclusively to her.

"Well, we wish to go to the Maypole," said she, sweetly.

"The Maypole? Ah, the Maypole Inn that would be," answered he. "Ah, then Loughton wouldn't be the place; you had best get out at Woodford."

It was all the same to us; so we got out at Woodford, where the obliging guard informed us that a conveyance could be procured. Such a vehicle it was, too! I am sure the honest blacksmith's cart, in which he drove to Chigwell and met the murderer on the way at night, would have been a far more comfortable conveyance. The driver, however, professed to know the Forest well—"Ay, as well as any man alive," he said—so we felt, at least, that we should not be lost in its deep and dusky labyrinths; and also, of course, he knew the Maypole.

"It's a longish step from here, however, and it's not the *nighest* inn, by no means, you know."

We hastened to say that we were not going to the Maypole on account of its convenience of access, but for the sake of the inn itself.

"Well, but it ain't the *best* inn, neither," insisted he. "The folks is roughish as has got it just now, and they're about to leave, too, which makes 'em worser. I reckon you'd be happier like, especially with the lady, at the Druid's Head."

I confess this information a little staggered me; but "the lady" being of opinion that a spice of personal danger would make the expedition more agreeable than otherwise, as giving us, perhaps, some experience of outlaw life in the merry greenwood, was by no means disturbed by it. Her husband, who was not so devoted to literature as to be oblivious of practical matters, inquired whether we could dine at the Maypole.

"Oh, yes, you can *dine*," was the reply, delivered with what I thought unnecessary emphasis.

"Well, you see, my good man, we don't want to sleep there," said I, cheerfully.

He nodded, and I could not help confessing to myself that there was that in his nod which seemed to say, "And very lucky for you."

"Now, *there's* the Druid's Head," said he, as, passing through a quaint, old-fashioned village, he pointed out a very modest house of entertainment.

But we took small notice of his remark, since, as it happened, my lady friend had just produced a copy of the first edition of "Barnaby Rudge," and was calling our attention to the frontispiece, by Cattermole, illustrative of the Maypole itself.

Within a mile or so, as we had been informed, we should come in sight of that fine old hostelrie, the picturesqueness of which would, doubtless, by the hand of intervening time, be increased rather than otherwise since the great painter drew it. The idea filled us all three with great excitement, and, thanks to the eager Epping air, we were also looking forward to dinner.

We already pictured ourselves in a vast apartment of carved oak, or one, perhaps, hung with moth-eaten tapestry, on one side the huge fireplace, with its old-fashioned "dogs," on the other the mullioned window (not that all of us quite knew what "mullioned" was) with its diamond panes, against which the playful creepers tapped. We saw the portly host respectfully bearing in the lordly sirloin and placing it on the groaning board; we saw—— But here the driver pulled up short in the dusty road, and, pointing with his whip across the hedge, exclaimed:

"That there's the Maypole."

Our eyes searched the leafy distance for the gabled ends, the twisted chimneys, the lichen-covered, antique roof of old John Willett's dwelling. Our literary lady placed her hand upon her heart, as though to restrain its pulsations. The moment was supreme.

"I don't think I see it now," observed her husband.

"It's plain enough, anyways," said the driver.

And it certainly was—very plain. Close to us, just on the other side of the hedge, was the ugliest, commonest, newest, white-washedest railway beer-house—for it was so small that it could not be called an inn at all—I ever beheld. A door in the middle; a window on each side, and two above them; in the front a strip of ragged turf; behind, a yard. Not a tree sheltered it. The Summer sun beat down upon its unporched front, and displayed all its deformity in hideous detail. Out of the lower windows leaned various heads, surmounted by fur caps and crumpled "wide-awakes," the proprietors of which surveyed us in bucolic wonder.

"I do really believe that this *is* the Maypole," said I, despairingly.

"It *can*not be," said my lady friend. Her tone suggested a solemn remonstrance addressed to the government of the universe: things could never have come to such a pass, it seemed to convey, under a beneficent scheme of creation. "You don't mean that this is Dickens's, my man," continued she, addressing the driver in a conciliatory tone—"the inn of 'Barnaby Rudge'?"

He took off his hat and scratched his head.

"Well, ma'am, the fact is, this here inn, though it ain't a-been built more than these four years, is always changing hands. A Rudge, I believe, did have it; but he was Bill Rudge, and not Barnaby. As to the other landlord's name as you mentioned, *I never heerd on it.*"

"This is *shocking!*" said the lady, looking at me. "The ignorance of your fellow-countrymen——"

"It's not in natur', ma'am," interrupted the man, stung by this observation, "that I should remember all them landlords' names, many on 'em having been here but a month or two."

"Is there no *other* Maypole, my good man?" inquired I, with the calmness of despair.

"Well, I've lived hereabout, man and boy, these fifty year, and I never *heerd* o' one."

I looked at my transatlantic guests, and they looked at me, and then we all three burst out laughing. To have come so far, and with such changings and inconvenience, and so very uncomfortably, in order to arrive at this ridiculous pot-house, struck us all three in so humorous a light, that we fairly roared with laughter.

The driver thought we were laughing at him, and in sulky tones inquired where we would please to be driven to *now*.

"Oh," I said, "since there is no Maypole, at least let us see the Forest. Drive into the Forest."

"This *is* the Forest," answered he, waving his whip about in a vague manner.

All about us were fields and lanes, a cow or two, and a dog asleep, a hen and chickens in the white road, and a horse-trough.

"Good heavens!" cried I, "are you making game of us? Where are the deer, the trees, the 'boundless contiguity of shade'?"

"I never heerd of no deer, except the one as they brings down in a cart to 'unt o' Easter Monday. There's trees enuff, aren't there? I dunno what you wants—not I."

The man was evidently getting very angry, and the more so since my American friends, who were fortunately very good-natured, and had a keen sense of humor, had by this time become speechless with mirth. That there should be not only no Maypole at Chigwell, but also no forest at Epping, was something too exquisitely ludicrous.

"I insist," said I, "upon being shown a forest. You are deceiving us, driver. I have known a gentleman who speaks in the highest terms of Epping Forest and the view from its hill."

"Ah, you must mean 'Igh Beech," said he.

"Very likely. Then drive us to High Beech."

"Well, it's nigh upon seven miles away."

"I don't care if it's seventy!" cried I, indignantly. "Drive on."

After an interminable drive we arrived at High Beech. This was a cluster of trees upon a highish hill, and really commanded a splendid view; but the fact is, I was by that time too hungry to appreciate views.

"Is there any decent inn near here, my man, where we can dine?" demanded I.

"Well, there's the Druid's Head and the Maypole——"

"I said *near here!*" I interrupted, fiercely; "and never let me hear the names of those two hateful inns again!"

"Well, wot do 'ee say to the Stars and Stripes?"

"Come," said I, cheerfully, "here is a compliment to the American flag. Has it a garden, my man? and is it clean and comfortable?"

"It 'ave a garden," rejoined the driver, cautiously.

I will not harrow the gentle reader's heart by describing that inn. It was larger than the Maypole, but, if possible, uglier, and it was full of those gentry who, we had been warned, had preceded us out "a-foresting." Nearly the whole thousand must have been at that inn. Over what we ate and how we ate it I draw a discreet vail, and also over the return journey. The getting back to the East End of London was even worse than the departure from it had been.

If we didn't absolutely enjoy that day of failures, I am quite sure that no three people ever laughed more within the space of twelve hours. Once at home, I was fortunately enabled to offer my friends a decent meal, and we were very glad to get it. But supper never agrees with me. I had a dreadful dream that night, in which Mrs. Gamp appeared to me. She was driving me in a one-horse chaise, and held her famous umbrella in her hand in place of a whip.

I respectfully inquired:

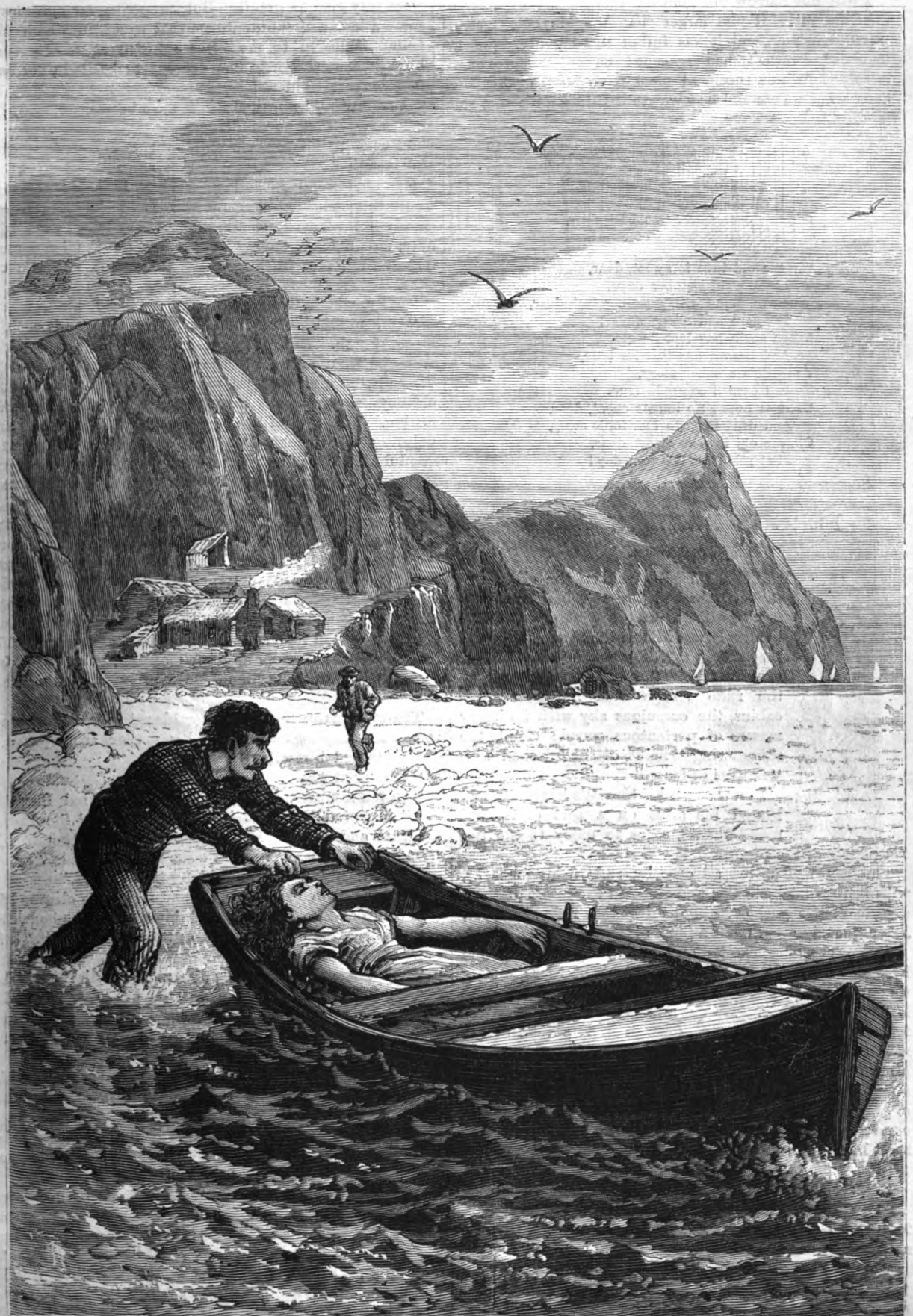
REMARKABLE AMERICAN WOMEN.—MISS EMMA ABBOTT SOLICITING MONEY FROM THE BANKERS TO DEFEND MRS. SMITH.—SEE PAGE 145.

"Where, madam, is the Maypole Inn?"

She pulled up, and looked me steadily and severely in the face, just as on a certain memorable occasion she once confronted Betsey Prig.

"Young man," said she, "I don't believe as there is any such place."

And, upon my honor, I agree with her.



FERGUS BLAKE'S WIFE.—"WITH A WILD LAUGH HE TURNED AND DASHED TOWARD THE BEACH. FRANK FOLLOWED. BLAKE AT LENGTH REACHED THE BOAT, WHICH HE ENTERED AND SHOVED OFF."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THAT DREAM OF OURS.

Oh, the young love was sweet, dear,
That dainty dream of ours,
When we could not keep our feet, dear,
From dancing through the flow'rs;
When hopes and gay romances
Were thick as leaves in Spring,
And cares were old folks' fancies,
And joy the solid thing.
Of all youth's visions blest, dear,
Of all its golden dow'rs,
Oh, the young love was best, dear,
That dainty dream of ours!

Oh, the old love is sweet, dear,
These chill October days,
When we tread with faltering feet, dear,
The sere and silent ways;
When earth has lost its glory,
And heav'n has lost its blue,
And life's a sober story,
And care a comrade true.
Though hopes no longer cheat, dear,
And dreams have lost their sway,
Oh, the old love is sweet, dear,
That gilds the Autumn day!

FERGUS BLAKE'S WIFE.

By John Moran.

FRANK POWER stood on the cliff-range that overlooked the sea beside a little fishing-village on the west coast of Ireland. It was late in the Springtime, and the setting sun lit up with an effulgent, sanguine glow the wild, lovely scenery—the rude village with its picturesque cabins, the cumulous sky with its heavy masses of portentous purple cloud, the shimmering "fields of sea" flecked with "flowers of foam."

Power eased his tourist's knapsack, and leaned his arms on a sort of natural rock-buttress, so as to enjoy to the full the beauty of the picture.

The bay was dotted all over by rude fishing-smacks, with brown-patched sails, and right in the midst of these a perfect little yacht of about thirty tons rode at anchor, like a queenly swan amid a flock of homely ducks.

As Power's glance rested on her, a boat pushed off from her side and made for the shore. Arrived there, one of its occupants leaped upon land, and walked up the path leading to the cliffs. He was a handsome, brown-bearded fellow, of about twenty-five, dressed in a nautical suit of rough pilot-cloth, and as he approached, Frank scanned him more and more curiously, as if struck by something familiar in his gait or appearance. To his scrutiny a look of glad surprise presently succeeded, and before the newcomer could see him, he was running down the path to meet him.

"Why, Fergus, old fellow!"

"Frank, you here?"

And the two grasped hands after the hearty Irish fashion of men—men who are not ashamed of their friendship nor afraid to show their feelings.

"Come along and dine," said Fergus Blake, "my place is quite close by, and they expect me home. By-the-way, I have been thinking of you a good deal of late, and only last night I was longing to see you, Frank—curious, is it not?"

"Bah!" returned the other, in a half-bantering tone of assumed disgust, "I don't think I should go with you at all. After being my closest friend at college, you leave without a word, and never let me hear of you for two years and a half, and then I light on you by chance. Why, Fergus, I might have been dead, and, for all I knew, so might you."

"I wish to heaven I were!" said Blake, with sudden and startling emphasis.

His old friend looked up at him in quick surprise. Could this be his happy, careless, rollicking college-chum? Surely not. There was a restless, weary look in the blue eyes, and a dark, moody expression on the handsome, honest face, that he had never known there in the old time.

"Why, what's wrong, Fergus?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," replied Blake, hastily, and with a forced laugh. And then, as if wishing to turn the conversation from a channel into which he had unwittingly drawn it, he went on: "I see you are on a walking-tour, old boy—so you can stay a while with me, and have some fishing. That's my little craft out there"—turning and pointing to the yacht. "Trim, isn't she? I sail about a good deal. We might have a cruise to-morrow, only it looks so deucedly black. I think we shall have a squall. Let us hurry."

The sun had wholly disappeared behind a great bank of dense clouds that lowered over the distant western horizon; the sea had grown dull and leaden, and the wind was rising with an ominous "sough." So the two friends, who had hitherto been walking leisurely down the village street, quickened their pace as the heavy raindrops began to fall, and soon reached a path that led across the fields to Blake's house—an old Irish mansion, surrounded by trees, and commanding a splendid prospect of woodland and sea.

The door was opened by a venerable retainer, who seemed somewhat surprised at seeing his master accompanied, but contented himself with asking:

"Dinner at wanst, Master Fergus?"

"In ten minutes, Phil, and bring up the red Hermitage," answered Blake, as he led the way up the broad staircase and showed Power into a room, saying to his friend as he did so, "I've got some rare old tipple, Frank, and after dinner we'll enjoy a long talk over it."

When he had closed the door and retired to change his own damp clothes, Power seated himself on the bedside, with a perplexed expression of countenance, to "think it out."

"What the deuce can be the matter with him?" he mused, half aloud. "He's not the old Fergus at all. I must see if I can't do something for him—rouse him, and bring him back to his sunny self. To wish he were dead so earnestly! Why——"

But just then the bell rang, and, hastily completing his simple toilet, he descended to the dining-room, where he found Blake.

The dinner was capital, and no better wine could be desired. So Frank, being a little sharpened as to appetite by his day's walk, did ample justice to both.

His host sedulously kept the conversation away from himself and his concerns, asking Power all sorts of questions about his life since he left college, and his practice as a doctor, finding out that overwork had forced him to give up for a time and take this holiday tour, and finally persuading him—no difficult task—to remain a few days with him.

Dinner over, and the cloth removed, after the good old fashion, they turned their chairs to the fire, and had the

wine placed on a small table between them. Now it was Power's turn.

The storm, meanwhile, had risen and burst in all its fury; the rain fell in torrents, and the black, silent night was broken by peals of thunder and flashes of lightning; and Blake, evidently anticipating his friend's intention, rose uneasily and went over to the window, saying:

"We're going to have a wild night, Frank."

"I suppose so," returned the other, as he lit a cigar. "Draw the curtains, and come over here. I want to have a talk with you."

In silence Blake complied, and resumed his seat. Frank filled his glass calmly, and passed the decanter. Then he stretched out his hand, and laid it, in the old, affectionate way, on his friend's shoulder.

"We used to be very close friends at college, Fergus," he said, quietly, "and I feel the same love for you now that I did then. But you are changed. You are not the same Fergus Blake that I knew. There is something wrong, and I want you to let me share the burden, and help you if I can."

Something resembling a spasm passed over Blake's face while his old chum was speaking. He waited till he made an end, and then rose and strode over to the window without a word.

For fully ten minutes he stood gazing out into the black night and howling storm, and then he walked quietly back to his seat.

"Yes," he said—"you are right, Frank. There is something awfully wrong. You can't help me—no one can—but you are my oldest and dearest friend, and you shall hear it, only don't glare at me or interrupt me."

He swallowed two glasses of wine hastily, and after a pause, proceeded:

"You remember when we graduated and left college almost three years ago? Well, shortly after that I received a letter from my uncle—my only living relative and guardian, you know—summoning me to the South of France, where he was. I went, of course, and found him dying. One other person had apartments in the house besides my uncle—a young lady, whose mother, it seems, had died there shortly before."

Here Blake pushed his chair back, and began to walk up and down the room, speaking rapidly, as though in the utterances he were striving to forget the thoughts that his words awakened.

"I only saw her at chance moments, as my time and attention were occupied with my uncle, but I saw that she was very beautiful, and I found myself constantly thinking of her, and on the lookout for her. One day, when his servant—old Phil here—was out, my uncle took his final seizure. The lady, hearing me call for help, came in and volunteered her assistance. So I became acquainted with her. That night my uncle died. I had nothing particular to do, and, as he had expressed a wish to be buried where he had died, I remained to carry out his desire. After the funeral I lingered day after day, till I discovered that I was in love—in passionate, overmastering love"—he forced out the words slowly between his clinched teeth—"with Adele de Fournier."

His hands closed and unclosed, and the perspiration stood on his forehead in beads as he paced the room, repeating again, in a half-unconscious way, the words, "in passionate, overmastering love with Adele de Fournier." Then he was silent for a time, presently resuming, in a calmer tone:

"They were very happy days, those—very happy. She was nineteen, and I twenty-two. But she seemed absolutely frightened when I told her how I loved her with all my soul, and asked her to be my wife. She left me without a word—a strange, dazed look in her great hazel eyes. For days I never saw her—days that were misery and suspense to me; and then we met again. Once more I told her of my love, and she consented to marry me, under conditions. She had no friends, she said, only enemies; and she had a secret. I must never seek to know the events of her past life, or to learn her secret. If I refused to give my word of honor to this effect, we must part.

"Refuse? What cared I then—what care I now, for anything in God's universe, but my darling—my Adele! Of course I consented—of course I took her in my arms and told her I trusted her utterly—that her enemies were mine, as I was hers, body and soul! I took her away the next evening, secretly, as she insisted, married her in a retired church in Paris, and brought her home here. Yes; she has sat in this room—she has given light to this house. I have lain on this rug often, with my head in her lap, and heard her read to me. Ah, God! for the sound of that sweet voice again!"

There was a long pause, for he had seated himself and buried his head in his hands; but soon he resumed, again rising to pace the room:

"We lived here happily, and there came a baby—stillborn. Two months after I went out for a two-days' cruise. (She didn't like sailing, but she forced me to go, as she knew my weakness for water.) When I returned she had gone away—where, I don't know—leaving a short note for me, bidding me not follow her. That was all. I longed to disobey her, but I dared not, as I had pledged my word, and I trusted her. I waited five long, weary months in utter wretchedness, receiving no word from her, fearing she had gone for ever—at times almost resolved to seek her. Then came a letter with these words only: 'Do you want me back on the old conditions?' Want her back! when she was my life—my salvation! I sent for her at once, and she came—as loving and tender as ever; no whit changed, except for a strange fear in her eyes and strange, absent moods. Six months passed, like the first, supremely happy, and then once again, when I was away on business, she disappeared, leaving no word this time. I felt somehow that she was not coming back—a presentiment of evil was upon me. I went in search of her to the old place in France, where they said that, some time after our secret departure, a tall and swarthy Frenchman had come to seek *Madame* de Fournier. I have sought her ever since, and I have found no trace."

Again he buried his head in his hands; again he rose and resumed:

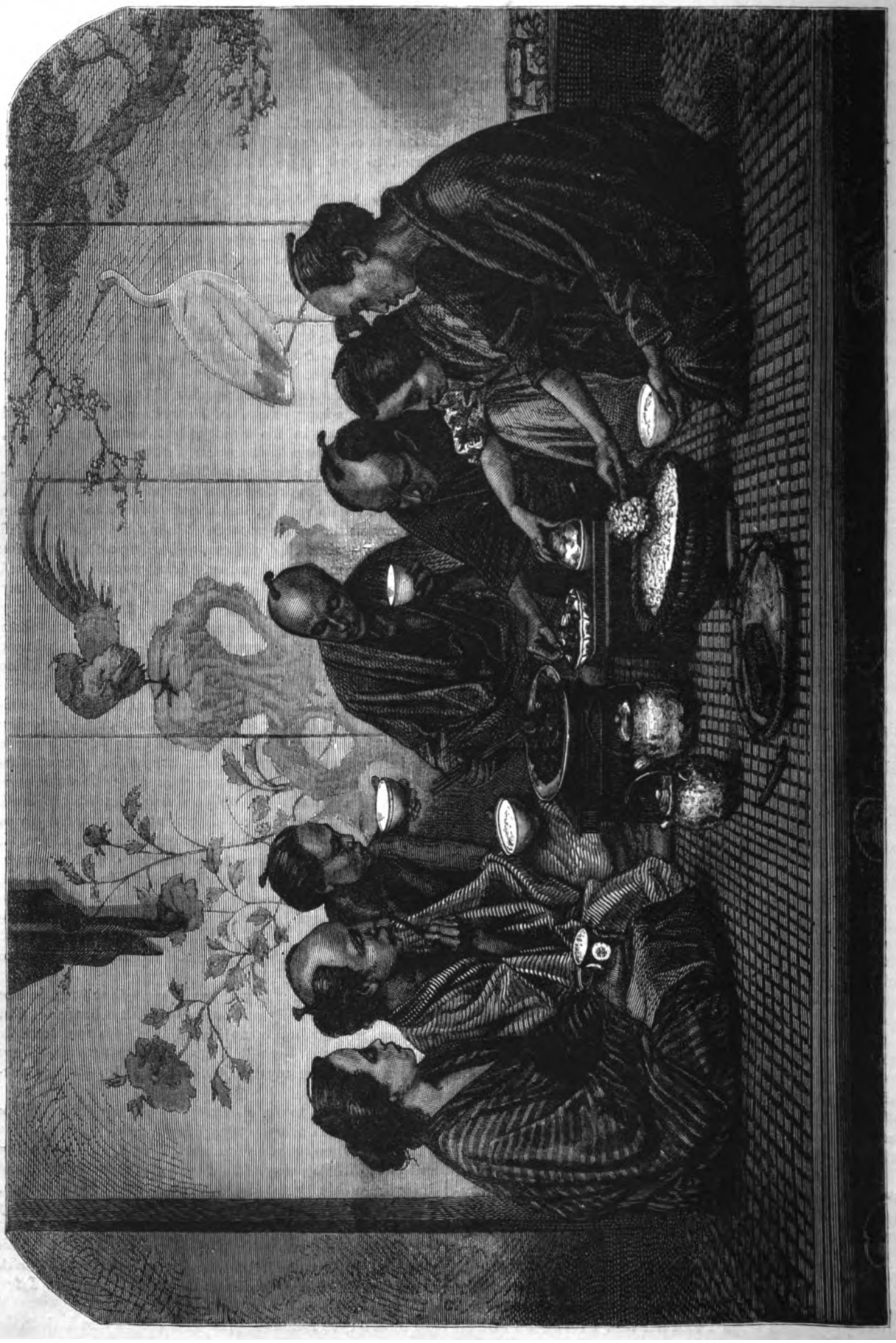
"I am only back a few days, after another turn in the search which will only end when I find her, or die. Oh, my love, my darling, come back! Deceive me, trample on me, but come back! I have said the words—I say them now: 'With my body I thee worship—I thee worship!'"

His voice rose to an agonized cry, and he stretched his strained throat out and gasped for breath.

Not even then, though his heart was big with sympathy and pity, did Power speak. Blake mastered himself, and drew from his breast a picture attached to a ribbon, which he handed toward his friend, saying, in a strangely calm voice:

"Look at this while I change my clothes again. This weather suits my mood, and I am going out to the yacht. People about here say I'm mad, and God knows I feel almost so at times."

Power's eyes followed him affectionately as he left the



WHAT THE JAPANESE EAT.— A JAPANESE DINNER.— SEE PAGE 166.

A JAPANESE BUTCHER'S SHOP.

room; then he drew the picture to him and raised it. A superlatively lovely face shone out on him—the face of one who was a girl in years, but a woman in thought and experience. A sort of speechless appeal lay in the large liquid eyes, and the full mouth was like that of a child; but an indefinable sense of dread and watchfulness gave a painful interest to that fatal, fair face.

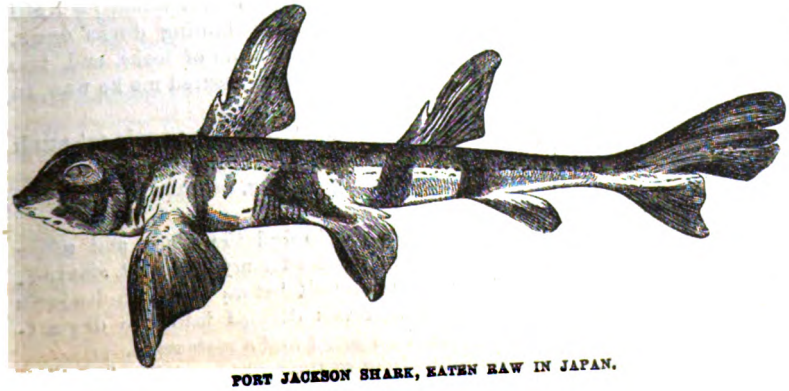
Frank was still gazing intently on the portrait and musing on Blake's strange story, when his friend re-entered the room, clad in his seaman's dress. In silence he held out his hand for the picture, and, on receiving it, placed it, without looking at it, in his bosom again. Then he said:

"You'll find whisky and cigars on the sideboard, old fellow; and, when you feel tired, you know your room. I'll be back for breakfast. Good-night."

Frank returned his "Good-night" absently, for he was still "thinking it out," after his usual fashion, and only started to his feet when he heard the house-door close as Fergus Blake passed out into the black night. Then he ran to the door and opened it. The sky was so lurid, one might imagine that the bottomless pit had opened to send up its angry, weird glare in menace at the thunderous, broken cloud-squadrons. The wind was strong and fitful, now sounding like a wail of the lost, now bursting in a fierce crash like the blare of battle.

"Fergus! Fergus!" he called out; but he scarcely heard his own voice, and no answer came save the mocking howl of the storm. So he closed the door, and went back to the dining-room, muttering, "This is awful. I hope he'll be safe."

He could not go to bed, so he mixed some whisky-and-water, lit a cigar, raked up the fire, and settled



PORT JACKSON SHARK, EATEN RAW IN JAPAN.

IZAKURA.

himself to ponder. At times he would fall over into an uneasy doze, only to be startled by some sudden crash. More than once he thought he heard human cries, but this he knew was only imagination.

At length the gray dawn came up slowly, and, as the storm began to die away, Frank fell asleep. He started, at length, to find broad daylight coming through the chinks of the shutters, and leaped to his feet, shaking himself together as he said, aloud:

"I must see if there is any sign of the yacht or Fergus."

He took a glass from the mantelpiece, walked through the hall to the door, and opened it.

"Good God!" he cried, as he stooped to lift something that lay huddled and rain-drenched on the step. It was a woman, and he raised the head and looked at the pale, senseless face. He started, and almost dropped her with another exclamation. Then he put his hand on the pulse and heart and muttered:

"Dead!"

It was Fergus Blake's wife come back. With her little hands on the threshold, she had, like the Levite's companion of old, laid her down to die where her glad feet had made melody before. A paper was tightly clinched in one hand, and Power with difficulty withdrew it and smoothed it out. It was a certificate of the death and burial of one Raoul de Fournier. He folded it up, placed it in his pocket, and resumed his examination, again muttering, as he concluded it: "Dead!"

"What?" cried a voice, and Fergus stood beside him, wet through with the storm and spray, that gleamed in his tawny hair and beard—"what? You lie! Give her to me! My love, my queen—my Adele come back at last!" He caught the dead woman from Power's support and clasped her in his arms. "What—did you say dead? Never! We shall have a glorious sail together, out on the strong sea, my darling and I!"

He was surely mad now, as Power knew full well. With a wild laugh, he turned and dashed toward the beach. Frank followed, but he might as well have pursued the wind.

On and on went Blake, over the rocks and down the cliff-path, till he reached the boat, which he entered and shoved off.

What was to be done? The fishermen, taking advantage of the first lull, had set out early. There only remained to wait and hope.

All that day Power wandered about, with anxious eyes turned seaward, and, just as it grew dusk, he beheld the fishermen return. He hastened down to the shore, and, as he neared them, he perceived that they crowded together around something which they had apparently brought ashore with them.

He pushed through the throng, and found himself beside the drowned body of Fergus Blake, who still clasped in his rigid arms his dead wife. They had been found floating near a boat that drifted keel upward. That was all.

An inquest was held, and Power attended and gave evidence. Few minute inquiries were made, and the verdict was simply—"Accidentally drowned."

Whatever bitter secret sundered their lives, Fergus Blake and his wife were in death undivided; and Frank, as he saw them laid in one grave, repeated to himself the lines:

> "So be it: there no shade can last
> In that deep dawn behind the tomb;
> But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
> The eternal landscape of the past."

WHAT THE JAPANESE EAT.

By Edward Greey.

During my first visit to the "Land of the Rising Sun," as the Nihonese proudly term the Empire of Japan, one of our sailors deserted in the Island of Saghalin, and traveled through Yezo, Hondo and Kiushiu to Nagasaki, making the last part of his trip as a prisoner in a *cango* (litter) covered with a net. Upon his arrival on board the flagship he was subjected to a severe questioning as to the manners of the people, we then knowing absolutely nothing of the Japanese. Among other queries was, "What do they eat?" to which he frankly and naïvely replied:

"Now you poses me. They ain't got any beef and they ain't got any mutton. All I was fed on was rice and tea, and I must say it was a wery onsatisfactory diet."

This statement, slightly modified, was duly forwarded home, and was the origin of the popular idea that rice forms the sole article of diet for the bulk of the Japanese. It is true, there are millions of the natives who have never tasted flesh; still, the more correct assertion would be this: they, as a people, live upon rice and fish, to which are added many cereals, oils, vegetables and fruits; they drink tea and *saké* (a wine or beer made of fermented rice).

In the cities, where the taste of the masses is more cosmopolitan, persons are to be found who eat flesh and fowl, and since the introduction of what is termed foreign civilization, many of the Mikado's subjects have taken to consuming beef, mutton and pork. In Japan, as in all other countries, the poor are obliged to content themselves with what is cheap and common, and the rich literally live upon the fat of the land. For instance: the diet of the men who drew my *jin-riki-sha* (man-pulled carriage) was: for first meal, cold rice and warm tea; for second meal, hot rice, salt fish, pickles and *saké*; for third meal, hot rice and tea; while that of my wealthy Japanese friends was always, excepting meat and butter, almost as varied as our own.

Not far from my residence was an establishment from which my cook procured supplies of ducks, chickens and meat. Like all native shops, it was open to the street, before it being a square sign, the paper sides of which bore these announcements:

"The Golden Sunlight. Kishi Seppo, the son, respectfully offering boar-flesh, ducks, geese, eggs, etc., in their season."

One morning when Izakura, my cook and provider, came from his marketing, he said:

"The keeper of the Golden Sunlight has some very nice monkeys. I was almost tempted to buy your honor one."

I glanced sternly at him, imagining he had been indulging in *saké*; however, the steadiness with which he held in one hand the bamboo basket containing ducks' eggs, and with the other grasped a bundle of leeks, and the gravity of his towel-enveloped face, assured me he was in earnest.

"Monkeys!" I exclaimed. "Do your people eat such things?"

"Some do," he answered; adding, as though thinking aloud, "I do not."

I obtained directions how to find the place, and after bidding Izakura make an omelet for my breakfast, started, and in due time found myself before the flesh-dealer's place of business, which was divided into two departments, and comprised a market and a restaurant.

On a low bench, in front of the right-hand division, was

a wild boar, enveloped in a bamboo basket, labeled: "From the sacred mountain, Fuzi-yama. Will be cut up to-morrow."

The proprietor, a pleasant-looking man, was standing at a table slicing meat, and behind him were servants and cooks, busily preparing food for the customers in the eating-room.

"*Choo!*" he cried, to a city cur that was sniffing at the carcass; then turning to me, said: "Honorable stranger, what do you wish?"

"I came to see your display," I replied. "I was not, until this morning, aware that your countrymen ate monkeys."

"Oh, yes; they are every day growing more like your honorable people," he answered, rolling his eyes comically as he spoke (the Japanese equivalent for winking). "Since you have condescended to illuminate us with your gracious presence, our people have taken to eating monkeys, hares, squirrels and foxes."

"Foxes!" I ejaculated. "I thought you worshiped those animals?"

"I sell them, raw and cooked," he said. "You see, there is a larger demand for wild boar, ducks and chickens than our country can furnish. Young persons, who have American tastes, want meat of some sort, so we supply the demand. You see that fox on the bench?" pointing to a lean specimen with a knife laid across its throat; "it was caught in my garden last night. Won't you step into the restaurant and take a dish or two? I have a first-rate chief cook, who learned his business in the family of a foreign missionary."

"Surely my countrymen do not eat fox-flesh?"

The fellow's eyes twinkled and the corners of his mouth twitched, as he said:

"They eat a good many things that would surprise you. Why look so astonished?—you devour cows and butter; is that any worse than fox-meat? Come, sir, enter my humble place and try my fare."

"Not this morning," I said; "my cook has already prepared my breakfast."

Upon returning home, I asked Izakura whether he had ever treated me to any of the before-mentioned delicacies, when he said:

"No, honorable master. As to what that flesh-dealer told you, consider his words like the mist. Such people will say anything."

"Are there many shops similar to his in Tokio?"

"No, sir. There have always been some persons who would eat unclean food, and in the old times, during famines, our people have been compelled to subsist on all sorts of curious things, though, as a rule, we avoid them and live on nice food, such as fish. If you will go with me to the great market, near the Nippon Bashi, you will understand I speak the golden-flower words" (truth).

"Very well; call me to-morrow, when you are ready to start. I would much like to visit the place you mention."

I was awakened at five the next morning, and, after partaking of a cup of coffee, thoughtfully provided for me by Izakura, we started, threading our way in and out of throngs of house-coolies going and coming from the great market. The weather was somewhat misty, and the ground wet, so my guide enveloped his head in a towel and put on his high wooden clogs.

As we neared our destination, we met hawkers of bean-curd, *daikon* (pickled radishes, smelling worse than limburger cheese), perambulating tea-dealers, and the numerous traders who, as in every country, haunt a place where men do congregate.

On one corner stood a house-servant, muffled to the nose in a towel, who bore in one hand his oil-paper umbrella, and in the other carried a basket containing a baby shark, resting on a bed of rushes.

He was chatting with a vender of salt, who, as we neared them, remarked:

"I thank you, sir. Command me where to take your poor remuneration."

"If you will leave it at the sign of the Black Crab, on Shell-ear-fish Street, for my honorable father, you will confer ten thousand million obligations upon me," said the servant. "These little courtesies serve to make one esteem one's friends."

The dealer inclined his head and went off, yelling:

"*Shio! shio!*" (Salt! salt!).

The servant had been informing him where to take his commission on a purchase he had made for his employers—which bribe the salt-vender would deliver in kind.

Emerging from a side-street, we entered the Market of the Great Bridge of Japan—a tolerably open space near the water's edge, devoted to the sale of all kinds of fish, and lined with sheds, the slabs of which were piled with the spoils of the sea.

Threading our way among the noisy crowd, and avoiding the staggering coolies, laden with sturgeon, and runners who carried live fish upon their naked shoulders, we approached a platform heaped with dolphin, Spanish mackerel, ray, halibut, flounders, conger-eels, sharks and other big fish, flanked with tubs of oysters, mussels, clams, sea-eggs, and a number of flapping turtle, then halted and listened to the vender, who auctioned his fish as follows:

Taking an enormous skate, by a string passed through its gills, he raised it a little, and shouted:

"Hundred cash! hundred! ninety-nine! ninety-eight! ninety-seven!"

When he reached a figure that suited his customers, the latter held up their hands, doubling all but two fingers. Those who were anxious to buy, but who were awaiting a lower price, held up their hands, fingers down.

From his stall we went to a side-street, where the women were making purchases. I counted over seventy varieties of fish on exhibition, among them being whale and shark. This number does not include the shell species, of which I saw over twenty sorts.

Every part of some kinds, such as cod, is eaten—even the gills and intestines; the latter being made into a very delicate tripe much esteemed by epicures.

The proprietors of the stalls sat on raised platforms in the rear of their wares, watching their employés and entering sales in their books.

On one stall I saw many bushels of *echini* (sea-urchins, or sea-eggs). These appeared to be in great demand. Izakura informed me that only a portion of this fish was used for food, the rest being poisonous.

Among the curiosities of the market were enormous conger-eels and parti-colored fish, brilliant in red, blue and gold tints, sold alive in glass and porcelain jars. These fish capture flies, by spouting water over them. We also saw any quantity of tiger-marked sea-porcupines and zebra-soles, both of which are eaten by the natives.

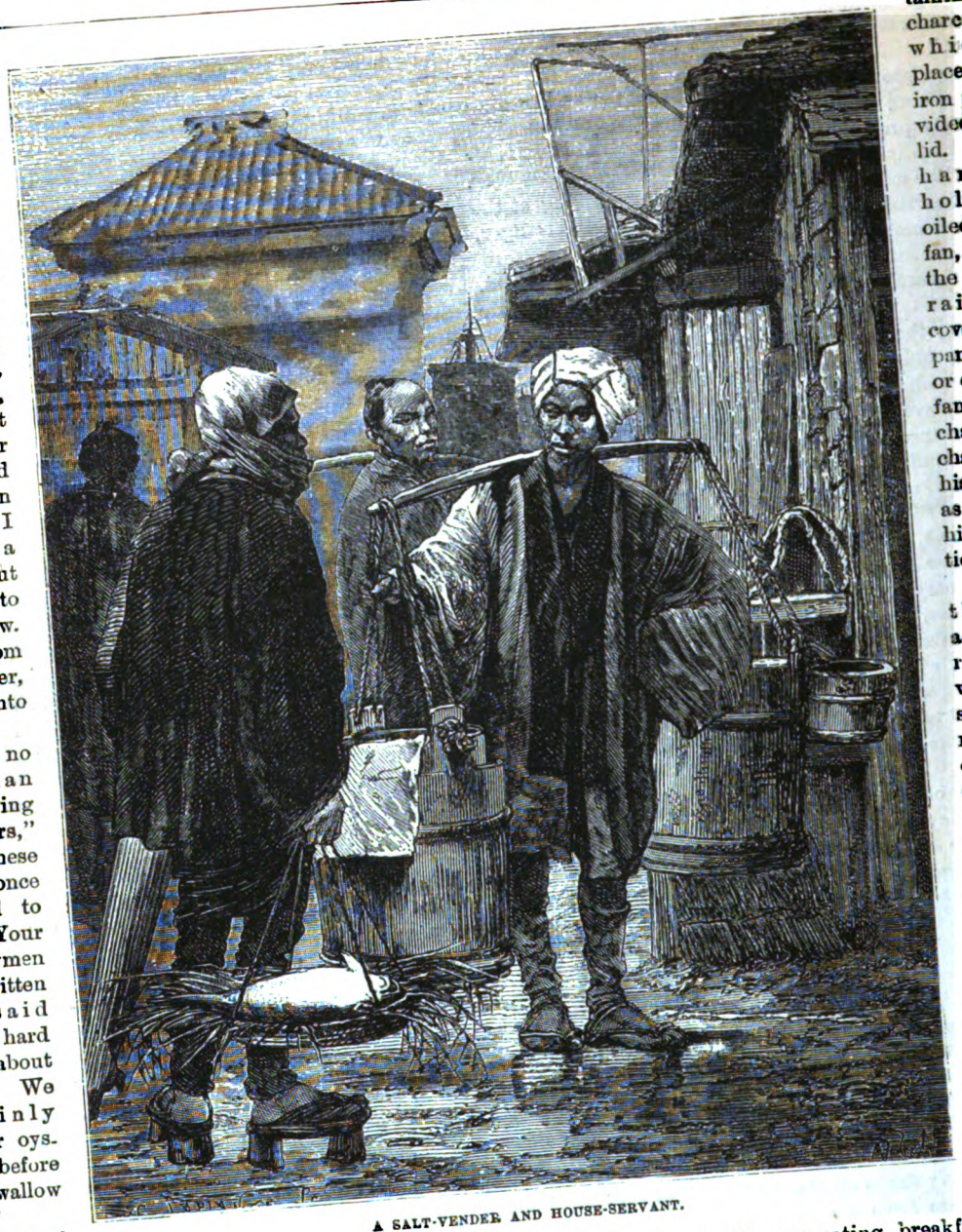
While we were inspecting the stalls, men continued to arrive with enormous sturgeons and sharks, which were dumped upon mats placed on the ground and cut up with long, strong knives.

I was informed that several hundred tons of fish were sometimes sold in one day in the Market of the Great Bridge of Japan.

After minutely inspecting the fresh fish department, I

visited the side-streets, devoted to the sale of the dried sorts, among these being oysters, shrunk out of all shape, mussels, sardines, clams, shrimps, cod, whale, shark, and almost every other kind found in the main market. I also saw a fish being cut up alive, to be eaten raw. This custom is, however, falling into disrepute.

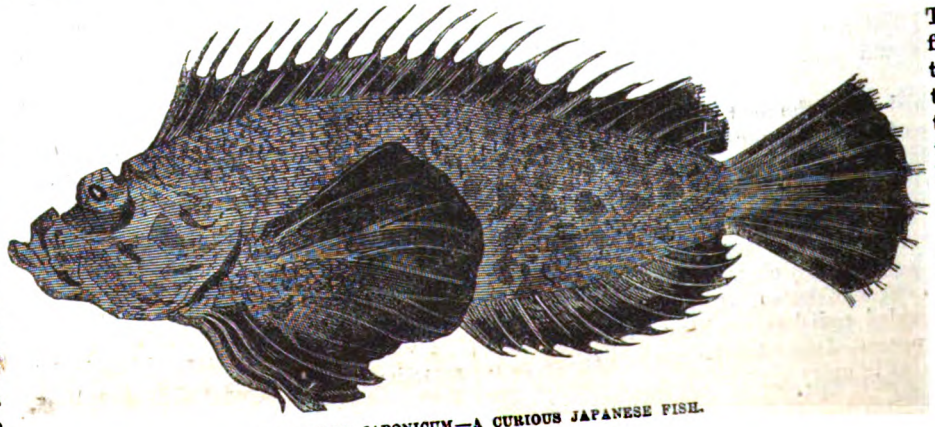
"It is no worse than swallowing live oysters," a Japanese friend once remarked to me. "Your countrymen have written and said many hard things about this. We certainly kill our oysters before we swallow them."



A SALT-VENDER AND HOUSE-SERVANT.

Apropos of these bivalves, the Japanese variety is large and coarse, and the people open them by crushing the hinge.

On the outskirts of the market were hundreds of shops devoted to the preparation and sale of fried fish. At one of these we found fried cuttle-fish, at another cod, and at a third fish-sausage, wrapped in colored paper. The cook stands behind a portable stove containing live charcoal, on which is placed an iron pan provided with a lid. In one hand he holds an oiled-paper fan, and with the other he raises the cover of his pan, and fills or empties it, fanning the charcoal and chatting with his customers as he pursues his occupation.

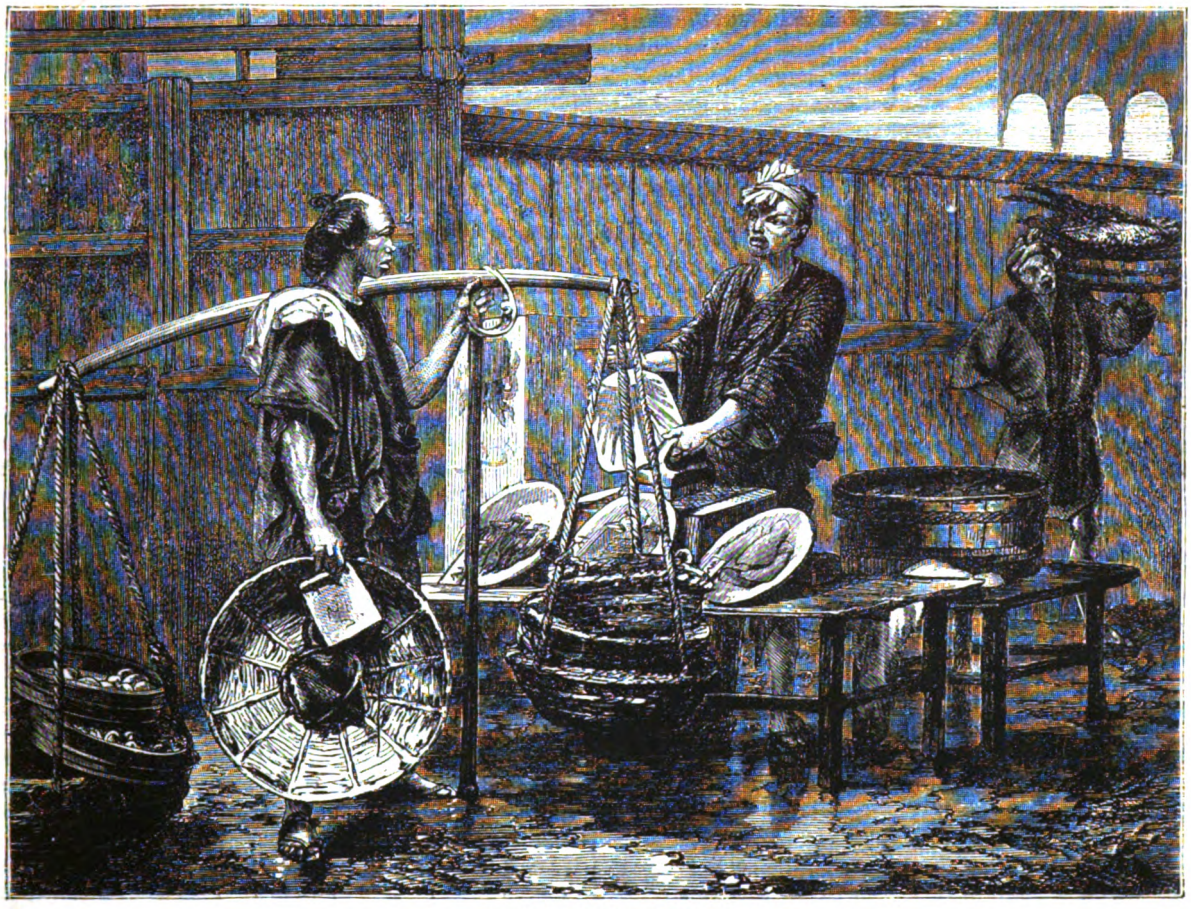


THE PELOR JAPONICUM—A CURIOUS JAPANESE FISH.

Although the market and its surroundings were, for such a place, remarkably clean, the odor was anything but delightful. I was, therefore, glad to quit the locality and follow Izakura to a street devoted to the sale of grain, where I entered a bean store, kept by an acquaintance of mine, who, with his family, was eating breakfast. My friend and his companions were in ordinary costume, and squatting on the floor, but the viands were such as are only served upon holiday occasions. There were five men and two women—the proprietor of the establishment, his sons and daughters.

Upon seeing me, the host rose and advanced, saying:

"I trust you are in



A DEALER IN FRIED FISH.

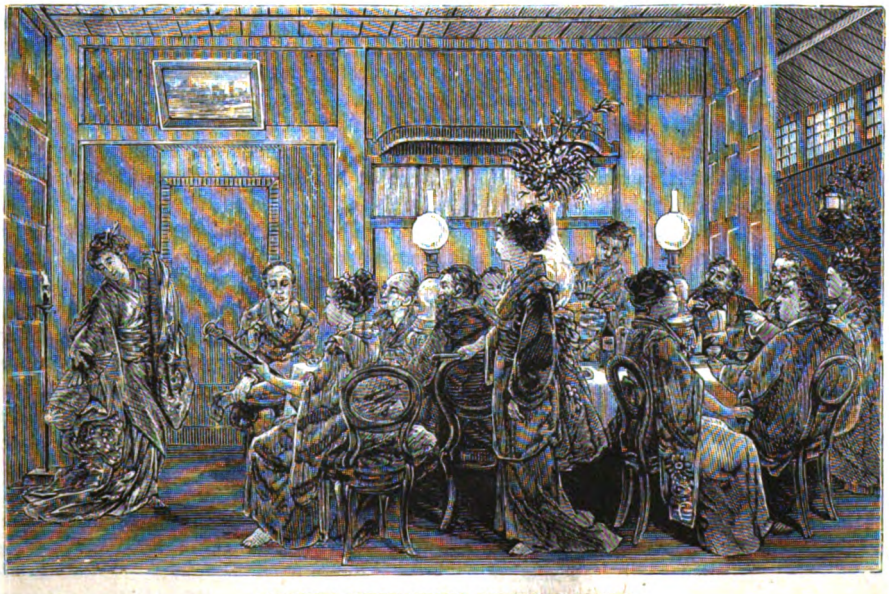
the enjoyment of good health, sir? You have arrived at a felicitous moment. We are about to eat some red rice" (rice in which red beans have been boiled, considered very lucky); "will you honor me by joining us?"

I accepted his polite invitation, and, squatting upon the floor with the rest, partook of a hearty meal, consisting of cold red and white rice, sponge-cake, buckwheat gruel and macaroni, boiled seaweed, fried fish and tea.

"We are having a feast to-day," remarked my entertainer. "I have received good news from America. My son, who is clerk in a business house in New York, writes me he is coming home, promoted; so wife has cooked the red rice, and we are making merry."

I do not imagine a foreigner, who had not been some years in the country, would have fully appreciated the fare. It takes time to accustom an American digestion to Japanese food.

The men and ladies smoked during the meal, using the national pipe, a tiny-bowled, bamboo-stemmed, brass article, holding a charge of tobacco about the size of a marrowfat pea. The weed is shredded very finely, and is exceedingly mild. *Tobako*, as they call it, was introduced into Japan by the Portuguese in 1627.



JAPANESE ENTERTAINING EUROPEAN GUESTS.

My entertainers puffed at their pipes, picked at the food, and drank many cups of somewhat bitter tea. *Apropos* of this, I would like to correct an error concerning the famous herb. It is generally believed the Chinese and Japanese people drink the very finest qualities of

cha, as they term it, while, in reality, the contrary is the case. The choicest kinds are bought by wealthy persons and teahouse-keepers, who often pay fabulous prices for mere names; the second, third and fourth grades are exported, and the fifth, sixth and rubbish consumed by the masses of both countries, who drink a decoction astringent enough to tan the coat of the stomach. Many Chinese and Japanese kill themselves through excessive indulgence in the cup that cheers but does not inebriate.

At the conclusion of the meal I followed my host into his shop, which, like all establishments of the kind, was open to the street. He showed me, done up in neat paper bags, duly marked and priced, wheat, barley, spelt (German wheat), buckwheat, millet, and a great variety of beans and peas, all of which were used for food. In reply to my question as to whether he dealt in rice, he said:

"No; that is a separate business. You will find any number of stores solely devoted to its sale. Most persons purchase it by the bag. Poor people buy it in the husk and clean it themselves, others obtain their supplies from peddlers. It is to us what my son writes me bread is to Americans."

My entertainer then inquired if I would like to visit one of the rice magazines, and on receiving an affirmative, led the way into the street, where I found my patient cook, Izakura, awaiting me, basket in hand.

I told him I had breakfasted, and bade him return home; then, following my guide, soon found myself on the bank of a canal, the shores of which were lined with warehouses, built especially for the storage of the Japanese staff of life.

When we arrived the place appeared to be deserted, and we could only see a watchman here and there. It was the hour of the first rice—in other words, the coolies were at breakfast. In a few moments we heard a peculiar yell, sounding like "*Wa-yoonp!*" then, from boat and warehouse, swarmed hundreds of sturdy men, dressed in cotton girdles and head-towels, who, responding to the signal with vigorous shouts, proceeded to unload the boats moored to the banks.

The scene was a most animated one; however, the fine dust from the rice soon formed a cloud which forced us from the place, we not having our mouths protected by towels, like the coolies.

Quitting the spot, we proceeded to a warehouse on a neighboring street, and after watching some men fishing for flounders, entered the edifice, where we beheld thousands of grass bags filled with rice.

The proprietor received us at the entrance and showed us over the place, which, in the old time, had belonged to the Shogun. The bags are turned every few days, in order to prevent their contents heating, and great care is taken to banish rats and mice out of the granary.

"Why do you not keep cats?" I asked.

"Cats!" said the owner. "My wife has one. We do not have luxuries" (literally, animals of amusement,) "at our places of business."

"But they would catch the rats and mice for you."

"Would they?" he answered. "I never knew that. My wife's cat, Ema, sits all day upon her robe, singing praises to the hundred million gods. One time a rat entered the house and ate some of Ema's boiled rice. The cat was afraid of him, and hid in my servant's garments. Come to think of it, I have read about cats catching mice, and so on. I fear our animals have no longer the admirable spirit of valor."

I explained that in America pussies were kept for their services as mousers, et cetera, hearing which he smiled and said:

"Honorable sir, even the animals of your country appear to possess useful qualities. If I kept cats I should have to employ persons to attend them. Why, my wife spends half her time looking after her dear Ema. I find it is cheaper to employ human beings as rat-killers."

This exceedingly Japanese method of settling the matter ended the controversy. I had forgotten I was in a country where a man was less valuable than a cat. I afterward saw Ema, a sleek, lazy, tailless creature, though his master's description of the uselessness of Japanese cats did not agree with my experience; I subsequently owning an animal named Mijopo, who not only killed rats and mice, but cleared a neighbor's henhouse. Like all his fellow-pussies, he lacked a tail, and upon inquiry I found that few of the Japanese grimalkins owned those useful appendages.

From the rice-warehouses we went to a dealer in seaweed, where I saw hundreds of bales of various kinds exposed for sale. The gentleman who owned the store informed me the red weed we call dulse is cultivated just like any other plant. In the Spring, branches of a peculiar shrub are laid down in the shallow waters of Yedo Bay. About June or July, small reddish buds appear on the fagots, which are then dragged up and conveyed to spots near the mouths of canals, or rivers where the water is brackish. This develops the dulse, which grows with great rapidity. All through the Winter, hundreds of men, women and children are employed in gathering the leaves; the best quality being secured when the water is thick with melted snow. The dulse is then dried, when it is used in a variety of ways, almost all ordinary dishes containing some of it. The Japanese name for the dried article is *Osakusa-nori*.

I was also shown many bales and packages of *fer* (carragheen moss). This is used for food and for sizing the warp of silk and cotton goods.

As we were moving through the warehouses, I noticed tubs containing a substance that looked like dry, spongy, light-yellow glue, which I was told was *kauten* (vegetable isinglass). The seaweed (*gelidium corneum*), called by the Japanese *tenqusa*, and by American boys "pop-weed," is carefully washed and boiled into a sort of gluish decoction, which is strained and run into boxes. When cooled, it forms a stiff jelly, like corn-starch. This is cut into cubes and exposed to the frost, it only being manufactured during the Winter. The water in the mass freezes, leaving the glutinous substance in a sort of honeycomb. The semi-frozen blocks are then exposed to the sun, when the water melts, leaving a spongy skeleton full of holes. This is the vegetable isinglass. The latter is dried in ovens and sold for cooking and manufacturing purposes, hundreds of tons being yearly exported to Europe and America, where it is made into "finest fish-isinglass."

My guide informed me there were seventeen kinds of seaweed used as food, and that they were staple articles. I suppose the chemicals in the substance supply a lack filled in our own diet by green vegetables, of which the Japanese are not fond, they cooking those we eat raw.

After thanking my polite host, I accompanied my friend to the warehouse of an oil-merchant, where I saw thousands of tubs and jars of oil. This substance takes the place of meat in the native food, and is made from a variety of seeds and fishes.

The most common, used for cooking and lighting purposes, is called *egoma*. This has a rancid, penetrating odor, and is only eaten by poor persons. Well-to-do people buy a clear, rich article called *keyano abura*, something like olive-oil. Whale-oil, very strongly perfumed,

is used in cooking, also *gioto* (fish-oil), under which head comes a variety of liquid fats, expressed from various fishes.

In a neighboring store I saw *ye-no-abura* (paint-oil), *natane* (rape), *goma*, *kiru* (cedar), *wata dane* (cotton-seed), clove, camphor, and mountain-tea-seed oils, besides a number made from wild-pig-fat and animal substances.

Neither of these magazines giving out a very pleasant perfume, I was glad when my guide proposed to visit a store devoted to the sale of wheaten flour, starches, macaroni and vermicelli.

Wheaten flour is not used by the Japanese for making bread, but mixed in various dishes and converted into cakes, vermicelli and similar substances. It is ground between granite stones driven by water-power, bolted free from bran, and is tolerably white and fine. They also make large quantities of rice-flour, which is used pure and to adulterate the wheaten article.

Vermicelli, macaroni and Italian flakes are made from wheaten and buckwheat flour, and are most excellent in quality.

The starches used for food and dressing fabrics are peculiar to Japan. The *kudzu*, made from a species of yam, is white in color, and very palatable and nourishing. The *kata-kuri* is manufactured from the root of the dog-tooth violet, and there is a fern-root starch. Both kinds are used for food, and the fern-root starch can be made into the strongest paste in the world, which would be priceless to our bookbinders and paper-box manufacturers.

Starch-sugar is largely prepared from millet and rice, and is so clear and tough that venders of the substance sell it on the streets, and blow it, while hot, into all manner of shapes for the amusement of children, who are very fond of such candies.

We quitted the dealer in vermicelli, etc., and entered a shop devoted to the manufacture of *tofu* (bean-curd, or cheese), a national dish. It is semi-gelatinous, white, delicious and wholesome. *Yuba* is another sort of paste food, made from white beans. *Misso* is a white bean paste, mixed with fermented rice and salt. It requires a Japanese-trained stomach to digest this.

Soyu (soy), a sauce made with boiled beans and wheat, was also sold at this establishment. The mess is fermented until it is a mass of fungi, then cooled and salted with hot lye. It is next transferred to enormous vats, in which it is kept for several years, then pressed in bags made of thick cotton cloth. The brown juice that runs from the horrible mass is *soyu*, and is not only palatable, but wholesome. The Japanese flavor dishes with it, and use it as we do vinegar, for pickling. It tastes like mushroom catsup.

I had seen the process of soy-making, therefore declined to visit one of those establishments; whereupon my guide took me to a candy factory.

As a nation, the Japanese are not large consumers of sugar. The cane is known in the southern part of the empire, and some sugar is made there; however, the greater portion of saccharine matter used in Nippon is manufactured from rice and millet. Some *jaggerry* (coarse, brown, granulated cane-sugar) is imported, but it is regarded as a luxury. So little importance is attached to this article, it is not even mentioned in the reports published by the Commissioners of Agriculture.

Quitting the candy-store, we entered a boat and were rowed to the only vegetable and fruit mart in Tokio—at least, the only place worthy of such a name. This is situated near the Rikogoku Bridge, and somewhat resembles Washington Market, being a mass of decayed, tottering buildings, laden with food and swarming with people. The staple vegetable of Japan is the *daikon* (radish), which is grown all the way from six inches to three feet in length, and thick in proportion. It is sweet when boiled, and bitter when raw, and is extensively used in making the pickle bearing the same name, to the malodorous quality of which I have already referred.

Among the products of the garden offered for sale were the *kabu* (turnip), *ningin* (carrot), *negi* (onion), *kiuri* (cucumber), *suikwa* (vegetable marrow), *fukube* (calabash), *gobo* (dock), *togarashi* (red pepper), *karashi* (mustard), *shoga* (ginger), *wasabe* (horse-radish), *imo* (Irish potato), *renkon* (lotus-root), *ju-ri-no-ne* (lily-root), *nassu* (egg-plant) and *mitsuba-zeri* (parsley). There was also a large kind of leek.

Of these the most common were the gigantic radish, the red pepper, the lotus-root and egg-plant.

Of fruits there were the *dai-dai-mikan* and *kan-rui* (oranges), *ume* (plum), *momo* (peach), *nashi* (pear), *ogaki* (persimmon), *kuri* (chestnut), *biwa* (loquat), *bondo* (grape), and any quantity of watermelons; the latter, persimmons, and oranges being most abundant.

I lingered among the fragrant-smelling fruits until past noon. The oranges were very fine, and of excellent quality; there were also some shaddocks on sale, but these, I believe, came from Amoy in China. The grapes and pears were poor and flavorless, and I saw a few green, colicky-looking apples. The staple fruit was the persimmon, ripe and dried; the latter, which were from three to five inches in length, tasting like figs.

"Come," remarked my companion, "it is time we took something to cheer our spirits. I know a place near by where they sell most excellent *saké*."

On our way to the establishment we overtook the proprietor, who, after being introduced to me, insisted I should visit his brewery, which was on a street near by.

Saké (rice-wine or rice-beer) is the principal and almost only alcoholic beverage of the Japanese, and is made of various qualities, flavors and degrees of strength. It is generally drank hot, at meals, but those who are fond of it, and their name is legion, swallow it cold at all times.

We followed the *saké*-brewer, who, leading the way, remarked:

"You Americans only require one more virtue."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"To appreciate *saké*," he slyly answered. "It is a heaven-sent beverage; was invented by the gods. It clears the soul of vapors, makes the sick man feel well, the poor rich and the weak strong. Taken in moderation, it is food, drink and medicine in one."

"What do you call moderation?"

"Oh, that is according to a person's temperament," he smilingly replied. "Some can take as many as sixty or a hundred cups, and still retain the perfect balance of the senses. I am a moderate man; I drink a little in the morning to encourage my heart, a good quantity at my midday meal, and a cup or two between times with my friends. I also take some at night. It keeps the soul from wandering away from the body," (dreaming). "Here," opening a door into an extensive range of buildings, "is my poor brewery."

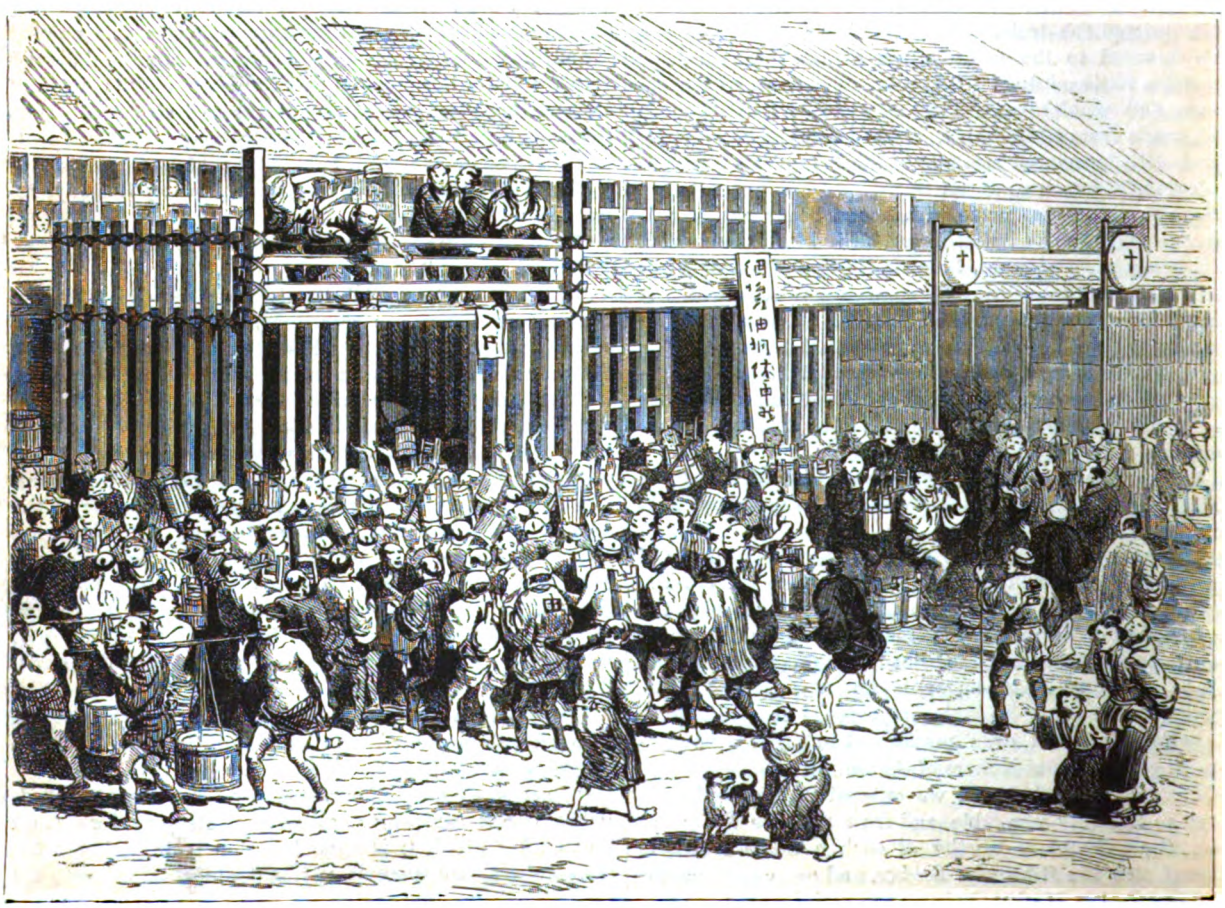
We entered a storehouse, and saw stacks of bags filled with rice, then passed into a large shed where the grain was being washed.

"I am most particular about my *saké*," he remarked. "The rice is carefully cleansed and steamed for several hours, after which it is spread out on mats, to lower the temperature, and when it is blood-warm, mixed with old rice that is full of fungi; this soon spreads all over the mass."

RICE WAREHOUSES NEAR TOKIO.

Our guide conducted us to rooms full of the stuff, which looked like brewer's grains turned moldy; he then led the way into the mash-room, where we saw hundreds of tubs filled with wort, made of steamed rice and water, remarking, as he pointed to the horrible-looking mess:

"As soon as this sours a little we cool it off and put it in a cold place, so as to stop the fermentation. The wort then becomes bitter. In January the real brewing begins. We steam more rice and mix it with equal proportions of the fungus-covered mass and cold wort, to which we add a sufficient quantity of cold water. It is then poured into big vats and well stirred. When thoroughly mixed it is left for twenty days, at the expiration of which time it acquires the perfume of the breath of the gods (vinous smell), and has a taste of *saké*. Then our busy time begins. The delicious wort is poured into bags made of



A SAKÉ SHOP AT NEW YEAR'S.

JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE.

thick cotton cloth, and pressed; the liquid that runs off is put into casks, which are stored in tiers and allowed to stand until the contents have settled, when we draw off the clear, bright, beautiful *saké*."

"Do you ever spoil a brewing?"

"Sometimes a thunderstorm will sour the wort, and render it unfit for working. We put the damaged liquor aside, and, when the yearly brewing is over, mix it with the residues of the casks and distil it, making *mi-rin* (literally, sweet liquor) and rice brandy—the latter is a drink to take you by the head and heels."

Some of the rooms smelt sour, and others musty; while the stores containing the beverage awaiting sale had a vinous odor, suggestive of what my Japanese friends termed "good drink."

"Now," said our conductor, "if you will come to my humble and miserable shop, I will give you some *saké* fit for the Mikado. It is twenty-five years old, and will make you feel that number of years younger."

We accompanied him to the place named, where we saw several parties feasting and drinking. Near us were four men and three women, enjoying a feast of the beverage, which they drank from large cups, one of them helping himself from a bottle.

"Those are country people," whispered the proprietor, as the leading man of the party turned his head in order to take a good view of me. "They have come to see the sights of Tokio and eat some carp."

As he spoke, a servant neared them with a stand on which was a baked fish, cooked whole.

"*Ahe, ahe!*" shouted one of the men, clapping his hands. "Now, then, my friends, let us demolish this dish. We are having a grand holiday."

None of the people were intoxicated, though some of their faces were slightly flushed. The Japanese can swallow large quantities of *saké* without showing any ill effects.

We ate some cakes, drank a few cups of a very delicious old liquor, and chatted with our host. When I rose to leave, the gentleman insisted upon my accepting a few bottles of his famous brew; then I entered a *jin-riki-sha*, and was drawn home by a coolie, who trotted every step of the way.

From the foregoing, the reader will learn that, while rice is the bread of the Japanese, they also consume large quantities of fish, beans and oil; the latter afford the necessary nitrogenous substances, and, to a certain extent, form a substitute for meat. This diet has produced a hardy race of men, who are not much troubled with nervous disorders; it has also developed several diseases almost unknown to a flesh-eating people. Ossification of the coats of the stomach is a common disorder, possibly induced by drinking the bitter tea of the country. Cases of leprosy are very prevalent, and *kakke*, a disease attacking the lower limbs—peculiar to Japan—is most fatal. Cholera, that scourge of Eastern races, annually sweeps off thousands of the people, and will do so as long as they retain their old style of living.

Within the last few years the masses have developed a taste for animal food, and the Government has established cattle and sheep-breeding farms. This will work as great a revolution in the national diet as foreign intercourse has in their costume, and it is probable, before the beginning of the next century, bread, beef and mutton will form the staple food of the inhabitants of Dai-Nippon.

A YEAR of pleasure passes like a fleeting breeze, but a moment of sorrow seems an age of pain.

A DILETTANTE.

By GABBLETON TIDY.

CAN you recall an ode to June,
Or lines to any river,
In which you do not meet "the moon,"
And see "the moonbeams quiver"?
I've heard such songs to many a tune,
But never yet—no never—
Have I escaped that rhyme to "June,"
Or missed that rhyme to "river."

At times the bard from his refrain
A moment's respite snatches,
The while his over-cudgeled brain
At some new jingle catches;
Yet long from the unlucky moon
Himself he cannot sever,
But grasps once more that rhyme to "June,"
And seeks a rhyme to "river."

Then let not indolence be blamed
On him whose verses show it
By shunning "burdens" (rightly named
For reader and for poet),
For rhymes must fail him late or soon,
Nor can he deal for ever
In words whose sound resembles "June,"
And assonants of "river."

When "loon" 's been used, and "shoon" and "spoon,"
And "stiver" sounded "stivver,"
Think of a bard reduced to "'coon,"
And left alone with "liver"!
Ah, then, how blessed were the boon!
How doubly blest the giver,
Who gave him one rhyme more for "June,
And one more rhyme for "river"!

WAS IT BETTER?

By S. ANNIE FROST.

"BETTER in every way!"

I think if Amy Randolph had whispered these four words to herself once, she had fifty times, as she paced up and down her narrow bedroom, trying to solve the hardest problem her life had offered her.

She was a slender, fair girl of nineteen, with large, dreamy brown eyes and nut-brown hair. Her face was one that would attract little notice from a passer-by; but when you knew it well, when the large eyes and sensitive mouth had taken every varying phase of expression, as you touched the girl's poetic mind and tender heart, the pure loveliness of the countenance grew upon you till it became most beautiful.

And to Guy Chester Amy's face had become so. He knew how the little mouth could smile or quiver, how the large eyes could soften or flash, how winning and lovely every change became.

And he loved her, not as she loved him, with every thrill of her heart, every pulse of her being, but in his easy-going, vacillating fashion, as the most perfect little gem of womanhood he had ever met.

And he was Guy Chester, heir to Chester Hill, if—ah! that little word that makes or mars so many destinies!—*if* he pleased his mother. And she was Amy Randolph, his third cousin, and his mother's companion. She had been educated at a boarding-school, where she taught

younger children in part payment for her own tuition, and had been offered her choice, when she graduated, of going to Chester Hill as Mrs. Chester's companion, or returning to her grandparents, who barely supported life upon a miserable little farm in Pennsylvania.

And Mrs. Chester, who was a bad-tempered, exacting woman, had so thoroughly cowed and terrified the timid girl that she seemed to her a pale, uninteresting nonentity, useful in writing letters, reading aloud and sewing, but utterly unattractive. She never saw the exquisite oval of the young face, the delicacy of the features, the dreamy poetry of the eyes.

"What Guy could find to admire in that washed-out girl," she could not discover. She worshiped her only son, but she was too innately selfish to give him his way when it interfered with her own.

And her own way, at that time, required Guy to marry a wife whose money would support his many extravagances, and leave his mother's purse full for hers. For they were extravagant, living in New York all Winter, in fashionable circles, and filling their country-seat with visitors all Summer.

And the very wife Guy wanted, in his mother's opinion, was ready to wed him for his asking. True, she was loud-voiced and vulgar, inclined to be fast, with rather a masculine cast of beauty—a sunflower of a girl, as Amy was a violet. But her father had left her a large fortune, and she had fallen in love with Guy Chester, making no secret of the fact to his keen-eyed mother.

That she had disgusted him at the very outset of his acquaintance with her by her frankly avowed preference for his attentions and society, troubled her but little. She had been brought up in the belief that money was the attraction no man could resist, and she had money. If she wore diamond earrings to breakfast, and a velvet riding-dress in the country, was not her wealth so proven? And if her complexion was often as red as the roses in her hair, so decided a brunette could bear a high color.

Altogether she felt herself a prize in the matrimonial circle, and Mrs. Chester encouraged her in her delusion.

And when she had accepted Mrs. Chester's invitation to spend a month at Chester Hill, in the Spring, when the house was not full, when Guy had remained at home ever since the return from the city, and everything promised well for the mother's scheme, she was coolly asked to accept Amy Randolph for a daughter-in-law.

Had she been a judicious as well as a loving mother, she would have seen that Guy, under Amy's gentle influence, was developing nobler traits of character than he had ever shown in his life before; that he was losing his taste for a life of whirl and excitement, was thinking of higher aims than the possession of the fastest horses and finest wines in his set of friends.

But she was blind to all this, and equally blind to the prospect that Guy, at home, in quiet domestic happiness, with a wife so careless of finery and gayety as Amy, could never make the inroads upon her income that Guy, as the most extravagant bachelor of his "set," made annually. She had set her heart upon Guy's marriage with Laura Marcy, and she was furious at the obstacle presented to her.

But Guy Chester was not the man to say "please mamma," and then submit without protest if mamma did not please.

He had never been crossed from the time he shrieked for tops and candy, and it was scarcely probable he would accept the first opposition after twenty-five years of unchecked pleasure.

"You can do as you like," he said, shrugging his shoulders, as his mother threatened to turn Amy out-of-doors; "but I shall marry Amy, be sure of that. As for Laura Marcy, I should as soon think of living with a stable-boy—a great, coarse, blowzy woman!"

"With half a million of dollars!"

"Ten million would not make her a lady!"

"And pray, what is supposed to support you when you marry Amy? Remember, my money bought this place, though it bears your father's name, and my money supports your extravagances! Your own income would not keep you in gloves and neckties."

"We can live on very little. Amy does not care for gayety, and I mean to take up my law studies in good earnest. I'm going to drop fast horses and bachelor suppers, mammy, and go in for legal honors. When I am Judge of the Supreme Court you can thank Amy for rousing my ambition, and making a man of me."

But Mrs. Chester was not inclined to thank Amy for anything that thwarted her own plan. She could not resist Guy's caress or his pet name of "mammy," and she was shrewd enough to see that active opposition would probably hasten the catastrophe she dreaded. Guy was just the man to walk off with Amy to church and come back bound for life, if he saw any prospect of separation. So the mother smiled and said.

"You headstrong boy! You always have had your own way, and I suppose you always will!"

"That's a dear mammy," was the quick reply. "Tell Amy it's all right. I'll not interfere till you settle it all."

Then he had walked off whistling, and Mrs. Chester had sent for Amy.

There was no anger upon her face when she bade the shy, gentle girl sit beside her, only a heavy shadow, as if from terrible grief.

"Amy," she began, and her tone had none of its habitual ring of imperious command, "I have just had a long, serious talk with Guy, and made no impression upon him. So I have resolved to make an appeal to your good sense and generosity."

Amy's lips quivered a moment like a grieved child's, but she made no reply.

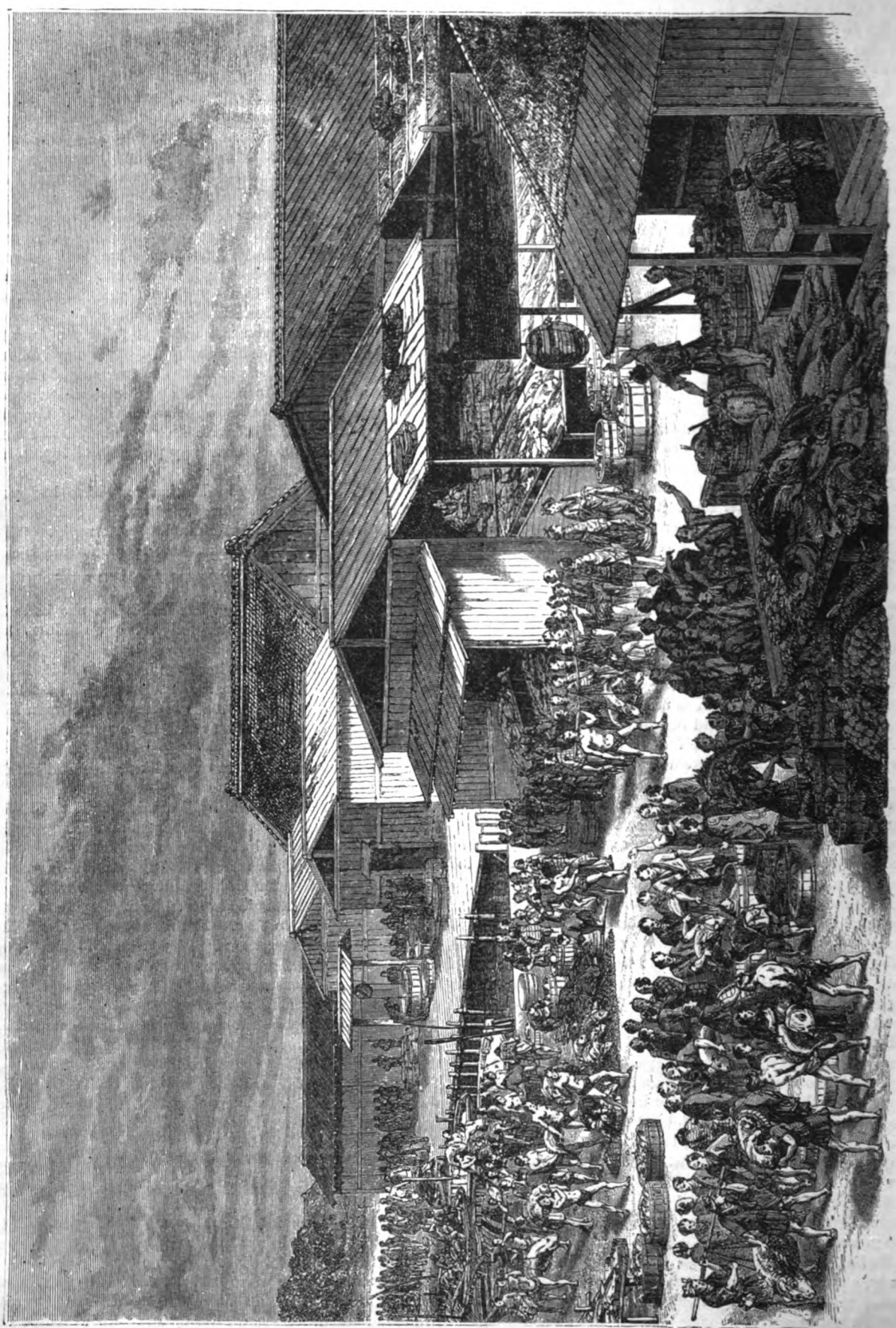
"You think Guy is wealthy," continued Mrs. Chester, "because the estate bears his name, and I supply his purse from my own; but he has less than a thousand dollars a year! If he marries to please me he can still have a home at Chester Hill, but his marriage with a portionless bride will not please me. You imagine love will make poverty easy to bear. You do not know Guy. He is self-willed and impetuous. If you uphold him in opposing me he will marry you, and take you to New York to live upon a thousand a year and his hope of being a great lawyer. And I," very slowly and distinctly, "will leave every dollar I own to a charity, for I will never forgive him. In a year or two you will be in debt, Guy will fret for his club, his suppers, his horses, and reproach you for his poverty. He will tire of you, as he has tired of a dozen fair faces before yours attracted him, and you will be the burden and torment of his life."

"But what am I to do?"

"Leave him. Go at once, without farewell, to your grandfather's, and I will allow your present salary to continue."

"No," was the quiet, firm answer. "If I go it will be for Guy's sake. I do not require a bribe!"

"It will be better in every way for you to go, believe me—better in every way. Guy will forget you in six months, and marry Laura Marcy, who will be able to give him every luxury he now enjoys, and who worships the ground on which he walks."



WHAT THE JAPANESE EAT.— THE FISH-MARKET ON THE GREAT BRIDGE OF JAPAN.— SEE PAGE 166.

Amy's sensitive lip curled. Gentle as she was, she had sufficient spirit to despise the unmaidenly conduct of her rival. A latent pride, almost hidden in her shy, modest nature, was asserting itself, and spoke presently.

"I will tell you to-morrow," she said, "what I will do."

"And Guy will persuade you to marry him."

"I will say nothing of this conversation to Guy. You may trust me!"

But Mrs. Chester did not trust her. She listened for Guy's step, and, meeting him in the hall, said:

"I wish you would go to New York for me Guy

"Won't to-morrow do?"

"No; you can stay over night, and come down in the morning; I particularly wish——" and then followed the long excuse for the trip.

"Where's Amy?" was the expected question.

"In her own room. Don't call her, Guy; she wants to be alone. We have had a long talk."

"And you were good to her?"

"I said no word of blame. She will tell you herself to-morrow."

"But she can come down just a minute?"

"If she does, you will miss the 4:30 train. Do go! You owe me some compliance after this morning."

And Guy—easy-going Guy—kissed her and strode away from all happiness. It was noon the next day when he returned, and his mother met him at the door again.

WAS IT BETTER?—"ONE LOOK SHOWED GUY A LITTLE FIGURE HALF LIFTED FROM THE BED, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED, LIPS SMILING, EYES RADIANT."—SEE PAGE 174.

"Guy," she said, "Amy is gone!"

"Gone! Where?"

"I cannot imagine, unless she tells you in this."

And a little note in Amy's handwriting was placed in Guy's gloved hand. He tore it open quickly. No address, no date, no signature—only these words:

"It is better in every way for me to leave you. I shall not return even if you seek and find me. A penniless wife would become a burden to you, even though you loved her. So it is better to say—farewell."

That was all!

There was a scene, of course. Mrs. Chester quite expected a scene, but her fastidious taste was shocked at the quantity of wine Guy drank at dinner. He was a gentleman, and it was against all his former refined ideas to confuse his brain with drink; but on that night his ascent of the stairs to his room was not easily accomplished.

But this was not repeated the next night, nor had it been when Laura Marcy came three weeks later. By that time Guy had worked himself into a state of sulky resentment against Amy. He had left no stone unturned to find her, but having troubled himself very little about her antecedents, beyond the fact that his mother and her own were cousins, he had entirely forgotten, if he ever knew of, the existence of her paternal grandparents.

She had never cared for him! She was a sly little flirt! She would have married the heir of Chester Hill, but was afraid to wed a student lawyer with a thousand dollars a year. She was mercenary!

So he rang the changes over the yearning grief he could not smother. And the ambition that she had roused, the aims she had encouraged, sank back before the reckless quest of pleasures to resist the only really deep love Guy had ever known.

Just in this state he met Laura Marcy half-way, flirted desperately, rode over the country roads beside her, till it was one of the unexplained problems what saved their necks in their headlong racing; sang with her, and found himself bound by an engagement before he half realized how far he was involved.

The marriage was hurried on, both the mother and the willing bride energetically preparing all things for a grand wedding, and within six months Amy, in her dreary home, reading her cousin's letter, said, with a heart-broken sigh:

"She was right! Guy has forgotten me in less than six months. Oh, if only I could forget!"

But she could not, poor little crushed, faithful heart! She thought she was so far happy, that when her share of the farm drudgery was over she could wander off into the woods, and dream her love-dream over, comfort her aching

heart with the memory of what had been, and whisper with but a faint, faint hope:

"His mother may be wrong. He loved me so dearly, he will be faithful, and when Mrs. Chester sees that, she will relent and send for me."

She drooped visibly in those Summer days, working over the unaccustomed routine of housework to keep her grandmother, having a tender love from both grandparents, but no mental excitement to drown her heart's hunger.

Had she remained somewhere in a situation suited to her capacity, where teaching or reading would have insured some hours daily of forgetfulness, it would have saved her. Had she studied, taught, or even had companionship, the dreary weight of thought might have lessened, till the sore heart, its old wounds closed, might have revived to new love and happiness.

But when she stirred porridge she could think of Guy; when her dainty little hands scoured tins and washed cups, she remembered her love. Her grandfather was nearly deaf, and constant intercourse with him had reduced her grandmother to a silence that was too strongly habitual to be easily broken.

Very conscientiously Amy tried to do her duty by the old people who had given her loving welcome, overtasking her strength to aid in the daily routine of work, and careful of many little attentions the young can so gracefully offer the old.

But there was nothing to feed the cravings of brain and heart but memory and that faint hope. And upon the yearning cry of the loving heart for love and life came the letter inclosing Guy's wedding-cards.

"She's over-quiet for one so young," the country people said, "and looks peaked."

But nobody saw the shadow under which the girl drooped and faded, her little feet treading unconsciously in the valley of death. And Guy, with his energetic and boisterous wife, was plunging into city life with a rush and fervor that rather amazed his old associates.

"By Jove!" Creighton Daly said, twirling his blonde mustache, "I always thought Chester was one of your slow, lazy fellows, who are too indolent to be vicious; but he has wakened up with a vengeance. He will break his neck yet on that brute he rides. I'm a pretty fair whip, but I wouldn't be on her back half an hour for half a million. No, by Jove! And he plays so high that even Grantley whistles over his stakes. Never in my life saw a fellow so changed!"

"Somebody said he was going in for law in earnest," said a second voice.

"Bah!" said a third; "his mother's estate must come to him, and there's all the Marcy money."

But Guy had found the "Marcy" had quite a shrewd commercial head of her own, and meant to keep her purse-strings in her own fingers. Every dollar of Mrs. Laura Chester's fortune was securely settled upon herself, and she gave her husband to understand plainly that if he would gamble and give expensive suppers, he must tax his mother for the cost.

And so, in a mad search for forgetfulness, a restless desire to be away from the uncongenial society of his wife, a dread of the self-reproach of thought, Guy Chester was throwing away all the finer instincts of his nature, sinking lower and lower in the scale of true manliness.

Spring was coming again, and, worn out, in spite of his perfect physique, by late hours and a Winter of reckless dissipation, Guy determined to run down to Chester Hill for a week or two.

"If there are any letters for me, you can open them," his mother said, rather careless, now that her point was gained, of Guy's knowledge of the machinery that had been put in operation to accomplish it. "I leave it to you to judge if any are important enough to forward."

There was but one, for most of Mrs. Chester's correspondents were sufficiently intimate to know they must use her city address between November and May.

But that one Guy tore open with trembling fingers, knowing well who had penned the address, in faint, wavering lines. The letter read:

"DEAR COUSIN: I have been very sick all Winter, getting a little weaker every day, and now I know I shall never be better again. I know I ought not to love Guy since he is married, and I try to remember it is wrong; but when I am dead, will you not tell him I left him because I loved him, and you were so sure it would be better for him to forget me. Give him my love—my love that will not die, notwithstanding I try so hard to kill it.

"AMY."

He never fainted, and he did not even groan as he read the words; but setting his teeth hard over a muttered curse that might have appalled even his mother's selfish heart, he went back to the railway station and took a train that would carry him to Harrisburg, the nearest route to the out-of-the-way town from which the letter was posted.

"Will it be to-day? Oh, doctor, not to-day!" said old Mrs. Randolph, when the doctor turned away from the bed where Amy lay.

He only shook his head and passed from the room, while the sobbing old woman bent over the white, unconscious face upon the pillow. For nearly a week, since writing her pathetic farewell to love and life, Amy had lain just so, without any sign of consciousness. She swallowed obediently all food, medicine or drink put to her lips, but she never spoke, never lifted the drooping lids that half covered her large eyes.

"Passing away peacefully, poor lamb!" the kind-hearted neighbors said, and no one hoped, ever so faintly, for a return of consciousness. But, as she lay on that still April day, her breath coming with more labored sighs, her face growing ghastly with the touch of the great seal, she suddenly lifted her hand, opened her eyes, and smiled.

"Hush!—he is coming!" she said.

"Wandering, poor dear," said one old crone.

"Guy! Guy!" the pale lips whispered, and in answer a quick tread crossed the porch, paused a moment, and came up the staircase.

One look showed Guy a little figure half lifted from the bed, arms outstretched, lips smiling, eyes radiant. Only one look! Before he crossed the room Amy sank back, dead!

When April came again, sympathizing friends, deciding which was the most becoming style of mourning for Mrs. Guy Chester, said:

"Very sad—so young. But, my dear, he really was most terribly dissipated. His mother is half ruined paying his debts, and he gambled fearfully, indeed; though, of course, one does not want to blame the dead, it really does seem providential that that brute of a horse threw him, at last, for his wife is young yet, and so wealthy—handsome, too, in that loud style—and really, you know——" and significant shrugs finished the sentence.

But Mrs. Chester, the heart-broken mother, alienated from her son by his bitter, reproachful speeches, after Amy died, impoverished, childless, leads the life a recluse, ever tormented by the haunting question, "Was it better to separate those loving hearts, remove Guy from tender, gentle influence, and dig two early graves, for money's sake?"

THE DEAD HAND.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

CHAPTER I.

THE ICY GRASP.

THE rich afternoon sunlight pours in at the tall western windows of the drawing-room at Oakleigh. Colonel Estcourt, the proprietor of that valuable estate, lounges at the mantelpiece, chatting listlessly with his wife, while at the other end of this handsome apartment Mr. Lionel Chataigne sits, examining a book of drawings, over which also bends the sweet face of Edith Belton. The most remarkable figure of this quiet group is Mrs. Estcourt. She is quite forty years of age; but still beautiful. Time has rounded a naturally elegant form; but has not dimmed the exquisite freshness of her complexion, nor dared to mar with a single wrinkle its smoothness. Cold and stately, and a little peculiar, is this lady; but Colonel Estcourt adores her. A year ago he brought her home to Oakleigh and installed her as its mistress. Where had he met her? No one quite new; but there were those who said she had been an actress, opera-singer, or something of the kind, and Captain Diggs, of the neighboring village, avowed distinctly that he had seen her on the stage, though he could not recall in what city. The captain, very much broken now and always a little tipsy, had been a man of fashion in his day, and was looked upon as an authority.

Handsome Mrs. Estcourt has one peculiarity. Her right hand, as you perceive, is sheathed in a black velvet glove; and so it is always, and no one has ever seen that hand. The glove comes up quite over the wrist. What can be the reason of this singularity? Is it merely a whim, or is the hand deformed in some way? No one has ever found out, for no one has had the temerity to inquire; it is called simply the Dead Hand. There are, however, theories, the most likely of which is that Mrs. Estcourt's hand is paralyzed, and perhaps withered, for, although she can lift it freely, she is never seen to use it in any way, and it always hangs listlessly at her side, or rests, as at present, in her lap.

As Mr. Chataigne chats so agreeably with Edith Belton, it is quite evident that he is not entirely absorbed, for now and then he steals curious little furtive glances at Mrs. Estcourt, and she also, when his head is turned aside, eyes him with a similar scrutiny.

It is surmised that they have no very great liking for each other. Mr. Chataigne is Colonel Estcourt's most intimate friend, and wives sometimes resent such intimacies, though often without any distinct reason, except that feminine jealousy which is occasionally so inexplicable.

Mr. Chataigne, in his turn, is rather formal and shy; a little reserved and cold toward Mrs. Estcourt. Perhaps she puzzles him, as she does others, and he is impatient of mystery.

The brightest face in the room is Edith Belton's. She is the youngest daughter of the Reverend Hugh Belton's large family flock—the learned and cheerful clergyman who had once been Colonel Estcourt's tutor, and she is here at Oakleigh on a visit. Those drawings before her are her own, and Mr. Chataigne, who has had a great deal of difficulty in obtaining permission to examine them, is delighted with the fire and spirit of some of those pretty scenes. A sunset at Wyndale Falls particularly charms him. What ease in the handling—what force! The rosy mist rising up cloud-like from the mad eddy is absolutely perfect—the artist has caught the evanescent tints of sunset—the very spirit of the time and place is there!

And so on he praises, now and then venturing a little criticism, and pretty Edith, with parted lips and a beautiful blush, deprecates those flatteries.

"I am sure, Mr. Chataigne, you are secretly laughing at me," she says. "You, who are a true artist, and have seen all the finest works of art, cannot be serious when you praise my poor, feeble attempts."

"How can you wound me by accusing me of such insincerity?" he replies. "You must have seen enough of me to know that the whole essence of my character is frankness, and that I detest hypocrisy and deceit in every form."

Mrs. Estcourt has been listening, and now at this she turns her head away with something of impatience. At the same moment a servant appears and announces:

"Mr. Silas Creep."

A very odd personage enters—a small old gentleman, dressed completely in black, and very much bent—and, with a bow and a smirk, he advances, and Colonel Estcourt, also stepping forward cordially, meets him half-way and takes his gnarled hand.

So Mr. Creep is introduced and welcomed, and bows propitiatively to everybody, and with special humility to Mrs. Estcourt.

"I have taken the liberty to come down," he announces, "about the Taxworth lease, Colonel Estcourt. The parties have proved very impracticable, and I thought I had better have distinct instructions before taking any final step."

Colonel Estcourt looks very much astonished.

"Instructions? Why, my letter was certainly plain enough, I thought."

"Quite so," said Mr. Creep, uneasily. "But—h'm—I had the time to spare, and I thought it would be as well to drop down for a brief personal interview, in order to avoid the possibility of mistake."

"You are very welcome Mr. Creep; but mistake there cannot be. You are to act just exactly as you think proper. However, there's no harm done—you can give me the programme to-night and we will talk it over, and the fresh air here will do you good."

It is a mystery to some people why Colonel Estcourt employs as his legal adviser a gentleman of such questionable standing as Mr. Creep, who is eminent in the city for nothing but a peculiar kind of sharp practice, which has got him the nickname of the "Ferret." With the sinuous agility of the ferret Mr. Creep squeezes into all sorts of dark legal holes, and with his keen eyes explores those recesses and hunts out his game there, and with the sharp and pitiless teeth of the ferret slays it. Less than a year ago Colonel Estcourt was one of the many distinguished clients of Cokely & Blackwood; but somehow Mr. Creep continued to supplant that eminent firm, and to take the colonel's business entirely out of their hands.

"I like old Creep," said Colonel Estcourt once, in explanation. "He is prompt, and you know that is a good virtue in the eyes of a client. You recollect Shakespeare speaks of the misery of 'law's delay,' and it is the most agonizing of suspense sometimes. Cokely & Co. were sure, but unfortunately slow. Now, old Creep is decisive, and, by Jove, *deadly*. He never spares."

Mr. Creep chats away glibly, sitting on the very edge of his chair, rubbing his hands and smirking benevolently,

and, surprising to relate, he even infuses some life into Mrs. Estcourt. What is the magic spell this old man holds to charm away the *hauteur* and pallid scorn from that handsome face, and cast there instead the pleasant light of a smile?

Lionel Chataigne grows restless—his pretty companion's drawings interest him no more. His opportunity presently comes, and he quietly steals from the room. It is near sunset—very near—the western skies are green and crimson, and the long shadows stretch darkly over the earth. Shall he not have a solitary walk and a cigar this charming evening? He pops on his hat and starts away for a desultory tramp in the distant forest, his favorite asylum when in the mood for soliloquy and reflection, because he is quite sure no one but himself ever goes there, and he is not likely to be interrupted.

He is soon among the giant oaks, and the small birds are twittering over his head in these tenebrous solitudes. Here is a huge stump, upon which he sits and idly whacks the toadstools about him with his walking-stick. He is a little sorry that he came to Oakleigh. His old friend, Estcourt, is not the same. Just as cordial as ever—just as sincere—but there is something missing—he knows not what. And Mrs. Estcourt—"She does not like me—hates me, I think," Mr. Chataigne muses, a little despondently. "Strange woman—mysterious—unfathomable! That horrid dead hand—it has haunted me ever since I came here. I can't put from my mind the idea that it is mortifying and corrupting within that hideous velvet glove!"

He closes his eyes with a shudder, and shuts out this sickening image; and now the evening darkens, and he hears the crows flying homeward, high above him, with their shrill, melancholy cawing. Up he rises with a sigh, and strides away over the dead leaves to a point in the prospective, where he discerns the last gleam of sunshine.

On he goes in this dismal ravine. Suddenly he pauses—what does he hear—voices? He scrutinizes the dusk in front of him carefully. Persons are there by the fence, talking—a man and a woman. The man is a stranger, but the woman he knows instinctively—it is Mrs. Estcourt.

It is dishonorable to listen; but there are circumstances under which one cannot help it. Lionel Chataigne cannot retreat, for fear of being heard; cannot advance, for fear of being seen. He must simply remain in the position of an involuntary eavesdropper.

Mrs. Estcourt, with a burnoose on, is in close conversation with a very large, coarse-looking man, who wears a light, rather flashy overcoat, and a tall chimney-pot hat, set somewhat awry upon his ugly head, and he is smoking a cigar. They are talking excitedly; but Chataigne cannot make out anything distinctly. Mrs. Estcourt is agitated and alarmed, the stranger rude and stern. Five minutes pass, and they separate, with gestures of menace and defiance, and—horror!—Mrs. Estcourt takes the very path in which Chataigne stands. Her intention is evidently to return to the house by a detour, in order to avoid the possibility of suspicion. Alas! what shall this unlucky young man do? She already hates him, and now he has surprised her secret, and in a moment she will learn that disquieting fact.

There is no escape, and he stands perfectly still and confronts her. The look of terror, fury and hatred upon her handsome face when she sees him he will not soon forget.

"So, sir, you have been playing the spy?" she says, with a gasp.

He tries to explain, and very lamely, I must confess; but she is not convinced—listens, with a sneer, to his bungling attempt to clear himself. With passionate rage she calls him a villain and a traitor, and uses such bitter language as makes his further sojourn at Oakleigh impossible. And then, while he is standing there, red, stunned, all confused, she disappears.

That evening, Mr. Creep and Mrs. Estcourt, sitting on a sofa together, while Edith, attended by Mr. Chataigne, who is out of spirits, sings at the piano, hold a mysterious whispered conference.

"I saw Harold Gravestone," she says. "This cannot go on much longer. His demands cannot be satisfied, and he has sworn to expose me. He professes to know where my child is, and declares that he can produce him at any moment. My poor Arthur! how my heart has yearned to see him all these years! Why did you deceive me—why did you tell me he was dead?"

"I did it all for your interest, madam," answers Mr. Creep. "I have dealt with far more complicated cases than this. Your position is simple enough. Twenty-five years ago you married James Gravestone secretly, and a son was born, who was taken away and hidden. You and your husband separated. No one besides ourselves and this brother Harold knew of the marriage. As soon as the father died, I thought it best, for your peace of mind, to lead you to believe the son had died too. Was not this magnanimity, after your cruel treatment of me? For many years you were free and happy, and then you became the wife of the wealthy Colonel Estcourt, without realizing that you had been a wife once before—the wife of a low outcast and gambler, which little fact might have prevented so brilliant a second match. Now, it appears the son was not really dead, after all, but still lives, and his uncle comes and tells you so, and extorts hush-money

"MUSIDORA." BY W. THEED.

THE DEAD HAND.—"SUDDENLY THE DAMASK CURTAINS AT THE WINDOW NEAR THE BEDSIDE PARTED, AND AN ICY HAND EMERGED, WITH THE PALLID BLUE GLARE OF THE MOON SHINING BRIGHTLY UPON IT—THE GHASTLY HAND OF A CORPSE."

under threats of exposure. Such things we read of every day. All you need do is, leave the case to me."

"To you? Trust you, who have so terrible a cause to hate me—you who are so cunning and pitiless! I believe in my soul that all that has happened is only a part of your plot for some frightful revenge."

Mr. Creep smirks blandly, and shrugs.

"Don't be so hard upon me, Mrs. Estcourt. Could I injure one whom I once loved as wildly as I loved you? But beware how you act independently of me. You married Colonel Estcourt for his wealth. Now, if he discovers your secret, you will never get anything but what the law allows—a mere pittance beside his enormous fortune—and he will leave the bulk of his estate to the person you hate most in the world—I *think* you do—that young man at the piano yonder—Mr. Chataigne!"

"To him?"

"Your husband is devoted to that young gentleman. I never saw such affection where there existed such a difference of years. Remember how tenderly Chataigne nursed him when he was so ill in Europe, and brought him back to life. Colonel Estcourt has never forgotten that unselfish devotion from a perfect stranger in a foreign land. He loves him as he loves no man else."

"While *I* hate him! Rather than he should have one penny of the fortune I have so schemed to gain, I would—poison him!"

"Mrs. Estcourt, you shock me! This is folly."

"Is it? You will not think so when I tell you that he overheard my secret interview with my dead husband's brother this evening."

"Good heaven! is this possible? Are you sure?" said Mr. Creep, with genuine alarm. "But, hush—here is your husband."

Colonel Estcourt entered from the piazza. Dull enough was the remainder of that evening, and when the great hall-clock struck eleven, all, taking their lights, trooped away to bed.

Lionel Chataigne was quite out of spirits. The air of his room was oppressive, and before he got into bed he drew it to the window, raised the sash for the fresh night-wind to enter, and drew the heavy damask curtains together to shut out the brilliant moonlight. Then for a long time he lay thinking. He came to a resolution—to-morrow he would warn his friend Estcourt that his wife was playing him false, and that duty done, he would leave Oakleigh for ever.

Where he should go, he knew not. All his life he had been a wanderer—never had he known a mother's love or a father's care. The only place that had ever seemed like home to him was the little cottage where he had passed his boyhood with old Meg Dykely; but one day a man had come and taken him away and lost him in the great metropolis, and from that time Lionel Chataigne had been lord of himself—that heritage of woe.

And now he slept, and a strange thing happened. Was he quite asleep, or was it only that uneasy middle state between slumber and waking?

He was lying there perfectly still, and dreamed—if dream it were—that he saw the furniture in the room, the pictures on the walls, and everything, just as before he got into bed. Suddenly, and very slowly, the damask curtains at the window near his bedside parted, and an icy hand emerged, with the pallid blue glare of the moon shining brightly upon it—the ghastly hand of a corpse!

The apparition of this grisly hand paralyzed him, and he could neither move nor cry out. Quietly it pulled the bedclothes down and seized his left wrist, and clutched it hard with a frozen grasp.

By a tremendous effort he recovered power over himself, and, with a wild scream, he sprang out of bed. He was alone—no one was visible! But he still felt the pressure of that corpse-like hand. He darted to the window, which was but a step, pulled aside the curtains and went out upon the balcony.

Bright was the moon, and his shadow behind him assumed black and gigantic proportions. He looked at his wrist, and there were the marks of the icy hand that had held him, still visible.

CHAPTER II.

WHOSE HAND WAS IT?

Lionel Chataigne was troubled no more that night, but he arose late next morning and breakfasted alone. The spectre hand—was it not a dream, after all? He tried to reason himself with this belief; but, somehow, could not help associating the vision with the dead hand of Mrs. Estcourt in its black velvet glove.

And now the hour had come for the warning.

"Where was Colonel Estcourt?"

The servant thought he could be found somewhere in the grounds, exercising with a pistol, according to his daily morning custom for years. Chataigne soon made him out, and found him at this employment.

"Rather dreary fun, isn't it?" he said, advancing with a smile. "I never fired a pistol three times in my life."

"Great fun, on the contrary," replied Estcourt, reloading. "Byron loved it—don't you remember? Do you see that penny-piece in the knot of that tree?"

"You don't mean to say you can hit it?"

"See for yourself."

Estcourt fired, and struck the coin in the centre.

"My hand shakes, you see," he explained; "but it is the eye that practice trains, and not the hand." The hand! Chataigne shuddered. "Now, here is a card," continued Estcourt, producing the ace of hearts. He tossed it with a dexterous twirl far up into the air, and instantly fired his second barrel. The card fell to the earth, the red pip pierced through. "So I could pierce the heart of one who had wronged me," said Colonel Estcourt, with a smile.

"Estcourt," said Chataigne—for he felt that this was a proper cue, "you and I have been dear friends, and I feel that I must speak words that a friend only would dare to speak, that a traitor would conceal."

Estcourt raised his eyebrows, puzzled.

"Is this the prologue to a scene in melodrama? Has M. Dumas written a new play? What does he call it?—'A Wife's Honor; Or, The Husband's Vengeance!' That would look well in the bills, I think!"

"I am serious, and it is about your wife I would speak. You are of a trusting disposition—no longer a young man—you love her devotedly. Are you sure she is not deceiving you?"

"All wives deceive their husbands about trifles—the best of them. It is the feminine nature. What is her awful crime? Does she use rouge and powder on the sly—smoke a furtive cigar occasionally—drink a little champagne *sub rosa?* Out with the worst."

"I am not trifling. Watch your wife, Estcourt."

Chataigne could say no more—he dared not trust himself—and, with this valedictory, he walked off.

Estcourt looked after him, confounded.

"Poor fellow, he is mad!" was his comment. "Oakleigh has been dull enough to turn his wits."

But human nature is composed of strange elements. Estcourt laughed; but had there not grown up in his heart since those last few moments an agonizing distrust

—vague, unreal, a thing to be still laughed at, but a torture? Jealous? How absurd!

"'Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions?'"

He laughed boisterously as he quoted these lines, but at the same time in his secret heart there was an awful aching.

He threw down his pistol and sauntered off. As he turned toward the house he encountered the pale, withered smirk of Lawyer Creep.

"Chataigne is out of his wits, Mr. Creep. He has just been warning me to watch my wife."

"Indeed! And whom else?" said Creep, with an oily leer.

"Heaven knows—you, perhaps. You are a fascinating fellow, Creep—a perfect Gramont or Villiers! No doubt your graces of mind and person have captivated Mrs. Estcourt. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Maybe you had better watch *him*, my friend," said Creep, with his odious smile. "There is such a thing as directing suspicion from oneself by accusing others."

The shot told. Estcourt winced as if stung.

"But—but—you are a fool! He has always hated my wife, and she him."

"I don't doubt it. But I have seen acting in my life that you would have thought nature itself," said Creep, with a low, hateful laugh, rubbing his withered hands.

Estcourt was in agony. It was all over for him. "Not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, shall ever medicine him to that sweet sleep he owed yesterday.'

Meanwhile Chataigne had gone on. So his friend had refused to listen—had ridiculed his warning. The young man was a little angry. Would it not be best to quit Oakleigh at once, and trouble himself about its inmates no more? He felt that this would indeed be the wisest course; but at the same time something—was it merely that leaven of obstinacy in human nature?—urged him to save Estcourt from wrong in spite of himself. And so when he entered the house Chataigne resolved to write a second warning, this time addressed to Mrs. Estcourt.

In the privacy of his room he indited this monition:

"MADAM: After what passed between us yesterday, it is impossible for me to remain at Oakleigh. I saw the secret interview in the forest between yourself and a stranger, but heard not a single word of the conversation that passed. This much I declare in order to free myself from the imputation of being a spy upon the conduct of my friend's wife. I add but one word more—for your own sake, if not for his, take care!

"LIONEL CHATAIGNE."

This message, a little studied and theatrical, I think, but very earnest, was conveyed through a servant to Mrs. Estcourt, who received it in her own room. Red and pale by turns, she read it, when the domestic had gone. Her enemy was going, then! Was this fortunate, or ill? And that last brief sentence, how pregnant with augury and menace! Again she perused those ominous lines and weighed them. In this absorption she did not notice that some one had silently entered the chamber and was standing but a few feet off, watching her in silence, with a dark smile.

The person was Colonel Estcourt. She looked up listlessly, saw him, and uttered a little cry.

"Madam, you will be good enough to let me see that letter," he said, coolly.

Her cheeks were crimson. With a slightly hysterical laugh she answered:

"This letter? Why do you wish to see it?"

"Give it me," he retorted, sternly.

"Charles, what do you mean? Is this some jest to frighten me? You cannot be serious, sir."

"Will you let me see the letter?" he cried, advancing.

The smile was gone. His countenance was full of thunder and menace.

"You are mad, Colonel Estcourt. The letter is my property."

She was about to thrust it in her bosom, but a step brought him in front of her, and he snatched it. The delicate scrivenry of Lionel Chataigne is under his burning glance, and in a moment he will have read those fatal sentences. But no, he will never read them. Mrs. Estcourt has seized the missive again, turns and thrusts it into the fire smoldering in the grate behind her.

Pale and haggard, Colonel Estcourt falls back, while she surveys him with an agitated triumph.

"You shall rue this!" he thunders. "I recognized that handwriting, and I know who your lover is."

With these words he leaves the room.

Lionel Chataigne her lover! Mrs. Estcourt laughs shrilly. Her husband jealous of the man she hates most on earth!

Colonel Estcourt descends to the lower part of the house. On the piazza he meets the man he is looking for.

"Mr. Chataigne, you addressed my wife a letter this morning?"

Chataigne is startled. "Yes," he answers, after a slight pause.

"You understand my character, I believe. Our notions about dueling, if I mistake not," he proceeds, very coolly, to all appearance, "are both Continental, and agree perfectly. When I tell you that we can settle our little affair very quietly to-morrow morning on the other side of the wood, with any weapons you please, and that if you need a friend you will doubtless find one in Doctor Amyott, who lives two miles from here on his farm, I suppose there is nothing more to be added."

"Estcourt, *are* you mad?"

"The question is this—you have written my wife a letter. Now, will you tell me the contents of that communication?"

Expose her, bring ruin and desolation at one blow? Strike a defenseless woman to the heart? Might she not be perfectly guiltless, after all? What a fool he had been to act so precipitately. No; his soul revolted—he *could not* do it.

"Answer me, sir."

"I must decline."

"Then lose no time in finding your friend."

"What do you mean to do?"

"I mean to kill you to-morrow morning."

Estcourt strode away. Chataigne stood there dumbfounded. Well, the mischief had been done—the hour had come. He knew Estcourt—a soldier he had been—his ideas about a resort to arms for the satisfaction of wounded honor were all old-fashioned.

"I accused his wife falsely, and so struck at him, and must answer for my blunder—that is all."

Here are the sworn friends and brothers of yesterday at swords' points. One word of calm inquiry will set them right; but, alas! that word can never be spoken. Both are blind, and the end is the darkness of death.

Chataigne rode over to see this Doctor Amyott, of whom Estcourt had spoken. They had already met once or twice, and the doctor welcomed him cordially, heard his errand gravely, with pursed lips and downcast intentness.

Doctor Amyott had been in affairs of this kind before, both as principal and second, and, it was reported, had killed his man—a Creole—in the neighborhood of New Orleans.

"Sad enough, these misunderstandings between old friends," he said, after he had heard all; "but those are the hatreds that can never be made up. I saw two twin-brothers fight once in the Mississippi swamps—they had loved each other dearly, but a woman came between them, and one of them pierced the other through the heart before my eyes."

FRENCH HEADS AND HEADDRESSES.

And now about weapons? With a shudder Chataigne recollected the scene of the pistol-firing in the shrubbery that morning, and Estcourt's skill. But why not pistols as well as anything else? "He will kill me anyhow," he thought, and so those weapons he named.

"You cannot return to Oakleigh," said Amyott. "Remain here as my guest. I shall run over there to confer with Estcourt's friend, and get back in time for a jolly evening with you."

"No," said Chataigne. "Absurd as it may appear, to Oakleigh I must return, otherwise there may be suspicion, and Estcourt wishes to have the business arranged entirely between ourselves."

So, after dinner, and about five o'clock, the two rode back to Oakleigh. Chataigne went directly to his room and secluded himself there. Doctor Amyott was introduced to an Irish gentleman living in the neighborhood, Mr. Fergus O'Grady, and consulted with that genial personage over some whisky-and-water and a box of cigars. Mr. O'Grady was, according to his own avowal, one of the most peaceful of men—wouldn't harm a fly. "But, me dear friend, what are ye to do in certain cases but appeal to arms? I niver felt so reluctant in me life," he declared, although it must be confessed that he went into the details of the contemplated affair with an air very much like relish and enjoyment.

FRENCH HEADS AND HEADDRESSES.

And so it was arranged that host and guest were to meet on the field of death in the cold gray of the next morning.

Chataigne remained in his solitude, retiring to his bed late; and now, for the second time, a curious circumstance occurred.

He had been asleep about two hours, when he suddenly awoke. All his senses were alive instantly. He could not recollect having

AN ANGLO-FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.— SKETCHING THE PICTURESQUE.— SEE PAGE 188.

dreamed, and yet, somehow, he was frightened—awfully frightened.

He was about to sit up. Just then his eye caught sight of a movement of the damask curtain at his bedside. Some one was fumbling with it, attempting noiselessly to draw it aside. Chataigne watched the movement, paralyzed! Slowly a hand protruded, white in the livid glare of the moon, and in this hand a cloth was held.

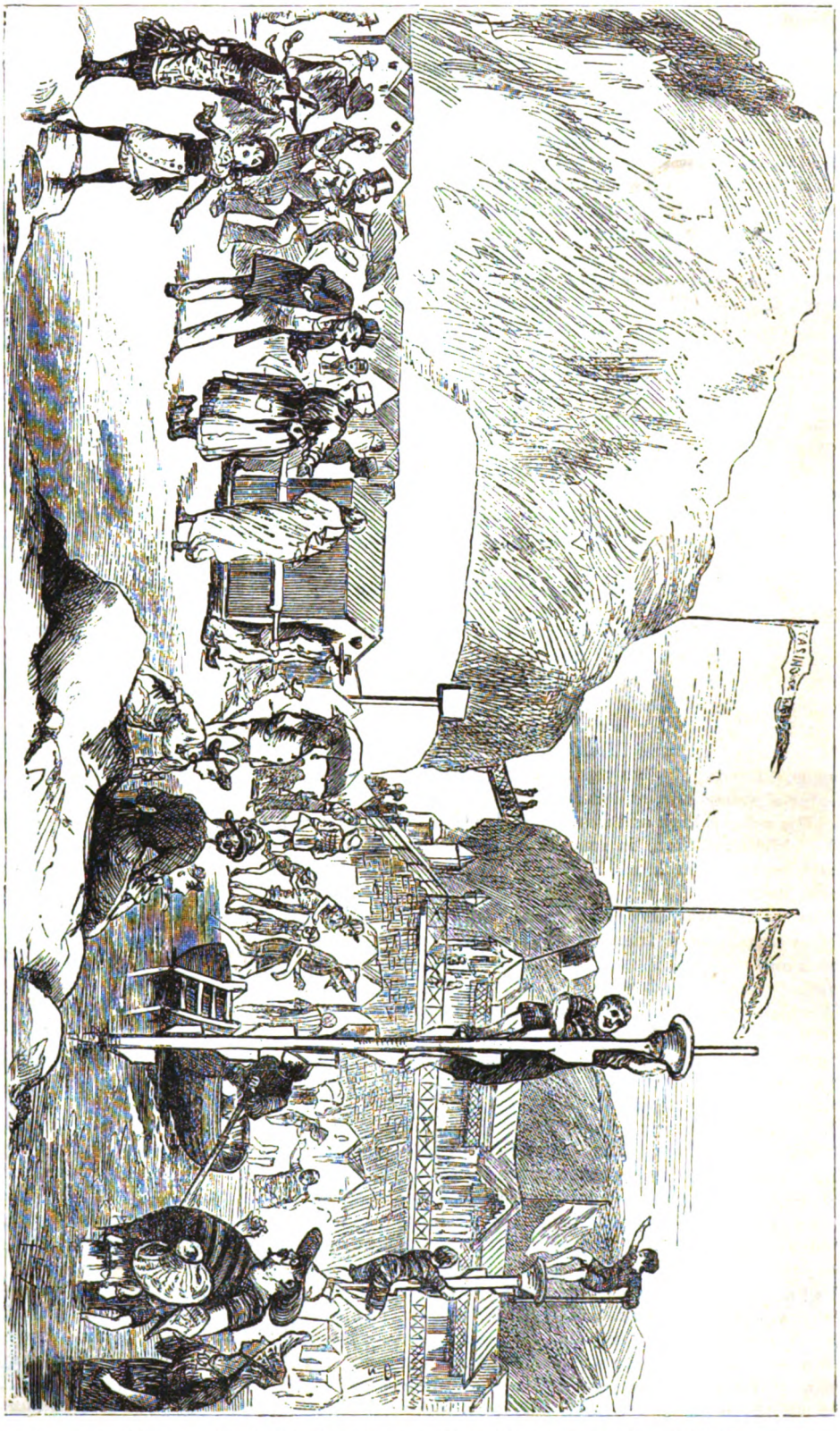
"Some one is on the balcony — some one has come here intending to smother me in my sleep. Such a death leaves no trace," he thought.

By a supreme effort of will he recovered control of himself, and suddenly grasped that mysterious hand.

Then there was a struggle. But he drew the hand of the assassin up to his mouth, and bit with a cruel grip into the flesh, and then he released it.

He sprang out of bed, pulled away the curtain, and stepped upon the long balcony, which extended the length of that side of the house. But he was alone! The shutters of all the other bedrooms were closed, and a dead silence rested upon all things. In the sky hung, as if ready to fall, the brilliant full moon.

"If Estcourt does not kill me," said Chataigne, "I shall know to-morrow who would have done so to-night!"



AN ANGLO-FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.—THE BATHING HOUR AT GRANVILLE.—SEE PAGE 188.

CHAPTER III.

MR. CREEP PLAYS HIS TRUMP.

It is seven o'clock. Two hours ago, in the chill light of the morning, all the gentlemen who had passed the night at Oakleigh, except Mr. Creep, rode quietly away, none but themselves aware upon what errand. Mr. Creep may have his suspicions. No one can read the thoughts of that inscrutable man. But he is radiant. He has walked about the grounds, and played with the dogs, and talked with the coachman, and had a glass of cream from the milkmaid, for which he gave that buxom Hebe the magnificent recompense of a shilling, with the jocular further offer of a kiss, indignantly declined.

Mr. Creep has sent a message to Mrs. Estcourt, desiring her to meet him at nine o'clock in the library. The communication was couched in terms so peremptory that he is tolerably certain that the appointment will be kept. Meanwhile he amuses himself in various ways, and at length the hour rolls round.

Very pale and composed is Mrs. Estcourt when she appears. Has she premonition that a crisis has been reached ?

Mr. Creep places a chair for her, but does not take one for himself. He assumes a position giving him a good view through the window, so that he may readily see any one who may come up the avenue outside.

"Madam," he begins, in a low, dry voice, rubbing his hands together, as usual, and wearing his malign smile, "had you any conversation of importance with your husband yesterday ?"

Her beautiful lips curled with unmistakable disdain.

"I suppose you have already informed yourself of everything," she replies. "My husband, I believe, is jealous of Mr. Chataigne ; but that delusion will soon be cured, for Mr. Chataigne leaves Oakleigh to-day for ever !"

"For ever !" repeats Mr. Creep, with his horrible smirk and a peculiar emphasis. "Yes, he has already left Oakleigh ; and, from what I learned through the servants this morning, I feel pretty confident that he will never return."

The insinuation—what can it mean ? She turns a shade paler.

"So part of my trouble is over, I hope," she sighs. "Harold Gravestone has been paid another installment, and will give me peace for at least a year. And you, I suppose, will go also to-day ?"

"I shall go to-day, but I have some business to finish before my departure. Mrs. Estcourt, you did me a wrong once. For twenty-five years I have patiently awaited the hour of vengeance, and at last that hour has arrived."

His voice is high and stern, and, for the first time since his childhood, there is some color in his cheeks. As he speaks, watch in hand, he vigilantly gazes through the window.

"Twenty-five years ago a young man madly loved you. He was poor and friendless, but determined to become rich and powerful for your sake. He wooed you, and you promised to be his wife. Blind fool, he trusted you. Neglecting everything but his purpose, he slaved day and night. What was his reward ? When the period of his promised happiness arrived, he found that you had betrayed him, and were the wife of another. That young man you deceived was I. Well, what followed ? Did I kill myself in despair, as so many others would have done ? Not I. I had cherished my love ; it had turned to hatred, and I now began to cherish my vengeance. I knew that your marriage must be unhappy, and so it turned out. You soon separated from your husband ; a son was born. That child you desired to conceal, and I became the agent for the accomplishment of your purpose, although you had no suspicion of the fact. After you had deserted the boy, you took no further interest in his fate, but, as he grew, my vigilant eye was for ever upon him. At length you came to believe he was dead, and I encouraged that belief. Years rolled on ; you followed a public career, and at length, in the course of it, met the wealthy and aristocratic Colonel Estcourt. You became his wife, concealing the former marriage ; but now the brother of your first husband appeared, and unvailed a fearful secret—that your son was still living. You were compelled to pay hush-money. In a little while another person appeared on the scene—Colonel Estcourt's former intimate friend, Lionel Chataigne, a young man in whom he had taken great interest and formed an ardent affection for. All this *I* brought about—by patience, resolution, cunning and money !"

His small eyes gleam luridly. Mrs. Estcourt has started up, and stands before him with clasped hands.

"Yesterday, events, which had been moving so slowly, at length began to concentrate and gather to a climax. Colonel Estcourt's free and noble mind was suddenly poisoned by a terrible suspicion. By artful hints he was led to believe that his guest, for whom he felt such affection, was secretly endeavoring to blast his domestic happiness. With a nature like his, a spark produces a conflagration. Do you not begin to perceive the drift of all this ? One word more will enlighten you. Yesterday Colonel Estcourt challenged Lionel Chataigne, and they fought this morning. Your husband is a dead shot—Chataigne knows nothing of arms—by this time Colonel Estcourt has killed him !"

"Merciful heavens !" she cries. "Who would believe there could be such a fiend ? But, sir, this young man is nothing to me. If my husband has killed him, I am sorry, for he never did either of us any wrong, and I misunderstood his character altogether ; but he was Colonel Estcourt's bosom friend—not mine."

"Not yours !" exclaims Mr. Creep, almost in a shriek of horrid triumph. "Foolish woman, he was your son !"

She screams and reels backward. Mr. Creep springs toward her and saves her from falling. There is some cologne on the mantelpiece, and he hastily bathes her forehead.

In his excitement he has ceased his watch at the window. A group have come up the avenue, and they bear some one on a litter. There is a trampling of footsteps in the corridor, the door opens, and all enter.

On the litter, pale and bleeding, lies Colonel Estcourt. Mr. O'Grady and Dr. Amyott attend him on either side, while Chataigne and the servants bring up the rear.

Mr. Creep stares at the scene, appalled.

"Colonel Estcourt wounded !" he gasps.

"Yes, justly wounded," moans that gentleman. "Blind fool that I am, I would have shot an innocent man ! I don't know how it was—my hand, always so true before, shook—and—and I was saved from a dreadful crime. My darling," he says, addressing his wife, "you must forgive me. I did you a terrible wrong, and am sorely punished. Shall not this wound be sufficient atonement ? Come, you and Chataigne, who have always misunderstood each other, must henceforth be friends."

"No, Colonel Estcourt," says Chataigne, "your wife and I can never be friends, and I should be indeed an enemy to you if I concealed for a moment longer what I know of this evil woman's character. She has always hated me, and last night attempted to assassinate me in my sleep !"

There is a general cry of horror and amazement.

Chataigne proceeds to tell his story in detail, and concludes :

"When the hand of the assassin came within my reach, I seized it and bit into the flesh with my teeth, so that I should know it again. Look at Mrs. Estcourt's hand, and you will see the imprint of my teeth."

Dr. Amyott seizes her left hand.

"Not that !" cries Chataigne ; "but the right—the dead hand, sheathed in the velvet glove !"

Mrs. Estcourt smiles sadly.

"I have no right hand. It is dead, indeed, and buried. It met with an accident long ago, and was amputated, and my right hand, as you see, gentlemen, is of wax."

She has removed the glove, and at last the mystery it so long hid is revealed. Her right hand is, indeed, formed of wax.

"Could I, then, have been dreaming?" exclaims Chataigne, perfectly astonished. "But no, it was *no* dream!"

Mr. Creep has placed his hands behind him, and shows signs of being about to wriggle away, but Mr. Fergus O'Grady suddenly seizes him, and after a struggle brings his right hand before the light, and there, plainly enough, are the evidences of Lionel Chataigne's firm and sharp teeth!

The old man's face is livid.

"Well, the game is up, I suppose," he says, trembling with fright and rage, "and I don't mind confessing I did try to kill you in your sleep last night; but I shouldn't have done it if I had known the duel was to have come off this morning. If I had smothered you, everybody would have accused your mother of the deed, and that would have been revenge enough."

"My mother!"

And now Mr. Creep unfolds his strange story, while they listen breathless. Step by step he traces the progress of his dark plot, and when at length he concludes, and moves toward the door, no one opposes him, and he goes out, leaving his audience transfixed.

* * * * * * *

Colonel Estcourt recovered and forgave his wife, and when it was proved beyond controversy that Chataigne was really Mrs. Estcourt's son by the former marriage with James Gravestone, the young man became a permanent inmate at Oakleigh. Old Mr. Creep furnished the necessary proofs, with the understanding that he was not to be prosecuted for his attempt to murder. He strenuously denied to the last, however, that he made more than one attempt—that, of course, in which he was foiled and afterward detected—so the first apparition of the hand in the window-curtain must have been a dream. Dr. Amyott takes this view of the matter.

"You see," he said to Chataigne, "the morbid curiosity you felt with regard to your mother's dead hand, always hidden in that glove, weighed upon your mind, and the result was an unpleasant dream. You tell me that you felt the icy grasp and afterward saw the finger-prints, and I don't doubt it; but I suspect if you had been wider awake you might have traced that hand to its real owner of flesh and blood—in short, yourself. With your own right hand you had, in sleep, grasped your own left wrist, and the result was the vision, which, long as the time seemed to you, could not have lasted over half a minute in reality. In Abercrombie you will find similar instances, also in many other writers who have treated upon the human mind."

THE Empress Eugenie's famous pearl necklace is now the property of one of the richest women in Europe, Countess Henckel. The Empress had the pearls sold in London. One of her ladies, accompanied by two friends of the imperial widow, carried them to an English jeweler, who bought them, and disposed of them to the Countess Henckel for 360,000 francs. This lady had some of the pearls, less beautiful than the others, removed, and added two other rows—one which came from the jewels sold by the Queen of Naples, the other from the necklace of the Virgin of Atocha, sold by a great Spanish personage. At present, the suite of pearls belonging to the countess, earrings and brooch included, is worth 800,000 or 900,000 francs. It is said to be the finest set of pearls in the world.

CLOCKS IN CHINA.

THE Chinese as a people appear to take but little note of the flight of time when engaged with the industrial affairs of life, but the reverse is the case in certain events of frequent occurrence in human experience. By this we mean such occurrences as marriages, births and deaths, the first shaving of a son's head, breaking ground for a new house, etc., the times of which are recorded with peculiar care. The only means possessed in most cases of chronicling such an important event as the first shaving of a son's head are lighted joss-sticks, the crowing of cocks, hour-glasses, and other similar contrivances, all extremely rude and unreliable time-keepers. Compasses and small sun-dials are luxuries, and only employed by "professional men." The well-to-do sometimes call these gentlemen in—presumably to chronicle the hour of the first shave or the birth of an infant.

In large towns and cities the different watches of the day, as ascertained by the sun-dial, are sounded by huge drums at the principal places. One of the curiosities at Canton is a tower consisting of a system of tanks or vessels, one above another, perforated so that the water is kept dropping regularly through them for the purpose of keeping the time.

But some of the incidents which seem to arise out of this curious custom are very amusing. A child born at, say, December 31st, 1877, at eleven o'clock P.M., would, according to Chinese reckoning, be a year old the next morning, and two years old on his first annual birthday, and so on. They would say in explanation that he was born in 1877, and 1877 is ended; therefore the year 1877 must be counted in reckoning his age.

WHO FIRST DREW DOWN THE LIGHTNING?

THE history of lightning-conductors extends over but a brief period of time. It is ordinarily dated from the memorable evening when Benjamin Franklin, accompanied by his eldest son, succeeded in the bold experiment of drawing the lightning from the clouds down the conductor afforded by the wet string of his silken kite. But we must antedate this triumph of experimental sagacity, though only by a few days, in favor of an experiment made at the suggestion of Buffon by M. Dalibard.

At Marly-la-Ville, about eighteen miles from Paris, on the road to Pontoise, M. Dalibard possessed a country house, standing on a high plain, some 400 feet above the sea-level. Here a wooden scaffolding was erected, supporting an iron rod eighty feet long and a little more than an inch thick. At about five feet from the ground this rod was connected with an electrical apparatus. Shortly after the whole was fixed—on May 10th, 1752, fifty-five days before the observation at Philadelphia—a thunderstorm came on. M. Dalibard was absent in Paris, but he had left the apparatus in charge of a faithful sentinel, one of his servants, an old soldier, Coiffier by name, with full instructions. Coiffier presented to the conductor an iron key, with the handle bound in silk, and was thus the first human observer who drew down, by tentative means, the electric spark from the clouds.

THE HISTORY OF WRITING.

THE Ashmolean Museum at Oxford contains one of the oldest monuments of civilization in the world, if, indeed, it is not the very oldest. This is the lintel-stone of a tomb which formed the last resting-place of an officer who lived

AN ANGLO-FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.—THE ART OF THE FUGAREE.

A FRENCHMAN'S NOTION OF BATHING.

in the time of King Sent, of the second dynasty of Egypt, whose date is placed by M. Mariette more than 6,000 years ago.

The stone is covered with that delicate and finished sculpture which distinguished the earliest period of Egyptian history, and was immeasurably superior to the stiff and conventional art of the later ages of Egypt. But it is also covered with something more precious still than sculpture—with hieroglyphics which show that even at that remote epoch Egyptian writing was a complete and finished art, with long ages of previous development lying behind it. The hieroglyphic characters were already used, not only pictorially and ideographically, but also to express syllables and alphabetic letters; the name of the king, for instance, being spelt alphabetically.

In the hands of the Egyptian scribes, however, Egyptian writing never made any further progress. With the fall of what is called the Old Empire (about B.C. 3,500), the freshness and expansive force of the people passed away. Egyptian life and thought became fossilized, and through the long series of centuries that followed, Egypt resembled one of its own mummies, faithfully preserving the form and features of a past age and of a life which had ceased to beat in its veins. Until the introduction of Christianity, the only change undergone by Egyptian writing was the invention of a running-hand, which in its earlier and simpler form is called hieratic, and in its later form demotic.

THE affection of parents is best shown to their children by teaching them what is good and true.

ATTACHED AND UNATTACHED.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.

THE humors and fashions of that piquant social mixture and medley of holiday folk with the more or less picturesque, and sometimes uncouth, native element of population, which Americans in Europe see at certain marine watering-places on the Continent, have frequently excited the notice of their visitors.

One place is apt to differ in many of its tricks and habits from another, if we survey the Continental seacoast, from the German Ocean down the Channel to the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic, with a minute observation of various classes of residents and occasional sojourners at the favorite points of Summer entertainment.

The small town of Granville, situated about thirty-three miles southeast of Jersey, near Avranches, which is not less agreeably situated, but apart from the sea, and the romantic structures of Mont St. Michel, has its peculiar attractions for some English people, who desire novelty with a touch of quaintness. "There are good hotels," says a correspondent, "plenty of amusements, and the bathing is characteristic of a free and easy disposition." The sands and the Casino Gardens are thronged with spectators at the usual bathing hour. Instead of machines, to be drawn from the beach out into the water, each lady or gentleman has to enter a small portable cabinet, made of canvas upon a frame, not unlike a sedan-chair, in which he or she will undress, and put on a prescribed bathing-dress, and then come out and walk down to the sea, perhaps loitering on the way to chat with his or her friends.

For the use of swimmers and divers—as the depth of water changes greatly here

with the tide, sometimes rising and falling as much as forty feet—there are poles set up, with stepping-blocks at their sides, to afford a convenient foothold and place of rest.

These arrangements of the Granville bathing-place are shown in our sketches, with the example of a more passive method of taking the benefit of the sea-water, preferred by an elderly Frenchman who is not ambitious of natatory display. Lovers and other loungers, an Anglo-Indian officer adjusting the vail or *pugaree* to his straw hat, a young lady of artistic taste making a study of native costume among the granite rocks, and a collection of expressive heads with curious head-gear, fill up the remaining space.

"On entering Granville," says a pedestrian, "I was nearly blinded with the dust; it swept past me in regular clouds. I presume, however, that the good people here are too much accustomed to this visitation to entertain any thoughts of removing it by water-carts, for, on turning back on one occasion, I was surprised to see a party of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen standing quietly in the middle of the road, and engaged in animated conversation as composedly as if they had been in a drawing-room, though the dust regularly enveloped them in its white folds."

Granville is built on a hill and in the valley below. You enter, through a romantic fissure in the rock, to the sea-shore and the baths. Then there is the harbor and the pier. The church is situated on the hill, where also is the fort. There are two or three good streets.

Granville is nominally only a canton town, though, like many other similar places, it has assumed an importance far beyond its municipal position. Granville has become a seaside place of much resort. There are good sands for bathing, a fine pier for walking, and many characteristics calculated to attract the stranger. Steamers ply regularly between this place and St. Helier's, Jersey; consequently many English people, visitors to the Channel Islands, cross over here, stay two or three days, and then return.

THE MASSACRE AT CHICAGO.—"AT THIS MOMENT TWO FRIENDLY CHIEFS CAME UP AND ENDEAVORED TO SAVE HIM, WHEN ANOTHER INDIAN SLIPPED UP BEHIND AND GAVE HIM HIS DEATH-BLOW BY A STAB IN THE BACK."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

VIOLIN-MAKERS.

In approaching Mittenwald, Bavaria, one would scarcely suppose that near upon 8,000 violins, which are made in that quaint village, are yearly sent to different countries. Violin-making has been carried on there for the past two hundred years. At present there are two depots, each of which sends out about 4,000 instruments every year. The inhabitants work in their own houses. These people get all the raw material from the two depots, where they give up the instruments when finished. The violin-makers, about 200 in number, unfortunately get but poor pay for their labor.

As short a time back as eighty years, the only agent they had was an old man, who went about from place to place with a box on his back containing specimens of their work. Most of them only do the violin work in Winter, as they are generally occupied in the Summer in getting in their little bit of corn and hay. A boy can

learn the trade without any pecuniary assistance on the part of his parents, as the Bavarian Government started a school for violin-making some years ago.

SUMMER PLAYTIME.

What wonder that the Summer warmth
Is fragrant as the flowers?
What wonder that the Summer's spell
Enfolds the sunlit hours?
A love-song ripples in the stream,
And dances into rhyme;
It haunts me like a vanish'd dream
That mocks at vanish'd time.

What wonder that the happy birds
Sing on so loud to-day
An endless song of endless joy
That never dies away?
They welcome back the Summer-time
With all its golden glow,
That glistens on the burnish'd boughs,
And fires the stream below.

I watch the wid'ning circles spread
Where lazy fishes leap,
I see the shadow-haunted nooks
Where water-lilies sleep;
And still my rod forgotten lies,
And hours may come and go:
A sweeter spell is in your eyes
Than woods or waters know.

The breezes woo the woodland scents,
The sunbeams kiss the stream,
The earth seems full of untold joy,
And life a happy dream—
A dream of glances swift and coy,
And tangled gold of hair,
And rosy lips that shyly smile,
And drive me to despair.

Ah, little love! beneath the trees
You've smiled my heart away,
And turn'd to life-long earnestness
My Summer-time of play.
I gather up my scatter'd thoughts,
New-woven into rhyme;
So take the verse and take the heart,
For both are wholly thine!

THE MASSACRE AT CHICAGO.

It was early in the evening of April 7th, 1812, that Mr. Kinzie, one of the most prominent settlers of the West, was sitting by his fire playing the violin, while his little children were dancing over the floor in their merriment.

The tea-table was spread, and they were awaiting the return of their mother, who was absent at a sick neighbor's. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and, pale and excited, Mrs. Kinzie rushed in:

"The Indians!—the Indians!"

"The Indians! What do you mean?" demanded the husband, springing to his feet, while the children, with staring eyes and throbbing hearts, gathered around the almost fainting mother.

"Up at Lee's Place, killing and scalping!"

It was several minutes before Mrs. Kinzie could calm herself enough to give an intelligible account of the cause of her terror. Finally she related that while she was at the neighbor's, a man and a boy were seen running down with all speed on the opposite side of the river; that they shouted across to give notice to the family to save themselves, for the Indians were at Lee's Place, from which they had just escaped. Pausing but a moment to give this dreadful intelligence, they hurried on toward the fort, which was on their side of the river.

There was not a moment to be lost. Any moment might bring the merciless savages. The family were hurried into two old *pirogues* that were moored near the house, and paddled with the utmost haste across the river, to take refuge in the fort.

Lee's Place, later known as Hardscrabble, was a farm intersected by the Chicago River, about four miles from its mouth. The farmhouse stood on the western bank of the south branch of that river. On the same side of the main stream, near its junction with Lake Michigan, stood the house and trading establishment of Mr. Kinzie.

The fort was located on the southern bank, directly opposite the house, the river and a rod or two of land being all that intervened between them. The fort was of peculiar structure. It had two blockhouses on the southern side, and on the northern side a sally-port or subterranean passage from the parade-ground to the river. This was an ingenious plan for escape in case of great emergency, or for supplying the garrison with water during a protracted siege. The entire command consisted of seventy-five men, the greater part of whom were worse than useless.

The farm at Lee's Place was occupied by a man named White, who had three persons in his employ. On the afternoon of this day, April 7th, a dozen Indians, in their war-paint, made their appearance at the house, and, without the least ceremony, entered and made themselves at home. Something in the appearance of these visitors excited the suspicions of one of the men, who stated his fears to the others.

Two of these, a soldier and a boy, sharing the same uneasiness, determined, if possible, to get away from the place. Later in the afternoon the soldier walked in a leisurely manner toward the canoes, of which there were two tied at the bank. Several of the Indians inquired where he was going. He pointed to the cattle, which were standing among the haystacks on the opposite side, and replied by signs that it was time to go and fodder them.

He got into one canoe, and the boy in the other. The stream was very narrow, and it required but a few moments for them to cross; so narrow, indeed, was the river, that when they reached the other bank they were still fearful that their real design would be discovered, and they made a show of collecting the fodder, to deceive the Indians, several of whom were watching them, as though they half suspected their intention.

Keeping the haystacks between them and the view of the savages, the fugitives gradually left the river, until at a goodly distance, when they started on a full run for the fort. After running a few hundred yards they heard the discharge of two guns in succession, which, they had no doubt, were leveled at the companions they had left behind. They made no pause until opposite the family alluded to, whom they called to and alarmed, as we have already stated.

It now occurred to those within the walls of the fort that this same family were in imminent danger, and a young ensign, with five or six soldiers, started out to rescue them. They ascended the river in a scow, and on reaching the house found it still undisturbed. The mother, with an infant scarcely a day old, was carried on her bed to the boat, and, with the rest of the children, conveyed safely to the fort.

It so happened that on this same afternoon a corporal

and six men had obtained permission and gone up the river to fish. As a matter of course, there was great anxiety for their safety, as, in returning, they would pass directly in front of Lee's Place; and, as it was night, they would have lighted torches, which could not fail to be seen by the Indians. The commanding officer of the fort ordered a cannon to be discharged, in the hope of warning them of danger. It was a fortunate thing, indeed, for the fishermen. When they heard the boom echoing through the woods and along the river they were about two miles above Lee's Place, descending in their canoe. Understanding the hint, they immediately dipped their torches in the water, and dropped silently down in the darkness.

On arriving at Lee's Place the fishing-party halted, for the purpose of warning the inmates. Cautiously paddling to the shore, they groped their way toward the building. All was as still as the grave. The corporal, springing lightly over a small inclosure, placed his hand upon the dead body of a man. Running over his head, he found that he had been scalped, and otherwise mutilated. A faithful dog sat by the corpse, guarding it through the still hours of the night. As the corporal saw that it was all over with their friends, they returned to their canoes, and reached the fort a little before midnight.

The next day a party from the fort visited Lee's Place to discover what had been done. The proprietor they found pierced by two balls and with eleven stabs in his heart. A Frenchman—he who had been the first to suspect the Indians—lay dead, with his dog still watching beside him. These were taken to the fort and decently interred.

It was afterward learned that the perpetrators of this bloody outrage were a party of Winnebagoes, who had come into the neighborhood with the deliberate resolve to murder all the settlers along the river. The report of the cannon had so alarmed them, however, that they descended no lower than Lee's Place, but returned at once to their homes on Rock River.

The inhabitants outside the fort now entrenched themselves in the agency house. And, as the Indians were believed to be still lurking in the vicinity, orders were issued prohibiting any soldier or citizen from leaving the vicinity, unless under the escort of a guard. This period, the reader will bear in mind, was immediately after the Battle of Tippecanoe, and the country was in a very unsettled condition. Indians were continually detected hovering in the vicinity, and on several occasions there were collisions between them and the guards, who had left the fort, for some cause or other.

Nothing worthy of mention occurred for several weeks, when Catfish—a Pottowattamie chief—arrived at the post with dispatches from General Hull, announcing the declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States, and that he—Gen. Hull—at the head of the Northwestern army, had arrived at Detroit; and that the Island of Mackinac had fallen into the hands of the British.

The orders to Captain Heald were: "To evacuate the fort, if practicable, and, in that event, to distribute all the United States property contained in the fort and in the United States factory or agency, among the Indians in the neighborhood."

Catfish, who was unquestionably well-disposed toward the Americans, and who had, in a marked degree, all the sagacity peculiar to his race, after delivering his dispatches, sought out Mr. Kinzie, and informed him that he was acquainted with the purport of his orders, and begged Mr. Kinzie to use all his influence to prevent the evacuation of the fort.

The garrison were supplied with fully six months' provisions, and they could certainly hold out until reinforcements could reach them; but if Captain Heald intended to evacuate the fort, it should be done without a day's delay, before the hostile Indians could ascertain the meaning of such a movement. Mr. Kinzie went immediately to Captain Heald and gave the earnest counsel of the chief, and united his own advice with it. The commandant replied that he should evacuate by all means; but, as he was ordered to distribute the United States property, he intended first to gather all the Indians in the neighborhood and make an equitable division among them.

It really seems as if many of the commandants of the frontier posts, during the Indian wars, were inspired with a stupidity such as might not be expected in a mere child.

In the face of the opposition of his officers and the leading men of the vicinity, Captain Heald persisted in his culpably foolish resolve to remain until the Indians could be gathered together, and then to distribute the valuable property among them. From this time a coldness sprang up between him and the subordinate officers, the latter holding aloof, and almost ceasing to hold communication with him.

In the meantime, the Indians began to gather at the fort. As might be expected, under the circumstances, they were impudent and defiant, passing at will through every portion of the buildings.

On the 12th of August Captain Heald called them together and informed them that it was his intention to distribute among them not only the goods lodged in the United States factory, but also the ammunition and provisions—with which the garrison was well supplied. He then asked, in return, that the Pottowattamies might afford him an escort to Fort Wayne, promising them a liberal reward on arriving there. Indian-like, this agreement was assented to with every appearance of eagerness and goodwill.

After the meeting was broken up Mr. Kinzie called on Captain Heald, in the hope of opening his eyes to the imprudence of distributing ammunition and arms among a people who, there was every reason to suspect, were hostile toward them. The commandant could not fail to see the force of this, and he resolved to destroy all the arms, except such as his own troops needed.

On the next day all the goods, consisting of blankets, broadcloths, calicoes, prints, etc., were distributed, as agreed upon. The same evening the ammunition and liquor were carried, part into the sally-port and thrown into a well; the remainder was secretly transported through the northern gate, the heads of the barrels knocked in, and the contents emptied into the river.

This proceeding was fairly completed, when Captain Wells—one of the most noted rangers of the West—arrived with fifteen friendly Miamis. He had heard at Fort Wayne of the intention of evacuating the fort at Chicago; and, knowing the hostile feeling of the Pottowattamies, he had made a rapid march across the country to prevent exposure to certain destruction; but he came, *alas! too late.*

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 15th the garrison moved out of the fort, and started on their journey toward Fort Wayne. Early on the same morning Mr. Kinzie, who had many warm friends among the Indians, received a message from a chief of another band that the escort of Pottowattamies intended mischief, and urging him to abandon the party with his family and take passage in a boat whose safety he guaranteed. Mr. Kinzie, to his credit be it recorded, declined to do this, as he hoped that his presence might act as a restraint upon the fury of the savages.

As the troops left the fort the band struck up the Dead March. Captain Wells took the lead, at the head of his little band of Miamis. He had blackened his face before leaving the garrison, in token of his impending fate. They took the route along the lake-shore. When they reached the point where commenced a range of sand-hills, intervening between the prairie and the beach, the escort of Pottowattamies, numbering about five hundred, kept the level of the prairie, instead of continuing along the beach with the Americans and Miamis. They had proceeded something over a mile in this direction, when Captain Wells, who had kept somewhat in advance with the Miamis, came thundering back.

"They are going to attack us," he shouted; "form instantly and charge!"

The words were yet in his mouth when a volley was poured in from the sand-hills. The chief of the Miamis rode up to the escort and told them they had acted treacherously, and that he would be the first to head a party of Americans to return and punish them. After this the Miamis fled, leaving the troops to their fate.

SUMMER PLAYTIME.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 190.

The troops, although but a handful, fought bravely, but finding their case entirely hopeless, they surrendered after the loss of two-thirds of their number. They stipulated that their lives and those of their wives and children should be preserved, and that they should be ransomed at the first opportunity. The Indians assented to this, but began tomahawking the wounded. Before the surrender a young Indian sprang into a baggage-wagon containing twelve children, and killed them all. Seeing this, Captain Wells said, in great excitement:

"Is that their game, butchering the women and children? Then I will kill, too!"

He instantly turned his horse's head, and started for the Indian camp near the fort, where had been left their squaws and children. He was closely pursued by several Indians. He laid himself flat on the neck of his horse, loading and firing in that position. At length his horse was killed, and he was badly wounded. At this moment two friendly chiefs came up, and endeavored to save him.

Taking him between them, they supported him along, when another Indian came up behind and gave him his death-blow by a stab in the back.

Many instances are recorded of the individual bravery of the soldiers, but it could avail them nothing against the ferocity of the savages.

Those who were not slain were captured and held as prisoners.

The Kinzie family were held for several months, and then delivered up as prisoners of war to the British commandant at Detroit.

Captain Heald received two wounds, and his wife seven, but they finally escaped.

"NOT GUILTY!"—"HE GRASPED HER BY THE THROAT WITH ONE CRUEL HAND, WHILE WITH THE OTHER HE TORE THE PRECIOUS BAG FROM HER HOLD! AT THE SAME INSTANT A HUMAN HEAD APPEARED IN THE OPENING OF THE CURTAIN."

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXIII.—Continued.

At last Meg arose, took the little leather bag from a table, and returning to her seat, drew forth Agnes Harmon's journal. A passionate desire to open and search its pages rushed over her with resistless force. The prohibition of the dead no longer daunted her. She was alone in her own house, secure from interruption. To-morrow she would surely know all that the book contained. Why not to-night?

"When my mother," she argued to herself, "charged Philip Harmon to keep from my knowledge the things she had written here, she could not foresee the fatal importance which would be attached some day to these pages. She will forgive the daughter who disregards her request, not from curiosity, but from the hope of finding some proof of her father's innocence."

She opened the journal—she no longer had the power to withhold her hand from it—she *must* know what was concealed there; and, while the sea moaned, and the

wind wailed without, and the fire snapped, and the clock ticked within, Meg began to read that which Agnes Harmon had written two long decades before.

It was a record of the last year of her brief, unhappy life. The ink was faded, blots here and there—the tears, perhaps, to which her servant had testified at Philip Harmon's trial—marked the pages.

The first entry ran as follows:

Jan. 1st, 18—. Another year. I wonder how happy, hopeful people feel on a day like this? Long ago, at school, I used to make it a time for rejoicing, especially when poor, impecunious papa sent me pin-money; but now—— well, now all is changed. I look forward to the year upon which I now enter, with fear and trembling.

"Those who have nothing left to hope
Have nothing left to dread."

That is not true. Dread remains after hope dies.

Bills, bill, bills! I sometimes wonder that Philip does not complain of my extravagance; but no—he shuts his lips, and spends his money upon me with reckless generosity. Gifts, also. From Gerald Fortescue a bouquet of heliotropes and lilies. I left a kiss on every blossom, then cast them all into my dressing-room fire, and stood and watched the sweet things shrivel in the cruel flame. From Philip, a pair of diamond bracelets, a check for five thousand dollars—he suspects that I have debts—and a pair of superb horses for the new carriage which he gave me on my last birthday. A groom brought the beasts to the door as I arose from breakfast, and Philip called me to the window to look at them, searching my face the while with wistful eyes. I pity him, I pity myself. Oh! if love would but come and go at one's bidding! but it will not—it does not. I have wrecked his life, and my own also.

Spent an hour in baby's nursery. I am not like other mothers. My heart is perverted—poisoned. I think the hired nurse loves my little one better than I.

Guests at dinner—among them Gerald Fortescue. I wore velvet and diamonds and the old point lace which has been in the Harmon family for years. Philip was morose, Fortescue brilliant and gay—the life, as he always is, of the company.

"What have you done with my poor flowers?" he whispered.

"Consigned them to the fire."

"As you did my heart when you married Philip Harmon. Agnes, you are making a brave struggle, but in the end you will find it vain!"

After we arose from table some one asked him to sing. He has a matchless tenor voice, and these words of his song still buzz in my head like so many bees:

"She taught me then, in my early youth,
That women were false and weak and mean;
Had she been true to her troth, who knows—
My life, what it might have been?"

A ball at Mrs. Orchid's, and a scene with Philip. He came out of the nursery as I was descending to my carriage, seized me in an iron grip, crushing my flowers and laces, dashed off my opera-cloak, and declared that I should not leave the house.

"Very well," I said, indifferently—"I would quite as soon remain at home."

When he saw that I was resigned, his manner changed.

"Go!" he sneered. "Dance, flirt, be merry—wring my heart! You are determined to drive me mad, and you will do it, without doubt!"

I am fast becoming hardened to these things.

I went to the ball, danced, received compliments, and tried to be happy, like other women. Gerald Fortescue was there. I did my utmost to avoid him; but in the midst of a quadrille, I lifted my eyes, and lo! Philip stood in a neighboring doorway. He had followed me to the ball. Of late he goes into society only to watch his wife.

Presently he strode to my side, and whispered:

"I forbid you to treat Fortescue as you are doing. You shall dance with him! Why are you so gracious to other men, so rude to the only one here that I can call my friend? Is it because your hatred of me extends to the few persons I really trust? Place his name at once upon your card!"

I always obey him when it is possible to do so. I danced with Fortescue; and the first thing he said to me was:

"Your husband is a blind idiot! However, I thank him. You dare not disregard his commands, and he is good enough to sometimes make them in my favor."

The music swelled mockingly, the lights blinded me, the perfume of the hothouse flowers made me faint and sick.

"Gerald!" I gasped; "again and again I have begged you to go away—to come no more to Philip Harmon's house—to see my face no more. *Will* you leave me in peace?"

We were passing through a change in the dance. His grasp upon me tightened.

"No!" he answered—"I will not! Ask me anything but that. You are leading a loveless life in the home of a husband to whom you are perfectly indifferent. Your heart is, and has always been, mine. I will never leave you."

"Gerald, I beg—I entreat——"

"Hush! Go from this city—live without a daily sight of you—without the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand? Not if eternal destruction was the penalty to be paid for such indulgence!" And so the year begins. How will it end?

Breathlessly Meg read on:

Jan. 3d. Philip insisted that I should ride with him behind the new horses. They ran away with us upon the Milldam road. We were thrown out. Somebody picked me up, senseless and bleeding.

Why was I not killed? At twenty I find myself quite willing to yield up this strange, wearisome, inexplicable thing that is called Life. I have no heroism, no power either to resist unhappiness or to endure it.

Lay upon my sofa for the remainder of the day and evening. Gerald Fortescue called, and lingered till a late hour in Philip's studio; but I positively refused to see him.

Jan. 6th. I have recovered from my late injuries.

A reception. Crowded rooms, magnificent toilets, endless compliments. Bah! I hate this life; and yet it distracts my thoughts, and keeps me from brooding over impossible things. Gerald Fortescue again. He was the first to come and the last to go. More brilliant and fascinating than ever. Philip gloomy and jealous, glowering at me from a corner, like the skeleton at the ancient Egyptian feasts.

In the small hours of morning nurse came to tell me the child was very ill. I had not yet laid aside my brocade and diamonds. Without waiting to do so, I hurried to the nursery. Philip there beside the little bed. He stared at my rich dress—at the crushed roses in my hair and bosom, and shuddered.

"She is going to die!" he said, in a strange, wild voice.

"How fortunate for her!" I answered, involuntarily.

"Why do you not weep?" he demanded; "she is your own flesh and blood. Have you no feeling? Is your heart stone?"

"That, or something like it," I replied. "I have forgotten how to weep. Moreover, I envy the child her happiness."

He flung his arms fiercely around me.

"Agnes! Agnes! You are miserable, and I—— But heaven forbid that I should speak of myself! Why cannot you love me? What is the fatal thing that holds us apart? Daily the breach between us widens—I see it, feel it, and yet am powerless to alter anything. Great God! do you *want* to have it so? You are my wife, and the mother of my child!"

"I do not *want* it," I answered, listlessly—"neither can I prevent it."

"You will not love me, then?"

"I cannot."

"Try, Agnes, for the sake of this little one."

I broke from him quickly.

"Love will not be coaxed or coerced," I coldly answered. "Do not distress me with vain pleadings, Philip. I do not, I never can, love you. It is my unhappy fate to make you miserable!"

He turned abruptly from me.

"God help us both! Go and rest—I will watch with the child!"

I left him with his face buried in the pillow of the little bed, and went back to my own room. To sleep? No—to weep the rest of the weary night away.

Jan. 8th. The child is better—she will live. Philip is still by her bed. Dined at Mrs. Millionaire's. Gerald Fortescue there. Later, one of Verdi's operas; and after that a superb fancy ball at Mrs Oleander's. I appeared as *Anne Boleyn*, in purple velvet and gold brocade. Fortescue made an excellent Charles I., with his dark, melancholy face and long love-locks falling over a collar of diamonds and Flanders lace.

Entry after entry went on like this. The life of her

unhappy mother was spread out before Meg like a picture—a life crowded with every sort of fashionable dissipation—balls, operas, receptions, dinner-parties—a grand merry-go-round. Everywhere she seemed constantly to encounter Fortescue. Meg sickened at the frequency of that name in the record of Agnes Harmon's days. She read:

His intimacy with Philip increases daily. He has free access to this house. My husband often forces me to accept him as an escort, and I dare not refuse. He wields a mysterious power over Philip, and as for myself, I feel like a feeble bird caught in a snare, from which there is no escape.

In another place Meg learned that Agnes Harmon, absorbed in her own unhappiness and her feverish pursuit of fashion and frivolity, did not visit her child's nursery for days and days together. It was a dreary story, and the girl's heart ached as she read it.

After a while a change in the record occurred. The season was over—Summer had come. Agnes Harmon had left the Beacon Hill house, and was established in a Newport villa. Her fashionable friends still surrounded her—there, as in town, she was a reigning belle, a Circe, to whom throngs of admirers paid homage. The journal now told of moonlight and sea-breezes, drives upon the wild, winding road leading to Fort Adams, *fêtes*, hops, flower-decked piazzas, dinners, balls, splendor, and the central figure of it all was still Gerald Fortescue. He was at Newport, a guest in Philip Harmon's villa. She saw him hourly. His name was mingled with the moonlight, the waltz-music, the wrinkled gray rocks, the rides, the gayety; and, alas! Philip Harmon, blind beyond belief, was still jealous of all men save the one whom he had most reason to fear.

Mention was made of a French count, the lion of the season, who paid assiduous court to the beautiful Mrs. Harmon. "I show him plainly that his marked attentions are offensive to me," the red book said. "I am no flirt. From my heart, I wish that I might never hear another compliment, nor meet another admiring look!"

Meg read on:

A garden-party at the Linden Cottage. Fortescue and the count there. Philip very jealous of the Frenchman, therefore very harsh and stern with me. Some time I think he may be goaded into doing me positive violence. A triumph which made me the envy of every woman present, yet in which I experienced not one thrill of satisfaction. Private theatricals ended the evening.

In the solemn hours that precede dawn, I sit in my silent chamber, and look out upon the sea, stretching dark and low under a sinking moon, and these pathetic lines of Owen Meredith's rush to my lips:

"Whom first we love you know we seldom wed.
Time rules us all, and life indeed is not
The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead,
And then we women cannot choose our lot!"

Meg read of the Summer's close, and the return of Agnes Harmon, in the chilly gray Autumn, to town. On every page the heart of the writer was laid open to the reader's shrinking eyes—a weak, passionate, discontented heart, for which, under the circumstances that hemmed it about, earthly peace and happiness were impossible.

After the return to Beacon Hill the entries grew brief, and sometimes incoherent. She had fallen into a morbid state. She was consumed by a hopeless melancholy that wasted her strength like slow poison. Colonel Dysart's arrival upon the scene was briefly chronicled. "He watches me very closely," she said; "I fear he suspects the secret which is wearing my life away."

But she still kept a brave front before the world, which regarded her as the blameless wife of a jealous tyrant. The routine of fashionable gayety was resumed more recklessly than ever, and the unloved child in the nursery seemed at this period to be quite forgotten.

Over these pages Meg's eyes flashed swiftly. At length she came to the following:

Last night I went to the play with Philip. Gerald Fortescue was in the box. He talked only to my husband. By-and-by I became ill. The lights grew dim before my eyes, the hot air seemed stifling me. I turned to Philip, and begged him to take me home. He arose at once. Gerald Fortescue made some polite inquiries, and bent to gather up my opera-cloak, which had fallen over the back of the chair—at the same instant, he slipped into my hand a bit of paper. I could not refuse to take it without attracting attention, so I hid it in my glove, and, more dead than alive, went home with Philip.

I read his note in my dressing-room, after I had dismissed my maid. Great Heaven! shall I ever forget the horror, the shame, the despair with which those few lines filled me? I have fallen very low, indeed, for Gerald Fortescue has dared to ask me to leave all, and fly with him across the sea!

I am humiliated to the dust. I have made up my mind to go to Philip, show him the note, and confess the baneful love which has held possession of me so long. He surely will be lenient with one who is more weak than wicked, more sinned against than sinning; or, at the worst, he can only kill me.

Fly with him? God help me, no! Henceforth I will treat him with the contempt he deserves. I will root out this unhappy passion from my heart, even if the heart itself breaks in the effort. I will forget him—I will never give him another thought. I hate, I loathe myself for my own weakness. Philip shall now know how false and treacherous is the man he calls friend, and how unworthy the woman who is his wife.

Dec. 1st. I have tried to speak to Philip, but in vain. My coward tongue shrinks from the task. As I approach the miserable secret, fear and trembling seize me. He is my only refuge, my sole salvation—but how can I tell him? He is violent and distrustful, and I have embittered his life—robbed him of all earthly happiness, squandered his money, neglected his child, scorned his love, trampled upon his heart—and these facts now terrify me, strip me of confidence and hope—of all faith in myself, and all trust in him.

Dec. 3d. For two days I have not seen Gerald Fortescue—I pray that I may never see him more! After the answer which I sent to his note, he surely will not annoy me again. Philip perceives that I am more unhappy than usual, and holds angrily aloof. Nurse brought me the child for a little while but her prattle, her cunning ways, were unbearable to me to-day. After lunch I drove to Easel's art-gallery, to see some foreign paintings. There was one of "Iphigenia at the Sacrifice," which thrilled me strangely. I was standing before it, awed by the tragic beauty of Agamemnon's daughter, when I heard a step, a whisper, and Gerald Fortescue stood by my side.

"You will not leave the man to whom you are utterly indifferent," he said, "to go with one who adores you, and to whom your heart was given years ago? You cannot defy the world nor laugh at its judgments? My poor child, do you not know that Love's law is the highest and strongest in the universe? That law makes you mine! I have sworn to free you from the misery of your present life—from the tyranny of that blind, jealous idiot whom you call husband, and I shall keep my oath! Sit down here—no one is observing us. Look at the pictures, if you like, but listen while I speak. Agnes, I shall never leave you till you have promised to go with me."

It is done! Heaven help me! I have promised! Before his prayers and entreaties in that fatal gallery, my will swayed and went down, leaving me to his mercy. Treat him with contempt?—I cannot. Forget him?—only in death. I have consented to leave husband, child, home, friends, and fly with him to the world's end. I seem to be struggling with some terrible nightmare. Can I live the life he has marked out for me? I feel like some hapless prisoner of medieval times shut in a dungeon, whose four walls he sees closing slowly in upon him, crushing him to death. I have still forty-eight hours before I take the irrevocable step. My child! my husband! How can I bear to look upon either of you now? Already I am tortured with remorse—a foretaste of that perdition into which I am about to plunge.

Meg had now come to the last entry. With an indefinable thrill she saw that it *was* the last:

To-morrow I shall leave hope and heaven behind me, and fly

with Fortescue. I shudder at the very thought! All the arrangements are made for our secret and speedy departure, and Philip suspects nothing.

A dinner at the Orchids', and a scene. My husband was in one of his blackest moods. He carried me home insensible. Reproaches and accusations—the old story. He left me at last, in a rage.

For a long time I remained shut up in my dressing-room, thinking, thinking of many things. Then I crept up to the child's nursery. The night-lamp shone softly upon her pretty bed, and over her blossom-like beauty. She has her mother's face. Heaven grant her a happier fate than mine! I bent down and kissed her. She stirred, opened her big eyes, recognized me, and held up a pair of dimpled arms.

"God bless mamma!" she murmured, drowsily.

No one but Philip Harmon could have taught her that! I felt as if I had received a blow. Immediately she fell asleep again, and I, her wretched mother, flung myself prostrate by her bed, and groveled there, weeping such tears as I never wept before. And to-morrow I shall fly with Fortescue!

Shall I—must I? Is there no escape for me? I have returned to my dressing-room. The clock is striking two. The house is very still. Outside, the great world sleeps, and in my heart a dreadful purpose—no! a grand, good purpose, gathers form, then fades away, and then returns, with steadily increasing strength.

Philip, my husband, to you I address the last words I shall ever write. When you read this book, you will see how weak I was, how helpless in Fortescue's hands; and you will pity, perhaps, even while you condemn, me. Escape that man by my own strength I cannot—and there is no one to shield me from him. Ah! if your eyes had not been sealed, Philip! or if I could have summoned courage to confide in you—to appeal to you, my husband, for protection, all might have been so different! But now it is too late.

Listen! As a wife, as a mother, I am a total failure. Freed from me, you may yet be happy. I have thought until my brain seems turning. Can I bear to disgrace you and my child? No! Can I evade Fortescue, and the toils he has spread for me? If there was one friend to whom I could turn at this hour, it might be possible; but, alas! among all who have flattered and followed me, I do not possess a friend. My sole refuge is death. Therefore I have decided to end my miserable life.

Farewell! Had I never known that man, I might have loved you. A few moments ago I stole down to your library, and took from your table the sharp little dagger with which you cut the leaves of your books. That weapon shall free me from all earthly ills. I would prefer poison, but there is none at hand, and I dare not send my maid to purchase any at this hour—I might be discovered and foiled. No; I will trust this little blade to release me.

As you will see, Philip, my journal is my confession. May your eyes be the first to see it. I shall leave it open upon the table at the head of my sofa. Read, and, if you can, forgive me. It is better to die than live—often you have heard me say that. I shall have strength, I know, to strike the blow.

"God bless mamma!"

How that drowsy little voice rings in my ears! I die, Philip, and it is for you to decide whether or no the world shall be told of that which drove me to this deed. Would God that I had been kinder to you—that I had tried a little, a very little, to make you happy! The clock strikes the half-hour. I am not afraid. What is death but a moment's pang? Take back your freedom, Philip, and forget the woman who has made you so miserable. I have been but a feeble creature in life, but I will be strong to die. Say, at least, that there was a vein of heroism in my nature, since I preferred death to disgrace, and the freedom of death to the bondage in which Fortescue would bind me. Farewell."

That was the last word traced upon a stained and blotted page. Tears gushed from Meg's eyes, her heart swelled almost to bursting. Her mother had died a suicide on the eve of an appointed elopement with Fortescue—had died to save herself from that bold, bad man. Without doubt he had driven her mad with misery, and he was as truly her murderer as though he had planted the dagger in her heart.

Meg understood at once that this journal had been seized by Fortescue in the confusion attendant upon the discovery of the dead body, and securely hidden by him from mortal knowledge. Knowing, beyond doubt, that Agnes Harmon had died by her own hand, he had deliberately concealed the fact, and suffered her husband to be tried and condemned for the supposed murder. To satisfy his thirst for vengeance, his insane hatred of his more fortunate brother, this man had consigned Philip Harmon, innocent as he was, to the gallows—yea, and deceived and robbed him even in its ghastly shadow.

It was too terrible for belief! But one thing Meg comprehended perfectly—her father was saved, this book would open his prison doors and free him from a living tomb. Joy! joy! She kissed the blotted page wildly. To-morrow she would place it in his hands—her wronged, long-suffering father! Oh, that she could fly this very moment to his dreary cell!

Hush—hark! Close at hand a sudden sound recalled Meg's thoughts to herself. She heard the creaking of a sash, a footstep, and with a great start she awoke to the consciousness that the hour was late, and that she was alone by a dying fire in the silent and sombre drawing-room. She sprang up from her chair and looked toward the window. Was it a sea-gust that rattled the heavy frame, or the obtrusive arm of a fir-tree? Neither.

The sash was noiselessly lifted, the curtain swayed, a human hand thrust it violently aside. The next instant the tall, dark figure of a man leaped from the terrace into the room, and confronted Meg with a death-white face. He shut the window, then took a step toward her.

"I have found you!" said Gerald Fortescue.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A STRUGGLE.

MEG'S blood grew cold. He advanced into the centre of the room. His face looked sharp and wolfish, his dark eyes burned with an evil light. She saw that he knew all—that the lover was transformed into the angry enemy. He had followed her to Gull Beach. It was no apparition which had alarmed her by the colonel's grave, but genuine flesh and blood. For a moment she was benumbed with fear, then she rallied, and, swift as lightning, flung the journal back into the leather bag.

"I have found you!" he repeated.

"Found me!" echoed Meg, with a sort of brave scorn. "I am not hiding from you, Gerald Fortescue! I left your house only to pay my last respects to a dead friend. I am no coward, to run from my foes. Danton Moultrie, I see, has told you everything."

He seemed a little staggered by her boldness. She stood up, tall and straight, on the hearth, pale, but self-possessed, her grand, dark eyes flashing, her whole bearing resolute and fearless. It was as well to have it out with him here at Beach Hall as in the house on Beacon Hill. He had closed the window behind him, and the curtain had swung into place. They were shut in together. One door alone communicated with the hall and the remainder of the house, and before Meg could comprehend his intention he had walked to this only means of egress from the apartment, turned the key swiftly, withdrew it from the lock and thrust it into his pocket.

"Yes," he replied, advancing toward her, tall, dark, threatening, "Danton Moultrie has told me everything!"

Meg's hot temper rose quickly.

"I command you to replace that key!" she cried, like an outraged queen.

He smiled in derision.

"I regret that I cannot obey you. It is time for you and I to understand each other, Margaret, and an interruption would be awkward just now."

In his slouched hat and long cloak, with his pallid face and disordered air, the elegant, aristocratic Judge Fortescue presented an appearance altogether new and strange. In spite of her composed demeanor, Meg's heart beat loud and fast. These two had parted as lovers, they met as deadly foes. No attempt was made by either to affect ignorance of this fact. The time for dissembling was past. Both ignored all former relations, and openly accepted the present dark and hostile situation.

"You enter here in a most extraordinary manner," cried Meg; "like a stage villain, in fact."

He had fixed his eyes upon the leather bag and the old letters. Almost unconsciously Meg snatched up the former—her fingers closed in a convulsive way upon the handle.

"Am I not quite as welcome by the window as by the door?" sneered Gerald Fortescue. "We must dispense with ceremony to-night. Let me hear it from your own lips—*are you Philip Harmon's daughter?*"

"Yes," replied Meg, quite undaunted; "and you—oh, I well know who and what *you* are—his brother and his destroyer!"

She saw him start.

"Girl, who told you there was a tie of blood between us?" he demanded, fiercely.

"My father!"

"Then you have seen him?"

"Yes, in his prison; and he bade me say, Gerald Fortescue, that a day of reckoning is surely coming for him and for you."

His face grew paler yet. He took a step nearer to her.

"How dared you come into my house?" he said, wildly; "how dared you deceive me? Great heaven! *You* Harmon's child!—and three days ago you were my betrothed wife, and I was your lover, loving you to madness!"

"I entered your house," replied Meg, calmly, "utterly ignorant of your connection with my poor father. I deceived you in nothing—I simply remained silent concerning my own history. I knew nothing of the infamous part you had played in Philip Harmon's ruin, until the morning when you left me to pursue Lilian. Then I heard the whole story from Colonel Dysart."

He answered not a word, only stared at her darkly.

"Agnes Harmon's spirit must have guided me to your door," continued Meg. "Gerald Fortescue, men call you a just judge, a person of probity and honor, they admire and praise you; but *I* know you to be a thief, a traitor, the would-be murderer of my father, the actual destroyer of my poor, foolish mother; and it was reserved for me to make this discovery, and proclaim it to the world that holds you in such high esteem—it was reserved for me to free my long-suffering father from the prison to which your vengeance consigned him nearly twenty years ago."

A bold speech! It defined her position and his own most accurately—showed him that he had nothing to expect from this girl, the daughter of fair Agnes Harmon. A frightful smile curled his lip.

"You speak with assurance! Tell me what you know—*just* what you know. I barely missed a meeting with you on my arrival in Boston, so I have followed you here. God knows we must come to some sort of terms! The sooner we understand each other, Margaret, the better for us both."

"I know all that Colonel Dysart could tell me," cried Meg, clinching her slight hands—"all that my father could tell me, and more—much more! You drove my wretched mother to suicide, and allowed the world to think that she was murdered. You abandoned Philip Harmon to the gallows, you stole his entire fortune, you left me to charity in my babyhood—you, his brother, did this! What do I know? That you are an infamous scoundrel, a man who would stop at nothing to serve his own ends. I know that my father has suffered nineteen years for a crime that was never committed, and that all this while you have held in your possession undeniable proofs of his innocence, and have kept them hidden from the light of day—that you have rejoiced in the agonies he was enduring, and in the thought that he must live and die in the four walls of a prison."

He quailed visibly before these accusations. Something like weak fear flitted over his face. He raised his hand to his throat, as if choking.

"That will do!" he said; "you know enough, I see—certainly more than is good for you! You have heard my enemies speak—now hear *me*. Philip Harmon and I were sons of the same father. In the will which made my brother a millionaire, not a penny was left to me, and that from no fault of mine, but out of pure contempt for one who had come into the world under ban. It was then that I swore to have my own, sooner or later, by fair means or foul. I was not a man to be robbed with impunity—not one to readily love my enemies, according to the Scripture law. Agnes Ferrol gave her heart to me months before she ever saw Harmon's face. She was sold into his arms. I, his baseborn brother, was driven half mad with my loss, and the heart of the unwilling bride was broken; but what did these trifles matter? The wealth of our father had fallen solely to him—he could purchase a wife, if he liked; *I* might have won her in his place, or even if my rightful portion had been assigned to me. Here again I vowed to take, not his, but my own. She had loved me as Agnes Ferrol, she still loved me as Agnes Harmon. My intense hatred for Philip was but the natural result of the injustice I had suffered. When the time came for me to retaliate, I did so with unsparing hand. No mercy had been shown to me; I, in turn, showed none. The fortune which I took from Harmon was my own. He had enjoyed it exclusively for years; it was my right, when the opportunity came, to do likewise."

"You reason well," sneered Meg; "but I fail to see why you are not a murderer, thief and traitor—why my father does not owe nineteen years of imprisonment entirely to you. I fail to see any excuse for the atrocity of leaving him to die on the gallows, when you held in your hand certain writings of my mother's, declaring her intended suicide, and the reasons that drove her to it."

His dark, sallow face grew livid.

"Margaret, by some means unknown to me you have secured that journal. What fiend directed you to its hiding-place?"

"No fiend," answered Meg; "but the good angel who is helping a daughter to rescue her deeply injured father from a cruel and undeserved fate."

"You have taken my property by stealth, Margaret—you need not be told that I am here to recover it."

His tone was moderate, but a tigerish gleam in his eyes warned Meg of danger. She threw back her fearless young head, her lip curled disdainfully.

"The letters which my mother wrote you are doubtless yours—her journal is mine, and that you cannot have."

He drew stealthily, almost imperceptibly, toward her.

"Listen to reason, Margaret! I do not wish to harm you, but I am a desperate man. I have climbed, with much pains, to a high pinnacle, and I will not be cast down without a struggle. For me exposure means hopeless

ruin, and to that I cannot tamely submit. If you will look at me attentively you will see that I am not to be trifled with. This catastrophe has come upon me like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I had not dreamed of danger, especially from such a source. But some superhuman power has worked for you. It was madness for me to keep her letters, her journal—I see it now—but I could not bear to destroy the assurances of her love for me, written by her own hand. Can you understand such weakness as that in a character like mine? Now hear me. As Philip Harmon's child I hate you, as the daughter of Agnes Ferrol I love you. You must enter into some compromise with me—that is inevitable. Restore that journal or destroy it here before my eyes, and I swear to obtain your father's pardon and release him within six months, and return to him half of the fortune which we have both possessed successively."

Meg's face glowed with indignant scorn.

"You would obtain my father's pardon for a crime which he never committed?" she cried, in a voice that rang like a silver bugle through that close-shut room. "You would open his prison-door and send him out into the world with the stigma of wife-murder still fixed upon him, like leprosy? You would give him back a portion of the *whole* of which you robbed him? What generosity! What noble reparation! And you think *I* will help you to cover up your sin, and preserve, in the eyes of men, the integrity which you never possessed? No, Gerald Fortescue! The truth, the whole truth, shall be published to the world! My father's innocence shall be everywhere proclaimed. Men shall know how wrongfully he has suffered, and the guilt, the shame, the disgrace shall be cast upon him to whom they rightfully belong—yourself!"

He grew white to his very lips.

"You are a bold girl," he said, hoarsely. "Think well of what you are saying. For your mother's sake destroy that journal! Could you bear the talk that would ensue, should its contents be made public? Consider the judgments that would be passed upon Agnes Harmon—the condemnation that the world would heap upon her memory."

"She was weak, but not wicked—she herself says it," replied Meg, calmly.

"She had consented to leave husband, home and child, and fly with me," he answered, with a wicked smile.

"Whatever blame may be poured upon my dead mother," said Meg, with dignity, "the sufferings of my living father shall now cease! If Agnes Harmon could speak from the grave to which you drove her, I feel assured that she would tell me to clear her husband's fame at any cost to her memory. That I mean to do, and no earthly power, no consideration for the dead or the living, shall turn me from it!"

The look that flashed into his face was not good to see. He was, in truth, a desperate man, ready to employ the most desperate measures to effect his escape from the peril that threatened him.

"Accept my terms, Margaret, or it will be the worse for you!" he cried. "You had better not provoke me too far."

It was a very unpleasant situation. The door was locked, and the key in Gerald Fortescue's pocket. The servants slept in a distant part of the house, out of reach of Meg's voice. It was midnight, and she stood alone with this unscrupulous, reckless man.

"I shall protect that which is mine with my life," she said, calmly.

"You are in my power," he answered, with a menacing gesture. "You are a weak girl, and I am a strong man. Your life? I would not hesitate an instant to take it, if necessary."

"That assertion, my dear uncle, is quite in keeping with your character."

"Give me Agnes Harmon's journal!"

Grasping the bag desperately, she retreated as he advanced.

"Give it to me!" he repeated.

"Never—never!"

She ran toward the window; he overtook her swiftly. His heavy hand clutched her dress, his hot breath brushed her cheek, his murderous face bent down to her own.

"Give it to me, or I will kill you!"

Oh, was no one near to help her now? A terrified shriek burst from her lips.

"Hush!"

He grasped her by the throat with one cruel hand, while with the other he tore the bag, the precious bag, from her hold! At the same instant the sash rattled—was thrown hastily up. A human head appeared in the opening of the curtain.

"Meg!—where are you, Meg?" shouted a voice. With one bound a man sprang into the drawing-room. That scream had found him on the terrace without. Half-strangled in Fortescue's grasp, Meg saw, as through a glass darkly, the brown face and broad shoulders of Robin Leith. The next that she knew, he had torn her swiftly from her assailant.

"Robin!" she cried, in a tone that went to his heart of hearts; "save me, Robin!"

He seized Fortescue in a powerful grip.

"What are you doing here?" he thundered. "How dare you lay hands on Miss Harmon?"

They eyed each other darkly for a moment, then, without a word, Fortescue flung off the younger man's hand, rushed like lightning to the window, leaped out upon the terrace and disappeared, like a spirit of evil, among the fir-trees. Leith turned to Meg.

"Are you hurt?" he cried, breathlessly. "What has he been saying to you? The scoundrel! He must have learned in some way that you were here alone."

She uttered a frantic cry.

"Robin, Robin! he has taken from me the little bag you saved at the station. In it are the proofs of Philip Harmon's innocence. Heaven have mercy! my father is lost!"

It did not occur to her, in her great distress, that there was anything strange in Leith's sudden appearance there in the drawing-room of Beach Hall, at twelve o'clock at night. He had assisted her in so many emergencies, it seemed but natural and proper that he should be at hand now.

"Lost?" he echoed. "God forbid! Call the servants; I will return directly."

That was all he stopped to say. The next moment she was alone. Through the open window he had gone like a shot, on the track of Fortescue and his booty.

As he gained the garden, the moon broke out of a fringing cloud, and shone brightly down through the fir-trees. He felt the need of haste quite as keenly as Meg herself. Down the graveled way he dashed to the high gates. At that hour, no living thing was stirring anywhere, but the evergreen boughs whispered in the wind, and the restless pulses of the sea beat loudly in the midnight stillness.

Leith paused to look around. The gate was wide open. Plainly some one had just passed through, for ten minutes before, on his way up the drive, he had closed it with his

own hand. Had Fortescue taken the highroad, or the path to the beach? Leith possessed the keen vision of a hawk. Far away on the shingle he fancied he saw a black speck moving in the uncertain light. Scarcely had he discerned it, however, when the perverse moon plunged again into a bank of windy clouds, and darkness suddenly vailed land and bay.

Swift as a fox he crossed the road, and over a stretch of low, marshy ground, marked here and there by salt pools and patches of dead brown leaves, he gained Gull Beach. In this wintry midnight the spot looked lonesome and dreary enough. The troubled bay tossed and wailed with dismal monotony. No sound save the wearisome complaint of wind and wave was anywhere audible. Overhead, through gray clouds, the moon waded with fitful gleams. Where was the figure which Leith had seen at a distance? To his great relief, he descried it only a few rods in advance of himself, walking along the sands at an ordinary pace, and evidently unconscious of pursuit. The long cloak and slouched hat were easily recognized. It was Gerald Fortescue, and his face was set toward Blackhaven.

Noiselessly the young lawyer followed in his footsteps, past the tumble-down boathouses, past the rotting hulk, half buried in the sand, where once he had asked Meg to wed, and round an abrupt curve that made a deep depression in the bare, uneven shore. There, unluckily, he stumbled against a loose stone. The noise reached the alert ear of the man in advance. He turned, discovered his pursuer, and, taking promptly to his heels, vanished at once from view.

Leith hurried round the curve. An old boat lay near, bottom-up on the sand. He lifted it, but found nothing beneath. No other hiding-place was in sight—softly!—a few rods away, in the dim light, stood a rude, weather-beaten structure, with a rough door and one window, over which a board was nailed—Dawson's shanty.

At this season of the year it was always empty. Leith went up to the threshold and tried the door—it was fast. He listened, and distinctly heard within labored breathing, like that of some hunted animal.

"Open!" he cried, sternly.

No answer, save the noise of the buffeted waves on the beach.

"Judge Fortescue, you are in there!" called Leith, loudly. "Open, I say! I have business with you."

No reply. Leith waited a few moments, then put his stalwart shoulder to the door, and burst it from its rusty hinge. It fell with a crash, and the moonlight streamed into the interior of the shanty, and showed Leith the tall, black figure of the judge, standing in the middle of the old floor, his extended hand clutching some polished, gleaming thing.

"Enter here," he cried, "and you are a dead man!"

Leith was unarmed, but to this fact he gave no thought. Promptly he stepped across the fallen door.

"I demand of you that which you have taken from Margaret Harmon!" he shouted.

"Stand back!" answered Fortescue; "you are meddling in a dangerous business."

Against a background of smoky wall and low rafter, his livid face and fiery eyes were plainly visible. He towered in the centre of the rude hut, the embodiment of hate, rage, violence.

"Give up that bag, you scoundrel!" cried Leith.

"Come and take it!"

He sprang forward. There was a flash, a report. He felt a slight shock, but straightway grasped Fortescue in his strong arms. The latter closed with him. Crack—crack! Where the shots hit, he knew not, but he felt warm blood—his own or his antagonist's—on his face, on his hands. The two men struggled fiercely for a moment, then, by a supreme effort, Leith wrenched the emptied revolver from Fortescue's hold, and dealt him a stunning blow. He dropped like lead. Leith groped and found the leather bag, for which he had since morning twice periled his life, and stepping over the prostrate man, he walked out of the shanty, and away up the beach, and across the marshland to the hall.

When he reached the house, he found that Meg had succeeded in arousing the three servants. The drawing-room door had been forced open—she stood on its threshold, white with suspense and terror. He went up to her and held out the bag. It was dabbled with blood.

"Oh, thank God!" she cried, in a transport of gratitude. "You pursued him—you overtook him?"

"Yes," he answered, faintly.. She drew forth the luckless journal, safe, untouched, and pressed it to lips and heart.

"Robin, Robin, how came you here to-night? What sent you to me at the very moment when I needed you most?"

He leaned heavily against the door.

"I had a presentiment that something was wrong at the hall," he answered. "I could not sleep, so I arose and walked the four miles hither from Blackhaven, to see with my own eyes if all was well with you."

Surprise held her dumb for an instant, then a great light and splendor dawned in her eyes.

"You have saved my life!" she cried, fervently. "Fortescue would have killed me but for you. More yet, you have saved my father. See! here are my mother's letters—take them, take this book, best, truest of friends!—I intrust my father's cause to you. Free him—show the world how unjustly he has suffered. Is it too much to ask this of you? Are you tired of serving an ungrateful creature like me?"

"Tired? No, no," he breathed, rather than spoke; "I accept with joy any service that you may lay upon me."

She glanced breathlessly around.

"Where is that man? Will he come here again?"

"I left him at Dawson's shanty on the beach. He will trouble you no more to-night."

Before the words were fairly out, he staggered. She touched his hand—it was red and wet. For the first time she saw something strange in his appearance.

"You are wounded!" she cried, in alarm; "you are bleeding! I understand—he did not yield up the bag without a struggle."

He groped for the nearest chair, and fell heavily into it. He was past speaking. She rushed to the door and called the man-servant.

"Mr. Leith is hurt—dying, perhaps!" she cried, wildly. "Oh, come and help him!"

The person addressed hurried across the hall, and followed Meg as she flew to Leith. The young fellow had fallen back in his chair, insensible.

* * * * * * *

When Gerald Fortescue picked up his scattered senses there on the cold, dirty floor of Dawson's shanty, the echo of Leith's retreating footsteps along the sands of Gull Beach had already died away. He lifted himself up. The moonlight was pouring in through the shattered door. He looked around for the bag; it was not there. He thrust out his shaking hands and searched about the obscure corners of the hut. In vain! his worst fears were realized. It was gone, and he was a lost man!

Dizzy from the blow he had received, he staggered to the broken door, kicking aside the revolver whose barrels he had emptied at random in the struggle with Leith. Another weapon, loaded and ready for use, was in his pocket. He felt and found it secure, then stepped out upon the beach.

The tumultuous sea was complaining wearily under the half-vailed moon. He heard the cry of some strange ocean-bird, the sough of the wind, as it fled along the lonesome midnight shore, but no human thing was anywhere in view.

"Lost—ruined!"

That was what the waves said to him as they beat against the sands. By the morrow the whole world would know his story. Retribution, swift and pitiless, was on his track. He had plotted and executed, schemed and triumphed in vain. The child of that woman whom he had loved with all the might of his passionate, unscrupulous nature had brought him, at last, to destruction—strange fatality! By treachery, guile and crime this man had climbed to the topmost round of the social ladder, to power and wealth and high honor. But his day was done. He must now descend from his lofty position. A girl's weak hand had lifted the vail from his evil past. She was merciless—she would show him as he was to the whole world. A shudder shook his tall figure. He knew it would be useless to attempt to regain possession of the journal—Leith was at the hall, the servants by this time were aroused and on guard. No! Fate and Margaret Harmon had been too much for him. The game was lost.

As he stood alone on that moonlit shingle and thought of Meg, the dark, agitated soul of the man burned with a fierce, ungovernable rage, mingled with something like tenderness still. He now saw that it was the dead Agnes Ferrol whom he had, from the first, loved anew in her child. An inscrutable Providence had made that child the mother's avenger, the father's deliverer. He had loved her to madness—had held her in his arms and called her his betrothed wife, and she had destroyed him!

He turned from the sea that vexed him with its sad, denunciatory voice, and plunged into the bare marshes—wastes of brown grass and salt pools, all lying dead and dark under the moon. There he wandered unconsciously back and forth all the remainder of that night, pursued by the ghostly shapes of his past, by shadowy faces of the living and the dead. Nemesis, the dark daughter of Nox, had found him out! Through sluggish pools he went, through long, dead, rustling reeds, over wastes of sand and pebble, like a lost soul on the shore of Hades, vainly seeking a resting-place.

Hour after hour dragged by. Presently he awoke to the consciousness that he was approaching the Blackhaven road. The moon was down, the stars were fading. In the purple east a rosy glow appeared, the heaving bay reddened, a light broke on the desolation of the shore. Day had come at last—that day which would bring to him exposure and despair. How could he meet it? How face the scorn and condemnation of men who for years had honored and admired him? This stern and pitiless judge, this terror to all evil-doers, was now himself to appear at the bar for trial and sentence.

He struck into the Blackhaven road, and starting forward at a good pace, reached the town just as the first sunbeam smote upon its death-in-life dreariness.

Gerald Fortescue entered the one hotel which the place boasted, and ordered breakfast. There he arranged his dress and resumed the calm, high-bred air peculiar to him—to the last moment he would wear a bold front. He ate little, but drank a glass of brandy neat, then settled his score, crossed the street to the station, and stepped aboard the early train for Boston.

His thoughts now turned to Lilian—the beloved daughter to whom he had always been the best and kindest of fathers. In a fashionable New York hotel he had found her, the happy wife of Moultrie—had forgiven and blessed her, shaken hands amicably with the bridegroom, written him a check for a handsome sum, and left the pair in bliss, to return and confront Philip Harmon's daughter.

Of the judge's past life, of the disaster which threatened his future, Lilian and her husband as yet knew nothing. Verily, Moultrie would be amazed at the mine he had unwittingly sprung, while only striving to spoil a brilliant match for the girl who had scorned and rejected him.

"Poor Lilian!" mused Gerald Fortescue; "poor, frail, foolish child! She has been nurtured like a hothouse flower. How will she bear misfortune, disgrace, ruin? I pray God that Moultrie may be kind to her. There *must* be some good in the fellow. I trust her to him."

The train rumbled into the city depot. Gerald Fortescue alighted from the car, and went straight to the office of a legal friend in a neighboring square. He was perfectly composed in manner, but his bloodshot eyes and haggard, worn-out look told of the sleepless, miserable night which he had passed in the marshes of Gull Beach.

"I wish to write my will," he said to his friend, with a strange smile; "men often take odd freaks in regard to such matters, you know."

In a private office he sat quietly down, and drew up the important document, giving back to Philip Harmon every dollar of that fortune which he had wrested from him by cruel fraud long years before, and praying the wronged man to pardon all the past. This paper was duly signed by himself and competent witnesses. Fortescue then left the place, and turned his steps toward the house on Beacon Hill.

Ill tidings travel fast, saith the proverb; but the hour was still early, and Gerald Fortescue found himself in advance of the pursuing evil. His servants' faces assured him that they were, as yet, ignorant of his crimes and his misfortunes. He made some inquiries concerning Mrs. Maitland, and learned that she was taking breakfast in bed. Would he see her? No; her tongue was a terror to him at all times; he surely could not consent to run the gantlet of its curious queries to-day. He passed quietly up the stair, looked into the red boudoir, stooped down to caress Lilian's lapdog in his satin basket, let his eyes wander to her closed piano, her books and nicknacks, then went on to his own chamber, and locked its door betwixt himself and the world.

The cloudless sun was shining gayly down into the stately street, and over the brown Common, and the roofs and spires of the busy city. The hum of life sounded loudly in the great human hive. Betwixt the rich draperies of his window he could see the distant crowds rushing up and down, back and forth, hither and thither; and only a few days ago *he* had been one of that hoping, struggling, living, loving throng! To-day, what was he? Before high noon his name would be covered with disgrace. Men would call him a monster, and heap upon him scorn, reproach, contempt without stint.

And Philip Harmon? Fortescue needed not to be told that the unhappy prisoner would be released, and extolled as a hero and martyr—that he would yet be blessed in Meg's love—that the latter would do her utmost to recompense him for his terrible past, and that neither would ever think of Gerald Fortescue without a shudder. Yes, he knew how it would be.

A PLEASANT RESCUE.

He seated himself at his table, drew out pencil and paper, and wrote as follows to Meg:

"On the morning of your mother's suicide, I was one of the first to reach this house. She had placed her journal in a conspicuous place upon her toilet-table, open for all eyes to see; but in the horror and fright of the moment, it had quite escaped notice I secured it unseen, and carried it away; and when I found how circumstances conspired to aid me, I determined to allow my hated brother to suffer for her murder.

"Be kind to Lilian—do not visit my sins upon her. She has always loved you sincerely. If you can hide any part of my history from her, do it, I beg you! I say it again, Margaret—be kind to poor Lilian!"

He left the letter upon the table with the will which he had that morning written; then, with a heavy sigh, he arose and stood before the picture of Agnes Ferrol—the lovely shadow of a once peerless substance. Fair, fatal face! For love of it he had sinned and suffered beyond the measure of ordinary men. He stood for a while with haggard eyes fixed on the canvas, behind which the proofs of Harmon's innocence had so long been concealed. One word, remorseful, despairing, escaped his lips:

"*Agnes!*"

Then he thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out the loaded revolver that he had brought from Gull Beach. There is one last refuge to which all may flee. Disgrace nor punishment can overtake the dead. Censure and praise are alike to the ear that has ceased to hear, looks of approval and of aversion the same to the eyes that have ceased to see. Deliberately Gerald Fortescue placed the muzzle of the weapon to his heart. Farewell, beautiful pictured face! Farewell, the injured and the innocent! A golden sunbeam stole through the rich curtain, flashed upon the metal of the revolver and across his haggard, shuddering eyes. He closed them involuntarily, and fired.

There was a heavy, headlong fall, then all was still. Gerald Fortescue had settled his accounts with the world, and left it to deal as it would with his once honored name.

CHAPTER XXV.

POOR LILIAN.

THREE months had come and gone—a brief time, indeed, yet long enough to effect a radical change in the lives of more than one of the actors in this little drama. Winter was over, the early days of Summer had arrived. The world began to pant under the rays of a too ardent sun; the city pavements burned the feet of unhappy pedestrians; the heat was oppressive. Every one to whom such indulgence was possible had fled to green fields, breezy mountains and cool seashore. The fashionable streets were well-nigh emptied of inhabitants. Only the workers and the unfortunate remained behind.

It was a breathless morning in a shabby, dingy, cheerless West End lodging-house—a house of forlorn, one might say dubious, aspect, standing in a narrow, stifling street, with a placard conspicuously placed in a front window, calling public attention to the fact that within were rooms to let. Up two flights of stairs, covered with dirty, worn-out oil-cloth, in the holes of which the unwary feet of lodgers were constantly tripping, upon a ragged hair-cloth sofa, in a dismal back chamber, a woman was lying, on this particular morning, half suffocated with the heat, and grievously oppressed with the general discomfort of the place.

She was painfully thin and wasted in appearance. Her mourning-dress hung loosely upon her limp little figure; her eyes were hollow, her cheeks sunken. A sharp cough tormented her constantly. Her listless hands were like bird's claws. She was stretched upon the very slippery and uncomfortable old sofa, nerveless, and, as was plainly apparent, hopeless, her hair twisted in an untidy knot, her sad eyes fixed on vacancy—altogether a picture of quiet misery. And this was Lilian, the bride of three short months, the frail hothouse flower, upon which Gerald Fortescue had never suffered a rude wind to blow!

The chamber which she occupied was close, ill-ventilated, and furnished after the usual style of a third-rate lodging-house. The carpet was threadbare, the furniture bore the scars of long and severe usage, the wall-paper was torn and soiled, the handle was gone from the ewer, the housemaid's broom had dealt lightly with the cobwebs and dusty corners, the window-panes had long been strangers to soap and water. Outside were glaring pavements and dingy brick walls, over which the sun blazed pitilessly. No breeze invaded the narrow street. A sad contrast this chamber presented to the red boudoir, the silken hangings, the splendor and refinement of Beacon Hill. Alas! poor Lilian! Life had gone ill indeed with her in the last three months.

A step on the stair. She started, and a faint color flashed into her thin cheeks. The door opened, and Danton Moultrie entered. As usual, he was well-dressed, but he looked sulky, sour and extremely disagreeable. He gave a disapproving glance at the frail little figure on the sofa—a plain and ailing woman could never be an attractive object to Moultrie's eyes. He liked only pleasant things.

"What a beastly hot morning!" he said, throwing down his hat like some irritated schoolboy; "one can scarcely breathe in this wretched den!"

Lilian looked up timidly.

"It *is* warm," she answered—her voice, like her body, was thin and weak.

"How do you find yourself this morning?" he asked, with a sullen, aggrieved air, as if he were laboring under a sense of personal wrong.

"Better, I think," she answered, with a painfully apparent effort to assume a more lively manner. She had learned that low spirits and pale cheeks were extremely distasteful to her fastidious bridegroom.

"I am glad to hear that," said Mr. Moultrie, "for if there is one thing more trying than another to the patience of a man, it is a sickly, complaining woman. For heaven's sake, Lilian, why do you wear your hair in that manner?—it is simply hideous. To tell the truth, I have not seen you decently dressed since Celeste went away."

Her hectic color came and went, her thin hands worked nervously together. The quick tears rushed to her eyes, but she restrained them bravely.

"You forget that I was never before, in my whole life, dependent upon myself, Danton. It seems quite odd to live without a maid, but I dare say I may like it in time. I will try to do my hair in better style. It tires my arms to arrange it now, but I shall be stronger soon."

He flung himself into a chair, and dashed off his hat with increasing ill-humor.

"And whose fault is it," he queried, sulkily, "that we are obliged to forego the luxury of servants—that we have been forced to take up our abode in a place like this? Whose fault is it that we have nothing before us but poverty, obscurity—starvation, for all that I know? It was not enough for your father to overwhelm us with the blackest of disgrace, in less than a week after our marriage

—not enough for him to take his own life, like the coward which he was, and leave others to bear the consequences of his misdeeds; not enough for him to have beguiled and deceived a man of birth and breeding into marriage with his daughter, but he must leave that daughter a beggar—he must turn over his money to Philip Harmon—curse the luck! For that spasm of conscience I will never forgive him! A man who can for twenty years enjoy his brother's possessions without any inward qualms, had better let reparation alone altogether."

Gerald Fortescue had desired that his innocent daughter should be kept in ignorance of her father's sins. Vain wish!

Neither from the world at large nor from the child whom he deeply loved, could any portion of that dark story be concealed. Justice is inexorable. From end to end the city had rung with this nine days' wonder; it had filled the columns of newspapers and the mouths of men. How, then, could Lilian fail to read and to hear?

The poor child knew all, and her father's suicide, the dark revelations, the change of fortune which followed it, had left her stunned, overwhelmed, heart-broken. At her husband's words she raised herself from the slippery sofa.

"Danton! Danton!" she cried, in a trembling voice, "do not sneer at my poor father for that one redeeming act, that one proof of his sincere remorse! I am glad—glad that, of his own will, he returned to Philip Harmon the money he had taken from him. That deed, at least, I can always think of with satisfaction."

He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Lilian, you are growing idiotic. What, I wish to ask, is to become of us? I tell you it was simply preposterous for a scoundrel like your late father to attempt an act of justice at the very close of his career, and by that freak make his only child utterly destitute. Does it give you satisfaction to know that we have now absolutely nothing—that you have been obliged to sell your jewels to pay the bills of the greedy doctors—that we are reduced to lodgings like these?—and heaven only knows how long we may be able to remain even here! The manner in which your father deceived the public, his skill in confounding his enemies, and pushing himself along in the world, was really worthy of admiration; but at the last he spoiled everything—acted like an idiot. Why the deuce should he voluntarily give up all that he had gained, and thrust you, a sickly, helpless creature, upon me for future support? Bah! it makes my blood boil when I think of it!"

She had grown very pale. Her hollow eyes dilated with mingled fear and consternation.

"Danton," she sobbed, "we have been married three months. Are you tired of me already?"

"Yes," he answered, with cruel candor, "I am. It was a bad business altogether—our marriage. The devil's own luck has attended all my attempts at matrimony. To be frank, Lilian, I feel that I have been abominably swindled."

She cowered as if he had struck her a blow. Sore distress appeared on her pinched little face.

"Oh, Danton, did you marry me for my money?"

He was scowling at the threadbare carpet. Though in good society Mr. Moultrie passed for a gentleman, in private life, of late, his language and conduct had been such as to utterly disqualify him for that time-honored title.

"For what else than money would I, or any other man, have married you?" he answered.

"When you urged me to fly with you, Danton, you said you loved me—you promised to love me all the rest of my life."

"You were a precious fool to believe it!" said Moultrie, with an unpleasant laugh. "Confession is good for the soul—you may as well know the truth now as at a later day—I never cared a straw for you. Do you think yourself the sort of woman to inspire passion? Ugh!"

"Then it was true," she gasped, "all you said that night in the conservatory, to Margaret Grey?"

"True as truth itself!"

She fell helplessly back on the sofa.

"Margaret tried to save me," she sobbed. "I see it now. She was my true friend; but I would *not* be saved."

"For heaven's sake, don't talk about Meg!" he cried, coloring with wrath. "I was an ass that I did not marry her years ago; my cursed prudence ruined me. And to think that, after all my caution, I should have been entrapped by the daughter of the real criminal! Jove! it looks like a just judgment. If I had remained true to that handsome vixen, all might have been well."

She lay quite still for several moments, with her face buried in her frail hands. Danton Moultrie felt no throb of pity for this girl—scarcely more than a child—who, innocent herself, had been stripped of fortune, father, friends—all in a day, and forced to bear a load of shame and sorrow that might have broken stronger shoulders than hers. Disappointment, chagrin, the ruin of all his fine plans, made him brutal. He had married a sickly, ugly girl for her fortune and grand connections, only to find her the daughter of an infamous scoundrel, penniless, helpless—an unloved burden that would yet weigh him down, he wrathfully felt, to the very dust. And Meg, grand, beautiful Meg, whom he had loved and deserted—to her had fallen the money and all the good lost by Lilian. No wonder he saw something like retribution in this unprecedented turn of affairs.

"Danton!"—she raised her white face at last—"it is true that I am ugly and sick and unattractive, but why did you ever tell me you loved me? Was it right to deceive me like that? Could any good come of it? I loved you, and so believed you. And now I am your wife, you are my husband. What is to become of us?"

"Heaven only knows," he answered, sulkily. "Our money is spent—we have been living for three months at an expensive hotel, paying doctors' bills and incurring all sorts of ruinous expenses on your account. For instance, you have but just discharged that girl, Celeste."

"I was ill; it was necessary that some one should take care of me—*you* would not."

"Nursing is not my forte. Don't cry, Lilian—a crying woman gives me the horrors, especially one to whom tears are unbecoming. The situation is just this: we have reached the bottom of our purse, we are in abominable lodgings, I have lost the situation which your father obtained for me some months ago, and can find no other suited to my peculiar abilities; the landlady here looks upon us with doubtful eyes; she evidently suspects something wrong—in short, it's the devil's own dilemma!"

"What are we to do?" she said again, with a look of absolute despair on her wasted face.

"That's a question more easily asked than answered," replied Danton Moultrie. He sprang up from his chair, and walked the floor for some moments in silence. After all, he had an apology for a conscience. Lilian watched him with a vague presentiment of evil. "I have had letters from New Orleans," he said, at last, keeping his eyes averted from her breathless face and limp figure, "calling me thither to settle some old business affairs, and it is absolutely imperative that I should go at once."

She clasped her hands involuntarily.

"New Orleans!" she shuddered. "Surely you will take me with you, Danton?"

"My dear child," he answered, with forced lightness, "that is quite impossible! Where is the money for such a journey? Moreover, in your state of health it would be very imprudent. At this season of the year the South is scarcely the place for you."

"When will you return?—how am I to live while you are away?"

"Of course I sh all return at the earliest possible moment. Meanwhile, I have an idea—a good one, I think. Address a few words to Margaret Harmon, and I feel sure she will open her home to you. Her father was sick with fever, or something, after his release from prison, and she has been attending him down at Gull Beach. I learned this much from the newspapers. I am confident that the Harmons are ignorant of our whereabouts, and of our pecuniary troubles. Appeal to them, and you will be helped."

Weak and spiritless sas Lilian was, a flash of indignant red appeared in her sallow cheeks.

"Ask help of Margaret, and of that man whom my father so deeply injured? Danton, Danton! how can you propose such a thing? If I were starving I would not dare approach that pair! Think of all they have suffered—think how they must hate the child of Gerald Fortescue! Betwixt Margaret and me stand my father's sins, too terrible to be forgiven. Let her never hear my name again—never see my face."

"Stuff! She was fond of you three months ago, and Meg is steadfast by nature. I'll wager my head that she would fly to you on the wings of the wind if she knew your present predicament. However, I shall not argue the point. I suppose you have no other friends of whom you could ask aid?"

"None. My father's disgrace has alienated all who called themselves by that name. You know yourself that no living creature has approached me since the truth was made public."

"It's the way of the world. Well, then, I shall be obliged to leave you in this execrable place alone."

She shuddered.

"Alone! that is a terrible word, Danton. Tell me the truth. Do you mean ever to come back to me?"

He paused in his uneasy tramp around the room.

"To be sure. What a question! Don't fall into the doldrums, Lilian; don't bore me with lamentations. A man must attend to business."

"*What* business?"

"You would not understand if I should try to explain," he answered, with an impatient wave of the hand; "it is enough that I must go. Be reasonable. Tears annoy me. Since you will have nothing to do with the Harmons, you must content yourself to remain here in solitude till I return."

With a cry she sprang up from the old sofa, and cast herself in a trembling heap at his feet.

"Danton, in mercy do not leave me here, sick and friendless! If you go, something tells me I shall never see your face again. Pity me, even if you cannot love me. I am your wife—do not desert me like this!"

He thrust her rudely from him.

"Don't be a fool, Lilian! This is not a matter of choice, but of necessity. You agitate yourself without cause. Our honeymoon is over. We must now begin life in earnest. I think there's an opening for me at New Orleans. Dollars and cents must push sentiment aside. Consider the situation, and act like a woman, not like a child."

She was little more than a child, and a weak, heart-broken one at that, and she clung about his knees, sobbing and crying violently.

"Danton, Danton! it was cruel of you to swear that you loved me, when you cared for nothing but my father's money—it was cruel to deceive me, to stoop to falsehood to win my hand; but it is still more cruel for you to forsake me in this manner. If papa had lived—only *lived*, even in poverty and deep disgrace, I should have had one on whom I could rely, but now—now I am utterly forlorn and desolate!"

Like the majority of his sex, he hated scenes. He raised her up, forced her back to the sofa, and tried to say something soothing and consoling. He had decided in his own mind what he would do, but he preferred duplicity to violence, a little harmless dissembling to the outcry which would certainly follow should he frankly confess his plans.

"Be calm, Lilian. Some other time, when you are more reasonable, we will talk further of this matter. I must ask the physician to give you something for your nerves. You are not forsaken—how absurdly you talk! I had no idea that your nature was so suspicious and crotchety. Though I do not pretend to love you, I dare say we shall live as happily as the rest of the world. I have made a bad bargain, and so, for that matter, have you; but thousands of others do the same, and yet get on very well together. Let us reconcile ourselves with the irremediable. There's a vast deal of cheating done, consciously or unconsciously, in the matrimonial line. Come, I will say no more about New Orleans. Dry your eyes, kiss me, and be comforted."

He bestowed upon her a hasty caress.

"Then you will not go?" she said, gazing at him with strange solemnity.

"Not at present. I will write to my Southern friends and excuse myself, for a few weeks, at least. Meanwhile, something may turn up—like Micawber, I base my hopes on that. You will grow stronger, and I may somehow obtain the funds necessary to take you with me. Let us not despair."

He sat down to a table and began to write a letter, with a vast show of ease and unconcern. Was Lilian deceived? Not at all. Suffering had sharpened her eyes. In the last three months she had obtained frequent glimpses of the real nature of this man. He was heartless, cold-blooded, unspeakably selfish. He cared not a fig for her; he looked upon himself as injured and cheated, and upon the girl he had married as an intolerable burden, to be shaken off at the first opportunity. She lay and watched him as he wrote, or pretended to write, the message which was to appease the impatience of his Southern friends. How hot and stifling was the shabby room! The monotonous rumble of wheels on the pavement outside, the "one demnition grind" of a wheezy hand-organ under the window, filled up the dreary silence. Everything was disagreeable and exasperating. And this was the end of that wealth and splendor to which Lilian Fortescue had been born—worse yet, the end of that love-dream on which she had staked her hope of earthly happiness.

At last Danton Moultrie arose from the table, with his letter in hand. Strange to say, it was addressed to Margaret Grey Harmon, Gull Beach.

"I am going out to mail this," he said, carelessly. "Heavens! the room is like a furnace! It will be impossible for you to exist here long. Take courage, I will be back directly."

She made no effort to detain him, but her weary, miserable eyes followed him to the door. He turned about on

the threshold, met that pitiful gaze, and looked uncomfortable.

"Good-by!" she said, almost solemnly.

"That's a very unpleasant word, my dear," he answered. "I prefer the Frenchman's more hopeful *au revoir*."

And with that he closed the door of the stifling little chamber and went off down the stair.

She listened till the last echo of his footsteps had died away, then fell back wearily on the slippery sofa. There she lay all the remainder of that broiling day, staring into vacancy. An apathy of utter despair had seized her. She was stunned by this new calamity. She felt that Moultrie would not return—she would see his face no more; he had deliberately deserted her.

Her flesh burned like fire. She knew that she was very ill, but the knowledge gave her no uneasiness. Whether she lived or died was of little importance now.

The room grew dark, lights began to shine in the street outside. A cool wind blew up from the harbor over the parched and dusty city. Presently the landlady, a sour, ill-favored woman, opened the door, and looked in upon the sick and wretched girl.

"You here alone?" she said, distrustfully. "Where's your husband, ma'am?"

Without lifting her heavy head, Lilian answered:

"*Gone!*"

"Gone!" echoed the woman. "Goodness me! do you mean to say he has left you?"

"Yes."

She advanced to the sofa, and holding up her kerosene lamp, surveyed her lodger with wrath and amaze.

"Well, I never! 'Twas pretty sudden, wasn't it? I suspected something wrong betwixt you two the first time you darkened my doors. Now, who shall I look to for my rent, I'd like to know? and I a poor widow—and you sick enough to be in a hospital this very minute. I gets my living by the lodgings, ma'am, and you'll have to pay or quit. What ever made your husband leave you?"

Aroused from her stupor by this new tormentor, Lilian lifted herself on her elbow.

"That is no matter of yours," she answered, with a touch of anger. "Let me remain here a while—you will be paid for your room. I have clothing in my trunks, and valuables—take them, if you like, but leave me in peace."

"I've heard of trunks being filled with stones and bricks and such like, just to cheat honest people out of their proper dues," said this keen landlady.

Lilian drew some keys from her pocket and feebly held them out to her.

"Look for yourself," she said.

Without the slightest hesitation, the woman unlocked the trunks, and briskly turned over their contents. Yes; rich fabrics were there—velvets, silks, laces, fine embroideries. With a mollified air she arose from her investigation.

"Would you like to have me send for a doctor, ma'am?" she asked.

"No," replied poor Lilian—"doctors are for people who wish to live—I do not."

"Lor', how shocking! Husband or no husband, *I* should want to wear out some of those fine gowns, ma'am. Don't you fret. Like enough he'll come back soon. What can I do for you?"

"Leave me," repeated Lilian. And the woman gave her a glass of water, and went away.

All that night the fever-stricken girl lay, now in a stupor, now tossing upon her hard bed, half-delirious, calling the name of the husband who had so basely deserted her. In the morning, when the hard-featured landlady came again to the door, she recoiled, aghast, at sight of Lilian. Even the contents of the trunks might not pay for a prolonged illness and burial expenses.

"If you've any friends, ma'am, they ought to be sent for," she said, decisively.

"I have none," answered Lilian.

"Shall I set a police officer on the track of your husband?"

"No; oh, no!"

"Don't you want food, or medicine, or something, ma'am?"

"Nothing, nothing!"

But as the morning advanced she grew worse. The landlady looked in upon her again, and, alarmed at the change in her appearance, sent a messenger for the nearest physician. After some delay the disciple of Esculapius mounted the narrow stair, catching his professional toes more than once in the holes of the worn-out oilcloth; examined the patient, and shook his head.

"A serious case. Some trouble here," lightly tapping her chest; "much fever. Needs rest and quiet above all things."

He wrote a prescription, and departed.

A little money still remained in Lilian's purse. The landlady went to the nearest drug-store, procured the medicine, and returned somewhat sulky and troubled.

"You'll have to leave in the morning, ma'am, trunks or no trunks," she said. "I couldn't take the responsibility of keeping you here sick on my hands. Besides, it might be something infectious, and that would scare the other lodgers. So to-morrow you must quit."

A cry of despair burst from the girl's pale lips.

"Whither shall I go?"

"That's *your* affair, ma'am. Every one for him or herself in this world, say I."

"Oh, what a hard world it is!" moaned Lilian. "I never, never dreamed before that it could be so hard and cruel."

The landlady retired without further words. No entreaties could touch her heart. She had kept a lodging-house for twenty years, and her sympathies were as a dried-up fountain. But she sent a slip-shod maid to give Lilian a narcotic which the doctor had ordered, and directly a merciful oblivion overtook the sufferer—for a time, at least, she ceased to think or feel.

The sultry, oppressive day wore on, the afternoon shadows grew long in the shabby chamber, but Lilian slept, and forgot her misery and despair—forgot that she was an unloved wife, a deserted, friendless creature, who was to be driven on the morrow into the street, or to some public institution. Vague dreams began to throng her brain. Now she was back in the red boudoir on Beacon Hill; now she was listening to Danton Moultrie's love-making; then Margaret Grey, in her splendid beauty, had stepped before her, and was waving the Southerner angrily away.

"You must not marry him!" she heard her rival cry. "He is false and worthless—he does not love you!"

But Moultrie's voice drowned the other—lured, constrained, overpowered her. In darkness and secrecy she was flying with the idol of her fond, foolish, all too credulous heart—flying from father, home, peace, happiness. Again she lived over her brief time of bliss, the terrible news of Gerald Fortescue's tragic death, the more terrible discovery of her husband's indifference—his deceit and selfishness.

"Margaret! dear Margaret!" she moaned in her

dreams. "I would not believe you—I would not believe my own eyes and ears. Was there ever such infatuation as mine? and now see how I am punished! Oh! where are you? Come to me! Have you quite forgotten Lilian?"

A cool hand suddenly touched her burning forehead. She started, opened her eyes. A face was bending down to her own, lovely, tearful, yet smiling; soft lips pressed her hot cheek.

Two persons had just entered the chamber. One, a man, stood in the background, waiting; the other, a fair woman, folded Lilian in two imperative arms.

"I am here!" cried the voice of Meg herself. "My poor, poor darling! I have found you, at last!"

With a wild scream, Lilian tried to rise up.

"Margaret! Margaret!"

Yes, it was that very person, radiant, beautiful, but with a look on her face which told that she fully realized the solemnity of this meeting, overshadowed as it was with spectres of change, sorrow, shame, death.

"I have come to take you from this place, darling," she said, tenderly. "We are cousins, you know, and it is my right to care for you now and always."

"How did you find me?" gasped Lilian, with a great joy dawning in her wasted face.

"Yesterday Danton Moultrie wrote 'me a letter," answered Meg, as she held the worn little figure close to her heart, "telling me that he was about to depart for the South, and that you were here, penniless, sick, alone! the weak, contemptible villain! At noon to-day his message reached me—the first news that I had received of you since Gerald Fortescue's death. Forgive me, dear, for not seeking you sooner. Papa has been ill—very ill, and I did not know—I could not dream that you were in this strait."

Lilian tried to shrink away.

"You forget that I am Gerald Fortescue's daughter, Margaret. As such, I could not expect you to give me a thought."

Meg clasped her closer yet.

"Not upon you shall Gerald Fortescue's sins be visited—God forbid! Poor little martyr! Did Mrs. Maitland forsake you, too?"

Lilian shuddered.

"Yes. She left the Beacon Hill house on the very day of my father's suicide, and I have not heard one word from her since that time."

"Shameful! How you must have suffered!" sobbed Meg. Then, in a loving, tremulous voice, she called, "Papa!"

The figure that had been waiting by the door stepped forward and paused beside Lilian. A pale, stooping man, with hair as white as snow, and a delicately molded face stamped with profound melancholy. Philip Harmon, free once more, but with his life wasted and ruined—with a weight of sadness and loss upon him, which not even his daughter's love could ever lift.

"Lilian," said Meg, gently, "this is your uncle Philip. He wishes to know you. In him you will find a good friend, a tender guardian."

Lilian's timid heart seemed to stand still in the presence of this man who had suffered such injury at her father's hands; but with a compassionate look, and a manner so kind and gentle that she was reassured in spite of herself, he bent and embraced her.

"Dear child," he said, tenderly, "from this moment you shall be my especial care! Henceforth I have two daughters instead of one. There's a carriage at the door. We must take you away with us at once."

"Papa and I will nurse you back to health and strength again," said Meg, bravely. "I am grateful to Danton Moultrie for writing that letter. All things considered, it was wonderfully thoughtful of him. You deceived, abused child! come with us, and forget that man, even though he is your husband—forget your disappointments and sorrows, and be happy again with papa and me."

Philip Harmon called the landlady, paid the sick girl's bill, gathered up her earthly possessions, and, with the help of his servant Martin, who was waiting outside, he conveyed Lilian tenderly to the carriage. And, supported in Meg's arms, Danton Moultrie's deserted bride was carried back to the house on Beacon Hill, and the best physicians in the city summoned to attend her.

"Her vitality is at the lowest ebb," said one of these—"her life hangs by a thread."

Skillful nurses watched her by night and day. Meg was constantly at her side—so, too, was Philip Harmon. Nothing could exceed the devotion of this pair to Gerald Fortescue's daughter. They had forgiven and forgotten everything; they surrounded her with the tenderest love and care. Slowly and reluctantly Lilian, at last, began to mend. As soon as she could with safety be moved, they carried her down to Gull Beach. There, among the sands and the sea-gulls, with the wholesome breath of ocean blowing upon her, and surrounded by every luxury that wealth could buy, she passed the remaining days of that fateful Summer.

Gerald Fortescue's name was never mentioned in her hearing, neither was Danton Moultrie's. She was docile and uncomplaining, grateful and affectionate, both to her new-found uncle and to Meg. She said little, she shed no tears, but all the while there was a look on her white, pinched face that grieved Meg unspeakably. The latter knew, without being told, that Lilian was breaking her heart for the man who had deceived and deserted her.

"My poor child," she said to her one day, as the two sat in a deep window of the hall, looking out on the wide blue sea, "will you not *try* to be happy with papa and me? We love you tenderly—live for our sakes."

A wan smile parted Lilian's pale lips.

"I *do* try, Margaret; but, somehow, it is quite useless. I was not made for a heroine—I cannot bear misfortune creditably. I am not like you. I was never strong, you know, and under the most favorable circumstances I am sure my life could not have been a long one."

There, in the seclusion of Beach Hall, they had shut themselves away from the world. But one visitor ever intruded on their privacy—Robin Leith. Occasionally he came to dine, or to spend a quiet hour on the terrace or in the garden. Philip Harmon never failed to give him a hearty welcome. The melancholy, white-haired man, old beyond his years, had conceived a lively attachment for the young lawyer. Lilian's thin face always brightened, too, at sight of him. But Meg—well, Meg was the same grand, indifferent creature which she had always been when Leith was by. Her manner was even a little more frigid than of old. She treated him with common civility, but nothing more.

Was he hurt by these lofty airs? He had shed his blood for her—did he resent her steadily increasing coldness? Not at all. He simply devoted himself to Philip Harmon and to poor Lilian, and left Meg to her own sweet will. She had fixed the gulf between them, he made no effort to bridge it.

"I like Mr. Leith," said Lilian, as she reclined in her invalid-chair, under the fir-trees, one August morning. "It does me good just to look at him, to hear him talk, he is so strong and manly, so resolute, yet gentle; so firm, yet kind. One could trust him in life and in death.

Uncle Philip is fond of him, too; but you—well, you snub him fearfully, Meg—I wonder he does not take offense. It is plain that you do not like to have him come here, dear."

Meg was feeding a gaudy peacock in the graveled walk. She threw her last kernel of grain to the fowl, then turned to Lilian with a serene smile.

"I should be a monster of ingratitude if I objected to his visits. He has periled his life in my service. Not long ago he sustained very serious injuries for my sake. Papa and I are his debtors to an enormous extent. Not for worlds would I fail to make him welcome in our home. I think he snubs *me* quite as much as I do him."

"Meg, dear, I fancied, perhaps, that he might care for you. You are one of those women that all men love at sight."

Meg grew frigid.

"What put that absurd idea into your head? You are quite wrong. Once, ages ago, he fancied himself enamored of me, it is true, but that was in his callow days. He has grown old and wise since then. No, I assure you that papa is the attraction, the only one, which brings him to Gull Beach now."

The hot Summer gave way to frosty Autumn. In spite of the care and luxury which surrounded her, in spite of the best of medical aid, Lilian grew weaker and weaker. At last her physicians prescribed a sea voyage, and the air of southern France. Meg and Philip Harmon now seemed to live only for this girl. The necessary preparations were quickly made, and in the late September the little party sailed for Europe, in search of health and consolation for poor, heart-broken Lilian.

Robin Leith and Miss Prue bade them farewell in the saloon of the English steamer. It was a dull, melancholy day. The roofs and spires of Boston were blotted out in rain; foam-caps dotted the harbor; dreary-looking people lounged about the dismal wharves; the bells and whistles of passing boats sounded like demon voices through the mist, and the spirits of the little company seemed quite in keeping with the outer world; a cloud rested upon each and all.

"When will you return?" said Robin Leith, as he held Meg's gloved fingers for a moment at parting.

"Impossible to say," she answered; "everything depends upon Lilian. We shall spend the Winter in the Riviera, or, if the air of that place does not agree with her, on the Nile, perhaps, or in Tangiers, or some other out-of-the-way corner of earth."

His brown, reserved face was a little paler than usual.

"Do not forget your friends at home."

"I will not—I have a retentive memory," she answered, carelessly.

"I feel sure we shall never set eyes on you again!" cried Miss Prue. "If you are not drowned or blown up at sea, some foreign count will marry you—one of those artful creatures that lie in wait for rich American heiresses. I haven't a hope of ever beholding you again."

Meg smiled, scornfully.

"Be at ease, dear Miss Prue—I shall never marry."

"Stuff and nonsense! A girl like you without a lover, is like a fine landscape without sunshine."

"Papa is my lover, and a very devoted and pliant one I find him."

Miss Prue shrugged her angular shoulders.

"Wait a while. Your day has not yet come. As for that child Lilian, mark my words, you will never bring her back alive. Danton Moultrie has killed her. Neither the South of France nor any other place will prolong her life so much as a day."

"Good-by," said Robin Leith; "to my mind, partings are a foretaste of death."

"Good-by," answered Meg, with a feverish brightness in her eyes and a mocking smile on her lips; "in the words of Kathleen Mavourneen's young man, 'It may be for years, and it may be for ever.' Kiss me, Miss Prue, and keep a warm place in your heart for me always."

That was all. Robin Leith went back to his law-office, and Meg slipped away to another world across the great ocean.

They carried Lilian to a lovely villa among the palms and olives and orange-trees of Nice—a charming spot, fanned by soft winds from the blue Mediterranean. The broad river Raillon murmured just beyond the roses and aloes of its gorgeous gardens. Cloudless skies and Summer seas, sunshine, flowers and perfume breathed blessings upon her. Philip Harmon and his daughter ministered to her constantly.

"Now, Lilian, darling," Meg said, with forced gayety, "you have nothing to do but to grow strong and well in this earthly paradise."

Alas! that wasted little body was like a frost-nipped flower, which no late sun, however genial, can revive. Lilian was doomed. Under the palms of the Promenade des Anglais, strangers soon came to speak of her as "the little American girl, just gone in a decline." Every fine morning, when her pony-carriage appeared on the drive, hundreds of compassionate glances were cast on the pathetic face which daily grew thinner and whiter, like a waning moon.

In vain the Harmons spent long hours with her in the beautiful Vallée des Fleurs, where the purple anemones and pink-and-blue hepaticas made a rare carpet for her weak feet, and where the air seemed full of balm and healing. In vain they carried her through Eden-like fields, and gardens burning with carnations, rank with heliotrope and rose, and among the lovely hills that lie at the base of the white-capped Maritime Alps. In vain they sailed over sunny waters, to the Islands of Ste. Marguerite and St. Honorat, and all the enchanting spots round about, seeking health and distraction for the feeble body and sad heart. The fiat had gone forth, the sands of that young life were almost run.

One day, when riding on the Corniche road, overlooking the Mediterranean from a height of nearly two thousand feet, with heath-covered mountains rising in the background till they ended in perpetual snow, and the olive-trees and acacias swaying in the sun, Lilian said to Meg:

"I would like to breathe my last in this lovely land—I would like to be buried here. 'I feel the daisies growing over me.' Don't take my body away, dear; find it a resting-place under some gray olive in these beautiful valleys."

A week later the end came.

"I forgive Danton Moultrie," she said. "He has broken my heart, but I forgive him. And you, oh, my dear ones——" turning her failing eyes from Meg's tearful face to the pale, sorrowful one of Philip Harmon—"I bless you both! You have made my last days happy!"

And with these words she died.

(To be continued.)

DYAKS' TRAPS.

THE Dyaks' traps are very successful, but dangerous to all travelers. A young tree is bent by main force into a bow, and the arrow is represented by a stout spear placed horizontally about three feet from the ground. When

the catch—which is in the track—is touched, the spear is thrust forward with immense force, and any passing object is instantly and hopelessly transfixed, unless it be so low as to allow the passage of the spear over its head. The pig-spears, which are set nearer the ground, transfix a man's legs; the deer-spears thrust him through about the thighs or waist.

But accidents are not so common from this source as might be expected. Certain signs and marks in the brushwood, on either side the spear, nearly always warn the sharp-sighted Dyak of his danger; and he enters the bush, and so gets carefully round the spear, or searches for the catch, over which he strides. Carelessness, however, will sometimes cause most horrible accidents.

THE COTTAGE WINDOW.

COLBERT.

Among the ministers and favorites of Louis XIV., few occupy a nobler position than Colbert. While many by their frivolity and subserviency to the monarch's pride were hurrying France to ruin, Colbert labored steadily and ably to increase the wealth and prosperity of the country by fostering agriculture, manufactures, fisheries, and by lightening the taxes that crippled industry. His eye reached beyond the borders of the kingdom, and he did more than all before him to develop the resources of Canada and extend discovery. It was no idle flattery that led some to give his name to the mighty river Mississippi.

Richelieu was the inflexible master of Louis XIII.; Colbert was the faithful servant of Louis XIV. His personality was less impressive and less oppressive than that of Richelieu, and although there was immense severity in many of his acts, yet, whether it is true or not that after his death the people, for whose good he had unswervingly striven, loaded his memory with insults, it is certainly true that he has not been held up to execration, as Richelieu has been, by subsequent writers of history. Yet, as in his lifetime he obtained two somewhat repellent nicknames from two distinguished persons, one of whom called him the Man of Marble, and the other simply The North, and as he did undoubtedly think it his duty to do many seemingly cruel things, it may be as well to see what kind of time it was that Colbert came to set right, and what kind of man he was, compared with his contemporaries.

JOHN BAPTIST COLBERT, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY CLAUDE LE FÈVRE.

The spectacular magnificence which, in Richelieu's time, those in high places combined with an inconceivable grossness of thought, speech and action; the misery, squalor and ignorance which prevailed at large; the affectation of chivalry, going hand-in-hand with an attitude of mind which was not shocked at the basest schemes of treachery and assassination—all are familiar to us.

Richelieu's great schemes were constantly thwarted by intrigues, the promoters of which never hesitated to undertake plots of betrayal and secret murder to which the faintest approach would, in these days, excite an outcry through all Europe. Such a state of thing Richelieu had to contend with, and partly because he was compelled to spend much of his time in guarding himself against treacherous intrigues and deadly plots, he did not leave the general state of morals and manners very much better than he found it. Nor did Mazarin, who, whatever else he did, took uncommonly good care of himself, mend matters very greatly. It was left for Colbert to reduce to a state of order the chaos which he found, and to contribute more than any one else to the glory of Louis XIV.'s reign.

At Mazarin's death many things were changed, but many remained, till Colbert changed them, unchanged, or, perhaps, rather exaggerated in evil. Louis XIV., who, it has been not unjustly said, succeeded to Mazarin, was more magnificently frivolous than his father. He was free from the ridicule which attached to Louis XIII., who allowed himself to be browbeaten by his miserable favorites whenever he was not under the spell of Richelieu's overpowering will; but in some ways—especially in his exhibition to his intimates of an extravagant and vulgar curiosity—he was almost equally ridiculous in the eyes of his contemporaries, while the formal ceremony which he introduced into his daily life must seem to us absurd rather than stately. To be sure, this ceremony was not invented by him, and there is a story that when he was a boy, his mother, Anne of Austria, had him whipped frequently, and that once, feeling worried with the formal respect paid to him by everybody, he said that he would gladly give up all the honor and glory of the pompous ceremony if he might also give up his floggings. Even his getting up was regulated by an exactitude which we may vainly hope to see introduced into a code of law. A solemn rule was inscribed in the Traité des Droits to this effect: "When the King first gets up, the grand chamberlain, or the first gentleman of the chamber, or whatever great officer next in dignity may be present, offers his Majesty a dressing-gown, the weight of which is supported by the first groom of the chambers. When his Majesty puts on his shirt the first groom of the chambers helps him with the right sleeve—the first groom of the wardrobe with the left." Other officers of the Court were intrusted with the more pleasing duty of arranging the dresses for the masks, balls and comedies which were given at the Court. There was a special official whose duty it was to look after the King's cravat. Putting on his cravat was the business of the master of the wardrobe, but it was laid down that in all cases if after the cravat was put on there seemed to be anything unsatisfactory about it, the *cravatier* might, in the absence of any superior officer, touch it and arrange it with his own hands. Privileges of this sort were jealously sought after. It was a special right of the first master of the household to present himself with the Kings' broth in the morning if the King sent for broth. When the King went hunting it was the master of the hunt's sole privilege to put into his hands a staff with

which to guard himself from overhanging branches. There is of course nothing curious in the fact that these things were done, and done with a sense of honor and gratification, by people about the King; but what is curious is that the doing of them should have been made into a kind of religious service—that there should have been jealousies and heartburnings about the smallest of these privileges – and that the assignment to one person of the care of the King's right shirt-sleeve and to another of his left shirt-sleeve should have been made with as much pomp and importance as the appointment to the highest State offices.

There was one curious touch of nature associated with all this tedious ceremony. While the most brilliant and most powerful men in the kingdom were waiting at the King's door before his rising, there was one person who went in before the grand chamberlain, before the first groom of the chambers, before the whole crowd of cardinals, marshals and ministers, who waited respectfully for his Majesty's signal that he was awake and ready to receive them. This person was the King's old nurse, whom he always embraced affectionately before betaking himself to the toilsome formalities of the day.

Meanwhile all this attention to ceremonious detail did nothing to alleviate the appalling grossness of manners and conversation which had existed in the time of the former King. Things which happily would now appear outrageous were said, written, and done by people of the highest birth and education. The fastidious observance of a ceremonial code of Court fashions had no relation to what is now regarded as the most rudimentary principle of good manners—that is, the pretense if not the reality of a wish to spare other persons' feelings. For instance, when Mazarin was dying, people played at cards in his room up to the last moment, and courtiers who a few days before had trembled at his nod, vied with each other in saying the bitterest things that they could to him. Mazarin himself supported these brutalities with admirable coolness, which was exemplified when some one brought him the news that a comet had appeared. "The comet does me honor," said the cardinal. Brienne, on the same occasion, went to see Mazarin, to whom he was much attached. "Brienne," said the cardinal, in tones which seemed to seek for consolation and sympathy, "I am dying." "So I see, Monseigneur," replied Brienne. Anne of Austria got a similar and yet more brutal reply to similar words addressed by her to a devoted follower on her deathbed, and it would be more easy than pleasant to give many examples of the strange want of what we now call decency which accompanied extravagant attention to pedantic forms of decorum.

In the splendor of his establishment, Louis XIV. was far from falling below that of his father, or rather that of Richelieu, for in Louis XIII.'s reign the most striking and magnificent entertainments were those given by the great cardinal. Balls and comedies were given in rapid succession at Louis XIV.'s Court, but without any kind of reference to the fitness of the occasion. When Anne of Austria was desperately ill, only ten days before her death, the King presided with great gayety at the nuptials of Mlle. d'Artigny. The betrothal feast took place at the Palais Royal while the Queen-mother was expiring at the Louvre, and thus, as Barrière says, "On mêlait les apprêts, la pompe et la joie d'une noce aux angoisses d'une agonie." The Queen-mother sent for the King and pointed out the impropriety of his conduct, not so much on her account as on his own. She told him he should reflect that the people might be irritated against him if they saw him amusing himself at a time when she was hourly threatened with death. This was not the only chagrin the poor Queen had. It was brought to her knowledge that while she lay dying the King and his brother were already quarreling in the next room over the distribution of her pearls and diamonds. What the Queen thought of this is not recorded, but she made excuses of her son's heartless behavior in the other matter by saying that allowances must be made for the impulsiveness of youth. The King himself used to appear in the ballets which were given in Court, and for which verses were written by Benserade—verses of a kind which would not now be tolerated upon any stage, although then they were spoken in a brilliant theatre to a brilliant audience by the greatest ladies and gentlemen of the day.

In all the conditions of life in Paris in the seventeenth century the same strange contrasts were observed. Perhaps the most striking contrast of all was found between the splendidly frivolous Court of Louis XIV., and Colbert, its great minister, of whom the King said that he always brought to the Court the bearing and manners of a *bourgeois*. It is, indeed, curious to reflect how, in the midst of all the specious gallantry which covered a revolting coarseness, of the brilliant ballets and masks, of the duels, intrigues and scandals which buzzed around him, Colbert, cold, severe and beetle-browed, sat working fourteen hours a day, planning and executing schemes which have never been surpassed in nobility and vastness.

But to return to lesser contrasts. In the early days of Louis XIII.'s reign the Parliament complained of the gross extravagance of making kitchen apparatus in gold and silver. The coffers in which the King's spoons, forks and knives were kept, to avoid the chance of their being poisoned, were made of exquisitely engraved gold; and yet with all this there was an extraordinary squalor and parsimony. Mme. de Motteville has recorded that the Queen's maids-of-honor had no tables provided for them at the palace. "After the Queen's supper," she writes, "we ate up whatever she had left, in a scrambling fashion, using her napkin and the remnants of her bread."

When, in 1645, the second year of Louis XIV.'s reign, the Polish ambassadors came on a mission to Court, his Majesty intended to give them a grand banquet, which was unfortunately marred by something going wrong with the soup; and when, later on, the guests went away, they had to grope their way through the darkness of rooms and corridors which the servants had neglected to light. On a later occasion, at a banquet given to the Spanish envoys, the dishes were rifled on their way to table by the officers of the King's household, so that when they were set before the guests they were only half full. Again, the complaint of Parliament referred to about the reckless employment of gold and silver was followed by an edict, which was constantly disregarded, against having the floors of houses and the bodies of chariots covered with gilding; and while these gilded chariots rolled through Paris, no such thing as a glass coach—that is, a carriage with glass windows—had been seen or thought of. Outside Paris communication between one place and another was most difficult, and hotel accommodation was so bad that Mme. de Sévigné, whenever she traveled from place to place, had her bed carried with her on a packhorse.

In Paris itself, a person standing in front of the palace and garden of the Tuileries, and wishing to cross the Seine, would have found no means of doing so but a miserable wooden bridge, and he would have found the streets guarded by chains. The streets themselves were so dirty that no one thought of setting foot in them without putting on high boots, and the air which passed through these streets was so vile that a certain Dr.

Courtois, living in the Rue des Marmousets, in the time of Louis XIV., found every morning that the bronze fire-dogs in his dining-room, which looked on the street, were coated with verdigris. In the daytime the streets were crowded with mendicants exhibiting all the horrors of their real or feigned maladies. At night they were lighted only by lamps, which honest folks lit and rogues as quickly put out. Then the place was given up to ruffianism of every sort. People were robbed of their purses, even of their cloaks, if they were compelled to venture out on foot, and they were generally glad enough if they got home alive. Thieves and gallants climbed into houses by the aid of rope-ladders; people corresponding to the English Mohocks beat the watch, added to the general disorder, and made it more easy for the hired bravo to ply his hideous trade. Murderous robbers, disguised as cake-sellers, enticed the innocent passer-by to look at their wares, and while he was looking, stunned, or more often killed him, and then emptied his pockets. So great was the disorder caused by the entire want of any police arrangements, that so late as 1663, when Louis XIV. had for some time past made his authority felt by the dangerous classes, it was a common thing for people to be kidnapped in the streets. The corruption which existed among the great officers of the State was on a par with the horrible savagery which those who should have cured it were content to let alone, so long as they could fill their own pockets. It was this state of things that Colbert arose to reform.

And to take first one part of his extraordinary and successful exertions for the good of his country, we may refer to what Barrière says of the change which he worked in that particular kind of disorder which has just been described:

"This wretched state of things did not strike Colbert's eyes in vain. The administration was charged with the lighting of the streets. The watch was largely increased. Corps-de-garde were stationed in the more dangerous quarters. The minister's attention was also given to the victualing of the city, the number of its inhabitants, and the increase and decrease of the population. The first statistical researches are due to this astonishing man, whose genius foresaw all that could be useful and good. 'It being important,' he wrote in a dispatch on this subject, 'to be well acquainted with the condition of the State at all times, and to observe carefully the causes which affect the number of the population, in every quarter of Paris, on the second day of each month, a register will be made of all the baptisms, marriages and deaths of the preceding month, both in general and with regard to each particular parish.'"

This ordinance brought to light the most extraordinary neglect and disorder in the registers, which ought to have been carefully kept by the clergy. Barrière goes on to speak of one which he says was kept between 1640 and 1658, during the youth of Louis XIV.:

"The good priest who kept this mixing confusedly in it the events of the time and the records of religious services, duels and christenings, funerals and public rejoicings."

In notes inserted between the dates of these things are found all kinds of frivolous records—one of the New Year's gifts which the priest received, principally things to eat and drink, and another concerning a litter of puppies and the distribution which he made of them.

What Colbert did in one branch alone of his reform of Paris may be instanced by this story: Colbert, following the advice of Charles Perrault, a member of the Academy, and Premier Commis des Bâtiments du Roi, engaged the great Lenôtre to beautify and arrange the gardens of the Tuileries. When the work was finished, the minister came to see it, and was delighted with it, but expressed a fear that the public might abuse their privilege of entrance.

"I am sure, sir," said Perrault, "that the gardens of kings cannot be made so vast and splendid except in order that all their children may take their pleasure in them."

Colbert smiled, but returned to the charge, and, calling to some gardeners who were passing, asked:

"Do you not find that people here destroy your work?"

"No, my lord," they all replied, "not a hand plucks our flowers, not a foot tramples down our grass. As for the alleys, it is better that people should walk in them—we have no weeds to root up."

Colbert smiled again, and let the people of Paris crowd at their ease into the alleys about the turf of a garden which they so well knew how to respect.

Such things as these, however, were but a small part of what Colbert did for Paris, and what he did for Paris was but a small part of what he did for France. To go in detail into his great achievements in a limited space would be an impossible task; and in speaking of his life much that is in itself interesting must be omitted as being relatively dull. But, to give a brief summary of his vast projects and reforms, it may be said that, in addition to his great financial operations, he found energy to conceive and execute great improvements in the fleet and forts of France, as well as in her roads, canals and mines. It was not for want of thought or vigor, but from a mistaken view, that his attempts to better the trade of his country with other nations was less successful than others of his enterprises. His services to science and art were enormous. He founded the Academies of Science, of Inscriptions and Medals, of Architecture and of Music, and the Academy of France at Rome. He reorganized the Academy of Painting and Sculpture, he founded the *Journal des Savans*, the School of Eastern Languages, and the Collection of the Louvre. Amongst the buildings which he contributed to Paris were the new Louvre, the Observatory, the Arc de Triomphe at the Porte St. Martin, and the Invalides. He had in all that he did an untiring energy, an industry that never swerved, a patience and persistency that bore him over all obstacles to the ends at which he aimed, and an inflexible determination that led him straight to the attainment of whatever object he desired.

Great man as Richelieu was, and great as were the results of his founding the French Academy, he did this less for the sake of literature than in order to enlist clever writers, or those whom he took for clever writers, on his side. Colbert's work in this direction was of a different kind, and, it may fairly be asserted, of a different spirit. Hénault has written of him that "it was not sentiment which urged Colbert to artists and men of learning. He did it because he was a statesman, and had recognized the truth that the fine arts are the great means of forming and immortalizing great empires." Whether this was Colbert's idea or not, and whether or not his encouragement of art did aggrandize the empire, he certainly did immense things for art.

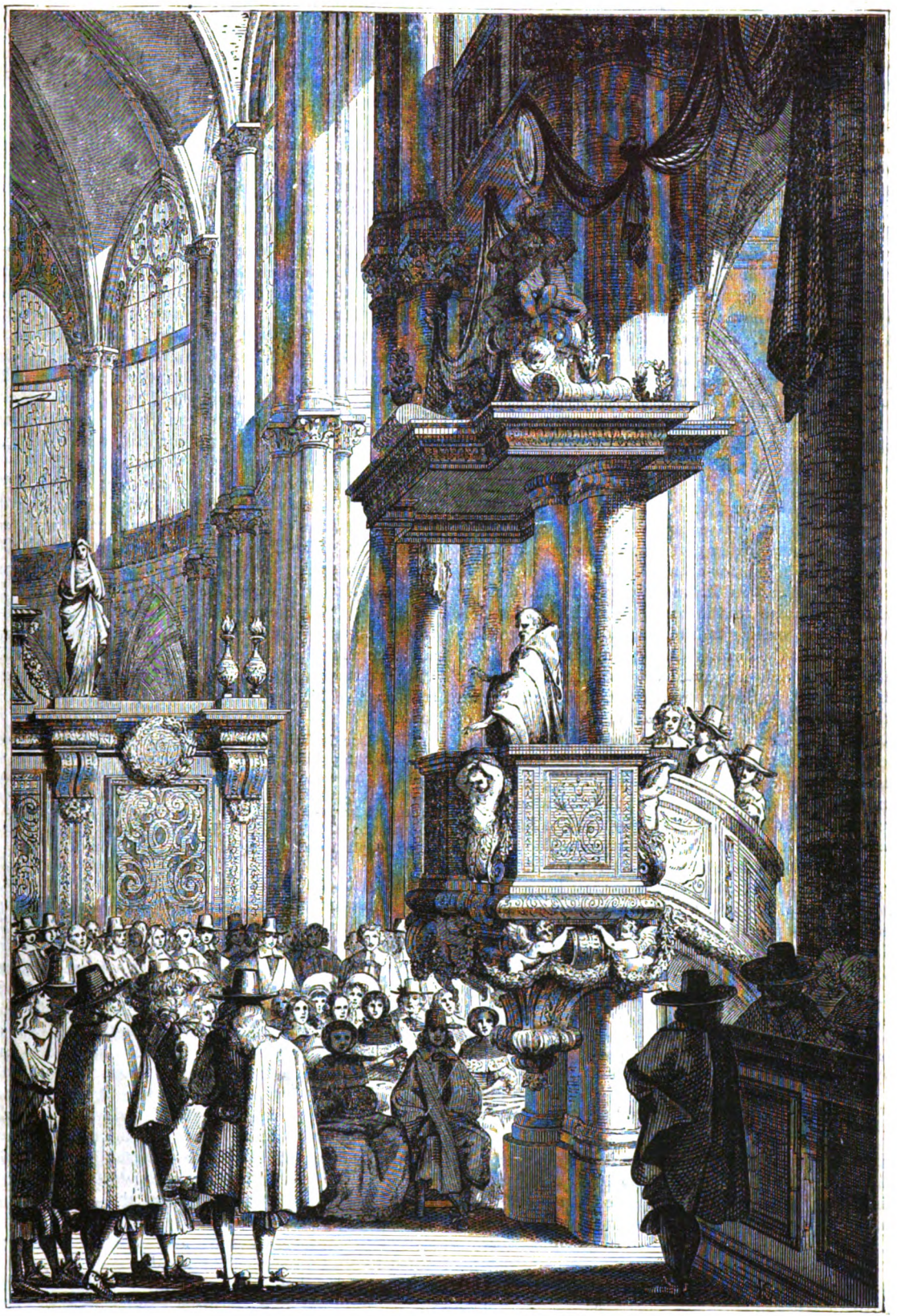
With Colbert's taste and discretion it would be difficult to quarrel. What he did in these matters has been thus admirably summed up:

"The extent of his encouragement to arts, manufactures and letters during the reign of Louis XIV. is worth stating: £50,000 were given to the Paris observatories, £288,000 to the Gobelin and other Paris manufactures, £136,000 to manufactures in other parts of France; finally, £160,000 in pensions to men of letters. . . . The list of pensioners is worth reading. It contains the names of Pierre Corneille and his brother, of Molière, Racine, Perrault, the historian Mézeral, and, what is even more remarkable, of many eminent foreigners—among them Vossius the geographer, and the great Dutch mathematician, Huyghens."

The mind which could bring itself, whether for purely State reasons or not, into sympathy with all the varied branches of cultivation at home and abroad, which could invent, hold and carry out the gigantic reforms which Colbert introduced in almost every department of the Government, could also include the wisest consideration of the most commonplace domestic matters. A Nasmyth steam-hammer will at one moment strike a blow the sight of which might appall the strongest hero of the Iliad, and will at the next fall with a force and pressure exactly calculated to break the shell of a nut without injuring the kernel. And so in Colbert's letters, together with a portentous grasp of matters of the utmost importance to the State and its finances, are found the most minute and careful calculations concerning the economy of dairy produce, or the number of carriages and barges to be ordered for the King's marriage, and the expense which should be incurred for such ordering. In one of his letters to Mazarin he excuses himself for having sent some oranges of poor quality to the Queen. In another he writes: "I have twice sent fruit from Vincennes to the King and Queen. We have a calf which is three months old, and another which will be good for eating in about a fortnight. If your eminence thinks fit, the first could be sent to Compiègne at once, and the other kept for your eminence's return."

FRENCH ROADS BEFORE COLBERT'S IMPROVEMENTS.

Of such a man Mazarin, in his dying moments, might well have said to the King, "Sire, I owe everything to you, but I think that I pay part of my debt in leaving you Colbert." This, according to popular tradition, is what



A SERMON IN A CHURCH AT PARIS IN THE DAYS OF COLBERT.

Mazarin did say, but it seems to rest on no surer foundation than the conclusion of a sentence in Mazarin's will, "et prie le Roi de se servir de lui [Colbert] étant fort fidèle"—"And I pray the King to rely on the services of Colbert, who is most worthy of trust." Another striking saying is recorded to have been uttered by Colbert himself in his dying moments, when, feeling deeply the neglect of the King for whom he had done so much, he said, "Si j'avais fait pour Dieu ce que j'ai fait pour cet homme-là, je serais sauvé deux fois, et je ne sais ce que je vais

devenir"—"Had I done for my God what I have done for the King, I should be doubly saved; now I know not what to expect." This, if true, would be a striking parallel to Wolsey's speech in Shakespeare's play—"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my King, He would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies"—but, unfortunately, it rests on very inaccurate testimony, and must, perhaps, be relegated to the company of the detected Mock Pearls.

Colbert was born at Rheims on the 29th of August, 1619. His father was believed to have been a cloth-merchant by most of the writers of the time, but the grounds upon which they founded their belief were not much more solid than those which supported Colbert's pretension to being descended from a noble Scotch family, which, says Pierre Clément, was never taken seriously. The matter is not of importance, and cannot be definitely decided either way. It would be more interesting to know, if one could, how the early years of life were passed by the greatest man of his age, but this, too, is a subject on which there is much doubt. The Abbé de Choisy asserted that when Colbert was at the height of distinction he used to get Latin speeches written for him, which he recited by heart without understanding a word of the language; and there is another story, that after he came into power he devoted all the time passed in carriage-drives to learning Latin. It is tolerably certain that neither of these stories is well founded, for in writing to Mazarin in 1653 Colbert speaks of certain Latin phrases with the air of a man who is at home in the language, and Nicholas Colbert, his brother, writing to him, reminds him of the time which he spent at the Jesuits' College in his boyhood.

Of the time which he passed between his college days and his entrance into the public service, nothing is known positively. One of his uncles had married a sister of Michel le Tellier, Secretary of State for War, and through the influence of his uncle Colbert began his career as a commissary in the War Office. It was not long before his zeal and capability were remarked. He was attached to the special service of Le Tellier, and by 1649 he had made his mark so much that he was appointed a Councilor of State. In 1650 he accompanied Mazarin through Normandy, and to this date belong the earliest letters of his which have been preserved. One of these contains a proof of his perception of character, in a description of Mazarin, for whom, at that time at any rate, he had no great love:

"Since the beginning of this journey I have noted that he has the quality of irresolution in a most marked degree. It may be that this comes from his being unable to think of two things at the same time—when one is pressing it drives out the other, and though his memory tries from time to time to restore it, it finds the place already occupied, and can do no more than set its foot on the threshold, whence it is immediately driven back again."

It was not long after this that Colbert left the service of Le Tellier for that of Mazarin, who, in 1651, was forced to retire into the provinces in consequence of the failure of his attempt to regain position by setting free the princes of Condé and Conti and the Duc de Longueville. Before long Colbert had, by dint of his enormous talents and his unflagging persistency, obtained the complete confidence of Mazarin, and the entire management of his affairs. The exercise of the same unflagging persistency in another direction has given occasion for a charge of nepotism being brought against Colbert, and it is certainly true that he did constantly pester Mazarin to bestow offices upon a number of his relations—but it is also true that in every instance when Colbert found a place for a relation the place was well filled. One of the letters of this date is curious, as containing an illustration of the way in which words change their signification from time to time. In this letter the writer speaks of "toutes les bontés que votre Éminence a eues pour moi en toute sorte d'occasion, qui surpassent infiniment toutes celles que personne de sa condition ait jamais eues pour un *domestique*." So when La Grande Mademoiselle signified to Lauzun, first gentleman of the King, her intention of marrying him, Lauzun replied, "Serait-il possible que vous voulussiez épouser un *domestique* de votre cousin germain?"

Another letter of the period during which Colbert was the cardinal's right-hand man gives a glimpse of the severity which Colbert could exercise on occasion. In 1658 the peasants of Brouage mutinied against the oppressive property tax, and some soldiers were killed in a riot. Colbert wrote to his cousin, for whom he had got the appointment of *intendant*, "The peasants whom you have imprisoned were taken with arms in their hands, and if you could have one of them hanged it would have more effect than anything else that you can do. I am surprised that you have not taken measures for this, which I regard as the most important matter in the expedition."

A few months later, in the same year, Louis XIV. fell seriously ill at Calais, and on the knowledge of his danger the old partisans of the Fronde began again to show signs of activity. The President, De Nesmond, told Colbert that he saw symptoms of evil disposition growing, and he wrote to Mazarin to beg for frequent news of the King's condition. "If the news is good we shall exert ourselves to make it public, if bad we shall do our best to turn it to advantage for the service of the King and the cardinal." Precautions were taken for fortifying various garrisons, and on the 14th of July, Colbert, writing to Mazarin, said:

"The Duc de Brissac, Jarzé, and all the authors of the cabal have all but publicly rejoiced over the King's illness. It is said that they have made Chaudenier come to them, and that they have sent post-haste for the Cardinal de Retz. I am told that President Perrault has sent couriers in various directions to announce the King's death. Your Eminence will perceive that these people have fully exposed their evil intentions."

The irritation thus seen to be gathering broke out not long afterward. It must be remembered that during and after the troubles of the Fronde, hopes of an assembly of the States-General had been given to what remained of the power of the nobles, which Richelieu had done his best to crush with an iron heel. Louis XIV. had even given a promise to gather an assembly. But in 1658 an edict of council forbade any assemblage of nobles or others to be held, under penalty of death. The nobles on this exerted themselves to get up partial assemblies, hoping to drive the Court into assembling the States-General. In August, 1658, Colbert wrote to Mazarin that this kind of thing was going on, that Normandy, Anjou and Poitou were very badly disposed, and that some exemplary punishment was needed to recall them to their duty. In the next year Mazarin learned that the nobles of these three provinces were secretly banding themselves together. Colbert, always prompt to vigorous measures, immediately proposed to send a regiment of cavalry and one of infantry into Normandy, "pour empêcher le mal que ces gentilshommes veulent faire." Mazarin, however, was of opinion that this was unnecessary. Perhaps if he had taken Colbert's advice, the affair would not have lasted, as it did, several months—at the end of which a certain Bonnesson, who figured chiefly in the conspiracy, was with others arrested. The accused were brought before the Grand Council, and after considerable delay Bonnesson was exe-

cuted, and the castles and woods of some of the others engaged in the matter were razed to the ground, in accordance with an order of the King with which Colbert overrode the ordinary law. This business, which went by the name of the Révolte des Gentilshommes, came to an end with the year 1659.

Next year came the King's marriage, and the year after that the death of Mazarin left empty a place which from that moment practically if not nominally Colbert entirely filled. For some time before this event Mazarin and Colbert had been aware of the vast malversations of the *surintendant* Fouquet, some notion of the extent of which may be gained from the fact that Delorme, who was second in command to him for some eighteen months, was supposed to have made during that time "quatre millions de gratifications en argent, ou revenus de pareille valeur." Having gone deeply into the question of Fouquet's wrongdoings, Colbert proposed to put an end to them by establishing a Chamber of Justice composed of carefully selected members, and by making the King himself the direct receiver of his revenues. The dispatch in which Colbert submitted his plans to Mazarin was intercepted by a spy of Fouquet's, who had spies everywhere, and a copy of it was taken and sent to Fouquet, who had the audacity to complain to Mazarin. Mazarin, for reasons into which it is needless now to go, was unwilling to press matters to extremities with regard to Fouquet, and patched up a kind of enforced reconciliation between him and Colbert; but after Mazarin's death Colbert was free to act according to his own ideas.

How greatly Colbert's action in the matter was needed may be judged from the fact that while the royal palace was furnished in the most meagre and insufficient manner, Fouquet's house at Vaux-le-Vicomte was crowded with the most costly furniture, plate and statues. The utmost point of Fouquet's insolence of display was reached in a *fête* which he gave at his house in August, 1661, for which six thousand invitations were sent to different parts of Europe. It may be noted that at this *fête* took place the first representation of Molière's "Les Fâcheux."

According to Brienne, the King had made up his mind to have Fouquet arrested on the very day of the *fête*, in his own grounds. The Queen-mother, however, was greatly averse to this, and said to the King: "Ah, sire, such a deed will bring you no honor; he is ruining himself to give you a splendid entertainment, and you take him prisoner even within his own walls." The King yielded to this argument so far that he put off Fouquet's arrest, on which he was quite determined, until it could be done at Nantes, when at one blow he could make himself sure both of Fouquet and of Belle-Isle. According to Brienne, Mme. de Chevreuse was a leading spirit in the plan for the overthrow of Fouquet. It was she who, urged partly by the Marquis de Laignes, persuaded the Queen-mother to acquiesce in the *surintendant's* downfall. Brienne also states that the King persuaded Fouquet to give up his office of Procureur-Général to the Parliament of Paris by telling him that he would, as soon as he gave it up, make him *chevalier de l'ordre*, and appoint him Prime Minister.

In connection with the creation of *chevaliers*, Brienne has a story which is interesting because it shows that there was at least one honest man besides Colbert who at this time was employed in the King's service. The story relates to Marshal Favert, who had already greatly distinguished himself in the reign of Richelieu, who knew an honest man when he saw him, and knew his value. Favert, says Brienne, refused, *not* to be made a chevalier of the King's Order, *but* to adduce proofs of his noble birth, in order to be enrolled among the chevaliers. "Your Majesty," he said to the King, "knows that I am not of noble birth—I can call myself noble now with justice, because I am a Marshal of France—but my father was a bookseller at Metz, and I myself have sold almanacs. That being so, do you wish me to dishonor myself by pretending that I am noble?" "Plenty of people do it," said the King. "I do not wish to hold myself up as an example to anybody else—for my own part, I am content with the honor your Majesty has done me in giving me the *bâton* of a Marshal of France—an honor which my services may have merited; but it shall never be said that in order to become a chevalier of the King's Order I have committed a fraud and told a lie!" It may be put to the credit of the Court that they were all full of praise for an action which probably not one of them, under similar circumstances, would have performed. How far their enthusiasm was encouraged by their personal satisfaction at finding that Favert acknowledged himself not to be "one of them," we need not inquire. In the case of Beringhen, at least, it may be taken for granted that the satisfaction was not of an unselfish kind. Pretensions such as his might have been rudely disturbed if a person of notoriously ignoble birth had consented to go through the form of declaring himself noble.

To return, however, to Fouquet. Brienne speaks with some hesitation of Colbert's cognizance of the plan for his arrest, but it is really tolerably certain that the plan was in part Colbert's own, though he may have found it prudent to keep in the background. What Brienne could speak to and has spoken to with certainty is his interview with Fouquet, which took place a short time before Fouquet's being arrested at Nantes. In this conversation Fouquet was full alternately of great boastfulness concerning his services to the King and State, and complete confidence that the King could not make up his mind to part with him, and of an abject terror as to his possible fate.

"Shall I fly—shall I hide myself?" he said at the end. "It would not be easy, for where, except, perhaps, in the Republic of Venice, could I find an asylum? You see what my condition is. Pray give me whatever news you can of what is in store for me, and above all be secret."

"He convinced me with tears in his eyes—and I, too, could not help weeping," says Brienne; and adds, with a curious *naïveté*: "He inspired me with true pity, of which he was indeed worthy."

If a man like Fouquet, who had made an enormous fortune by the most deliberate malversations, was worthy of true pity when he was found out, what words could be found to apply to Colbert, the man who found him out, and who, in a time when every man was fighting for his own hand or purse, unhindered by any of the moral prejudices which afflict our age, devoted a gigantic intellect and energy to the aggrandizement not of himself but of his country?

Fouquet, as has been said, was arrested at Nantes, in spite of his constant belief, which continued to the last, that the King would never make up his mind to do without him. There is to be observed a curious difference between the circumstances of Louis XIV.'s reign and that of his predecessor. Cinq-Mars, we know, held for different reasons a similar belief in the King's clemency, but despite his belief, Richelieu, having once laid his claws upon him, had his head chopped off without more ado. Colbert, who was, perhaps, in the higher sense of the word, a greater man than Richelieu, had not the cardinal's unrivaled power over other men, and so it happened that after Fouquet's arrest his prosecution dragged on a weary length, and ended in his escaping the sentence of death,

FOUQUET DISMISSED BY LOUIS XIV.

CAMEO-CUTTING.—SEE PAGE 219.

which, according to the moral code of the time—a time which had to meet barbarous offenses with equally barbarous punishments—he certainly deserved. Thirteen out of twenty votes were given to save Fouquet from the fate which, in Richelieu's time, would certainly have overtaken him. On this point M. Clément remarks that at the moment when sentence was given, the accused had, so to speak, disappeared, and the task which the greater part of the judges had proposed to themselves was to give a lesson to the Government, or rather to Colbert.

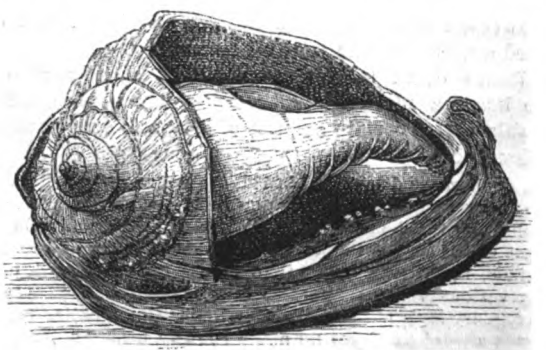
"Such was, at the beginning of his ministry, the effect of the reforms which he so vigorously and disinterestedly carried out, and which have made his name immortal. It is known that the most pressing efforts were made in the cause of the accused by his illustrious friends. Where Colbert was wrong was in meeting intrigue with intrigue, and bringing to bear on his object the weight of promises and threats derived from the most absolute power."

Why Colbert was so wrong in this, especially as there was plenty of evidence, not only of the grossest malversations on Fouquet's part, but of his having projected a civil war, is not quite so easy to see. Colbert lived, like Richelieu, in the midst of intrigues that had to be suppressed with a strong hand, but Colbert had not made himself practically King of France, and it was not his personality that was aimed at. What he did was done in the name of the King and the State, and purely for the good of the King and the State. If he had put himself more in the foreground of the picture of those times, his presence might have caught the fancy of historians so much that they might not have described as fierce severity on his part actions which, in the case of Richelieu, they would have taken as a matter of course, and possibly as a matter for admiration.

CAMEO.

While the case was going on, a good many officers who had been employed in collecting the property tax—the greater part of which they took such care of that nobody but themselves saw or touched it—were tried and banished, condemned to the galleys or hanged. Fouquet himself received a sentence of banishment, which was commuted to perpetual imprisonment. His case has been dwelt on at some length, because from his downfall dated the beginning of the enormous financial reforms which Colbert planned and executed. They were not carried on without a good deal of trouble from revolts in the provinces. The most important of these was headed by a certain Audijos, a member of a noble family, formerly an officer in the regiment of Créqui. His knowledge of the country and the devotion of his followers enabled him to baffle pursuit for a long time. In the manner in which he was finally kept quiet is another illustration of the difference between the time of Louis XIII. and XIV. Richelieu would have dropped him into the Bastille or down an *oubliette*. Under Louis XIV. he was brought over to the King's service by the bribe of a command of dragoons.

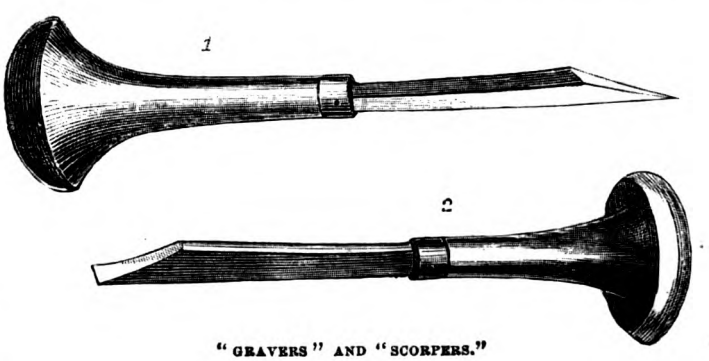
In addition to his gigantic financial reforms, into the details of which it would be tedious to go, Colbert undertook the management of the Marine, long before he held nominal office in that department. When he first took the matter in hand, he found nothing to give his attention to but a few rotten old ships. Three years later France had a fleet of sixty ships of the line and forty frigates. Besides this, and besides the vast achievements which have been



CAMEO SHELL.

already referred to, he reorganized the colonies of Canada, Martinique and St. Domingo, and founded others at Cayenne and Madagascar. He improved the Civil Code, and he was the author of the Marine Code, and what was called the Black Code for the colonies.

When he first undertook the financial department, the revenue was 84,000,000 livres, 52,000,000 of which were absorbed in collection. Twenty years later, the revenue was 116,000,000 livres, of which 23,000,000 were spent in administration and collection. Under his management, Riquet constructed the great industrial enterprise of the age, the Canal of Languedoc, joining the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, a canal with seventy-five locks, 162 miles long, carried over a watershed 830 feet above the sea-level. A century and a half earlier, Leonardo da Vinci had for



"GRAVERS" AND "SCORPERS."

the first time practically applied the invention of locks to a canal in the plains of Lombardy.

In connection with the making of this canal, the less admirable side of Colbert's character showed itself in a striking way. Riquet had been the life and soul of the whole enterprise, and had been devoted to Colbert himself. In 1680, just as the work was approaching completion, Riquet died. Colbert, writing to Daguesseau after this event, used no greater expression of regret than is contained in these few words: "The death of Riquet gives me some apprehension that the work of the canal may be delayed." M. Clément observes that this ingratitude seems to deprive Colbert of the right of complaining of the King's subsequent ingratitude to himself, and there are, no doubt, some people who would call Colbert's fate a judgment.

The closing scenes of his life were, indeed, as sombre as the height of his success had been brilliant. Louvois had arisen to rival him, and to be preferred to him by the King, who in this displayed an equal folly and ingratitude. That his death was caused by chagrin and disappointment, as some have asserted, is scarcely probable, but there can be little doubt that his last illness was aggravated by the King's neglect. It may be noted, by-the-way, that in 1680 he was cured of a fever by an English physician, who exhibited quinine, at that time a new remedy.

Colbert's death took place in 1683, shortly after a scene between himself and the King, which is recorded, probably with a certain amount of dramatic exaggeration, by Montyon:

"M. de Louvois discovered in 1683 that there was needless expense incurred in some of the new buildings at Versailles, and told the King that he thought so. When M. Colbert gave in his account of the cost of the gate which shuts the grand court at Versailles, the King thought the expense too great, and, after saying various very disagreeable things, observed: 'There is some roguery in this.' M. Colbert replied: 'Sire, I flatter myself that such a word can have no application to me.' 'No,' replied the King; 'but more care should have been taken.' And he added, 'If you want to learn what economy is, go to Flanders, and you will see how little the fortification of the places we have taken has cost.'"

Now, these fortifications were the work of Louvois, "and," says Montyon, "this speech, this comparison with Louvois, fell on him like a thunderbolt." However accurate or inaccurate Montyon may be, it is certain that some such scene as this did take place, and no doubt embittered greatly the last days of Colbert's life, which was ended on the 6th of September, 1683.

The reproach, whatever exact form it took, addressed by the King to the minister, who, while striving with unrivaled energy for the good of the country, had yet always found means to satisfy the King's grossly extravagant tastes, can scarcely be excused, the less so because, in spite of his passion for reform, Colbert had been forced to impose some heavy taxes on the people to find money for the King's private use, and had thus incurred a certain amount of unpopularity. The story that this unpopularity was so great that special precautions had to be taken at Colbert's burial rests only on the authority of a pamphleteer, and may be rejected as worthless. "It is certain," says M. Clément, "that at his death the satirists of the time gave free vent to their spleen, but history disdains such anonymous insults." The *Gazette de France* of the 11th of September contained the following article concerning the great minister:

"M. Jean Baptiste Colbert, Minister and Secretary of State, died in this city on the 6th instant, aged sixty-four, after receiving the sacraments with all the marks of sincere piety. He served the King for many years in the chief affairs of State with the capacity, fidelity, zeal and exactitude which are the crown of great ministers. The King having chosen him to put better order into the administration of his finances, he executed this great design with all the success that was expected from his extraordinary genius and his untiring energy. The reorganization of the fleet, the manufactures of everything necessary for fitting out ships of war, the construction of naval arsenals and of many harbors, the superb building and magnificent furniture of the royal palaces, of which he had the chief care, exhibit the extent of his intellect and the continual zeal which he displayed in everything that could be advantageous to the glory and service of his Majesty. In this respect he took especial pains to encourage the growth of letters and fine arts, by the establishment of the Academies of Physics, Architecture and Painting, and by the pensions he procured for persons who deserved them on account of their learning or their works."

Something has been said of the severity of Colbert's character, and an illustration of this is to be found in his recommending an increase in the number of galley-slaves, who were recruited in all kinds of irregular ways, and in his indifference to their terrible sufferings. Chained together in crews of six, and scantily clothed, these poor wretches continued for ten or twelve hours at a time at work which seemed to tax the powers of the strongest man. Their only refreshment was biscuit steeped in wine and crammed into their mouths as they rowed by their taskmasters. If one galley was distanced by another the slaves in it were assailed by a shower of blows and curses. Often they fell fainting upon each other, and never came to life again. An unfortunate Protestant noble who was condemned to thirteen years of the galleys for having tried to leave France has left a record of his sufferings. He was at Dunkirk, and the captain of his galley, M. de Langeron, received a visit from the Duc d'Aumont, whom he took out for a row. The duke expressed his astonishment that the galley-slaves could sleep chained as they were. The captain said that it was an easy matter, and that he would explain it to the duke. Then he made the crew do double work for some time, and left them to sleep while he and the officers dined. After dinner the miserable beings, most of whom were scarred with blows from a rope's end, were found fast asleep, in spite of their chains and the cramped space. "Now," said M. Langeron, "I will show you that they can wake as well as sleep," and caused a whistle to be sounded, on which the slaves, cramped in all their joints, struggled up with infinite pain and difficulty to their oars. They were, indeed, treated in every way as, let us hope, few beasts are treated now, and Colbert's encouragement of the system cannot but detract in some measure from his fame. But it must be remembered that, as M. Clément says, "Si grand qu'on soit, on est toujours de son temps."

It has been calculated that if a single grain of wheat produces fifty grains in one year's growth, and these and succeeding crops be planted and yield proportionately, the product of twelve years would supply all the inhabitants of the earth for a lifetime. In twelve years the single grain will have multiplied itself 244,140,625,000,000 times.

A most valuable historical curiosity has been discovered by a peasant in the department of the Pas de Calais. It consists of a piece of gold chain, part of a necklace, bearing on the one side the monogram of Queen Bathilde, wife of Clovis II., and on the other the head of Christ, with an inscription.

In the music of silence there are a thousand variations. Not in the knowledge of things without, but in the perfection of the soul within, lies the empire of man.

CAPTAIN ORTIS'S BOOTY: A BALLAD.

By A. Mary F. Robinson.

Captain Ortis (the tale I tell
Petit told in his chronicle),
Won from Alva, for service and duty,
At Antwerp's surrender the strangest booty.

Then each captain gained—as I hear—
That for guerdon he held most dear,
Chose what in chief he set heart of his on;
Out strode Ortis and claimed—the prison!

Such a tumult! For, be assured,
Greatly the judges and priests demurred;
No mere criminals alone in that Stygian
Darkness died, but the foes of religion.

There lay heretics by the score,
Anabaptists and many more
Hard to catch; but let loose when caught your
Timid squirrels, forego the torture

Never! Suddenly sank the noise;
Alva spoke in his steely voice:
"He's my soldier sans flaw or blemish;
Let him burn as he likes these Flemish!"

"Sire, as you please," the Governor said,
"Only King Philip's edict read——"
Alva spoke: "What is King or Cortes?"
"Open the portals!" cried Captain Ortis.

"Loose the prisoners—set them free;
Only each pays a ransom fee."
Out, be sure, flowed the gold in buckets,
Piles on piles of broad Flanders ducats.

Ay, and there followed not gold alone:
Men and women and children thrown
In chains to perish came out forgiven,
Saw light, friends' faces, and thought it heaven.

Out they staggered, so halt and blind
From rack and darkness they scarce could find
The blessed gate where daughter and mother,
Father and brother, all found each other.

"Freedom! Our darlings! Let God be praised!"
So cried all; then said one, amazed:
"Who is he under heaven that gave us
Thought and pity—who cared to save us?"

"Captain Ortis," the answer ran,
"The Spanish lancer. Here's the man.
Ay, but don't kill him with too much caressing;
Death's sour salad, with sweetest dressing."

Danger indeed; for never had been
In brave old Antwerp such a scene;
Boldest patriot, fairest woman,
Blessing him, knelt to the Spanish foeman.

Ortis looted his prize of gold.
And yet I think if the truth be told,
He found, when the ducats were gone with the pleasure,
That heretic blessing a lasting treasure.

Still my captain, to certain eyes,
Seems war-hardened and worldly-wise;
"'Twere for a hero (you say) more handsome
To give the freedom, nor take the ransom."

True; but think of this hero's lot—
No Quixote he, nor Sir Launcelot;
But a needy soldier half-starved, remember,
With cold and hunger, that northern December.

Just such an one as Parma meant,
Writing to Philip in discontent:
"Antwerp must yield to our men ere much longer,
Unless you leave us to die of hunger.

"Wages, raiment, they do without,
Wine—fire, even—they'll learn, no doubt,
To live without meat for their mouths; they're zealous,
Only they die first as yet, poor fellows"

Yes, and I praise him, for my part,
This man war-beaten and tough of heart,
Who—scheming a booty, no doubt—yet planned it
More like a saint, as I think, than a bandit.

What, my friend is too coarse for you?
Will naught less than a Galahad do?
Well; far nobler, it seems, your sort is;
But I—I declare for bold Captain Ortis!

CAMEOS.

Most people admire these beautiful ornaments, and prize them highly when brought from Rome, valuing them as much because they come "from abroad" as for their own beauty and merit. But comparatively few people pause to consider *how* the work is done, or to ask why we need go so far for them, or whether there is, indeed, any reason why the work should not attain the same perfection here.

We introduce the subject, because the art of cutting shell cameos is one well suited to young ladies, and will fully reward them for the trouble of learning it—being sufficiently difficult to entitle the fair artist to praise for the acquisition of it, and at the same time sufficiently simple to be within the scope of many who possess taste, patience and deft fingers.

It is only within the last year or two that ladies have thought of attempting this work, and already several are making good progress, and are much interested in it. It cannot be acquired without some instruction and considerable perseverance; but the instruction is within reach, and we can promise that the perseverance will be amply repaid by the results.

We will endeavor to give some little account of cameo-cutting generally, and more especially of shell cameos, as these alone concern the object we have in view—namely, to give young ladies a new and elegant pursuit in a higher walk of art than their ordinary acquirements, such as lace-work, knitting, and the various frivolities of the needle, which, though pretty, and we will admit (sometimes) useful, are merely mechanical, and do not raise the thoughts or cultivate the taste for higher pursuits.

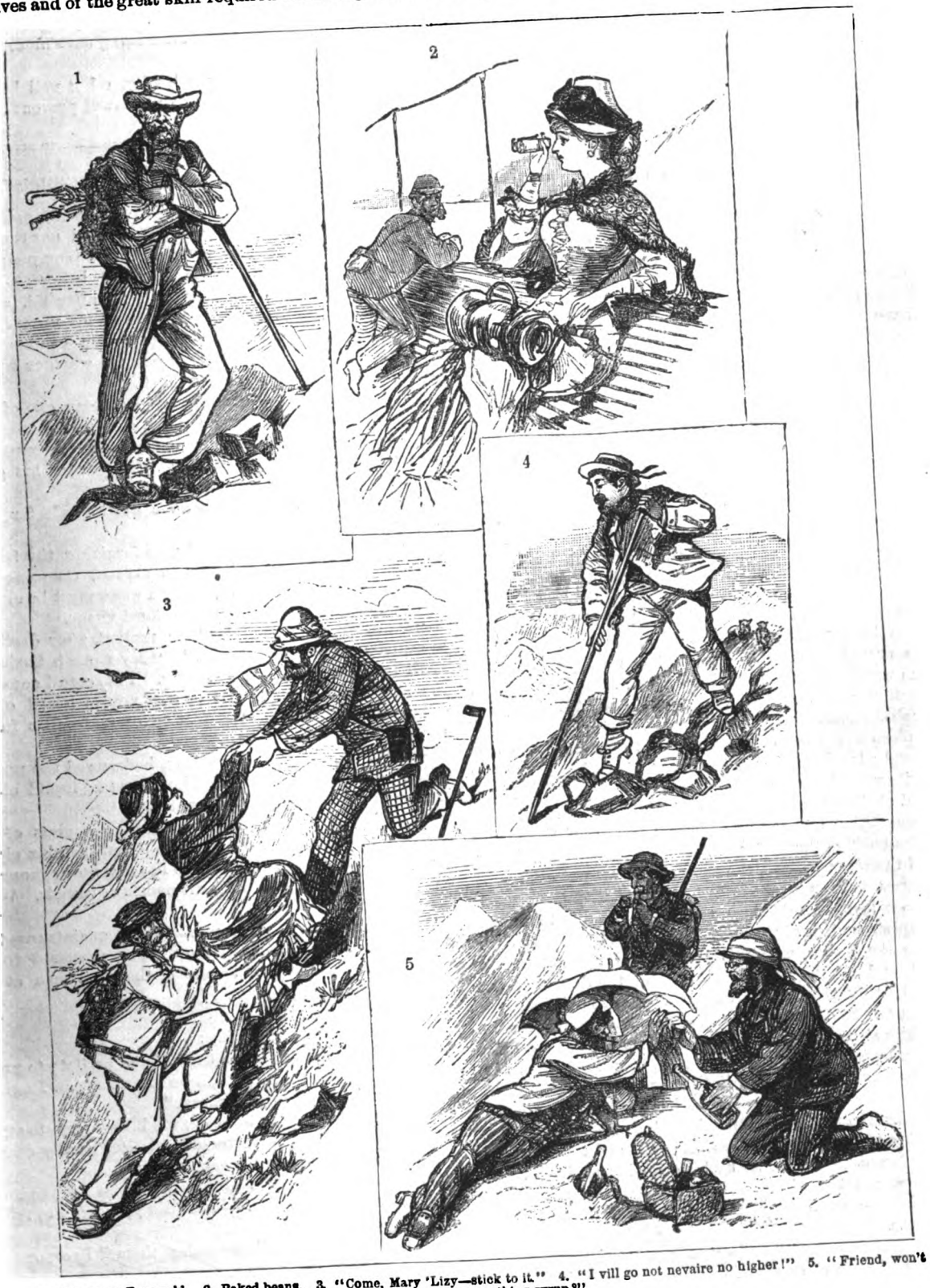
We have often been surprised at the ignorance displayed, by even educated persons, as to the making of cameos, some gravely asking whether the white figures are not cut out first, and then fastened by cement on the colored ground; others suggesting that the shell is in some way *softened* before the figures are cut, in order to make it easier!—thus taking away all merit from the work; for if that were so, they might as well be cast in a mold at once, and the same design be multiplied by the score or hundred, according to order!

We will, then, try to make the work as clear as we can to our readers, and begin at the beginning.

The name *camœa*, or *camaïeu*, means really any stone having zones or strata of more than one color, with nothing intervening, or as if it were, in fact, a double stone. Such is the black onyx, with its zone or stratum of white, which comes from Arabia; or the sardonyx, which is red with white, and is more rare; this was known and highly valued in Pliny's time. It is found in the East Indies. A third kind is the jasper onyx, which is green and white, and is also found in the East Indies, and some parts of America.

CAPTAIN ORTIS'S BOOTY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 219.

These precious stones, when cut as cameos, are gems of great price, both on account of the costliness of the stones themselves and of the great skill required in cutting them. They are very hard, and the work is done by the aid of a machine fixed to the floor, and moved with a treadle, something like a sewing-machine; the little gravers or cutters, some of which are nearly as fine as needles, being fixed on the machine, and kept moist with oil and diamond-dust. The precious stone, which is held in the hands of the artist, is turned about according to the design, as the machine works by the movement of his foot. The most delicate care and great patience, as well as good sight (aided



1. Peter zum Taugwald. 2. Baked beans. 3. "Come, Mary 'Lizy—stick to it." 4. "I vill go not nevaire no higher!" 5. "Friend, won't you take some soothing-syrup?"

MONT BLANC AND THE MATTERHORN.—SEE PAGE 222.

by a magnifying-glass), are essential for the work, since the smallest slip might destroy the features or spoil the proportions of the minute figure being cut upon the stone, and render the whole design valueless. It is, besides, fatiguing work, and soils the hands considerably: it is also very trying to the eyes, and is altogether too difficult and too costly for ladies' pastime.

But the cutting of cameos upon shell is a very different matter, and it is to this we would call special attention.

We may call it miniature sculpture. It can be done in the drawing-room with half a dozen little tools that take up scarcely any room; and with a little care and instruction the art can be readily acquired. Some knowledge of figure-drawing is necessary, and a correct eye; and it is needless to say that the more skillful the artist in this respect, the better her cameo-work is likely to be. If she be clever enough to make her own designs, she will greatly enhance its value. But at first she may be well content to have her work prepared for her, and to copy the designs of others, attempting only easy subjects; small plaster medallions, being casts from seals, can be purchased for a few cents, and these are the most suitable for beginners to copy.

The shells used for cameos are those known as black helmets; they are found in the West Indies; and there are also paler shells—red or yellow helmets—found on the coast of China. The fish that inhabit these shells are caught with the shells, of course, clinging to them; the fish are hung up on board the ship, and as the poor animals die, the shell is released from their hold. If the fish were to die in the shell, it would greatly deteriorate from its value for cameo-work.

The chief trade in these shells is with Italy, as the finest cameos have usually been cut in Rome; but many fine shells are also brought here, and can be purchased at prices varying from one to five dollars, according to their perfection and size. The cheapest qualities are good enough for learners to practice upon.

A piece is cut out of the back of the shell of the size required; it will be found to consist of two layers of color—white upon brown, or white upon pink or yellow. From a good shell as many as three or four pieces can be taken, and sometimes one can be had from the lip of the shell; but the back is the best part. The piece of shell being cut of the size required, the rough parts are cut off, and it is shaped into an oval; it is then fixed with hot cement upon a holder, or little block, that can be held in the hand. The upper surface of the shell is made sufficiently smooth to take the design, which is then traced upon it with a pencil, and all the white part beyond the design is cut away, leaving the pattern on the dark ground to be by degrees cut into form. The thickness and disposition of the white stratum cannot be known until the shell is cut; it varies considerably, so that sometimes the figures will stand out in much higher relief than was even anticipated when the work began; and sometimes, when a particular design has to be made, several shells have to be cut before a suitable one is found. The skill of the artist is required so to arrange his design as best to use his shell—having foliage where the white is thinnest, and figures where the thickness of the white will give roundness to the limbs, etc.

The shell is cut with little "gravers" and "scorpers," and half a dozen of these, of various sizes and degrees of fineness, are all that would be needed. When the cameo is cut, the process of polishing commences; and this requires patience. First, the groundwork is polished by rubbing with pumice-stone and water; this takes out the scratches made by the graver. It is then washed with warm water. The second polishing is done with pumice-dust and oil, used with a small boxwood stick. It is again washed. The third and last polishing is given with fine rotten-stone and sulphuric acid. A very high degree of polish is thus obtained, and after being once more washed, the work is done.

To take the cameo off the holder, oil it well before attempting to loosen the cement; this will prevent the shell from cracking.

MONT BLANC AND THE MATTERHORN.

Although an inveterate globe-trotter, I can neither remember the names of places I have visited nor the statistics relating to them; however, Nature, to compensate for this defect, has given me the faculty of being able to recollect persons and events, which is, after all, a much more pleasant gift. If I meet Biggleswade in Syria I recognize him at once, and address him by his name, though, for the life of me, I cannot tell whether I parted from him in Rome or in New York.

Last year, when ascending the Rhine in one of those well-awninged but otherwise poky, stuffy, slow tugs used to convey tourists up and down-stream, I was accosted by a strangely-costumed individual, who, placing his guide-book upon the table, loftily inquired:

"Aw, can you wekkommend a good guide for Mont Blanc?"

To tell the truth, I felt lonely, so forgiving the fellow's haughty familiarity, I introduced myself, then inquired how he usually assuaged the thirst I knew must be chronic in the case of a man with such a florid visage.

"I always dwink poartar," he replied, after declining my invitation to "take a seat." "My name is Cashmore Rollins, of Rollins Park, Leicester. I'm second cousin to the Duke of Langton. Of course you've heard of the duke—he has the finest collection of umbwellas in the world."

By that time Ulrich, our waiter, had served the porter, which proved to be a dense fluid, resembling liquid blacking, and smelling like licorice-water.

"Yes," continued Mr. Rollins, taking a glass of the beverage in one gloved hand, while he grasped his alpenstock with the other; "the duke has seventeen thousand umbwellas, marked with different names or initials. Wonderful, isn't it?"

"He must have a great number of acquaintances?" I observed, as I toyed with the bottle, and prepared to replenish his glass. "Don't some of them get mad at his not returning their property?"

"Excuse me—sir?"

I repeated my query, adding:

"I suppose, because he's a duke, folks hesitate to prosecute him. I must say, I think he has what you English people term a good share of cheek."

Rollins grew purple in the face, his body began to swell like a turkey, his calves quivered, and after hastily draining his glass he indignantly exclaimed:

"Sir, my relative, His Grace the Duke of Langton, *purchased* those umbwellas. What did you mean to infer, sir?"

"I thought he might have stolen them," I responded. "Is he crazy?"

The exasperated Briton gave me one glance, then marched off, muttering:

"A Yankee, by Jove!"

Two days after the occurrence I have just described, I came across Rollins ascending Mont Blanc. He had exchanged his all-round hat for a pith helmet adorned with

a *puggaree*, and carried a red umbrella slung across his back, while about his manly form were suspended more articles than adorn the mad knight in that comical story—"Alice in Wonderland."

As he leaned upon his alpenstock and posed in order to regain his breath, I said:

"Hello, Rollins! Picked up a specimen for the juke?"

He turned his goggle-protected eyes toward me, and, assuming a severe voice, replied:

"I'll trouble you, sir, to leave my umbwella alone!"

Later on, when we overtook a countryman of mine who was resting on a knapsack and surveying the valley, I heard my red-featured friend remark:

"These Yankees are spoiling Switzerland. See that fellow—he's carrying his own provisions!"

The person referred to slowly closed his telescope, then turning his head, looked the speaker full in the face and said:

"You all-fired galoot! I'm from Californy!"

Upon reaching the summit of one of the peaks we discovered two men, sitting back to back, close to a cairn of stones, while their guide was taking lunch at a little distance.

One was Bullard Smythe, a man I had known in Hong Kong, and the other was little Jenkins, formerly low comedian at —— Theatre, New York, who was ruefully regarding a yard of tourist's-ticket. Both were English.

After I had re-introduced myself, I made them known to one another, when Jenkins said:

"I'm awfully glad you arrived just now, old fellow. I wanted a light for my cigar, and I'm puzzled about my ticket."

"Why didn't you ask Smythe?"

"Well—'gad—old fellow—couldn't, you know! Hadn't been introduced, you know!"

We left them as thick as thieves, though, but for me, they would have sat there for hours and not spoken to one another. They wisely decided not to ascend the dangerous icy crest of the mountain.

Our party, now reduced to two persons and a guide, continued its toil, and in due time stood on the summit—I forget how many thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The scene was wonderfully grand, notwithstanding which, my companion, who was from London, England, produced a flask of brandy, and ruthlessly disturbing my pleasant reverie, hoarsely whispered:

"Won't you drink the Queen's 'ealth? It's her birthday, God bless her!"

My reply was not calculated to give him an idea that I admired a monarchical form of government.

When we prepared to descend the frozen snow-crust on the opposite shady side of the peak, I cautioned my loyal acquaintance to keep his limbs straight, and not to attempt to use his alpenstock.

"Hall right!" he said. "I'm hup to this 'ere game. I've been 'ere before."

"Retty?" demanded the guide, who had seated himself coasting-fashion.

I grasped his waist with my limbs, and the London man twisted his long shanks around my body.

"Off!" cried Franz.

In another second we were shooting downward.

Halfway, the Briton threw his limbs upward, and struck me on the head with his nailed boots, then missed his hold, rolled to the left, and performed the rest of the "coast" solus.

We picked him up below, and conveyed him to the hospice, where I heard he remained a couple of weeks, repairing damages.

My remembrance of Mont Blanc is always connected with that non-æsthetic individual, and with an attendant at one of the inns at Interlaken, who, in reply to my request for a bill of fare, said:

"Vould you like zom ganned oystaires?"

My ascent of the Matterhorn was unaccompanied with any very thrilling incidents.

We "did the mountain" in charge of Peter zum Tangwald, who is described in the guide-book as "a very rising young man." I can testify to the truth of the statement.

Our party consisted of Peter, myself, a Frenchman named Givray, and a Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, of Boston.

Peter was loosely costumed, strong of limb and sparse of speech, the extent of his English being "yeeash" and "noe."

Mons. Givray was elegant in dress and pleasant in manner, but he caved at the sight of the ice-peaks, and retired, saying:

"I vill go not nevaire no higher."

Mrs. Winslow, who was comfortably constructed, required considerable "boosting." Her husband would thrust his stick into the ground and hold out his hands to her, saying:

"Come, Mary 'Lizy, stick to it!"

The good lady would plant her right foot firmly, and utter a quaint, puffing noise, then renew her ascent with a determination worthy of a better cause.

At the last shelter, beneath the ice-field, she gazed up at the glistening peaks and said:

"Henry James Winslow, I'm not going to budge another step! Give me your revolver, and that book I bought at Innis-what's-the-name, and leave me to my fate. Beacon Hill is mountain enough for my taste. I'm not afraid of being left alone; nobody will molest me."

"*Yeeash-noe!*" smilingly observed Peter.

"Come on, Mr. ———," said Winslow. "I'm going to stand on the top of this mountain or bust! It ain't a circumstance to some I've climbed in Californy. I'm an old 'forty-niner. My wife will remain here comfortably enough."

Peter led the way, and in due time we reached a spot which he said was the top ice-block of the Matterhorn.

"Peter," slyly remarked Winslow, signaling to the guide, "produce the basket."

I had thrown myself upon the cold surface of the crest, and was using Mrs. Winslow's umbrella to protect my blistering face from the scorching rays of the sun. My head was covered with a white handkerchief, and notwithstanding we were among the ice, I perspired freely.

Though the guide pointed to the grand scenery, I was too much played-out even to listen to him. I leaned upon my elbow, and closing my eyes, sucked at a Swiss cigar and thought of home.

"Pop!"

Presently I heard Winslow say:

"Friend ———, won't you take some soothing-syrup?"

I turned, and extending my hand, received a tumblerful of—*cool soda!*

When Winslow offered some of the physic to Peter, the latter regarded it suspicious ly, and murmured:

"*Yeeash—noe—noe!*"

Winslow informed me he dealt in the beverage, and called my attention to the label, saying:

"I leave the bottles round as an advertisement."

A few days afterward, when continuing my journey up the Rhine, I met a Miss ———, hailing from the Hub, who was traveling in the company of a shawl-strap fitted with oddments.

After glancing through her opera-glass at one of the old castles upon the banks, she remarked:

"I wonder the country people don't pull those ruins down and build hotels with the material;" adding, after a pause, as she sniffed the savory steam emanating from the cook's galley, "I do believe they're going to give us baked beans for breakfast!"

Such are my recollections of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn, during my last trip to Switzerland—a country so enticing to the venturesome tourist.

6. Mr. Cashmore Rollins. 7. Coasting on Mont Blanc. 8. "I'll trouble you, sir, to leave my umbwella alone!" 9. "Vould you like zom ganned oystaires?" 10. "From Californy." 11. Bullard Smythe and Little Jenkins.

MONT BLANC AND THE MATTERHORN.

REVENGE OF GERALD GERAGHTY.—"THIS PROUD-LOOKING, HAUGHTY-SEEMING, ALMOST MAN-LIKE GIRL RODE A HEAVY BLACK WAR-HORSE, AND SHE CHECKED HIS SPEED WITH A HAND WELL ACCUSTOMED TO THE REIN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

REVENGE OF GERALD GERAGHTY.

"HOW slowly we travel over these roads, Hannah! even our horses seem to be discouraged; I am afraid we shall not reach home before night, and they will be unbearable after dark."

"I am not so much afraid of the roads as I am of the people whom we may meet."

"Nor am I, Hannah; and that is why I am hurrying so anxiously; besides, I do not believe in the courage of those two followers of mine half as much as I do in my own."

The country was Ireland, and the speakers were two young women, apparently a lady and her attendant, such was the contrast in their outward attire.

The first was in the full bloom of womanhood, her age somewhere between twenty and twenty-three years, her skin brown, her hair of jetty blackness, and her eyes, large, full and dark, shone with a light which the long black eyelashes could not conceal, though they served to moderate somewhat their fierceness of expression. When her full red lips relaxed into a smile, which they seldom did, they were withdrawn to exhibit large, even and brilliant white teeth, firmly locked together. But that which was the most remarkable characteristic of this young female was her height and breadth and bearing; for, although she exhibited all the perfections of the female form in her figure, still these were combined with all the muscular power and free, proud, unembarrassed action of a man five feet nine inches in height.

Her dress was in accordance with her appearance. Her riding-hat, of the finest beaver, was looped up on one side with a rich, short, thick chain of massy gold, and from the hat drooped a long wavy plume of black feathers. Her riding-dress, confined at the waist with a thick girdle of gold, from which depended a short gold-hilted hunting-knife, was, in other respects, like the military dress of an officer, for around the collar was a thick band of gold lace, which also ran down the front of the entire dress, and the wide sleeves were turned up at the wrist, with broad lace bands, and so displayed the hands, covered with white gloves fringed with gold and the seams on the back worked with gold lace.

This proud-looking, haughty-seeming, almost man-like girl rode a heavy black war-horse, and she checked his speed with a hand well accustomed to the rein; she also held, as if it were a slight wand, a thick riding-whip, the handle of which was heavy with a thick knot of lead covered over with a shining ball of gold.

The attendant was a plainly dressed, timid young Englishwoman, who was in constant terror of her life from the then unsettled and unhappy condition of Ireland, for it was at that time when vague and terrible rumors of the "Popish Plot" were afloat.

Behind the two women, and at the distance of about two hundred paces from them, rode two serving-men, armed with swords and muskets, and from whose manner, their eager looks and their timid whispers as they saw the night closing around them, the young lady seemed justified in the remark she had made as to the little reliance to be placed upon them in a moment of danger.

"How like you living in Ireland, Hannah? What think you of to-day's sport?" asked the young lady, wishing to occupy the attention of her attendant, and to relieve, if she could, by conversation, the tedium of their slow and toilsome journey.

"Oh, mistress, I like Ireland so little, that I would wish to be back once more safe in quiet England," replied Hannah. "All the people here seem to hate each other. I do not understand what they are always quarreling about. We have Roundheads and Cavaliers in England; they have done a world of mischief to one another; but now that the mischief is at an end, and the King has, as they say, 'got his own' again, neighbors do not fight with neighbors. It is not so in this country; they are ever squabbling about something or nothing. And then, mistress, as to this day's sport, which you wished me to see—the horse-racing—I have no taste for such diversions. The only pleasure I had was in seeing how the handsome gentlemen crowded about you and complimented you."

The girl frowned angrily.

"Do not mention it, Hannah. If I were not very rich, those who bowed the knee before me to-day would screw up their lips with scorn at me as the low-born daughter of Ebenezer Lawson, the Cromwellian trooper; besides, their attentions were an insult. What right had any of those persons, from the son of the Lord-Lieutenant to the meanest and poorest ensign in the garrison of Dublin, to intrude upon me with his unmeaning compliments? If they respected the daughter of a trooper as they would the daughter of a duke, why not treat the one with the same deference with which they would feel compelled to treat the other? What right had any one of them to approach me, but that they knew I was Lawson's daughter, and that I was on the racecourse, alone and unprotected? If I had been the child of a lord, I should not have endured the dishonor of having a wretch like the infamous David Fitzgerald, of Limerick, pursuing me with his noisome flatteries for hours."

"Was the tall man with the florid face, flaxen hair and light-blue eyes, who was so constantly at your side to-day David Fitzgerald?"

"Yes," replied the girl, indignantly. "I desired Norris to inquire who and what he was; and, according to my man's statement, this Fitzgerald, it appears, is a most infamous character. He has, though young, wasted his fortune on his vices. He has now the reputation of being in high favor with the Lord-Lieutenant, Ormonde, for he pretends or declares he has discovered a plot amongst the Papists, and is in correspondence with Lord Shaftesbury and the 'patriots' in England, for the purpose of devising the best means of bringing the conspirators to justice. Meanwhile, he would improve his fortune by seeking for the hand of Judith Lawson! Am I not right, then, Hannah, in considering myself as degraded, when a wretch so base and vile as Fitzgerald can, for a moment, seriously believe he is in a position to become my suitor?"

Before Hannah had time to reply to the question of her angry and excited mistress, the voice of one of the men behind them was heard exclaiming:

"Hurry! hurry! hurry onward, mistress; there are horsemen following us at full speed! The Lord have mercy on us all, if they are Rapparees, and Redmond O'Hanlon at the head of them!"

Despite her natural courage, a thrill of terror ran through the frame of Judith Lawson when the awful name of Redmond O'Hanlon was pronounced, for she remembered to have heard her father a hundred times speak of him as the most merciless foe to every one of English birth and descent that had settled and acquired lands in Ireland.

Her belief of that well-known and then most formidable chieftain was, that his delight was in shedding the blood of men, women and children, sparing neither age nor sex, when they were purely English.

The mere mention of the name of Redmond O'Hanlon was sufficient to paralyze all the energies of the young waiting-woman; she would have fallen from her horse had not Judith Lawson caught her in her arms, crying:

"Here, Norris, take this girl and place her in the saddle before you. Brophy, hold the rein of her horse, and guide it with your own. Let both follow me wherever I lead."

Having seen these directions acted upon, she turned round, in order that she might, with her own eyes, see whether there was just cause for that alarm which had been given to her and her companions.

Four horsemen were seen advancing at full speed toward the travelers, and a second glance was not needed to convince the cool and courageous Judith that they were robbers by profession. The nags they rode were rough, wild-looking animals, the dresses of three of the riders were old and ragged, whilst the fourth, who wore a short red cloak, and had a feather in his hat, was, like his companions, armed with a long gun. The face of the man with the red cloak was covered with a black mask, while his companions had thick mustaches and long beards.

The purposes of the pursuers could not be for a moment doubtful, because, even whilst Judith turned round to look at them, she saw one of the men stop, deliberately unloose his gun, take a steady aim at her, and discharge his piece.

At the same instant she heard the sound of the shot, she saw Hannah's horse tumble to the earth, and then struggling in the agonies of death.

"Whatever may befall us," said the gallant Judith, "these villains shall be made to feel we do not fear them. Give me your gun, Norris, and I shall try and unmask the villain yonder."

"For heaven's sake," said the terrified Norris, "do not shoot at them, or we shall be all massacred!"

"Give me your gun," cried the enraged Judith, "or I will stab you with my hunting-knife!"

"Oh, here—take it, take it! and God send you hit nobody. Above all things, don't fire at the man with the mask, for I am quite sure it is Redmond O'Hanlon himself," said the trembling Norris.

"If it were Redmond O'Hanlon a thousand times over," said Judith, "I will do my best to unhorse him. It is a poor revenge to kill an Irish garron for the good horse of my father's he has slain."

As Judith spoke, she directed the musket with a fixed and deadly aim at the person who appeared to be the commander of the pursuers, and a shout of joy burst from her lips as the smoke from the piece cleared away, and she perceived that her shot had been followed by the fall of man and horse.

"I am sure I have slain the horse and spared the rider," remarked Judith.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" cried Norris.

"We are all dead men!" added Brophy.

"Here, Brophy, load Norris's gun for him, and give me yours to make use of, if I need it," said Judith. "Fools and cowards, as you are! do you not perceive these fellows are not in such a hurry following us as they were a few moments ago? They, like ourselves, have now but three horses at their command. Give me your gun, Brophy."

The man gave it, but he had only pretended to load it. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"This comes of firing shots to alarm the country," and he pointed to a narrow path which approached the road at right angles, and along which two furious and ragged fellows, armed with guns, were hurrying toward them on foot.

"The odds are against us!" exclaimed the dauntless Judith. "All we have to do now is to retreat as best we can, and our only place for making a last struggle is that cabin on the hillside yonder. Hasten on, both of you. I will take the post of danger in the rear."

These commands were at once acted upon. The attendants of Judith rode as men ride whose lives depend upon the swiftness and strength of their steeds. At once they quitted the road and paced along the green fields, and bounded over wide ditches, which an hour before they would not have ventured to look at but with surprise that any one would have the courage to cross them.

The high breeding and the solid feeding of their horses saved them well on such occasion, whilst, as an impediment to their pursuers, was a long tract of swamp which lay along the wood, and between it and the hill, down to the very point where Judith and her companions had first quitted the road, so that the pursuers had to come down to the exact spot from which she and her men had started, and then to follow, as well as they could with their weak nags, over the same fields and across the same ditches.

Judith and her followers might, by the new course they had taken, have completely escaped without stopping at the slated cabin, from their pursuers on horseback, had not the assailants been aided by the robbers on foot, who kept at an untiring speed behind them.

"Knock at the door; ask for permission to enter, and save yourselves from those thieves and murderers," said Judith to Brophy.

Her commands were obeyed. The door was opened, and it was about to be again closed, when it was again thrown wide open, and the person inside the cabin stepped into the air, and removing from his head a small black cap, he bowed low to Judith and said:

"I pray your pardon, lady; I was alarmed by the appearance of an armed man knocking at such an hour at my humble door. The moment, however, that I perceived he was accompanied by a woman I knew there was not only no danger to be apprehended, but, perchance that it might be within my poor means to afford relief. I see that you are beset by the wicked thieves that haunt this neighborhood. Hasten in, my children, that I may give you such security as well-barred doors and iron-fastened windows can afford."

"I am told, sir," said Judith, bounding from her horse, and aiding her men, as she spoke, in bringing Hannah inside the house—"I am told that the men who pursue us are robbers, and one of my servants assures me that the man in command of them is the notorious footpad, Redmond O'Hanlon."

"You have been misinformed, my child," replied the old man, as he bolted the windows and barred the door. "The villains who pursue you are not, I am sure, the adherents or the friends of Redmond O'Hanlon."

The conversation of the old man and Judith was rendered inaudible by the loud shouts and exultant cries of the robbers, as they captured the horses of the travelers—a capture that was rendered particularly precious by the seizure of Judith's horse, with its silver bit and velvet saddle-cloth fringed with a deep border of thick-worked, heavy gold embroidery.

"I hope," said the old man, "that these unhappy men may be satisfied with the prize they have already taken,

A SCRATCHED CAMEL.—"I FIRED JUST AS THE BEAST WAS RISING FOR A SECOND SPRING; AND THEN PREPARED TO BOUND OUT OF MY SADDLE."—SEE PAGE 234.

and that respect for me will induce them to leave you in peace within my dwelling."

"I fear them not, sir," replied Judith, "while I hold this gun and have strength to use my hunting-knife against them."

"Better to suffer wrong than to shed blood, daughter," said the old man. "Your strength and skill would be a poor defense against those savage men. My words may be of more avail than twenty swords. If these wicked men will not listen to me, then place your confidence in God, and be certain He will not desert you in the hour of need."

As the old man ceased from speaking a shot was fired outside, and a loud clatter, caused by the beating of butt-ends of muskets, was heard at the door. This was followed by the cry of:

"The prisoners! the prisoners! we demand the delivery of the prisoners, their weapons and their purses."

"Lie down, my children, on the ground, lest those men should fire in through door or window. I will, with this lady, proceed up-stairs and parley with your assailants from an opening in the roof."

When the old man had thus addressed the trembling domestics he led Judith, who still bore the musket with her, to the roof.

"Conceal yourself, my child," he said, "from their view. As to me, I fear no harm they can do me. If I am about to meet death in trying to save life, then do not weep for me; but wish that you may one day partake of that happiness which is the sure reward of all who, for God's sake, lay down their lives for the benefit of their fellow creatures."

"What would you?" said the old man, as he pushed aside the boards that concealed the opening on the roof, and stood full in view of the assailants. "What would you? or wherefore have you attacked this house, in which none are to be found but peaceful travelers?"

"Give up the prisoners—deliver our prisoners. We want their weapons and their purses," cried two or three persons in the same breath.

"Let one speak for all," said the old man. "Who is your leader?"

"I am," said the man with the mask, "and I claim for my men the weapons and purses of your guests; for myself, the person who fired upon me; that person, I am well aware, is Miss Judith Lawson."

"And that person," said Judith, trembling with rage, "will die sooner than render herself your prisoner. She fired at you once before, intending only to slay your horse, but now she aims at your heart, with the intention to rid the world of a base thief and cowardly villain!"

As she spoke these words the musket she held was directed at the man in the mask; but the lock snapped, and no report followed, and as Judith, in her vexation, was about to cast the useless weapon from her, she felt her arms clasped from behind, and a cord ran through them pinioned her elbows close together, and a broad, red-faced, foxy-bearded man, whose breath was fetid with the fumes of usquebaugh, grinned at her as he peered up in her frowning eyes.

"What a wicked, willful Penthesilea!" the rude captain cried, in a bantering voice. "Achilles wept because he had, unconscious of her personal charms, slain a beautiful virago; but here is a Queen of the Amazons who would slay the suitor who is risking life and limb to make her his wife."

CHAPTER II.

FOR some hours Judith had been on horseback. Tied by a thick cord to the person who rode before her, and her arms still bound, although the bonds had been so relaxed as to allow her hands to touch each other, she rode on, silently and sullenly, never condescending to make a single reply to her captors from the moment that she was a prisoner and had been deprived of her knife and hunting-whip.

As Judith thus rode she perceived that the cavalcade that watched her was led by the man with the mask.

Judith concluded from all she witnessed, that her captors were apprehensive of coming into collision with some force hostile to their own, and that secrecy, not less than expedition, was necessary to secure success to their enterprise. Her courage, which had never abated, received new strength and vigor when the appearances around her led her mind to this conclusion; and she was, therefore, watchful to avail herself of any opportunity that might present itself to enable her to effect her escape.

A SCRATCHED CAMEL.—"AS THE LION BOUNDED ON TO US I THREW MYSELF BACK, BUT TOO LATE TO ESCAPE; FOR THE MONSTER'S CLAWS WERE FIXED IN MY LEG."

A SCRATCHED CAMEL.—"RIGHT ABOVE ME, A MONSTROUS MALE LION LOOKING FIERCELY DOWN AT ME, AND LASHING ITS TAIL AS IT SET UP ITS MANE."—SEE PAGE 234.

The moment, she fancied, had at length arrived for making such an attempt, when, after riding for a few hours in the night, she perceived her captors unexpectedly pause, and that the masked man at the head of the expedition rode suddenly up to her.

"I wish, Mistress Lawson," said this man, "to shorten your journey by some hours. I can do so by passing direct through a village that lies on our road; but I cannot venture to make my way through it unless I have your promise that you will remain silent, that you will not alarm the inhabitants by your cries, nor seek in any way to make your escape from us."

Judith looked scornfully at the man, but made no reply.

"I must have an answer," said he. "I have no other object in proposing this to you than to save you a toilsome journey. Escape from us is now an impossibility."

"Villain!" replied the enraged Judith, "I will enter into no terms with you. Do your worst—I defy you! All I require is but to know the name of my cowardly oppressor, in order that I may vow eternal enmity against him!"

"Foolish girl!" replied the man, with a scornful laugh. "Think you I would have commenced such a project as this without securing the means for making you my own, mayhap my slave, not for a day nor a year, but for life? You have defied my enmity—idiot! the time, I trust, will come when you shall be my loving mistress and most dutiful wife."

"I am your prisoner, sir," observed Judith; "but the day and the hour may not be distant when we shall stand upon terms of greater equality with each other. Should that day ever arrive, then you shall be made to fear, not a woman's tongue, but a woman's hand; but, until then, I will not degrade myself by exchanging another word with you."

The party proceeded in silence for four hours, and the darkness of night was beginning to yield to the first gray tints of morning, when Judith fancied that she could recognize, in such portions of the landscape as were discernible, features that reminded her of the neighborhood of Dublin. She would have felt certain she was correct in her surmises, but that she saw, or supposed she saw, a building in the distant gloom which resembled a small fort or castle, with two low, flat towers; and such a building was utterly unknown to her.

As the daylight was dawning she found herself and steed crossing a wooden bridge into the narrow gate of a small fortress; and as the gate closed behind her, she was certain she heard the noise of machinery lifting up and removing the bridge over which she had passed a moment before.

Judith, without a murmur, permitted herself to be lifted from her horse; and she followed, without remark, one of her captors as he mounted a narrow winding stair, which led to an apartment that appeared to her to be at the top of the fortress. The apartment was a large round room, to which there was a single window.

"There," said the man, pointing to a narrow doorway—"there lie your bed and dressing-room. Here is wine; there, bread. The Brass Castle—for such is the name of your present abode—can afford you no better nourishment to-night. In the morning the governor will wait upon you, and then he will hear what are your wishes; and then, perhaps, you will learn from him what are his commands; and it is to be hoped, for your own sake, that you will at once put them in practice. What you have now to do is to lock me and all other intruders out. You may be sure that I shall do what is my business on the outside, and not only lock, but, so far as iron bonds can attain the purpose, treble chain you in. There is wine; there is bread; there is your sleeping-room. Think over the events of to-day, and prepare yourself for to-morrow, by being a mild, meek-tempered young woman—that which, I would say, judging of you by your behavior this day, you never can be. *Bon repos!*"

Judith mechanically bolted the door of her chamber the moment the man left, and then, flinging from her the richly-plumed, gold-laced hat she had worn during the day, she cast herself upon the bed, dressed as she was; and whilst endeavoring to think over the incidents of the day, a deep, heavy, almost apoplectic sleep fell upon her, and the sun was high in the heavens, and there was a loud, incessant knocking at the door, before she again awoke to consciousness, or that she could be so completely aroused as to be capable of comprehending either where she was or what had befallen her.

"Had my knocking remained two minutes longer

A SCRATCHED CAMEL.—"POOR SAYED FELL EXHAUSTED IN THE SAND—SO NEAR THAT MY PEOPLE HAD SEEN US COMING, RAN TO MY HELP AND BORE ME TO MY TENT."

without being noticed, I should have called up Murfey and the other vagabonds below, with sledge-hammers to break open the door, and see whether you had been mad enough to try and make your escape, or wise enough to try to put an end to yourself."

Such were the words addressed to Judith as she opened her chamber door and admitted him who uttered them.

The new-comer was an old, a very old man. His head was completely bald; but a long white beard of thin, straggling hairs covered his mouth, chin and breast. His eyes were large and staring, and the eyelids blood-red, as if they were in a constant state of inflammation, and their painful expression of incessant, greedy, pitiless watchfulness was rendered almost appalling by the deep-red, shaggy eyebrows. The body was lean and fragile, and the legs of the old man trembled beneath him as he slowly hobbled from the door to the table, and there deposited a basket and an earthen pitcher, which he carried in long, bony, talon-like hands.

"There," said the old man, seating himself in a chair by the side of the table, as if he were fatigued with his journey up-stairs, and tired from waiting at the door for Judith's awaking—"there, young woman, is your breakfast—fresh bread, new milk and a roast fowl. Few prisoners feast so well as that."

Judith looked at the old man with anxious interest. She was so accustomed to find all who approached her hitherto willing to fulfill her wishes, that she could not suppose the person before her would refuse the request to aid in her escape, when she knew that whatever reward she promised, her father would readily and joyfully pay.

"Do you think it would be possible to escape from this place?" she asked.

"Yes, if those who had care of the prisoners were disposed to aid them," responded the jailer.

"Have you ever helped any one to escape?"

"Never."

"If I gave you a thousand pounds, would you assist me?"

The old man clasped his thin arms with his long, bony fingers, as if he were hugging himself with delight, whilst Judith was speaking to him. At length he started up from the chair on which he had been, up to this time, resting; and, pointing to it, he nodded his head to Judith, as if he desired her to take the seat he had just quitted.

"Are you not Judith Lawson, the only child of Ebenezer Lawson, at one time a Cromwellian dragoon, and attached to the army acting at a particular period in the north of Ireland, under the special directions of Lieutenant-General Ludlow?" asked the old man, in a voice that became shrill with intense emotion.

"I am."

"Thank God! thank God!" cried the old man, exultantly. "And now, hear me, Judith Lawson; if every hair on your head was a diamond; if your whole body could be transformed into gold, and that diamonds and gold were tendered to me to aid in your escape—and that escape from the most lingering and torturing death that the wit and malignity of man could devise—I would scorn to touch your gold or handle your diamonds. I would leave you to your doom; I would not stir a step to save you from perdition. And would you know the reason why, Judith Lawson? It is because you are the daughter—because you are the only child of Ebenezer Lawson—because you are the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart. Unhappy, miserable, God-abandoned young woman! you know me not, and it is most probable that your cruel and remorseless father never heard my name; and yet I am his victim. And when you tell me that you have committed no crime, and would provoke my pity in your behalf by assuring me you are innocent, what is my reply to you? That I committed no crime; that I, too, was innocent, and yet your father—yes, your father, Judith Lawson—without the slightest provocation, with no wrong done to him, with no insult offered to him, slew my wife, my sons, my daughters——"

"Who are you, sir?—how come you to make such vague and terrible accusations against my father? I do not understand what you are speaking about," said the indignant Judith, believing that the old man was raving in his dotage.

"Oh!" said the old man, with a withering sneer, "Ebenezer Lawson's daughter has been so tenderly nurtured that she has never heard of the exploits of her gallant father in the neighborhood of Dundalk—she never heard of the smothering of a number of the miserable Irish fugitives in a cavern to which they fled for safety."

"Old man! old man!" said Judith, deeply moved by the jailer's excited manner, "you speak in parables to me; I have not the slightest notion what are these circumstances to which you are referring."

"Then you shall not be another moment in ignorance," said the jailer. "You have asked to know my name; I will tell it—Gerald Geraghty. It was once well known; and I may add that no act of mine, or of my family, had brought discredit upon the good fame of our ancestors. We took up arms to defend life and home and property. In that conflict we were defeated, and the soldiers of the English Parliament were laying waste the land with fire and sword, sparing neither youth nor age nor sex. We—that is, my family, my farm-servants and myself—betook ourselves to a cave, in the hope of escaping that general slaughter to which all were doomed by the Republicans. In that cavern we were joined by others, who, like us, wished to save life, and to avoid a cruel death; and amongst others that fled to our retreat was a poor family, distant kinsmen, having with them, it was said, a foster-child, the infant son of Colonel Fitzpatrick, of the Queen's County. I know not whether it was the report of that child having escaped those who thirsted for its blood that attracted attention to our desolate hiding-place; but the fact was, that in a few days the iron-coats of Ludlow were around us; and most conspicuous amongst those ruthless men were your father and your uncle. By your uncle my brother, whilst guarding the mouth of the cave, was slain, and by my hand was your uncle shot as he was forcing his way over the dead body of my brother. Then followed a deed of cruelty, such as was never before practiced among Christians. The cave was closed, all the outlets stopped, and wood was burned around us, so that we might be slain with the stifling smoke, and many were so stifled; and then the cavern was entered by your father; and then, with his own hand, he slew my wife, the mother of my children, and then my daughters, and then my sons. I was one of the few who escaped their search. To-day vengeance falls upon him heavily. I might prevent you from encountering a fate worse than death; I choose that you shall live to be degraded—live to despair!"

As the old man spoke these last words he hurried from the room, and a moment afterward she heard the heavy door locked and bolted on the outside.

The strong nerves of Judith were completely broken down for the moment by this strong outburst of vindictive passion and undying enmity. She loved her father devotedly; in her eyes he was without a fault—the best, the bravest, the greatest of mankind. She forgot her own griefs in the contemplation of this accusation against him.

Chapter III.

The old tavern or coffee-house, "The Hawk," in Cook Street, was for a long time one of the most celebrated houses of entertainment in the City of Dublin, but at no time was its fame better established, or its public room more crowded from midday to midnight, than during the last ten years of the reign of Charles II.

In one of the upper rooms of "The Hawk" were two persons engaged in earnest conversation: one, a small and villainous-looking man, who bore no small resemblance to a weasel, sat at the side of a bed; the other, tall, lank and grim, was stretched upon that bed, seemingly in great mental agony.

"It is useless for you to talk to me, Ludlow," the latter was saying, in an impatient voice. "I do not care for what you have to say. Only give me back my Judith—my darling Judith—and I will give you every inch of ground I possess!"

"Be patient, Lawson," replied the man addressed as Ludlow; "this is a very important matter, I tell you. There have appeared two claimants to the Fitzpatrick estates, which you and I have held so long."

Lawson raised himself on his elbow.

"Who are they?" he asked, eagerly.

"First, Colonel Fitzpatrick, who, as you know, left Ireland with his regiment and entered into the service of the King of Spain. We heard that he was dead, as you are aware, but it seems that he is not, and there are rumors afloat which justify us in believing that any day Colonel Fitzpatrick may land on Irish soil and claim his confiscated estates. The other is his son Vincent, now twenty-five years of age, and they say he is even now in Ireland, only waiting an opportunity for asserting his rights."

Ebenezer Lawson ground his teeth with unavailing fury.

"What! that boy! the child I hunted from one end of Ireland to the other! here, alive, waiting to claim estates which I have looked upon as mine for years! Curse this wound which prevents me tracking him to his den, wherever that may be, and slaying him like a dog! Nay, nay, what am I talking about? If I had strength it should be used to search for my child."

At this moment there was a knocking at the door, and the person outside being bidden to enter, did so. It was the landlord, who said:

"There is an old man below who wishes to speak with you."

"Send him up," was the eager reply; "he may know something of my child."

We will now return to Judith Lawson.

Poor girl! a week's imprisonment had swept the color from her rounded cheeks, had filled her eyes with a mist like unshed tears, and half crushed the courage for which she was famous.

Strange to say, she had as yet seen no one but her old jailer, Gerald Geraghty, and for the last twenty-four hours not even him.

To-day, however, this was to be changed, for at this moment a strange hand was knocking at her door.

With a listless step she rose and unbarred it, but the next moment threw herself, sobbing hysterically, into the arms of the tall and handsome man before her.

"Judith! my love, my darling!" and with a cry of mingled amazement and love, he pressed the sobbing girl to his bosom, and kissed her again and again. "Good God, Judith, what a meeting! Are *you*, then, the victim which David Fitzgerald decoyed into his clutches, but which Providence has mercifully deprived of the power to harm?" and he led her to a seat, and, amid tears and smiles, there was a mutual explanation.

After giving an account of her abduction to her lover, the young man, whose fair face had flushed with indignation many times during the recital, proceeded to explain his appearance in that place.

"You must first know, Judith, darling," he began, gravely, "a fact which I was anxious to conceal from you, fearing that it might trouble you. I am that Redmond O'Hanlon of whom you have heard so much, as well as Vincent Fitzpatrick, and heir to the estates which are now called your own."

As he spoke the girl shrank from him in terror, but only for a moment. One look into those large blue eyes, that noble face, was sufficient to reassure her, and with a smile she said:

"Wonders will never cease; that was the reason, dear, you enjoined such absolute secrecy in our meetings?"

"Yes, Judith. I came back to Ireland a year ago, expecting to meet my father there, but month after month passed and he did not come. Until his arrival with the proofs of my identity to lay before the Duke of Ormonde, I could do nothing. It was not even safe to avow myself, since your father's unrelenting hatred would have put it out of my power to stand in his way at all. One day, as you know, when I had been here about a month, I met you walking unattended in your, or my—or shall I say *our?*—park. I spoke to you, for it was a case of love at first sight. The rest in relation to that you know. But you do not know that at last, all other resources failing, I joined a band of those men known as Rapparees. I did not reveal my identity to them, but adopted the name of Redmond O'Hanlon, and by that name I am known. Need I assure you, Judith, that those who have spoken of me as cruel and bloodthirsty have spoken falsely? Two weeks ago I received intelligence that my father had arrived from Spain. I immediately started for Dublin to meet him, well disguised. Meantime, I left my men under control of David Fitzgerald, a man whom I thought I could trust. This morning I returned and heard a strange story from them. They said that a few days after my departure, Fitzgerald called aside three of the worst and most unscrupulous, and commanded them to accompany him and obey his orders. They did so, and you know what the object of that expedition was, since you were the victim of it. He hoped to force you to marry him, and thus become heir to your father's wealth. The morning after you were brought here he was found dead in his bed, but what was the cause of his death no one could discover. Nobody else knew who you were, or dared to molest you; consequently you were let alone until my return, that I might decide what disposal to make of you. I think I know what to do, Judith—that is, if you will let me—make you my wife immediately."

"But my father, Vincent?"

The brow of Redmond O'Hanlon darkened.

"Your father has hunted me like a wild animal since I first came into the world. He shall not keep *you* from me. Will you marry me to-night in the chapel of the castle? I can procure a priest. My father returned with me, and shall be present."

"Yes, Vincent, I will be ready."

And Judith Lawson, in her haughty beauty and dauntless bearing, looked a fit mate for the famous and, among the oppressed, beloved Redmond O'Hanlon, or, as we know him to be, Vincent Fitzpatrick.

As the bell in the Brass Tower struck eleven that night, three figures crept through the darkness to an angle in

Our economical invalid said to himself: "Medicine is dear; I will buy only sufficient to fill this little phial."

"You mean to take this as drops?" said the apothecary. "Four dollars and seventy-five cents, if you please."

"Can't pay for even another little phial-full," said our invalid, next time; "so I may as well go in a buster, get a whole pint of that stuff, and then turn bankrupt."

"You take this by the wineglassful?" said the apothecary. "One dollar for the pint, please."

Then our invalid's eyes were opened; and the third time he craved medicine he went for it wholesale.

"Ah!" said the apothecary, "as you intend to drink it out of the pail, we'll give you this little lot gratis."

THE VALUE OF AN ARTICLE IS ACCORDING TO HOW IT IS FETCHED.

the wall of the tower, and there paused as if for consultation.

"If you will wait here a moment," said one in a whisper, "I will open a private door into the chapel. I have the key, and once in, we shall be unobserved among the pillars."

The other two nodded assent, and then began a whispered conversation, while the third proceeded.

"Ludlow," began the taller of the two, "revenge has given me new life. Heaven has answered my prayer, and given into my hands these two men. The villains! to dare to steal from me my child. Why does not that old man make haste! she may even now be married to David Fitzgerald, and the proud Fitzpatricks gloating over her degradation."

At that instant the third of the party appeared, saying: "Come, I have unlocked the door, and now, Ebenezer Lawson, if you wish to revenge an insult to your child, be firm and without mercy."

With noiseless steps the three entered a passageway, disclosed by the opening of a small door in the wall, and after traversing this a few moments, they stepped out into a vast apartment, lighted brilliantly at one end, but where they were dusky and uncertain.

In the full blaze of light, hand-in-hand, stood two figures: one, Lawson's daughter, Judith; the other, a tall and noble-looking man, with flaxen hair and fair complexion.

The priest who stood before them at that instant pronounced them husband and wife.

Lawson seized the old man by the arm, whispering:

"Too late, you villain! They are married; and who, in God's name, is the man at my daughter's side? It is not David Fitzgerald, for I have seen him. Speak!"

With a fiendish grin, Gerald Geraghty, for it was he, shook himself free from the grasp of Ebenezer Lawson.

"No," he said, in a voice of diabolical hate, "it is not. You came here to gratify your revenge against the Fitzpatricks. I brought you here to gratify my revenge against you. The man whom your daughter has just married is *Vincent Fitzpatrick*."

With the yell of a demon Ebenezer Lawson bounded across the room and fell upon his daughter's husband.

There was a wild cry of "Father, father!" a few fierce oaths, a flashing of steel, then Judith flung herself between the two.

She was just in time to receive the knife into her heart which was meant for her husband. Her father had murdered her!

As she sank upon the stone floor and her frantic father knelt beside her, a hoarse voice cried:

"Ebenezer Lawson, you slew with your own hand *my* wife and children. I have lived to cause you to slay your own child with that same hand. I have had my revenge."

A ROBBER SAVED.—"HE FELL AT DE SALLO'S FEET AND IMPLORED HIS MERCY."

A ROBBER SAVED.

In the year 1662, when Paris was afflicted with a long and severe famine, Monsieur de Sallo, returning from a Summer's evening walk, with only a little footboy, was accosted by a man, who presented a pistol, and, in a manner far from the resoluteness of a hardened robber, asked him for his money. Monsieur de Sallo, remarking that he came to the wrong man, and that he could get little from him, added:

"I have only three louis d'ors about me, which are not worth a scuffle—so much good may they do you. But let me tell you, you are in a bad way."

The man took them without asking for more, and walked off with an air of dejection and terror. He was no sooner gone than Monsieur de Sallo ordered the boy

to follow him, to see where he went, and to give him an account of everything.

The lad obeyed, and followed him through several obscure streets, and at length saw him enter a baker's shop, where he observed him change one of the louis and buy a large brown loaf. With this purchase he went a few doors further, and entering an alley, ascended a pair of stairs. The boy crept up after him to the fourth story, where he saw him go into a room that had no other light but what it received from the moon, and peeping through a crevice he perceived him throw the loaf upon the floor, and burst into tears, saying:

"There, eat your fill—there's the dearest loaf I ever bought. I have robbed a gentleman of three louis. Let us husband them well, and let me have no more teasings, for, sooner or later, these doings must bring me to the gallows, and all to satisfy your clamors."

His lamentations were answered by those of his whole family; and his wife, having at length calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf, and, cutting it, gave it to four poor starving children.

The boy having thus happily performed his mission, returned home, and gave his master an account of all he had seen and heard. Monsieur de Sallo, who was much moved, ordered the boy to call him at five in the morning. This humane gentleman arose at the time appointed, and, taking the boy with him to show the way, inquired in the neighborhood the character of a man who lived in such a garret with his wife and four children; when he was told he was a very industrious, good kind of man, that he was a shoemaker, a neat workman, but was overburdened with a large family, and had a hard struggle to live in such bad times.

Satisfied with this account, Monsieur de Sallo ascended to the shoemaker's garret. Knocking at the door, it was opened by the poor man himself, who, knowing him at first sight to be the person he had robbed the evening before, fell at his feet and implored his mercy, pleading the extreme distress of his family, and begging he would forgive his first crime.

Monsieur de Sallo desired him to make no noise, for he had not the least intention to hurt him.

"You have a good character among your neighbors," said he, "but must expect your life must soon be cut short if you are now so wicked as to continue the freedoms you took with me. Hold your hand—there are thirty louis to buy leather; husband it well, and set your children a commendable example. To put you out of further temptation to commit such ruinous and fatal actions, I will encourage your industry. I hear you are a neat workman; you shall take the measure of me and of this boy for two pairs of shoes each, and we shall call upon you for them."

The whole family were struck with joy, amazement and gratitude. Monsieur de Sallo departed, greatly moved, and with a mind filled with satisfaction at having saved a man, and perhaps a whole family, from the commission of guilt, from an ignominious death, and probably from eternal perdition.

A SCRATCHED CAMEL.

"Ah!" said the caïd, "the Lord of the Big Head is a terrible fellow."

"He is," said the old man of the tribe. "Allah preserve us from his wrath."

These words were said one evening in the camp; for I had taken to visiting the watchfires of the Kabyles pretty often of a night, for the sake of listening to the quaint stories they were so fond of telling.

"Few men," said the caïd, "escape without coming into contact with him, more or less. I had a terrible adventure once."

"Try some of this tobacco," I said, quietly, as I passed my pouch, and the caïd very willingly filled the bowl of his pipe.

There is no accounting for taste in pipes. That of my friend, the caïd, had a large, open bowl, a tremendously long jasmine stem, and a mouthpiece of amber—so big, that when I once, to oblige him, partook of a pipeful, I felt as if I was suffering all the time from an amber gag.

"Yes," said the caïd, "it was amongst the mountains further south, where I had been journeying for some days. The weather was very hot, and the sun and wind scorching. I did not feel it so much, however, for my burnoose was new, and the camel I rode magnificent. You like riding a good camel?" he said, interrogatively.

"No," I said, bluntly, for the Kabyles have a shrewd contempt for one who makes believe; "it always makes me feel sick."

"Want of use," he said, pityingly. "To be mounted on a good-bred camel with one low hump—an animal that goes like the whirlwind over the long stretches of sand—is glorious.

"I had such a camel, and his speed was magnificent. He never seemed to tire, and we sped across the desert at our will.

"I was mounted on Sayed, and as we went at a gentle pace through a rugged country, sprinkled with small palms, coarse grasses and the prickly cactus, I held him back; for it struck me that at any moment an antelope might spring up, and as I had my gun, a piece wonderful in its truth, I hoped to carry back with me across the camel that which would make a splendid addition to our feast.

"The only other arm I possessed was a long, keen narrow-bladed knife stuck in my girdle.

"But that long-barreled piece, it would carry a large bullet to a tremendous distance, and its killing powers were grand. I need scarcely tell you that it was carefully loaded and primed, ready for the first head of game that would appear.

"We were getting weary, my camel and I, toward evening, for our journey had been long and painful; but home was growing nearer, and we went on at a gentle pace, till suddenly a low, deep, echoing roar told me that there was a lion somewhere in the neighborhood.

"Sayed uttered a low sigh, and stopped short, as if to give me time to get ready my gun; but as the roar sounded away to the right, I urged him on, when the roar was again heard, and this time from right in front.

"Now, as the country rose up ruggedly on either side in a way that was quite impassable for a camel, there was nothing for it but to go steadily on, keeping a good lookout in the narrow ravine I had to traverse, and be ready to urge on the camel as soon as a clear road was open.

"To have gone on fast now meant inviting any lurking lion to make a spring; while quiet progression, perhaps, meant sending the fierce animal away.

"For, as you saw the other day, the lion at times will not stay to be hunted; he will even show respect to a traveler by hurrying out of his way so as not to alarm him.

"So, encouraging Sayed, I went steadily on through the narrow way, which wound so about that I could see but a very short distance before me, and as short a distance behind.

"Traveling at such times becomes terrible work; but I

put my trust in Allah, held my gun ready, with its long barrel shining in the sun, and, keeping a sharp lookout to the right and left, I went on.

"'It is a male lion,' I said to myself, at last, 'and he has been magnanimous. He has had respect to me and my tribe, and gone on.'

"I had scarcely thought this, and determined to urge my course onward, so as to get out of the narrow defile, when there was a loud, hollow roar from behind a clump of cactus, just a little in advance.

"My camel stopped short, and began to heave itself about uneasily, and for a few moments I thought of turning back, only a moment's consideration told me that this was more dangerous than going forward, since, with my gun ready, I could fire at an advancing enemy.

"If I went backward, it was like inviting the lion to run along the rocks above me, and to spring upon my back.

"It was not to be thought of; so I said a few words to my camel again, and tried to go on; but Sayed set his legs out widely and uttered a strange noise, showing his fear of the danger that was before us. More than that, he tried to turn round once more and run back.

"'It is not to be thought of, Sayed!' I exclaimed. 'Go on, my son, and even yet the lion may let us pass on.'

"The noise had ceased; so we proceeded again, with Sayed lifting his legs very cautiously, and more than once turning round his long neck, as if to see whether I was ready with my gun.

"We got along for another fifty yards, and then I became aware that the wild beast we had heard was creeping along behind the plants and pieces of rock, so as to keep a little ahead of us.

"Still, I hoped that it would go off without our seeing it, my idea being that it was a male lion; but all hope was crushed down by the sight of a tawny skin some twenty yards ahead.

"Then Sayed stopped short, and I sat there, gazing at a great lioness which had leaped into the middle of the path, and now stood there, writhing her tail, showing her teeth, and with her eyes glowering at me furiously.

"As I said, she was about twenty yards from me, and presented a fine shot; but I was so taken by surprise that I forgot my gun, and sat looking at the great creature.

"After gazing at us for a few moments, she sat down like a cat, and remained motionless till Sayed turned his head, as if to ask me why I did not fire, when the lioness roused herself, took a couple of steps forward, and prepared to spring.

"She now looked frightful, with her ears laid flat, her eyes half closed, and her glistening white teeth apparently longing to stain themselves with blood.

"At this moment my feeling of terror seemed to give way to a wish to act; and, half thinking that I should be too late, I raised my gun to my shoulder, said a few soothing words to Sayed, so as to keep him quiet, and took careful aim at the lioness.

"Before I could fire with any degree of certainty, she made a bound, and landed four yards nearer to me, crouching down for another spring.

"Fortunately, Sayed stood firm, and I fired just as the beast was rising for a second spring; and then I prepared to bound out of my saddle, so as to avoid the onslaught of the wounded beast.

"Judge of my surprise, then, as the smoke cleared off, to see the lioness lying upon her side, struggling, with all the appearance of having received a fatal wound.

"This being the case, I hastily reloaded, so as to give her a finishing shot; and I had just got my powder and bullet down and the piece primed, when the monster gave a harsh, howling cry, and stretched herself out—dead.

"I felt that I had made a wonderful shot, and could scarcely believe it true; but there lay the lioness, and to fire again would have been a mere waste of powder and shot. So, urging Sayed forward, I went on to where the lioness lay, and was debating within myself from where I sat as to the possibility of taking off the skin for a trophy, and admiring the beautiful tawny coat, when there was a tremendous roar above me on the right, and I nearly let fall my gun as I saw, right above me, a monstrous male lion looking fiercely down at me, and lashing its tail as it set up its mane, and seemed to be asking me why I had slain its wife.

"To retreat would have been madness; to hope for a second shot of so much good fortune, folly. All I could do was to take the best aim I could, and fire.

"And this I did, just as the great beast was about to spring.

"My shot took good effect, for it broke one of the monster's hind-legs; and, instead of making a clear bound from the rocks right upon me, it fell short and rolled over.

"'Quick, Sayed, quick!" I cried, trying to force the camel onward.

"But the poor creature was so frightened that it stood perfectly still; the valuable moment that would have placed us beyond the lion's power was gone, and it had struggled up and thrown itself upon us.

"As the lion bounded on to us I threw myself back, but too late to escape; for the monster's claws were fixed on my leg and the camel's flank, making poor Sayed shriek with fear and pain, and sway so sidewise that I expected he would go over and crush me beneath him.

"Those were painful moments, for, as the lion fixed its talons in my leg, and held on, it tried to climb higher, tearing poor Sayed's leg with its hind-claw; but my shot had effectually crippled the other hind-leg, and it could get no higher, only hung there, glowering at me, showing its teeth, and trying to reach my body, and fix me with its jaws.

"I managed to get out my knife from my belt, for I had dropped my gun when the monster seized me, and as the beast struggled up, making jumps at me, I made a few feeble stabs at it, striking blindly, for I was sick with pain, as the lion's claws were literally tearing the flesh from the bone of my leg.

"Just then Sayed reared his head, shrieked out as only a camel can shriek, and crouched down as if about to fall.

"This gave the lion a chance to get a better hold; and, scrambling and tearing with its claws, it caused the poor camel such terrible pain that, in its fear and agony, it made a bound, shaking off the lion, which rolled over, and then, bleeding and torn, and with me clinging, half dead, to its saddle, it tore along at a tremendous rate.

"I have some recollection of holding on to the saddle in a misty, dreamy way, and then of a terrible fall, after which I remember nothing till I seemed to awaken from sleep, and found myself lying in my tent.

"I found then that poor Sayed had struggled nearly home, and then fallen exhausted in the sand—so near that my people had seen us coming, ran to my help, and bore me to my tent, where I lay for many weary weeks before I could again put foot to the ground.

"As soon as I could relate what had befallen me, a party of our people went off, and found my gun lying across the lioness; but she was so torn by other beasts that the skin was useless.

"They then tracked the lion, but lost all signs of him; learning afterward, though, that a large lion, whose hind-leg was broken, had been killed by the men of another tribe.

"It was nearly six months before my leg was quite well. As for poor Sayed, he was never again fit for swift traveling—the claws of the Lord of the Big Head are so sharp and strong."

"Yes," said the old man of the tribe, "but he is a noble beast, if he is dealt with well."

THE BOY WHO DID NOT KNOW WHAT FEAR WAS.—"THEN THERE FELL DOWN ON TO THE FLOOR OF THE KITCHEN HALF A GIANT—HEAD, ARMS, AND BODY AS FAR AS THE WAIST."

"He objects to being shot, I suppose?" I said, dryly.

"Yes," said the old man, simply, "he hates it; but his wife—she knows the meaning of a gun by sight, and it is better, when a man is alone, to meet her unarmed, and to trust to her nobleness of soul, than to carry a gun."

"Perhaps so," I said; "but, as I might make as lucky a shot as the Caïd there, I would rather have my gun."

THE greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself, and in his greatest concern thinks certainly he knows that which he has least studied, and of which he is the most

THE BOY WHO DID NOT KNOW WHAT FEAR WAS.

THERE was once a boy so courageous and spirited that his relations despaired of ever frightening him into obedience to their will, and took him to the parish priest to be brought up. But the priest could not subdue him in the least, though the boy never showed either obstinacy or ill-temper toward him.

The boy, nothing loath, bade farewell to the priest and his family, and wandered about some little time without a home.

Once he came to a cottage, where he slept the night, and there the people told him that the Bishop of Skálholt was just dead. So next day he went off to Skálholt, and arriving there in the evening, begged a night's lodging.

The people said to him:

"You may have it and welcome, but you must take care of yourself."

"Why take care of myself so much?" asked the lad.

They told him that after the death of the bishop no one could stay in the house after nightfall, as some ghost or goblin walked about there, and that on this account every one had to leave the place after twilight.

The boy answered:

"Well and good; that will just suit me."

At twilight the people all left the place, taking leave of the boy, whom they did not expect to see again alive.

When they had all gone, the boy lighted a candle and examined every room in the house till he came to the kitchen, where he found large quantities of smoked mutton hung up to the rafters. So, as he had not tasted meat for some time and had a capital appetite, he cut some of the dried mutton off with his knife, and placing a pot on the fire, which was still burning, cooked it.

When he had finished cutting up the meat, and had put the lid on the pot, he heard a voice from the top of the chimney, which said:

"May I come down?"

The lad answered:

"Yes, why not?"

Then there fell down on to the floor of the kitchen half a giant—head, arms, hands, and body as far as the waist, and lay there motionless.

After this he heard another voice from the chimney, saying:

"May I come down?"

"If you like," said the boy; "why not?"

Accordingly, down came another part of the giant, from

THE PRAIRIE DOG'S HOME AND ITS UNWELCOME VISITORS.— SEE PAGE 239.

Then he heard a third voice from the same direction, which said:

"May I come down?"

"Of course," he replied; "you must have something to stand upon."

So a huge pair of legs and feet came down and lay by the rest of the body, motionless.

After a bit the boy, finding this want of movement rather tedious, said:

"Since you have contrived to get yourself all in, you had better get up and go away."

Upon this the pieces crept together, and the giant rose on his feet from the floor, and, without uttering a word, stalked out of the kitchen.

The lad followed him, till they came to a large hall, in which stood a wooden chest. This chest the goblin opened, and the lad saw that it was full of money. Then the goblin took the money out in handfuls and poured it like water over his head, till the floor was covered with heaps of it; and, having spent half the night thus, spent the other half in restoring the gold to the chest in the like manner.

The boy stood by and watched him filling the chest again, and gathering all the stray coins together by sweeping his great arms violently over the floor, as if he dreaded to be interrupted before he could get them all in, which the lad fancied must be because the day was approaching.

When the goblin had shut up the coffer he rushed past the lad as if to get out of the hall; but the latter said to him:

"Do not be in too great a hurry."

"I must make haste," replied the other, "for the day is dawning."

But the boy took him by the sleeve and begged him to remain yet a little longer, for friendship's sake.

At this the goblin waxed angry, and clutching hold of the youth, said:

"Now you shall delay me no longer."

But the latter clung tight to him, and slipped out of the way of every blow he dealt, and some time passed away in this kind of struggle.

It happened, however, at last, that the giant turned his back to the open door, and the boy, seeing his chance, tripped him up and butted at him with his head, so that the goblin fell heavily backward, half in and half out of the hall, and broke his spine upon the threshold. At the same moment the first ray of dawn struck his eyes through the open house-door, and he instantly sank into the ground in two pieces, one each side of the door of the hall.

Then the courageous boy, though half dead from fatigue, made two crosses of wood and drove them into the ground where the two parts of the goblin had disappeared. This done, he fell asleep till, when the sun was well up, the people came back to Skálholt. They were amazed and rejoiced to find him still alive, asking him whether he had seen anything in the night.

"Nothing out of the common," he said.

So he staid there all that day, both because he was tired and because the people were loath to let him go.

In the evening, when the people began as usual to leave the place, he begged them to stay, assuring them that they would be troubled by neither ghost nor goblin. But in spite of his assurances they insisted upon going, though they left him this time without any fear of his safety. When they were gone he went to bed and slept soundly till morning.

On the return of the people he told them all about his struggle with the goblin, showed them the crosses he had set up, and the chestful of money in the hall, and assured them that they would never again be troubled at night, so need not leave the place.

They thanked him most heartily for his spirit and courage, and asked him to name any reward he would like to receive, whether money or other precious things, inviting him, in addition, to remain with them as long as ever he chose. He was grateful for their offers, but said:

"I do not care for money, nor can I make up my mind to stay longer with you."

Next day he addressed himself to his journey, and no persuasion could induce him to remain at Skálholt. For he said:

"I have no more business here, as you can now, without fear, live in the bishop's house."

And taking leave of them all, he directed his steps northward, into the wilderness.

For a long time nothing new befell him, until one day he came to a large cave, into which he entered. In a smaller cave within the other he found twelve beds, all in disorder and unmade. As it was yet early, he thought he could do no better than employ himself in making them; and having made them, threw himself on to the one nearest the entrance, covered himself up and went to sleep.

After a little while he awoke, and heard the voices of men talking in the cave, and wondering who had made the beds for them, saying that whoever he was, they were much obliged to him for his pains. He saw, on looking out, that they were twelve armed men of noble aspect. When they had had supper they came into the inner cave, and eleven of them went to bed. But the twelfth man, whose bed was next to the entrance, found the boy in it, and calling to the others, they rose and thanked the lad for having made their beds for them, and begged him to remain with them as their servant, for they said that they never found time to do any work for themselves, as they were compelled to go out every day at sunrise to fight their enemies, and never returned till night.

The lad asked them why they were forced to fight day after day. They answered that they had over and over again fought and overcome their enemies, but that though they killed them over-night, they always came to life again before morning, and would come to the cave and slay them all in their beds if they were not up and ready on the field at sunrise.

In the morning the cave-men went out fully armed, leaving the lad behind to look after the household work.

About noon he went in the same direction as the men had taken, in order to find out where the battlefield was, and as soon as he had espied it in the distance, ran back to the cave.

In the evening the warriors returned, weary and dispirited, but were glad to find that the boy had arranged everything for them, so that they had nothing more to do than eat their supper and go to bed.

When they were all asleep the boy wondered to himself how it could possibly come to pass that their enemies rose every night from the dead. So moved with curiosity was he, that as soon as he was sure that his companions were fast asleep, he took what of their weapons and armor he found to fit him best, and stealing out of the cave, made off in the direction of the battlefield. There was nothing at first to be seen there but corpses and trunkless heads, so he waited a little time to see what would happen.

About dawn he perceived a mound near him open of itself, and an old woman in a blue cloak come out with a glass phial in her hand. He noticed her go up to a dead warrior, and having picked up his head, smear his neck with some ointment out of the phial and place the head and trunk together. Instantly the warrior stood erect,

a living man. The hag repeated this to two or three, until the boy, seeing now the secret of the thing, rushed up to her and stabbed her to death, as well as the men she had raised, who were yet stupid and heavy, as if after sleep.

Then taking the phial, he tried whether he could revive the corpses with the ointment, and found, on experiment, that he could do so successfully. So he amused himself for a while in reviving the men and killing them again, till, at sunrise, his companions arrived on the field.

They were mightily astonished to see him there, and told him that they had missed him, as well as some of their weapons and armor; but they were rejoiced to find their enemies lying dead on the field, instead of being alive and awaiting them in battle array, and asked the lad how he had got the idea of thus going at night to the battlefield, and what he had done.

He told them all that had passed, showed them the phial of ointment, and, in order to prove its power, smeared the neck of one of the corpses, who at once rose to his feet, but was instantly killed again by the cave-men.

They thanked the boy heartily for the service he had rendered them, and begged him to remain among them, offering him at the same time money for his work. He declared that he was quite willing, paid or unpaid, to stay with them, as long as they liked to keep him.

The cave-men were well pleased with his answer, and having embraced the lad, set to work to strip their enemies of their weapons; made a heap of them, with the old woman on the top, and burned them; and then, going into the mound, appropriated to themselves all the treasures they found there.

After this they proposed the game of killing each other, to try how it was to die, as they could restore one another to life again. So they killed each other, but by smearing themselves with the ointment they at once returned to life. Now, this was great sport for a while.

But once, when they had cut off the head of the lad, they put it on again wrong side before. And as the lad saw himself behind, he became as if mad with fright, and begged the men to release him by all means from such a painful plight.

But when the cave-folk had run to him, and cutting off his head, placed it on all right again, he came back to his full senses, and was as fearless as ever before.

The boy lived with them ever afterward, and no more stories are told about him.

THE PRAIRIE DOG'S HOME AND ITS UNWELCOME VISITORS.

There are few subjects in the still lonely prairies west of the Mississippi more interesting than the towns of the prairie dogs—towns rivaling those of man in their extent, and stupendous in labor, if we regard only the size of the animals.

This little creature, the *Spermophilus Ludovicianus* of naturalists, though a rodent, and not a dog, derives its popular name from the short, yelping sound which it is fond of uttering, and which bears some resemblance to the bark of a young puppy. Even in captivity it utters this short, impatient yelp, which may generally be extorted from the little animal by placing the hand near the cage. Though gentle and affectionate to its keeper, it dislikes strangers; and if their fingers approach the bars of its house too closely, it barks at the intruders like an angry squirrel, and scratches smartly at their hands with its sharp and powerful claws.

It is a pretty and rather curious animal, measuring about sixteen inches in total length. Its general shape is round and flattish, and the head is peculiarly flat, giving to the animal a very remarkable aspect. The fur is a grayish red, with a grizzled effect, produced by the alternate chestnut and gray color of each hair. The disposition of the prairie dog is pleasant and sociable, and the little creature is very susceptible of domestication.

In spite of the formidable foes by which it is attacked, and which take up their residence in the very centre of its habitations, the prairie dog is an exceedingly prolific animal, multiplying rapidly, and extending its excavations to vast distances. Indeed, when once the prairie dogs settle themselves in a convenient spot, their increase seems to have no bounds, and the little heaps of earth which stand near the mouth of their burrows extend as far as the eye can reach.

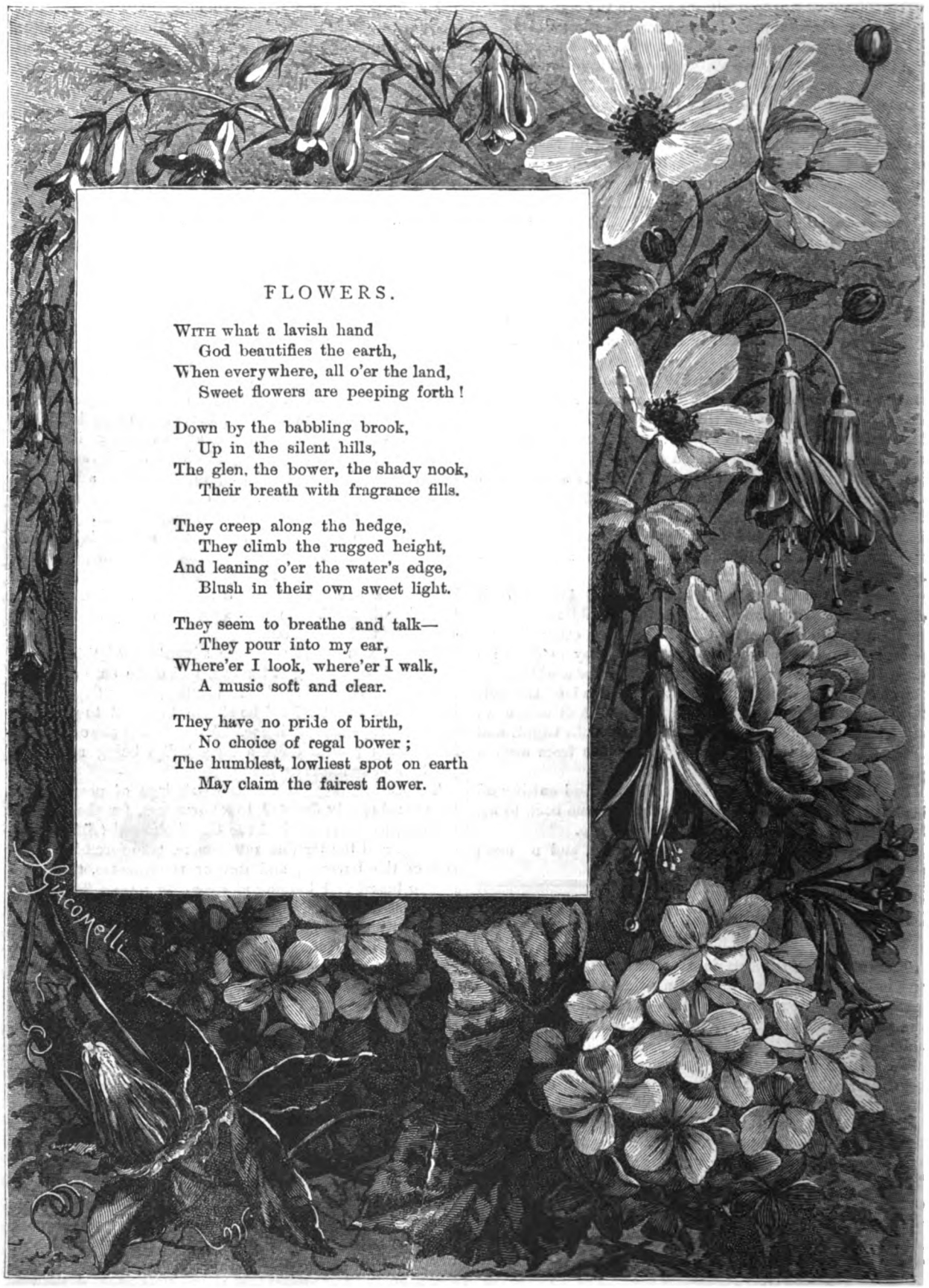
The scene presented by one of these "dog-towns," or "villages," as the assemblages of burrows are called, is most curious, and well repays the trouble of approaching without alarming the cautious little animals. Fortunately for the traveler, the prairie dog is as inquisitive as it is wary, and the indulgence of its curiosity often costs the little creature its life. Perched on the hillocks which have already been mentioned, the prairie dog is able to survey a wide extent of horizon, and as soon as it sees an intruder it gives a sharp yelp of alarm and dives into its burrow, its little feet knocking together with a ludicrous flourish as it disappears. In every direction a similar scene is enacted. Warned by the well-known cry, all the prairie dogs within reach repeat the call, and leap into their burrows. Their curiosity, however, is irrepressible, and scarcely have their feet vanished from sight than their heads are seen cautiously protruded from the burrow, and their inquisitive brown eyes sparkle as they examine the cause of the disturbance.

A good marksman will take advantage of this peculiarity, and, by aiming at the eye, will make sure of killing the animal on the spot. It is marvelously tenacious of life, and, unless its head be almost knocked to pieces, is sure to escape into its home. A pea-rifle is almost useless in shooting prairie dogs, a large bullet being needed to produce instantaneous death.

The prairie dog has not the privilege of possessing a home exclusively devoted to its own use, for the burrowing owl, sometimes called the Coquimbo owl (*Athene cunicularia*), and the terrible rattlesnake, take forcible possession of the burrows, and devour the inmates, thus procuring board and lodging at very easy rates. The rattlesnake, at all events, does so, the bodies of young prairie dogs having been found in its stomach.

On the discovery of owls and rattlesnakes within the burrows of the prairie dog, it was generally thought that these incongruous beings associated together in perfect harmony, forming, in fact, a "happy family" below the surface of the ground. The ruthless scalpel of the naturalist, however, effectually dissipated all such romantic notions, and proved that the snake was by no means a welcome guest, but an intruder on the premises, self-billeted on the inmates, like soldiers on obnoxious householders, procuring lodging without permission, and eating the inhabitants by way of board.

The reason for the presence of the owls is not so evident, though it is not impossible that they may, also, snap up an occasional prairie dog in its earliest infancy, while it is very young, small and tender. These winged and scaled intruders are not found in all the burrows, though many of the habitations are infested by them. The general aspect of the prairie dog is not unlike that of its near relative, the Alpine marmot.



FLOWERS.

With what a lavish hand
God beautifies the earth,
When everywhere, all o'er the land,
Sweet flowers are peeping forth!

Down by the babbling brook,
Up in the silent hills,
The glen, the bower, the shady nook,
Their breath with fragrance fills.

They creep along the hedge,
They climb the rugged height,
And leaning o'er the water's edge,
Blush in their own sweet light.

They seem to breathe and talk—
They pour into my ear,
Where'er I look, where'er I walk,
A music soft and clear.

They have no pride of birth,
No choice of regal bower;
The humblest, lowliest spot on earth
May claim the fairest flower.

FLICK ET FLACK.

Chapter I.

The last notes of the galop were rising and falling through the perfumed air as Grace Errold and her partner, Philip Massey, left the circling throng and walked into the conservatory.

Mrs. Bonton's parties were always "a success." She understood to perfection the admirable art of inviting just the persons that one wishes to see. At her house you met with no *tohubohu*, no crowd of uninteresting people, no bores, and, *summum bonum*, no ancient young ladies. Wallflowers, of course, were unavoidable, but as they were generally people who had something to say, they were endurable.

Most women have a mission—that of Mrs. Bonton was to give parties. She had a fine house on Madison Avenue, rejoiced in the possession of two or three carriages, and in a husband whom every one declared to be "one of the best fellows that ever lived."

Mrs. Bonton was of the same opinion, for she let him smoke in the parlors, own a latch-key, go to supper-parties, and commit other enormities of a like kind. Her lady friends, after telling her what a model wife she was, calling next door, would declare, with mournful waggings of the head:

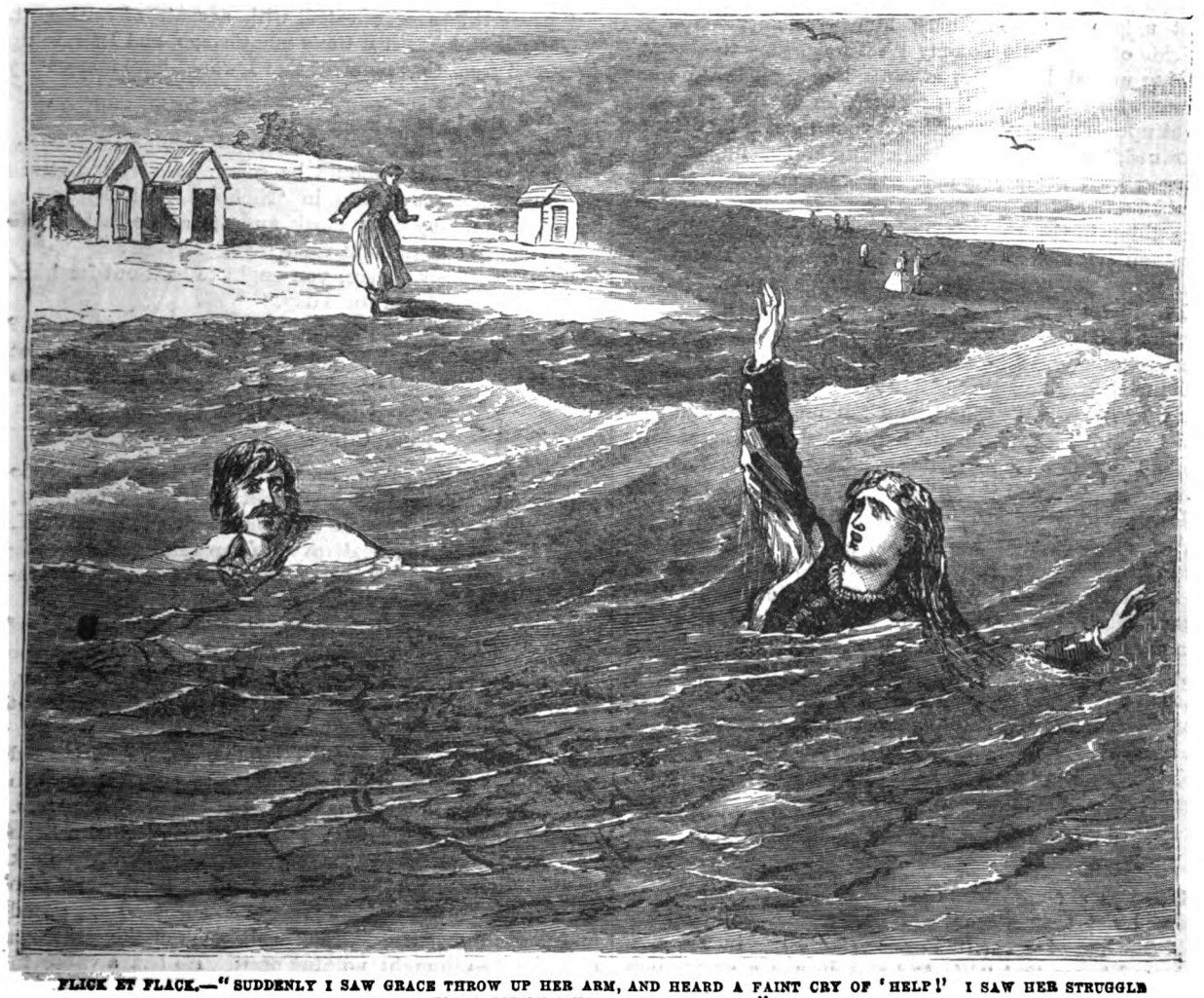
"Poor dear man, Mrs. Bonton is letting him go to ruin. Why, my love, do you know that he has been seen going home at three o'clock in the morning? Just think! *Three o'clock!*"

And Miss Trenteans would add:

"Well, I never! If *I* had a husband he should never," etc., etc.

Probably not, my dear young lady; but, as you have no husband, in spite of your most praiseworthy efforts to secure one, we will not discuss the point.

Strange to say, though, Mr. Bonton seemed to like his wife the better for being so culpably neglectful of her duties. He would spend four or five evenings every week at home with her, and never experienced that profane feeling which arises from the knowledge that all the buttons are off one's shirt, or found a "woman in white" waiting to greet him as he returned from some convivial entertainment.



FLICK ET FLACK.—"SUDDENLY I SAW GRACE THROW UP HER ARM, AND HEARD A FAINT CRY OF 'HELP!' I SAW HER STRUGGLE FOR A LITTLE WHILE, AND THEN SINK."

In short, Mr. and Mrs. Bonton were a very happy and contented couple, rejoicing in each other's company, and never mutually bored. Mr. Bonton loved his wife, and was proud of her; Mrs. Bonton loved her husband, and was proud of him; and they were both proud of a hideous little squalling lump of red humanity that lay shrieking and bellowing up-stairs while the dancing was going on below.

I had been dancing with Mrs. Bonton. As we revolved about the room, I saw Grace Errold and Philip Massey enter the conservatory, and whispered to my partner:

"They'll be engaged before they come out from there."

She looked up at me with a comical smile, and said:

"Don't be too sure of that."

And, indeed, before all the couples had taken their seats, I saw Massey come out of the conservatory, looking quite pale, and gnawing his mustache. But, like a true society-man, as he was, he soon overcame his emotion, and was laughing and chatting with Miss Dinero, the wealthy heiress.

I knew Massey very slightly, but the little I did know was enough to prejudice me against him. I had been introduced to him, had seen him at the club, the opera, Delmonico's, and at various places around the city, and had always been treated by him with the greatest politeness. But ugly stories concerning him were afloat—how the suicide of poor little Tommy West was owing to Massey's having won all his money at cards the night before; and it was whispered that, if he chose, he could throw some light upon a mysterious case of a young girl being "found drowned," with no wedding-ring upon her finger. But Massey kept his secrets well, and these uncertain rumors could be traced to no sure source. However, there was something in the man's face which inclined me to distrust him—an evil look which sometimes came into his eyes, a bad expression around the corners of his mouth.

I had been sorry to notice an *affaire* growing up between him and Grace. I knew her very intimately, and liked her exceedingly. She and I had been intimate friends in childhood, and now that childhood had passed away, the intimacy continued. She would tell me of her troubles, and I would advise and assist her to the best of my ability; while I would read my articles to her (I wrote then for "the weeklies") and invite her criticism. She was a little below the medium size, with a slender, lithe figure, as graceful as a willow when swayed by the wind. Her face was a little irregular in its outlines, but her finely shaped nose and mouth amply redeemed that defect, if defect it were. Her dark hair was long and thick, and when the sun shone on it, was of a rich bronze color. Her eyes—ah, how can I hope to describe them! Long as I had known her, I had not been able to find out their color. They were for ever changing and varying their expression. Now sad and pensive, with a melancholy look in them, and then lighting up with a gleam of merry mischief that puzzled the looker-on—

> "Where shadows dark and sunlight sheen
> Alternate come and go."

She was a complete Bohemienne, and regretted that she had not been a man, so that she could enjoy all the wild freedom of an artist's or a writer's life in the city. She used to say that "life to a woman was a stupendous bore." Poor Grace! you were not bored very long. Beautiful, wild, capricious, kind-hearted Grace!

A feeling of inexpressible sadness comes over me as I write these lines, when I think how suddenly her happy young life was cut short.

> "She's gone into the West,
> She took our daylight with her,
> The smiles that we love best"

Poor Grace! I think I can see her now as I saw her when, leaving Mrs. Bonton, I went to her in the conservatory. She stood there, with the point of a dainty little slipper thrust out beneath her dress, her head thrown back, and a gleam of light in her eyes that I had never seen there before. She looked as Jeanne d'Arc may have looked when told that the English were conquered.

The dark green leaves and vivid colors of the plants and flowers; the heavy, perfumed atmosphere; the mellow, subdued light; the distant strains of music—all seemed but a fit surrounding for this fair young queen of beauty.

"Why, Grace," I said, "what is the matter?"

Her look of triumph faded away, the gleam died out of her eyes, and she became herself—*La Moqueuse*, as I used to call her.

"I have tamed the lion. Hercules has laid himself and his club at the feet of Omphale, as an offering on her shrine. *Vive* M. Rarey!"

"What do you mean?"

"Philip Massey has proposed to me, and I have jilted him. *Voilà tout!*"

"Indeed! Do you know that he boasts he has only to offer himself to be accepted?"

"Know it?" she repeated, with accents of contempt. "Know it? I heard it three months ago, and I made up my mind from that moment that I would have him at my feet."

"And you have succeeded."

"Yes, I have succeeded. He left me, vowing vengeance, and swearing that I should be sorry. He reminded me of the mysterious person in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' who, wrapped in a long black cloak, appears at the back of the stage, and in a sepulchral voice says, 'Beware!'"

"But, seriously, Grace, you ought to look out for him. He may do you harm some day."

"Bah!" shrugging her shoulders. "What can he do? Hark!" she added; "do you hear that delightful Flick et Flack? The music is too tempting—I can't resist it. Come and dance."

Chapter II.

The season was over. No one was in town—that is to say, no one but the poor husbands, fathers and brothers, who were hard at work in the counting-room or at desk, while their butterfly relatives were spreading their beautiful wings for the admiration of the idlers at Newport, Saratoga or Long Branch.

Mr. Bonton, his wife and Grace—she was a cousin of madam's—had gone down to Long Branch to pass the Summer there. That was all I knew of their movements, for at that time I was chained to the city, and could not get away.

One afternoon in August I left my office and walked leisurely up Broadway. I was going to take dinner with a friend, and then pass the evening at one of the theatres. On my way up I met Philip Massey. He looked a little wild and haggard, and there was a peculiar far-away look in his eyes, which I have often noticed in persons who have been laboring under a great excitement. I supposed that it was the consequence of a debauch of the previous night, and so thought nothing of it. He had a valise in his hand, and was walking as if he were in a hurry.

I met my friend, and we went to Pfaff's to get our dinner. While we were eating, a newsboy came in with the evening papers. I got a *Post*, and was glancing over it, when a notice in the "Deaths" caught my eye:

> "Errold—Drowned, at Long Branch, on the 21st inst., Grace, only child of Henry and Mary Errold, in the eighteenth year of her age."

The paper dropped from my hand. Dead! Could it be true? No, there must be some mistake. It could not be possible. Why, I had talked and danced with her only a few weeks before. And now—to think that I should never see her again—never hear her laughing voice or listen to her merry words—oh, no, no, no! It could not be. And yet—"Grace Errold—in the eighteenth year of her age."

Almost mechanically I turned to the other page, to see

if there was any notice of the sad event, and there I read, in the Long Branch correspondence:

"MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—A most painful accident occurred here yesterday As Miss Grace Errold was bathing, she unfortunately ventured out too far. She was caught in the undertow, and soon losing her strength, was drowned. The most heroic exertions were made by a gentleman to save her, but they were of no avail. We regret that we have not been able to learn his name. This melancholy event has thrown a damper upon the whole community.

"We understand that, in spite of every effort, the body has not yet been recovered."

I looked at my watch. I had just time to catch the Long Branch boat. Running up the stairs, I was fortunate enough to find a carriage. I jumped into it, and was driven at full speed to the dock, and in a few minutes was on my way to Long Branch.

Arrived there, I went at once to the Surf Hotel, where I knew the Bontons were staying. I sent up my card, and was shown into the private parlor. Mrs. Bonton was sitting on the sofa alone, and dressed in deep mourning.

She arose and gave me her hand with a sad smile of welcome.

I felt a choking sensation in my throat, and it was with difficulty that I could pronounce the single word:

"Grace?"

"Ah," said Mrs. Bonton, the tears coming to her eyes, "you have heard, then?"

"Yes, I saw it in this afternoon's paper, and at once came out here. How did it happen? Tell me about it."

"Oh, Theodore, it's such a horrible story! I never could have believed that he was such a villain—that he *could* act as he did. You know when we came here, it was principally for Grace's benefit; the doctor said that sea-bathing would do her so much good. Well, before we had been here a week, Philip Massey came and took rooms at this house. I advised Grace to have nothing to do with him; I did not like the way he would sometimes look at her with those big, bold black eyes of his. It frightened me. And then Grace had told me that he had sworn to be revenged on her, so I wished her to avoid him as much as possible. She said she would, if I wished her to, but laughed at any fears I might have. She said that Massey could not injure her.

"At first, it was very easy to avoid him, for we saw very little of him; but after a while he seemed to meet us everywhere, and occasionally Grace would talk to him a little."

Here she paused to wipe away her tears.

There was a piano in the next room, and some one was playing the "Miserere," and the low, mournful music seemed to wail as if in unison with our feelings. The twilight shadows came creeping in at the window, and lay in huge, shapeless brown masses upon the floor, while the distant booming of the sea sounded like the solemn murmurings of a dirge.

Mrs. Bonton resumed:

"Yesterday Grace and I went down to the shore for a bath. There was no one in the water but Philip Massey. When I saw him I wanted to go back; an indefinable feeling made me wish that Grace would not go in. But she laughed at my ideas, and the day was so beautiful, and the water looked so inviting, that I chased away my fears and yielded. We had not been in long when Massey joined us, and after talking a few minutes, challenged Grace to swim. You know how proud Grace was of her swimming, and so she started. As they were going off I cried to Grace, 'Don't go out too far.' She made no answer, but swam on. I stood on the shore, looking at them. It seemed to me that Massey lagged behind, for Grace was quite a distance ahead. Suddenly I saw Grace throw up an arm, and heard a faint cry of 'Help!' I saw her struggle for a little while, and then sink. Oh, it was fearful! to stand there and see her drown, without being able to do anything to assist her. And then I saw Massey swimming back alone. I ran up to the house and told my husband what had happened. He rushed to the beach, and saw Massey. They had some high words, and Charley called Massey a coward and a poltroon. Massey merely said, 'You shall hear from me, sir,' and walked away. Charley came back and told what had occurred, and when Massey entered no one would speak to him or take the slightest notice of him."

She ceased, and as the sound of her voice died away there was dead silence in the room. The shadows were now black, and they gave a strange, weird appearance to the apartment. The sea kept up its sullen murmuring, and from the piano in the next room the wild, fantastic notes of "Flick et Flack" were rising and swelling and falling through the air.

My thoughts went back to the last time I had seen Grace, when her fair young head rested against my shoulder, and her glad voice bubbled forth merry words, as we whirled around the room to the swift tune of the galop. Oh, God! it almost maddened me to think of her delicate body being made the sport of the rude waves—to think of their tossing and hurling it about in their savage glee at having such a rare and lovely plaything; now drawing back and relinquishing their prey for a moment, and then darting on it again with renewed vigor. Oh, the cruel, hungry waves, heaving and throwing about that poor fragile piece of clay, as, boiling, hissing, seething, foaming, they hurry over ocean in their mad career!

And Philip Massey! As I thought of him I clinched my hand, and made a solemn vow that the time should come when I'd repay tenfold his dastardly murder of a young, defenseless girl.

And the wild, fantastic notes of "Flick et Flack" kept rising and falling through the air.

LETTERS ODDLY LOST AND FOUND.

SOME CASES WHICH SHOULD TEACH CAUTION IN MAKING CHARGES OF THEFT.

IN conversation lately with a reporter of the *Evening Post*, the veteran Charles Forrester, Sr., who has passed his life in the New York Post-office, recalled some curious instances of the loss and recovery of valuable letters, whose temporary disappearance was due to pure accident, but was attributed at the time to theft by some person in the mail service.

In 1833 a letter which contained money was received at the Post-office in this city, addressed to Samuel G. Starr, No. 205 Pearl Street. It was given, with others, to a carrier, but Mr. Starr reported soon after that the letter had not been delivered. An investigation was made, but without any satisfactory result. The next year, during the season of "Spring cleaning," the mystery was solved. The oilcloth in the hallway of No. 205 Pearl Street was taken up, and on the floor, close to the front door, was found the letter which had so long been missing. The place had been closed when visited by the carrier, and in thrusting the letter under the door he had pushed it beneath the floor-covering.

In the Autumn of 1838, a young man named Alfred Wright was appointed a clerk in the New York Post-office, on the recommendation of the postmaster of Hartford,

Conn., who had discharged him from his own office the preceding Spring on suspicion of dishonesty. The suspicion arose from the unaccountable disappearance of some money letters from the box rented by an insurance company. When the cool weather of Autumn caused the president of this company again to wear the light over-

found these letters in one of the pockets. Then he remembered that he must have taken them from the office one Sunday morning, on his way to church, afterward forgetting them, and putting away his overcoat for the season.

Before the use of checks and drafts was as common as it is at present, it was a customary piece of caution, in such

THE EVENING PRAYER.

ing considerable sums by mail, to tear bank-notes in halves, and forward the pieces separately. Half of a $500 bill was sent, in 1839 or 1840, in a letter which reached the New York Post-office addressed to "William Warner, Fulton," while on the line beneath this inscription was written, "Market, 29." The letter was intended to reach stall No. 29, Fulton Market, but, owing to the peculiar form of the address, it was delivered at No. 29 Market Street, where, by a strange coincidence, there also lived a William Warner. The mistake was discovered the next day, and the carrier in this case, who was Mr. Forrester himself, hastened up to No. 29 Market Street, where he learned that Mr. Warner was to sail that morning for New Orleans, and had already gone aboard the *Tarolinta*, the vessel bound for that port. Hurrying down-town again, Mr. Forrester found that the *Tarolinta* was still lying out in the North River, and hired a boat to take him alongside. Mr. Warner immediately gave up the letter and contents, by which he had been much puzzled, and the carrier returned to shore with a light heart in consequence of his luck.

THE BAN OF BLOOD.—"'IF WE FAIL TO-NIGHT, MY GRAVE IS THERE.' AND SHE POINTED TO THE GLITTERING WATER, UPON WHOSE BOSOM THE NEWLY-RISEN MOON NOW POURED SHEETS OF SILVER."

THE BAN OF BLOOD.

In the great house where Maude Livingston's eyes had first opened upon the problem of life, there was a bustle of preparation that betokened some important event near at hand. Curtin Livingston, the stern old master of the largest income and handsomest estate in four counties, was setting his house in order for the wedding festivities of his only child and heiress, Maude, and had given orders that no expense was to be spared in making it an occasion worthy of the beauty of the bride, the position of the bridegroom, and the wealth of the host.

Miss Endopia, Mr. Livingston's maiden sister, was driving dressmakers and milliners frantic in the final touches of a trousseau, much of which was ordered from Paris, and held up as models for the like articles of home manufacture.

Carpenters and upholsterers were decorating the upper-room, ballroom and wide halls, and couriers were flying in in all directions, scattering snowy invitations amongst the aristocracy of the four counties, which held some of the bluest blood and proudest families of Virginia.

And in a grove back of the house, hidden from all curious eyes by the thick foliage of May, Maude Livingston watched the sun setting on the placid bosom of the Potomac, signing the death-warrant of one more day of liberty, drawing about her closer the net in which struggled all of life's hope and happiness.

Standing erect, her hands hanging loosely clasped before her, her large mournful eyes watching the sinking sun, her lips slightly parted, and her face pallid as that of a corpse, the young girl, whose costly trousseau was being made ready, looked more like a dumb statue of despair than a promised bride, whose maiden meditations might be presumed to be rose-tinted with brightest hopes.

For, looking at the matter as the aristocracy of four

counties regarded it, what more could the heart of woman desire than was thrown at the feet of Maude Livingston? Young, beautiful, talented, educated in Paris, heiress of Livingston and all its grandeurs, she was betrothed to Hugh Delamore, whose wealth was undoubted, whose family was admitted into the innermost circles of Virginia aristocracy, and whose face was a very model of manly beauty. True, he was past forty, the bride but eighteen; but he was so gracefully courteous, so finished a gentleman, so learned a scholar, that no one could wish a year taken from a life molded to such rare perfection.

Looking out upon the broad water, knowing the friendly grove behind her screened her from all observers, Maude Livingston watched the sunset glow fade from the skies, the gray twilight creep slowly over the face of nature, till tiny stars, shooting like tongues of fire from the skies, proclaimed the reign of Night. She felt no fatigue, no impatience, as she watched; but a flush passed over her pale face, her eyes kindled to eager expectation as she heard a subdued fall of oars upon the still water at her feet. Nearer and nearer the sounds drew to her retreat, till a tiny boat shot out into sight from the opposite bank, rapidly approaching her.

There was but one occupant of the little bark—a man, young, tall and strong, with a face at once singularly devoid of regularity of feature or beauty, and instinct with expression. A man not more than twenty-five, with the stern gravity of fifty in his large eyes and on his broad white brow.

Lovers! Yes, true, faithful lovers, yet meeting with no rapturous joy, no caress, no fond words.

White as death, cold and still, the girl waited till the boat was made fast, and the man she loved sprang up the bank and stood beside her. Hand clasped hand no more, and then he spoke:

"I have seen her!"

"Well?"

"If she holds the proof she will give it only to you."

"To me? What can she know of me?"

"I was obliged to tell her you were Hugh Delamore's promised wife."

Maude Livingston's frame shook with a strong shudder. For a moment there was silence; then she said:

"If I go with you, can I return to-night?"

"You can be here again before daylight."

"I shall not be missed. Fearing you would not obtain the proof, I gave strict orders that I was not to be disturbed until it was time for me to dress. My father thinks I am weeping in my room; my aunt probably imagines I am packing my wedding finery. My room will not be entered before I return. Godfrey!"

There was a wonderful tenderness in her tone as the name passed her lips, though she did not move from her former rigid position.

"I am listening, Maude."

"If we fail to-night, my grave is there."

And she pointed to the glittering water, upon whose bosom the newly risen moon now poured sheets of silver.

The man made no protest. A firm clasp of the small hand he held assured her he heard and understood her, but he had no lover-like appeal ready against her decision. Wrapping her mantle closely around her, he led her to the boat, and in a moment more they were gliding along the silvery waters.

"Godfrey," the girl said, after a long silence, "there are few men who would work as you have worked to save me, when there is no hope for you, no hope for me! Our love is crossed by the ban of blood, yet you strive to save the life I do not value, the happiness I can never grasp."

"My own Maude!" Godfrey replied; "mine in death, if you can never be mine in life—though the ban of blood may cross our love, it can never wipe it out, can never make you less mine, nor my life's devotion less your own. But this marriage separates us, as even death itself cannot."

"I have been weak," she said, still looking mournfully across the glittering water. "When I swore an oath that my hand should never clasp yours in marriage, when my father told me the hideous secret that parted you and I for ever, I cared nothing for my future, and scarcely understood the words I spoke when I promised to be Hugh Delamore's wife. Godfrey, I was mad with misery. Cannot you understand what it was to stand before my father, loving you, with a letter in my hand full of hope and deep joy, knowing you loved me, and hear——"

She stopped, hiding her face, and shivering, as if with cold.

"And hear the story hidden from me, as well as from you," said Godfrey, in a dull, heart-broken tone. "Hear from your father's lips that his only son fell in a duel, shot through the heart by my brother, who fled the country, and died in exile. I was but a boy, you a mere baby, when it occurred, Maude, yet it was cruel to keep the truth from us until we met and loved."

"My father told me more," the girl continued. "I spared you the repetition, Godfrey, but to-night I must let you read my very heart, and know how I yielded to Hugh Delamore's suit. My father spoke no angry word, used no threat, but in his cold, stern voice, he described to me my mother's death-bed, drawing such a vivid picture of her agony that my heart almost ceased its own pulsations as I listened. He told me of my brother's arrival at the house, cold in death's embrace; of my mother's despair, illness and death; and when I was nearly maddened by grief he bade me swear I would never marry the brother of the man whose hand had made me motherless, while from him it took his only son. I swore, Godfrey, never to be your wife. Then the despair that must be like death crept over me! I prayed that I might lose the robust health that kept me yet alive. I hoped that I might find rest and peace beside my mother. While my heart was dull and dead, Hugh Delamore proposed for my hand, and was accepted by my father. I was listless, careless of life, hoping for death, and I submitted passively. I should have been married in my apathy of sorrow, had I not once more met you."

"Maude, I could not leave the country without once more looking upon your face. It was only to say farewell I met you in the grove where we had passed such happy hours."

"Only to say farewell, Godfrey; yet that interview showed me the misery I was preparing for my whole future life. Roused once more to suffering by your face, I knew that this marriage would be a living death, worse than the grave itself. I implored my father to save me, and he haughtily assured me that the word of a Livingston, once passed, could never be recalled. I sent for Hugh Delamore, and told him the truth. In his tender, even voice, he assured me he would wait patiently for the love he would make it the task of his life to gain. Then I turned to you. Only to save me from Hugh Delamore, to let me live alone, loving you! That was all I asked of father and promised husband, and that was denied me. You came. You held out to me a hope that I might yet be saved. If that hope fail, I will find a resting-place under the waters; but I will never be Hugh Delamore's wife."

"Shall I tell you all that gives me hope, Maude? We

have parted after such brief meetings, that I could tell you but little. Will you hear all now?"

She bowed her head in silence. Evidently every nerve was strained to its utmost tension, to keep up the forced calmness that was so cold and hard.

"When Hugh Delamore became my successor in your love, I was told, Maude. I watched him. It has been my impression for years that, behind the handsome mask of ice Hugh Delamore presents for a face to the world, the man carried some secret that would ruin him if discovered. We are old enemies, Maude. It is a fact I have had impressed upon me from a boy, that Hugh Delamore's influence led my brother Claude from innocent boyhood to the dissipations of youth—to gambling, deep drinking, and finally to the quarrel that stained his hand in blood. But, Maude, there was one part of the story hidden from you that gave me the clew we are now following. When Claude and Hugh Delamore were most intimate, and I a lad at boarding-school, there was a love-story enacted with the daughter of a tollgate-keeper on the Fairfax road, a girl of great beauty, low birth and mean education. These gentlemen, Maude, became rivals for smiles from the rustic beauty, and their rivalry became a struggle for life or death, the living to win the hand of the gate-keeper's daughter. I never knew all the details, but by some diabolical jugglery a quarrel was started between Claude and a third party, ending in a duel that exiled my brother. I never knew till your father answered my suit for your love, Maude, who the man was who fell by my brother's hand. Following this blow came the tidings of your engagement. I had allowed the old story to die in my mind, but when this news came every detail of the tale took a new significance. I had heard from some of the servants and neighbors that Hugh Delamore was in the habit of taking long, solitary rides to some unknown destination, often remaining absent for several days, always returning with a gloom upon his face, and often pacing the room all night, as if in troubled meditation. It occurred to me then that these mysterious journeys, this haunting secret, might have some connection with the duel of fifteen years ago. But I took no step while I believed you were to be his willing bride. I hurried my preparations to leave the country, to bury my despair in some far-away land, when there came upon me the unconquerable desire to look once more upon your face, to hear you say with your own lips that you had ceased to love me. I saw you, Maude, and you implored me to save you from a marriage forced upon you when you were scarcely conscious of your own consent. Then I resolved to watch Hugh Delamore, to find out his guilty secret, if he had one, and drag it to the light. For days I was his unsuspected shadow, till one night he started upon his mysterious ride, little guessing that he was followed."

Maude Livingston leaned forward, scarcely breathing, in her strained attention to every word.

"I followed him for miles on the turnpike, till he turned off at the crooked, narrow road leading to Herndon. Here he struck into footpaths, down the forest roads, into intricate labyrinths, always setting his face again in the direction of the river, returning on his own tracks, till he came to a small, mean house, after hours of hard riding, which he could have gained in half the time by following the river road, or coming in a boat. Evidently the circuitous route was to baffle any chance observers, but ill calculated to deceive any one steadily following his horse. I marked well the house he entered, struck into the river road, half a mile beyond, and rode directly home."

"You did not enter the house?"

more at home. Then I returned to the house, late in the evening, pretended to have lost my way, and begged shelter for the night. I was taken to an upper room by an old woman, and told there was a sick woman in the adjoining room, whom I must not disturb by any noise. The night passed without any revelation, and the morning favored me by a furious storm. I had come by boat to within a mile of the house, and walked from the river, so I had no horse. This I made the excuse for remaining another day, paying well for my accommodations. The old woman and the invalid were the only inmates of the house; but I learned nothing, except that the sick lady had been out of her mind for years, and was under the care of the old woman. The gentleman who came to see her, and who paid her expenses, was her brother. Maude, you and I know well that Hugh Delamore has no sister. I feigned to be a doctor, and easily persuaded the old woman to allow me to see her charge. I found a wan, white woman, really under forty, apparently over sixty, sitting propped up in an easy-chair, playing with a doll. She fondled it, caressed it, called it by loving, tender names, hushed it to sleep, and seemed to see nothing else in the room.

"'She thinks it is her baby that died years ago,' the woman whispered to me.

"I sat beside her, and the woman left us.

"'How do you call your baby?' I asked.

"She looked wonderingly at my strange face, but did not reply.

"'Hugh Delamore is a pretty name,' I said, after a moment.

"She turned her startled face to the door—then:

"'Hush!' she said; 'he will kill me if he hears you.

"'Who?' I asked.

"'My husband.'

"'Hugh Delamore?' I persisted.

"'Hush! hush!' she cried, in an agony of fear.

"'No one can hurt you,' I said to her. 'We are alone. Tell me—is not Hugh Delamore your husband?'

"Then a cunning smile came over her face.

"'He has sent you to get it,' she said, adding, in a fierce tone, 'but I will die before I will tell you where it is! I have told him I will never give it up, and I never will—never!'

"'Why not?' I asked, on a venture.

"'Is it not the only proof that I am his true, lawful wife? When he burns that he will be free, and I shall never see his face again! I will not tell you where it is!'

"Then she broke into hysterical sobbing that brought up her nurse, and I was hustled out of the room in a hurry. After a time the old woman returned to me, and I resorted to bribery. By this means I obtained another interview, and found that the marriage-certificate was the treasure the poor demented woman hides, in spite of her husband's threats and coaxing. Finally, I told her of you, and won a promise that you should see the paper. Maude, its possession may be but a mad fancy, for the poor creature is insane, but it is the one hope of breaking off your marriage."

As Godfrey spoke he turned his boat to the shore, and rowed rapidly toward a spot where a road ran down to the river's edge. Here he assisted Maude to land, and leading her forward a short distance, called aloud:

"Cato!"

In a moment the sound of horses' feet and wheels were heard, and an open carriage drove rapidly to where they stood. Without speaking, Godfrey handed his companion to a seat, took his own place beside her, and told the

PROPITIATING HIS MISTRESS'S FAIR MAID.

"Wait here till we return," he said, briefly, to the negro, and drove rapidly up the road.

It seemed scarcely a moment to Maude before the house was reached, and Godfrey rapped on the door, which was opened by an old woman.

"*He* has been here to-day," she said, looking at Godfrey, "and the poor woman is very bad."

"Can we go up?"

"Yes; but do keep her as quiet as you can. Poor thing! *he's* 'most scared her to death."

Maude followed silently as Godfrey led the way to the small upper chamber. Lying outside of a miserable bed, fully dressed, and with wide-opened eyes, a white-haired, haggard woman, with a doll clasped in her arms, was watching the door. As Maude entered, she raised herself upon her elbow, and looked fixedly into her face.

The miserable light of a candle struck full upon the young girl, who came forward rapidly, her whole face filled with pity.

"You are very ill," she said, gently.

"He wants to marry you," the woman said, never moving her eyes from Maude's face. "Do you want to come to what I am? I was as young and as pretty as you are when he married *me*. Send them all away. I will tell you where it is."

Silently Godfrey withdrew, waiting within call.

"If you marry him I will curse you from my grave!" said the woman, fiercely. "I am his wife—his *wife*—though he denies me!"

"I shall never marry Hugh Delamore," Maude said, softly, "if you can prove you are his wife."

"Prove it! Yes, yes!"

She stood up as she spoke, and going to the window-seat, lifted the sill, from where it appeared to be firmly fastened. Moving back a board under this, she showed a small cavity, but as she leaned over it, her strength gave way, and with a groan she fell fainting to the ground.

Godfrey hurried in, lifted her to the bed, and Maude bent over her, fearing life was extinct in the motionless figure. While she worked over the unconscious woman, Godfrey hastily examined the cavity. There was a wedding-ring, a baby's sock, a curl of fair hair, and a marriage-certificate, dated fifteen years before, proving Amy Gartland the wife of Hugh Delamore.

Securing this, Godfrey replaced the window-sill, under which the most shrewd detective would have suspected no hiding-place, and turned to the bed again.

"Maude," he whispered, "it is there—the certificate that will save you."

"Send for my father—let him see this wreck!" the girl answered.

"Will he come?"

"Have you pencil and paper?"

A note-book was placed in her hands, and, hastily tearing out a leaf, she wrote:

"Come to me at once. I am at the bedside of Hugh Delamore's *wife*. MAUDE."

Godfrey took the note, and in a moment the sound of horses' hoofs proved him hastening down the road.

By this time the woman on the bed was reviving under the exertions of her nurse, and when Maude again bent over her, the wild eyes were opened, and the poor pale lips trembling. But after a moment the startled look faded, and a mournful intentness came over the face, startling the nurse.

"She's herself," the woman said, in a tone of surprised sorrow—"she'll die! They always die if their mind comes back this way. Amy," she said, in a tender voice

"Amy!" the dying woman repeated. "It is long since anybody called me Amy."

"Well, honey, you didn't like to have us," said the nurse, gently, "because——"

"I know. Because Hugh called me May. Is Hugh here?"

"No, honey; did you want him?"

"Hugh," the dying woman whispered—"Hugh, I am tired, so tired, darling!"

Even while she spoke her eyelids drooped, and she sank to sleep. Maude watched her, fearing to leave her for an instant, till the gray dawn crept in at the window, and her wedding-day was ushered in. While the day was still scarcely born, her father came, stern and cold, and Godfrey again entered the little room.

Before they spoke, the dying woman wakened. With the strange intention that comes with the approach of death, she seemed to feel no surprise as she saw the unfamiliar faces around her.

Looking at Curtin Livingston's iron features, she said:

"You are his father—I know you well! Often you have dropped me a piece of silver for myself when you paid toll at my father's gate. Do you know where the pretty face you praised brought me? There were three of them who courted me—Hugh Delamore, Claude Blackmere and Max Livingston. They said Claude Blackmere shot Max Livingston for the sake of my face. They lied! He was but a second in the duel where Hugh Delamore sent a bullet through Max Livingston's heart. They fled together, but *he* came back again, while Claude died abroad."

"Woman!" Curtin Livingston cried, "can you prove it?"

"I saw them! I can swear I saw them. For the love of Hugh Delamore I kept his secret, and the price of my silence was my marriage. He married me, and shut me up here till I grew mad. Then my baby came, and died! So long ago—so long ago!"

"Godfrey Blackmere," said the stern old man, turning to the companion of his long drive, "can you forget the wrong I have done you?"

"You were right, believing what you did."

There was a stir near the door as he spoke, and Hugh Delamore entered the room. Pale and agitated, he said:

"May I ask the meaning of this gathering?"

"Your wife is dying," Curtin Livingston replied; "we will intrude upon your privacy no longer. At a later day, I will call to account the murderer of my son."

With a face of ashen horror, Hugh Delamore stood aside, while the father, with his arm supporting his daughter, passed from the room, Godfrey following them.

It was the last time their eyes ever rested upon his handsome features. When he left his home and country, no one ever knew. His estate was sold by his lawyer, who would say no more than that his client was "abroad." But he never returned.

A year passed before the wedding preparations were again renewed, but this time there was no postponement, and Maude became the willing bride of Godfrey Blackmere, knowing no ban of blood crossed their mutual love.

HOW THE KINGS TRAVELED IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

The King and his nobles generally made their journeys on horseback, but they also possessed carriages. Nothing gives a better idea of the rude, cumbrous luxury which was at that time the boast of civil life than the structure of these heavy machines. The best of them had four wheels, and three or four horses, harnessed in single file; one of them

A SOAP-BUBBLE.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

was ridden by a postilion armed with a whip with a short handle and several thongs. Solid beams rested on the axles, and a truck with a round top like a tunnel was placed upon this frame; the unsightly effect of the whole can be imagined, although there was extreme elegance in details. The wheels were overlaid with ornament, and the spokes, as they approached the outer rim, took the form of a pointed arch; the wooden sides of the carriage were painted and gilded, and the inside was hung with the beautiful tapestry so common in that age. The seats were covered with embroidered cushions, on which it was possible to take a half-reclining posture; there were pillows in the angles, as if to provoke sleep, and square windows, hung with silken curtains, pierced the sides of the carriages.

It was thus that noble ladies traveled, their slender forms incased in tight dresses which defined all the movements of the body. The young noble, as closely confined in his *jupon*, regarded his companion with a complacent air, and if of good breeding, he laid bare his heart to her in the long, involved phrases we find in the romance literature. The lady, who, perhaps, after the coquettish fashion denounced in satires of the day, has extracted her eyebrows and stray hairs, listens with open countenance, and a smile which gleams like a ray of sunshine. Meanwhile, the axles creak, the horses' hoofs grate upon the stones, the machine moves on in a series of jolts, sticking fast in the ruts, or almost overturned in crossing a ditch, into which it falls back with a heavy thud. It is necessary to utter the long speeches from "Mort d'Arthur" in a loud voice, if they are to be heard. This trifling necessity suffices to destroy the charm of the finest sentiments; so many shocks affect the flower, and when presented by the knight it has lost its rare perfume.

The possession of such a vehicle was a princely luxury. It was bequeathed by will, and was esteemed a valuable gift. On September 25th, 1355, Elizabeth de Burgh, Lady Clare, wrote her last wishes, and left to her eldest daughter, "son grant char ove les houces, tapets et quissyns"—"her great coach with its hangings and cushions." In the twentieth year of the reign of Richard II., Roger Rouland received £400 for a carriage intended for Queen Isabella, and in the sixth year of Edward III.'s reign, Master la Zouche received £1,000 for the chariot of Queen Eleanor. Such sums were enormous, since in the fourteenth century the average price of an ox was 13s. 4d., of a sheep, 1s. 5d., and of a cow 9s. 5d.; while a fowl cost a penny. Compare this with the price of Queen Eleanor's chariot.

"GOOBERS."

There may be people who do not know what a "goober" is, but there are none who have not heard of the luscious and seductive peanut. The peanut and the goober are one and the same. There are seven counties in Virginia that make a specialty of growing the peanut. The crop year begins October 1st, and ends the following September. In 1879 the peanut crop amounted to 900,000 bushels. They sell down in Old Virginia for one dollar a bushel, which makes a pretty good item when rolled up together. The method by which the nuts are separated, cleaned and classed is somewhat as follows:

The third story of the building contains thousands of bushels of peas in bags. First, there is a large cylinder, in which all the nuts are placed, in order that the dust and dirt may be shaken off them. They pass from this cylinder into the brushes, where every nut receives fifteen feet of a brushing before it becomes free. Then they pass through a sluice-way to the floor below, where they are dropped on an endless belt, about two and a half feet in width, and passing along at the rate of four miles an hour. On each side of the belt stand eight colored girls, and, as the nuts fall from the sluice on the belt, the girls, with a quick motion of the hand, pick out all the poor-looking nuts, and by the time the belt reaches the end two-thirds of the nuts are picked off, allowing only the finest to pass the crucible. Those that do pass drop through another sluice and empty into bags on the floor below. When the bag is filled it is taken away by hand, sewed up and branded, with the figure of a rooster prominent on its sides. The peas caught up by the girls are thrown to one side, placed in bags and carried into another room, where they are again picked over.

A SOAP-BUBBLE.

By John A. Bower.

A beautiful but a fragile thing is a "soap-bubble." It is something, also, with which most of us have had to do. For in childhood, how many of us have spent hours and hours over this pretty, delicately colored toy, and wondered, perhaps, where the beauty of form and color came from; or, while passively blowing these balloons, enchanted by their beauty, we have, perhaps, been "castle-building," or thinking of all sorts of things not in the least connected with our bubble.

In this paper we are to discard the notion that a soap-bubble is a mere fleeting plaything of childhood; we are to look on it as something which can furnish us, if we study it, with the means of acquiring some important science-lessons.

Sir Isaac Newton said of the soap-bubble, that he who could blow a permanent one would confer a great benefit on mankind. The truth of this remark will be more apparent presently.

We cannot get a permanent soap-bubble, but by care we can get one to last some considerable time. The permanency will depend in a great measure on the "consistency" of the mixture from which the bubble is blown, and the care we take to protect it from draughts.

One general plan of making this mixture was to scrape a little ordinary soap; rub it up in a little warm water till it came into a foam. It is, however, a matter of importance that we should get a good mixture for the purpose, as many successors of Sir Isaac Newton have found. One of these recipes we find given in an old scientific treatise is as follows:

"Put into a common white bottle a quarter of a drachm of soap and two ounces of distilled water. Gradually heat the mixture till the soap dissolves."

Professor Dewar gives the following as a good mixture: Soap, 1¼ oz.; water, 20 oz.; glycerine, 15 oz. This is very similar to Plateau's solution, which is made of castile soap, 1½ oz.; water, 1 pint; glycerine, ¾ pint.

We mention Plateau's solution because the results due to the researches of this philosopher are beautiful to contemplate, and all the more so from the fact that, being blind, he has himself only the pleasure of seeing them with the eyes of the mind, and many of the experiments which we shall be able to introduce are from the results of his researches.

Either of the two latter solutions will furnish us with a good material for blowing bubbles as objects of study, and we have been thus particular in quoting these various

methods, because the film is all-important, though it be but for a bubble.

Having got the proper solution, we can use in the blowing either an ordinary tobacco pipe or a cleanly-cut glass tube; then, with a little practice, we shall be able to get bubbles a considerable size, nine or ten inches in diameter, or even bigger if necessary. To blow very large bubbles with the mouth is difficult; we may therefore attach our tube to a pair of ordinary bellows, or better still, to the double-bellows used in blow-pipe experiments.

A good support for our bubble can be made of a ring of wire, bent as shown in Fig. 1, having its stem fastened into a block of lead.

After making the ring, let it be heated and dipped into a block of paraffine, or let it be smeared over with this substance: it prevents the wire from cutting into the film. The bubble, supported on the stand, may be covered with a glass shade, and kept for a considerable time. In blowing bubbles, we repeat that they must be kept as free as possible from draughts of air. Thus protected, we may preserve the beautiful bubble as an object for study.

We will now inquire into some of the lessons our bubble can teach us. This we will do by first considering its substance, next its form, and lastly its properties.

First, then, let us examine its substance. The bubble itself consists of a portion of air inclosed by a film, which consists of soap and water. We know that a film of water cannot be produced sufficiently durable for our purpose, therefore the substance of the film depends equally on the soap. So that the bubble is a combination of the three well-known forms of matter, the *solid*, *liquid* and *gaseous*.

In this order we will consider them. The soap is formed from a fat, and a "metallic oxide." The best bubbles for experiments are made with the purest soap and the purest water. To these may be added pure glycerine.

Within this film we inclose a quantity of air. When small bubbles are blown from the mouth the air with which we fill them is warmer than the surrounding air, and consequently lighter, therefore they rise, and it is this added to their beauty that gives them such a charm as toys in childhood. When filled from bellows they have not this property of lightness, but are heavier, and have a tendency to fall rather than to rise; because, added to the weight of the air inclosed, there is the weight of the film. Even with our toy-bubble, with its tendency to rise or fall, we get to know something of the fluidity and pressure of the air. The very fact that a bubble of warm air floats in colder air shows the liquid property of buoyancy, for as soon as the bubble cools so that its temperature is the same as that of the surrounding air, then it falls. This air-pressure, which is the cause of any substance floating in it, and which we measure by the barometer, is equal to 15 pounds per square inch. This we call one atmosphere; a pressure of 30 pounds, two atmospheres; and so on. This can be substantially illustrated by a rod of lead having a sectional area of one square inch, and 36 inches long, for the weight of such a rod represents the weight of one atmosphere, or 15 pounds. Different airs or gases have different weights. This may be prettily demonstrated by taking a vessel of any description, *e. g.*, the glass shade with which we proposed to save our bubble from harm. Put into it a few pieces of chalk. Pour over them a little vinegar. A bubbling will be set up, and a gas set free, which we call carbonic acid gas. Its presence can be tested by putting in a lighted match, which this gas at once extinguishes. Fill a bubble with ordinary air, and let it fall into the vessel containing the carbonic acid. It will remain supported—apparently on nothing, for this air is invisible—as long as any of the gas is left (Fig. 2).

If you have any means at hand to fill a bubble with hydrogen, it will, as soon as released, bound upward at a great rate, for this air is much lighter, and the lightest known. The former gas is one and a half times as heavy, and the latter fourteen and a half times lighter than common air.

We have next to inquire into the form of the bubble. It is more or less that of a sphere, though, owing to the ease with which its form is changed and interfered with, it is never that of a perfect sphere. As it is being blown, or when it is suspended, its shape is more like that of a lemon; as it rests on the surface, or in the wire frame, it is more like that of an orange. Its form, therefore, is spheroidal. Why does it take this shape? We find all bubbles and drops assume the globular form, and such is the tendency of our soap-bubble. Rain-drops and dew-drops are spherical. In the manufacture of shot the liquid metal, as it falls from the various-sized sieves at the top of the tower, takes this same form. If a little water be dropped upon a greasy surface it takes the globular form; quicksilver will do the same when dropped upon any surface that it does not wet. Why is this globular form so persistently taken up by all liquids? If we dip our fingers into water we find, on withdrawing them, that drops remain suspended of this form. The drop is composed of tiny particles, of which each has an attractive force for the other, and this being the same for every particle, the forces are equal, and all tend to draw the particles to a central point, and as they balance, all particles are equally distributed about the centre, giving the drop its globular form. In the case of a bubble the force is reversed, for the air is driven into the midst of the film, so that it is spread out on all sides with an equal force, and every part is pushed out with an equal force from the centre, and under this force the bubble will keep increasing in size, till the tenacity of the soap solution is overcome, when it will burst.

The force that gives form to the drop is that universal one which we call "gravitation," and this not only draws masses toward each other, giving them form, but from this force they derive their *weight*.

The form of our bubble is due to the cohesion in the soap solution, and the combined elasticity of air and the solution. Cohesion, or the force with which one particle sticks to another, is, perhaps, more easily understood in the solid than in the liquid. In the liquid it does not exist in a large degree, the great difference between the liquid and the solid being, perhaps, determined by the amount of cohesion between the particles, for the particles of a liquid readily move about among each other—with such a very small amount of hindrance—while in the solid the particles are fixed, and so cannot be displaced, except by the use of force.

Directly we thicken a liquid, as we do water by the addition of soap, then we increase its cohesion.

This is noticeable in all thick liquids; oil, treacle, tar, are instances in which this property is apparent in different degrees. Such liquids form a sort of medium between the solid and liquid, and are said to exist in a "viscous" state.

When a quantity of the soap solution is taken at the end of the tube, previous to blowing, the mass is compact; into this the air is blown. It gradually spreads out, becoming globular in form and thinner in film. The very thinness to which it can be reduced and still keep its completeness is a good example of its cohesion. Its elasticity is exhibited in bursting, by the rapidity with which

the film flies back into its original bulk. The elasticity of the confined air and film together form a very delicate thermoscope, for it readily detects any alteration in temperature. The following experiment proves this:

FIG. 1.—SUPPORT-STAND FOR THE SOAP-BUBBLE.

Take a bubble supported on one of the stands, as in Fig. 1. Bring any warm object near it; it at once increases in size. Frequently the hands held near it are sufficient to increase its size considerably. To show the delicacy with which the bubble detects a lowering of the temperature we need only put under a shade one of fair size, and with it a little ether, either in a spoon or small saucer. The air confined in the shade will have its temperature lowered so much by the evaporation of the ether as to diminish the bubble considerably in bulk. The force which the outer film exerts in the inclosed air is greater than we imagine, and is very much greater than that which it could exert in any other way.

This outside pressure may be roughly illustrated by taking one of the ordinary colored thin balloons so largely sold for toys. Let one of these be allowed to collapse, by cutting the string at the mouth. Then by means of a syringe refill the balloon with water, and let it be tied up. Now let the water-balloon be carefully pricked with a fine needle. This must be very carefully done, or the balloon will burst altogether. A little jet of water will spurt upward (Fig. 3), forming a pretty miniature fountain. This result is entirely due to the pressure exerted upon the inclosed liquid by the elastic force of the membrane forming the balloon. If a fine glass tube be inserted into the balloon the jet will rise still higher. The test of the pressure exerted by the film of soap is a little more elaborate, but none the less telling.

FIG. 2.—AIR BUBBLE FLOATING IN CARBONIC ACID.

Another example of the attraction that one body has for another of the same kind may be shown by putting two or three bubbles on a plate. They are attracted toward each other, this force increasing the nearer they approach, and at last they will frequently collapse, forming one large bubble.

If a bubble be pierced with a wire, the air escapes, and the bubble collapses; but if a thread of unspun silk be woven in, as it were, with the film, and even puncture it, the thread floats in it without breaking it. With our soap solution we can also obtain very beautiful geometrical forms, as well as bubbles. If we make for ourselves some wire frames of aluminium, as shown in Fig. 4, we can obtain some interesting figures. By carefully using (*c*) one of them with our bubble, we can draw it into a cylinder form. The dark lines represent the frames, and the dotted those of the film.

FIG. 3.—EXPERIMENT WITH WATER BALLOON.

With the frames *a* and *b*, in Fig. 4, we shall have films taken up by them on dipping them into the soap solution; and by pricking some of the outer surfaces other forms are frequently produced.

In addition to the cohesive force at work in the formation of a bubble, we must not forget another very important force, and that is the attraction which takes place between a solid and a liquid when the former is wetted by the latter.

This can be readily illustrated by taking a fine glass tube, and dipping it into a small portion of quicksilver, as in Fig 5, *a*. The liquid does not rise in the tube at all, but is seen to stand below the level of that in the outer vessel. The liquid is repelled by the glass, and therefore does not *wet* it. Now immerse the glass tube in a little water, and it rises quickly in the tube, and stands at a much higher level than that in the vessel outside the tube, as in Fig. 5, *b*. The finer the bore of the tube employed, the higher will be the point to which the liquid will rise. If a series of tubes of different sizes be taken in this experiment, the liquid will rise to a different height in each, and highest in that of the finest bore. A still better way to illustrate this force is to take a pair of glass plates of three or four inches square; put them face to face, let one edge of each piece be held tightly with an elastic strap, for example, while the other edges are kept slightly apart by a wedge of wood, as in Fig. 6. Now let these plates be placed in a little colored water: the liquid will rise above the level of that in the vessel, and will stand highest at the edges where they touch, so that a beautiful curve will be formed.

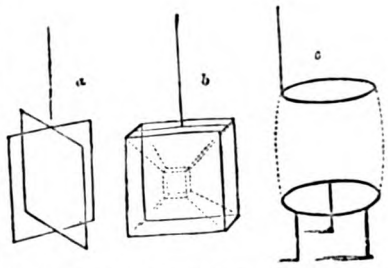


FIG. 4.—SOAP SOLUTION EXPERIMENTS WITH WIRE FRAMES.

The illustrious Faraday had a pretty experiment, which well illustrated this force. He took a bar of salt, neatly cut with a square base, and set it upright in a dish (Fig. 7), into which he poured colored liquid. The liquid rapidly rose in the pillar of salt, which after a time fell over in consequence of the base being dissolved away. This force we call *capillary attraction*, and it is at work not only in the supply of moisture to the growing plant, but in the wicks of our lamps and candles. We have known this force to demonstrate for itself when not required to do so. A friend of the writer's, after washing his hands, hastily threw down the towel on to the wash-table. A corner of it found its way into the water, which gradually spread itself upward from the corner, wetting the whole towel, and thus transferred, quietly but surely, every drop of water from the basin to the floor. By combining fibres of silk with the wire frames we can, by means of the capillary attraction—which induces the liquid to run even more readily along the silk than along the metal—get with the soap solution a still larger variety of very interesting and beautiful forms, which we can vary as our fancy may dictate.

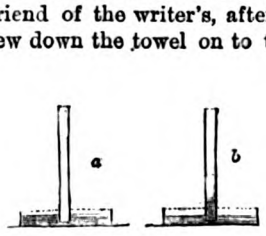


FIG. 5.—ATTRACTION EXPERIMENT WITH GLASS TUBE AND (*a*) MERCURY, AND WITH GLASS TUBE AND (*b*) WATER.

FIG. 6.—ATTRACTION EXPERIMENT WITH TWO GLASS PLATES.

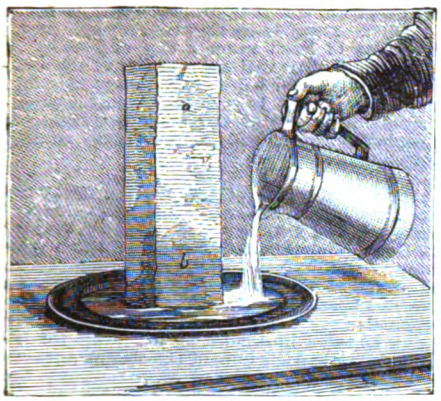


FIG. 7.—FARADAY'S EXPERIMENT ILLUSTRATING CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.

We must now deal with its properties. These are principally dependent on its extreme thinness. The beautiful variety of color is owing to the varying thickness of the film; and here again we must refer to experiments of Sir Isaac Newton. When the bubble is first blown it is colorless, but as it spreads itself out its walls become thinner and thinner; various tints appear, till in a black spot it reaches its extreme thinness; then, if the blowing be continued, it bursts. All thin films reflect colors, as may be readily seen by pouring oil or turpentine into water, and even by inclosing a film of air between two dry plates of glass.

The colors in a bubble will be of a more brilliant variety when more glycerine is added to the solution; in fact, they then become perfectly gorgeous, and even the black spot does not appear.

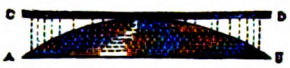


FIG. 8.—NEWTON'S PLAN FOR MEASURING THE THICKNESS OF A FILM OF AIR.

Sir Isaac Newton succeeded in measuring the thickness of the film by the color. He took a plano-convex lens (A, B), as in Fig. 8, on the curved surface of which he laid a plate of glass (C, D); thus he obtained a film of air of gradually increasing depth. On looking at this film by a "monochromatic" light, either directly through it or by reflection, he found that a number of bright rings surrounded the place of contact between the two glasses, and between each of these bright rings was a dark one, and that these rings were closer together as they were further from the point where the two glasses touched. When red light was employed, these rings had certain diameters—when blue light was employed the rings were less in diameter, and so on with the other tints. The effect is pretty when the glasses are passed through the spectrum from the red to the blue, for then the rings contract; while, when the passage is reversed, the rings expand. When white light passes through the glasses, iris-colored rings appear. Thus we get what is known as Newton's rings (Fig. 9). Newton compared the tints of the bubble-film in the same way, detecting the thickness of each part of the film by the color. By this means he arrived at the fact that the colorless or black spot was not more than a millionth part of an inch in thickness. How small must be the depth of water at this spot, and how much smaller still the particle of soap which it holds in solution!

FIG. 9.—NEWTON'S RINGS.

From Newton's "Optics" we select a few of the thicknesses of the air-film to produce the accompanying colors, these being produced by reflected light:

	Of an inch.
Sky-blue	$\frac{2}{1000000}$
Orange red	$\frac{8}{1000000}$
Geranium red	$\frac{2}{1000000}$
Violet	$\frac{11}{1000000}$
Sea-green	$\frac{15}{1000000}$
Purple	$\frac{21}{1000000}$
Pale yellow	$\frac{27}{1000000}$
Lemon yellow	$\frac{16}{1000000}$
Greenish blue	$\frac{71}{1000000}$
Pale rose red	$\frac{65}{1000000}$

The colors of the bubble change as its thicknesses vary by evaporation. As it is suspended in the air, watch it, and you will find that it does so.

Any film, we have said, will produce these same colors, and these colors will change with the alteration in the thickness of the film. Take a quantity of spirits of turpentine; pour some of it on a pond or river: a variety of colors start from the central spot. Let it be followed by a second quantity: the series of color is at once changed, and every ring, as it recedes from the centre, takes up a different color. A film of air between two plates of glass will change its color according to the tightness with which the plates are squeezed together. A piece of talc, which looks nearly transparent and colorless when of the

ELECTRIC RAILWAY.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

thickness of ordinary window-glass, if split up into very thin plates, assumes all the colors of other films, varying with the thickness.

We have it on record that Boyle, the eminent natural philosopher, some sixteen or eighteen years before Newton, obtained these films with pitch, rosin, turpentine, solution of gum, glutinous liquors, spirits of wine, oil of turpentine, glair of snails, etc.

Now, why has the bubble color at all? We know that light gives color to all natural objects, and the bubble is colored in the same way. All light is either absorbed or reflected, and our bubble follows the same plan with the light that is diffused on all sides of it. We have the images of various surrounding objects reflected on its surface, as well as the variety of color.

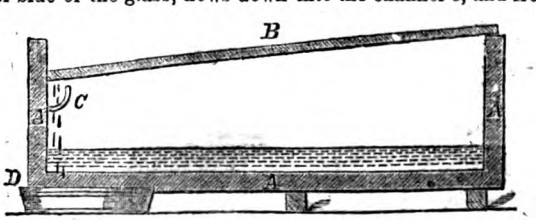
Let us trace, if we can, how this curved, beautiful bubble disposes of the light. Suppose we have one suspended in sunlight. The various beams of light strike on its outer surface; part of it is at once reflected, but a large portion goes through the film and travels on till it strikes the inner surface of the opposite side. Here a second reflection takes place, and a large portion of the light that struck its first surface passes through it altogether. As the varying thicknesses of the film alter the rate at which light travels through it, so it will alter the rate at which one set of waves will follow upon another.

The white light is composed of seven colors, with which we are familiar in the rainbow, and it is the manner in which these various colors are disposed that determines what color the object shall present to the eye. The absorbed colors do not effect this, but the reflected colors do. So it is with our bubble; the portion of the film that absorbs all the colors and reflects the blue appears blue, and so on with the others. And as we have seen that every condition of absorption and reflection is altered as the thickness of the film is altered, so it is that our bubble takes up the ever-varying series of bright and delicate tints.

Having thus briefly discussed the natural laws that determine the form and beauty of a soap-bubble, we have a key to a much wider field, which is constantly presenting itself to us in the ordinary routine of daily life. It is the familiarity with common things that robs them of much of that thought that we might otherwise bestow upon them.

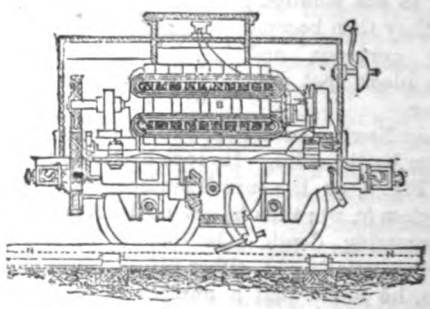
RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Simple Apparatus for Obtaining Fresh Water from the Salt Sea.—The object of this invention, which is shown in our illustration, is to change salt water into fresh. The poet will thus be no longer able to speak about there being "water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." AAA is a shallow box, the exact size of which is immaterial; suppose it to be fourteen feet long, two feet broad, and about six inches deep. The sides should be an inch or so in thickness, and they must be well caulked. A sheet of glass B is laid over the top, at an inclination of an inch and a half. A channel C is added below the lower end of the glass. When the apparatus is in use, sea-water is poured into the box to the depth of an inch. It is then exposed to the rays of the sun. The water now evaporates, condenses on the under side of the glass, flows down into the channel C, and from



thence into a vessel D placed to receive it. The water caught in the vessel D is quite fresh, of course. In fact, the whole invention is but the reproduction in miniature of one of the grand processes of nature. Thus the burning sun, which in other circumstances would add to the torments of the shipwrecked, is made to minister to their relief. It is stated that with a small apparatus two or three gallons of fresh water a day may easily be condensed under a hot sun. The various portions of the contrivance could easily be got together before abandoning the ship. The necessary piece of glass might be obtained from the cabin-windows. But unhappily in a case of shipwreck everything is done in a hurry. People lose their heads then as easily as they often at other times lose their tempers.

An Electric Railway.—The idea of superseding the steam locomotive by an electric engine is at least twenty years old; but it was never practically realized until last year, when Dr. Werner Siemens, the famous German electrician, actually built and operated an electric tramway at the recent Industrial Exhibition in Berlin. During the course of the Summer 100,000 persons were conveyed by this line, at a speed of from three to four metres per second; and this conclusive success has so far emboldened the inventor, that he is now engaged in organizing a scheme for introducing the system on a public scale into the streets and squares of the German capital. The principle of the electric railway is the transmission of power to a distance by means of electricity. To carry out this principle, two dynamo-electric machines are employed. One of these is stationed at some point where there is a convenient source of mechanical power to drive it—say a steam or gas engine, or a fall of water—and the electric current generated in it by its rotation is led by means of metallic conductors to the second machine, which is mounted on a car upon the rails in front of the train. The current, on being passed through this auxiliary machine, communicates a rotary motion to its movable part or armature, and this motion is in turn communicated to the wheels of the car, the result being that the car travels along the line and draws the train after it. The conductors which Dr. Siemens employed were the rails themselves; a central one being provided to take the current from the stationary machine to the moving one, and the outer rails being utilized in completing the circuit back to the stationary machine again. On page 253 is a general view of the electric tramway at the Berlin Exhibition, and below is a diagram of the internal construction of the electric locomotive. Here, N is the central rail, from which



the current is let into the revolving bobbin of the machine by means of a brush of copper wires, T, which constantly sweeps against the rail; and the rotation of the bobbin, B, is communicated to the driving-wheels of the car by means of a gearing. The returning current passes from these wheels to the external rails, and by them back to the stationary machine. The machines employed are of the ordinary continuous current Siemens type. Another application of this ingenious system which is proposed by Dr. Siemens, is the formation of an "electric post," for the purpose of conveying mail-bags with great velocity to distances far exceeding the existing tubular pneumatic post. The railway would take the form of a long plate-iron box or tube, supported upon iron pillars. Light glass or wooden sleepers to carry the rails would be laid in the bottom of this, and fastened down. On these rails would run small four-wheeled carriages, each having an axle taking the form of a rotating bobbin in a small dynamo-electric machine attached to the front part of the carriage. The hinder part of the carriage would be fitted up to hold the mails and other parcels transported; and by means of stationary machines every twenty miles or so, a post could be sent off every ten minutes.

To Lessen Noise in Workshops.—In workshops of several stories it is sometimes desirable to check the noise transmitted through the floors to the apartments below; this may be done by the use of rubber cushions under the legs of the work-bench, or of kegs of sand or sawdust applied in the same way. A few inches of sand or sawdust is, as described by a contemporary, first poured into each keg; on this is laid a board or block upon which the leg rests, and around the leg and block is poured fine dry sand or sawdust. Noise and shock are prevented; and an ordinary anvil so mounted may be used in a dwelling-house without annoying the inhabitants.

M. Leon Tesserenc de Bort has ingeniously modified the common aneroid barometer by substituting for the train of clock-work terminating in a pointer a mirror mounted on a jewel-ed axis, which is rotated by the rise and fall of the exhausted receiver, and its indications read off by a small telescope by reflection from a graduated scale. The sensibility of the instrument is said to be much increased, and all errors due to a long train of wheelwork are eliminated.

THE RECENT VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN DOMINICA.—M Thomas Raine, of the Colonial Bank, Barbados, gives the following analysis of the volcanic dust which fell in Roseau, the capital of that island, and the surrounding country during the eruption from the crater of the "Boiling Lake" on January 11th, in the present year. The analysis was made in the Analytical Laboratory, Barbados, on January 19th, by Mr. George Hughes, formerly senior assistant to Dr. A Voelker, F.R.S., the sample of volcanic dust having been collected during the eruption and forwarded immediately afterward to Barbados. Mr. Hughes thinks that the dust "has not been exposed directly to the action of fire to any extent, or the percentage of oxide of iron would have been higher and the pyrites less—oxide of iron being one of the products from the combustion of pyrites."

Aluminia	.64
Moisture	3.26
Oxide of iron	.45
Sulphate of iron	14.46
Sulphate of lime	1.42
Carbonate of lime	.39
Magnesia	.32
Alkaline salts, lost in analysis, etc.	.47
Insoluble siliceous matters	78.59

SAGACITY OF A DOG.—The other day I met with a very remarkable instance of the sagacity of the dog. I know it is true, and think it is worthy of notice. One of my parishioners, a farmer, who also has carts for drawing coals, was standing not long ago in the street of a neighboring town, having just delivered a load of coal. There were a good many people about him, and his empty cart with the dog near it was standing not far off; and while engaged in talking to his friends he was astonished by a sudden commotion, his dog barking most fiercely at some one on the other side of the dray. Going round to see what was the matter, he saw an old friend of his whom he had not seen for three years. "Why," he said, addressing the dog, "Gyp, what's the matter?" "Oh," said his friend, "I know what's the matter—she remembers me." It appears that when this man lived near the owner of Gyp, he had tried to pluck some hairs from the horse's tail. Now, this horse was a particular favorite of Gyp's, and she resented the act, and would have bitten the man had not some one interfered. Ever after she growled at him, and would not allow him to go near the horses; but after three years one would scarcely think she could have remembered him, but, as the story shows, she did.

PREVENTION OF EXPLOSIONS IN MINES.—Messrs. Stephen Martin Rogers and Steven Rogers, of Truro and London, have patented a very curious idea for preventing explosions in fiery mines. They take steam down the pit from the surface and blow it into the headings or levels where gas is present. They say that in this way they can completely neutralize the explosive power of gas; also, by using the steam in small quantities during the day, the coal-dust, which at present so much assists in producing explosions, would be precipitated and kept so moist as to be incapable of floating in the air of the levels. The invention is also applicable for neutralizing or precipitating all gases or dust arising in the underground workings of mines from the blasting and breaking of rocks with gunpowder, dynamite, gun-cotton, or other explosive compounds, in which case the steam may be supplied by a portable boiler, movable to any point of the work where blasting is being carried on, or where an accumulation of gas or dust has taken place.

PARASITIC FUNGI ON INSECTS.—Professor Hagen, of Harvard, describes some experiments that had been made by Mr. J. H. Burns and others, and comes to the following conclusions—1. That a common house-fly is often killed by a fungus, and that in epizootics, a large number of insects which live in the same locality are killed by the same fungus; 2. That the fungus of the house-fly works as well as yeast for baking and brewing purposes; 3. That the application of yeast on insects produces in them a fungus which becomes fatal to the insects; 4. That in the experiment made by Mr. J. H. Burns, all potato-beetles sprinkled with diluted yeast died from the eighth to the twelfth day, and that the fungus was found in the vessels of the wings.

GOLD VARNISH.—A permanent gold varnish, says a writer in the *Furniture Gazette*, which does not lose its color by exposure to air and light, may be prepared in the following manner: Two ounces of the best garancine or artificial alizarine are digested in a glass vessel with six ounces of alcohol of specific gravity 0·833 for twelve hours, pressed and filtered. A solution of clear orange-colored shellac in similar alcohol is also prepared, filtered, and evaporated until the lac has the consistence of a clear syrup; it is then colored with the tincture of garancine. Objects coated with this have a color which differs from that of gold only by a slight brownish tinge. The color may be more closely assimilated to that of gold by the addition of tincture of saffron.

MESSRS PRESCOTT profess to have discovered that underground currents of electricity, flowing in all directions form the true "earths" of lightning discharges. They assert that all houses, trees, etc., struck by lightning are underflowed by these currents, and that no houses, etc., standing on spots where there are no currents, are ever struck. In protecting a house from lightning-stroke, therefore, their method is to test the ground underneath, and, if there are no earth-currents below, to take no further trouble; but, if these currents are present, to earth the rod which they erect in that part of the ground below which they are strongest.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"SIX into four you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

A LITTLE boy recently said: "Christians are people who will not be punished for their crimes if they go to church."

WHEN two women with new hats on pass each other in the street, there is a pair of back stares built immediately.

THE strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze.

THE young lady who was blamed for allowing her glove to be discovered in a young man's pocket, said that she had no hand in it.

"AFTER all," said the baker, as he walked home from an astronomical lecture—"after all, the world is only a big turnover."

"SIR, I will make you feel the arrows of my resentment." "Ah, miss, why should I fear your arrows, when you never had a beau?"

A YOUNG lady was asked how she could possibly afford, in hard times, to take music lessons—"Oh, I confine myself to the low notes."

IMPROBABLE.—An Irishman, on seeing a very small coffin, exclaimed, "Is it possible that coffin was intended for any living creature?"

THE interchangeable family ulster supplies a want long felt. In the possession of a young married couple, it can be worn by either party.

HOW MEN'S tastes differ! One dropped into his seat at a restaurant and murmured, "Hot weather!" and his neighbor said, "Cold mutton!"

WHY should every one try to make his own company as agreeable and valuable as possible? Because it is company that he can never avoid.

"TEMPER in a wife!" exclaimed old Colonel Firehawk; "I like temper in a wife. I like it so well that I hope my wife will never lose hers."

THE hardest thing in the world for a young woman to do is to look unconcerned the first time she comes out in a handsome engagement-ring.

PEOPLE who lock children in rooms where there is no fire, and then go away to spend the day, should be careful to take a coffin home with them.

THE weight of a ton of ice depends upon how long it has been standing in the sun; the weight of a ton of coal is governed somewhat by the price.

THE young man who wanted to be an angel says he is not particular about it just at this time, as he got acquainted with the young ladies across the way.

THE FOUR STAGES.

"What is life?" sang a maiden gay,
As she tossed her golden tresses.
"Why, life is only an hour of play,
With silks and satins and dresses."

"What is life?" sighed a mother gray,
Who had walked across the lea
"Good gracious, dear, I've waited all day
For a cup of strong, black tea!"

"What is life?" the small boy sang—
His book hung by his side—
When on the air a shrill voice rang,
"Now, boys, let's hook a ride!"

"What is life?" the old man said,
Whose age was growing ripe
"Friends who don't wish to see me dead
Will pass me tobacco and pipe."

HER CHOICE.—A young lady was asked recently which she preferred of two brothers. She responded, "When I am with either of them I prefer the other."

NATIVE TALENT.—A man asked a neighbor if his minister did not buy his sermons. The reply was in the form of another question: "Do you not wish yours did?"

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.—"Isn't that your friend, Mrs. S, who is dancing there?" "Yes." "That's a frightfully ill-made dress she has on." "Yes, but if it wasn't it wouldn't fit her."

POOR BRUTES.—The brilliant Sophie Arnould, when she heard of a certain diplomatist that he had been eaten by the wolves, exclaimed, "Poor brutes! Hunger must indeed be a terrible thing!"

TOO CLEVER.—A gentleman, who was given to boasting, and was apt to make critical comments on the company whenever he was invited out, said to Jerrold: "I dined at the marchioness's the other day, and, would you believe it, they had no fish!" Jerrold thought a moment, and then replied: "Ah, well, I suppose it was all eaten up-stairs."

ON MONTE PINCIO, OVERLOOKING ROME.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S STIRRUP CUP IN ANDALUSIA

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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THE CAMPAIGN OF 1880.

THE NOMINEES OF THE TWO GREAT PARTIES.

GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1880.

THE political system of the United States is based upon the sovereignty of the individual; under it, every citizen is the equal of every other in his political rights and the possibilities of his career in the State. It hedges up no man or class, lifts no barrier in the path of any resolute soul eager for promotion, bars no door of opportunity in the face of the poorest or humblest. It places the highest no less than the lowest stations within reach of any and all who may aspire to fill them. It is the individual citizen who, in the last resort, rules the Union; makes its laws, determines its polity, preserves its integrity when disloyally assailed. The child playing to-day at the cabin-door of some hardy pioneer in remote Western forests may, a little while hence, sit in the chair of Washington, or lead our armies to victory, or mold the thought and culture of his age. Our history is lustrous with the names of men who have thus emerged from obscurity under this beneficent political system, and come to stand among the kingly ones to whom the world does homage.

The latest illustration of the force of this idea that with us all careers are open, and the road to fame free to all, is afforded in the nominations for the Presidency recently made by the Republican and Democratic parties. Both candidates are embodiments of this idea. Both have climbed to the summits of fame from the humblest beginnings. Neither was cradled in luxury; neither enjoyed exceptional early advantages; neither has risen by force of any of those helps which wealth, high social position or influential family alliances sometimes afford. What they are they have become by virtue of inherent personal qualities and natural vigor of character. They are, in the broadest sense, self-made men.

Gen. James A. Garfield, the Republican nominee, who was born in Orange township, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, on the 15th of February, 1831, belongs to the primitive Puritan stock of New England, being descended on both his father's and his mother's sides from that stalwart generation which, two hundred and fifty years ago, laid the foundations of the empire which to-day is almost continental in its length and breadth. The first of the American Garfields was Edward, who came from England as early as 1630, and died forty-two years later at Watertown, Massachusetts. Edward's immediate descendants were prominent in the work of establishing the social and political order of that early period. The great-grandfather of General Garfield, to whom the family records are traced back in unbroken line, was married in 1766 in Massachusetts, but at the close of the Revolutionary War removed to Central New York, where he reared a family of five children, one of whom, Thomas, was the grandfather of the subject of our sketch. Thomas, growing to manhood, had four children born to him, and died at the age of thirty, when his youngest son, Abram, was only two years old. Abram grew up on the farm of a relative, and at the age of eighteen made his way to Newburg, Ohio, where he found employment in chopping wood and clearing land. Three years later he married Eliza Ballou, whose family was of Huguenot origin, and at once began the new life at Newburg, in Cuyahoga County, in a small log house, with a farm of eighty acres attached. In 1830, having meanwhile been engaged in various enterprises, Abram removed with his family to Orange township, in the same county, where he carved a new farm out of the forest, the country then being wild and comparatively unexplored. The dwelling of the Garfields, built in the depths of the wilderness, was constructed of logs, with roof of shingles, and floor of rude, thick planking, split out of tree-trunks with a wedge and maul. It had but a single room, at one end of which was the chimney with a spacious fireplace, where the cooking was done, and at the other a bed. The younger children slept in a trundle-bed, which, in the daytime, was thrust under that of the parents, while the older ones climbed a ladder to the loft under the steep roof. It was in this house that James A. Garfield was born, on the date already named.

His early years were marked by the hardships which characterized and developed the lives of all the stalwart pioneers who blazed the path of empire westward. The father died while James was still a babe in arms, and the family was brought face to face with sore privation and distress. They were in debt, and the surrender of the homestead seemed to offer the only way out of their trouble. The mother was advised to break up the family, find homes for the older children, and obtain some sort of employment by which to support herself and the babe; but she refused to be separated from her treasures, and by selling fifty acres of the farm, she managed, by the hardest toil and most rigid economy, to rear her family under her own immediate care.

James shared, affectionately and industriously, the toils and sacrifices imposed by the necessitous condition of the household, working about the farm in Summer, and finding employment at a carpenter's bench during the Winter months; meanwhile employing actively all opportunities for study which he could command. The books at that time within his reach were chiefly tales of the sea, and these inspired him, not unnaturally, with dreams of a career on the ocean, which nothing but actual experience was sufficient to dissipate. When sixteen years of age, he found employment as a wood-chopper at a point where he was able to look out upon the blue waters of Lake Erie; and this proximity to what he imagined to be the ocean only deepened and strengthened his sea-going desires.

At the end of the Summer, with his earnings in his pocket, he announced to his mother that he could no longer resist the impulse to seek a seafaring life, and should therefore immediately depart. With her consent, he went at once to Cleveland, where, content to start humbly, he obtained the position of driver on a canal-boat. His disposition and capacity to learn soon won the esteem of his employer, and at the close of the first round-trip he was promoted from driver to bowsman. Continuing at this business, except when prostrated for a time by sickness, he was finally induced by his mother to abandon it, the argument employed being, that by fitting himself for teaching by a few terms in school, he could teach Winters and sail Summers, and thus have employment the year round.

In the month of March, with seventeen dollars in his pocket, he became a student, with two of his cousins, at Geauga Seminary, a Free Will Baptist institution, in the village of Chester, ten miles distant from the parental homestead. The lads all carried a stock of provisions with them, and upon arriving, rented a room with two beds and a cook-stove in an old unpainted house where lived a poor woman, who undertook to prepare their meals and do their washing for an absurdly small sum.

The academy had a library of perhaps 150 volumes—more books than young Garfield had ever seen before, and he was not slow to improve the advantage which they placed within his reach. There was a literary society connected with the academy, and James soon began to take part in the debates. He studied diligently and conscientiously, and, by working as a carpenter in vacations and at odd hours, and teaching country schools in Winters, managed to finish his academic course, while at the same time

accumulating a small fund with which to enter upon a college career.

His experiences as a teacher were not infrequently far from pleasant, but they helped to develop the sturdy and manly qualities which in later years have shone conspicuously in his character, and were thus of real service—blessings, indeed, in disguise. It is related that the first school of which he took charge had been broken up for two Winters by the rowdyism and belligerent insubordination of the larger boys, and his success in controlling it was a matter of grave anxiety to his friends. Realizing the importance of establishing his authority at the outset, he mustered the school in the schoolroom, and then and there settled the question of his mastery by subduing the bully of the school, who resented his authority and undertook to brain him with a billet of wood. Probably no problem of his after life has occasioned him more perplexing thought and study than that of the successful management of this school. In his anxiety to succeed, he devised all sorts of plans to attract and interest the children in their studies; he joined in the outdoor sports of the older and larger boys; he read aloud to the parents where he "boarded round," during the long Winter evenings, and he had his reward. Before the term closed, he had achieved a reputation as the very best schoolmaster the district had ever had, enjoying the cordial good-will of both old and young. His compensation for his Winter's work was forty-eight dollars in cash, and his board.

As, in the process of study and teaching, his intellect was quickened and broadened, his ambition to become a sailor lost its hold upon him, and the desire to enter college became so strong and overmastering that he determined to bend every energy to the accomplishment of that result. This desire was no doubt intensified and quickened by the religious experience through which he passed about that time, and which resulted in his uniting himself with the Disciples, or Campbellite Church. He realized fully that for a poor boy to get through college would require years of the very hardest work—the usual time was four years in preparatory studies and four in the regular college course—but the gravity of the task did not appal him, and from that time until he had accomplished his ambitious purpose he clung to it with a tenacity which nothing could weaken.

Once determined in his own mind, he commenced the study of Latin, philosophy and botany; then, when Summer came, went back to his carpentering and to labor in the harvest-field; then returned for a fourth term at the academy, teaching a village school in the Winter following, and so on, studying, teaching and toiling, until finally, in August, 1851, he entered a school at Hiram, in Ohio, just established by the Disciples.

Here he studied harder than ever, having now his college project fully anchored in his mind; got through his six books of Cæsar that term, and made good progress in Greek. In the Winter he again taught school at Warrensville, and earned eighteen dollars a month. Next Spring he returned to Hiram, and during the Summer vacation he helped build a house in the village, planing all the siding and shingling the roof. At the beginning of his second term, he was made a tutor, and from that time forward taught and studied at the same time, working tremendously to fit himself for college.

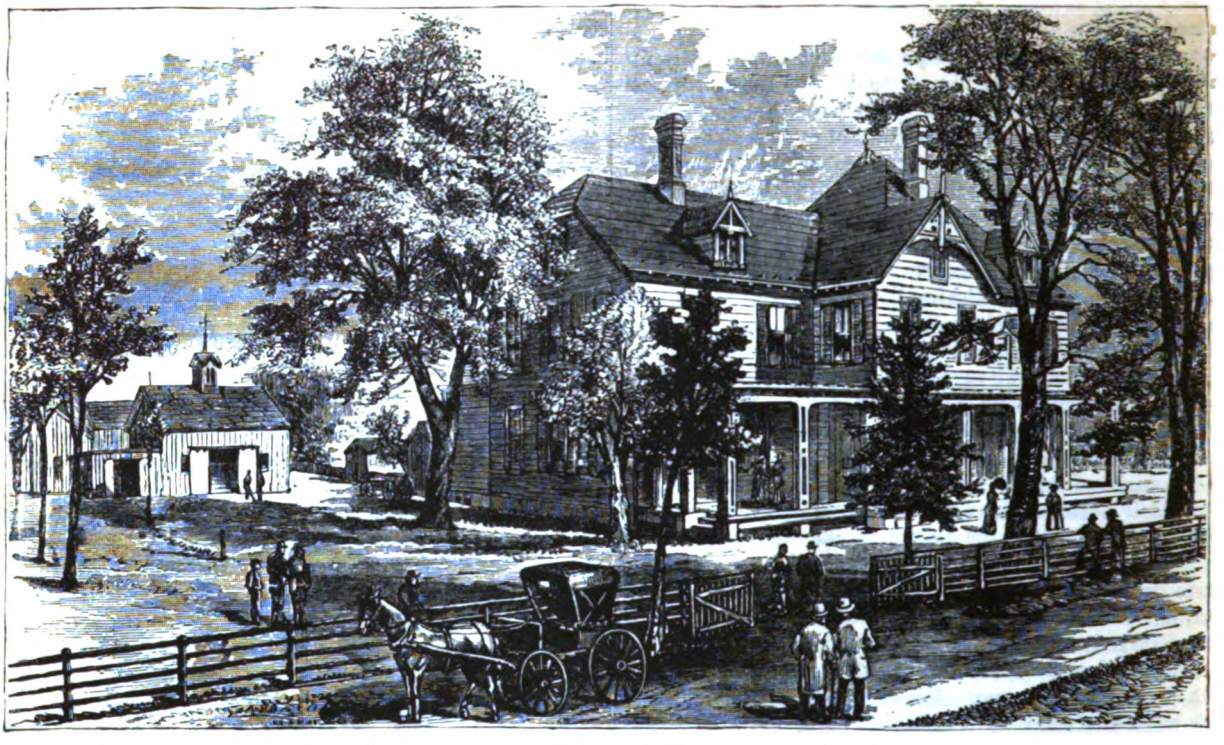
While four years were ordinarily occupied by students in preparing to enter college in the Freshman class, young Garfield in three years' time fitted himself to enter the Junior class, two years further along, and at the same time earned his own living; thus crowding six years' study into three, and teaching for his support at the same time. It is an interesting fact that while teaching at Hiram, the lady who afterward became his wife recited to him two years in Greek, and when he entered college she went to teach in the Cleveland schools, and to wait patiently the realization of the hopes upon which they were building their lives.

In the Spring of 1854, encouraged by a friendly letter from President Hopkins, he entered Williams College, and two years later graduated with distinction, carrying off the metaphysical honor of his college, which is esteemed at Williams as among the highest within the gift of the institution. Returning to Ohio, he became professor of Latin and Greek in the Eclectic Institute at Hiram, the college of the sect to which he belonged. One year later he was made president.

As a teacher, he displayed the thoroughness and breadth of method which almost uniformly command success in any calling. One who was his pupil at Hiram says: "He always counseled careful and wide reading; he tried hard to teach us to observe carefully and accurately, and never to go by anything without understanding it. He was very fond of lecturing to the school. He spoke two or three times a week, on all manner of topics, generally scientific, though sometimes literary or historical. He spoke with great freedom, never writing out what he had to say, and I now think that his lectures were a rapid compilation of his current reading, and that he threw it into this form partly for the purpose of impressing it on his own mind. He was a great reader, not omnivorous, but methodical, and in certain lines. He was the most industrious man I ever knew or heard of. At one time he delivered lectures on geology, held public debates on Spiritualism, preached on Sunday, conducted the recitations of five or six classes every day, attended to all the financial affairs of the school, was an active member of the Legislature, and studied law to be admitted to the bar."

As to Garfield's ministerial work, it was more an episode than anything else. According to the creed of the Disciples, any person having the power was entitled to preach, and the president of the college was expected to deliver a sermon every Sunday as a part of his duty. Besides, he was a combatant, and sought any and all avenues for the expression of views which he held to be right and just. At the time, too, when he commenced to preach, the doctrines of the Disciple Church had received a decided impetus from extended discussions between spokesmen of the Disciple or Campbellite Church and defenders of the older and more established sects, and it was only natural that one trained as he had been, and possessing the desires and vigorous form of mind for which he was distinguished, should enter the field of theological discussion, and feel moved in spirit toward a public manifestation.

While a professor at the Eclectic Institute, young Garfield married Miss Lucretia Rudolph, a lady of fine attainments and great force of character. Two years later he entered the sphere of political life in which he has since filled so large a place. His pulpit and other addresses had not only attracted attention, but inspired the public with confidence in his eminent moral qualities, and in 1859 he was brought forward by the anti-slavery voters of Portage and Summit Counties as their candidate for State Senator. He was elected by a large majority, and, young and inexperienced as he was, he at once took high rank in the Ohio Legislature as a man of unusually large information as to all vital questions, and of exceptional eloquence and power in debate. He was always prepared to speak, and never failed to speak convincingly and to the point. Perhaps no more thoroughly equipped debater, of like age, has occupied a seat in the Legislature of that State during

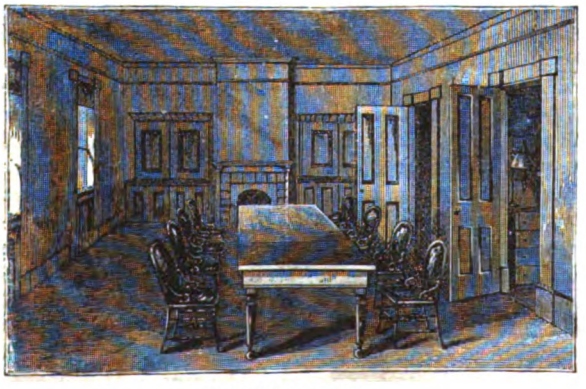


THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL GARFIELD, AT MENTOR, OHIO.

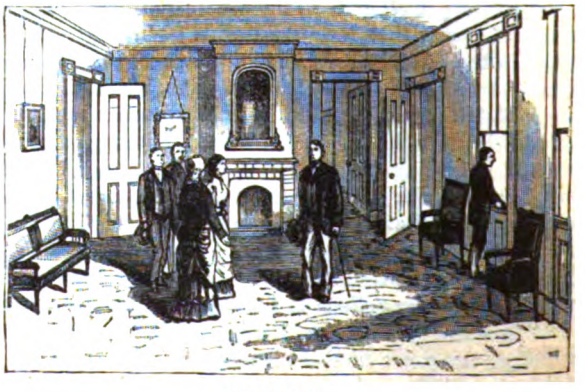
the period of his lifetime. In 1861, when the Southern States lifted the standard of secession, and many at the North shrank from the perils of the hour, Garfield was among the foremost in his State to speak out in support of the right of the Federal Government to coerce the seceded States. The flag of the nation was in his eyes sacred, and any assault upon it was a wrong which, in his view, deserved to be punished and avenged, at whatever cost or sacrifice. Prepared to reinforce his convictions by positive deeds, he was early in the Summer of that fateful year appointed Colonel of the 42d Ohio Volunteers, and took the field in Eastern Kentucky, where he was soon placed in command of a brigade, and ordered to drive out the Confederate forces under Humphrey Marshall, then in the Sandy Valley. An advance upon the Confederate position at Bowling Green was proposed by Gen. Buell, but while Marshall remained with his 5,000 men where he was, such an advance was perilous, if not impossible. Col. Garfield had four regiments of infantry and eight companies of cavalry, and with these he moved to the attack, compelling the enemy to fall back to a new position, which was in turn abandoned, Marshall firing his camp equipage and stores and retreating so rapidly that only a few straggling prisoners were secured by the pursuers.

This operation in the Sandy Valley was conducted with such energy and skill as to receive the special commendation of the commanding general and the Government, and Colonel Garfield was made Brigadier-General in acknowledgment of his services. On his arrival at Louisville, the Army of the Ohio was already beyond Nashville, on its march to aid Grant at Pittsburg Landing. General Garfield hastened after it, assumed command of the Twentieth Brigade, and reached the field of Pittsburg Landing on the second day of the battle, participating in its closing scenes. The next day he moved with Sherman's advance, and had a sharp encounter with the enemy's rear-guard a few miles beyond the battlefield. His brigade bore its full share in the tedious siege operations before Corinth, and was among the earliest in entering the abandoned town after General Beauregard's evacuation.

In August, 1862, General Garfield, suffering from fever and ague, was sent home on sick leave, remaining until the January following, when he was ordered to join General Rosecrans as chief of staff. In this position he re-



THE DINING-ROOM.



THE PARLOR.

mained until his military career closed. From the day of his appointment he became the intimate associate and was confidential adviser of his chief, and prominent in all the campaigns in Middle Tennessee in the Spring and Summer of 1863. His last conspicuous military service was at the battle of Chickamauga, September 19th and 20th, 1863, and for his bravery and generalship in that engagement he was promoted to the rank of Major-General

While in the field in 1862, General Garfield had been elected to Congress in the old "Giddings District," in which he resided, and with the dominant and prevailing anti-slavery sentiment of which he cordially sympathized. He had accepted the nomination after thoughtful deliberation, being advised to do so by General Rosecrans, and believing that the war would close before he would be called to enter Congress a year hence. Continuing his military service until the Fall of 1863, he then took up his Congressional duties with the same earnestness and conscientiousness of purpose which had marked his conduct in all other positions. He first served on the Committee on Military Affairs, where his industry, thoroughness and familiarity with the wants of the army enabled him, as General Rosecrans had predicted, to render as signal and important service as he could have done in the field. His first speech in the House, made in reply to a Democratic colleague, embodied an argument in favor of the confiscation of the property of Confederates, in support of which

GENERAL CHESTER A. ARTHUR, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

he cited an array of historical precedents. Soon afterward he spoke in favor of the payment of prompt and liberal bounties by the Federal Government to encourage enlistments, and by these and other efforts acquired general recognition as a speaker at once ready and powerful.

His party renominated him by acclamation on the expiration of his term, and on his return to the House he was given a leading place on its chief committee—on Ways and Means. Here he soon rose to great influence. He studied the whole range of financial questions with the assiduity of his college days, and came to be looked upon as one of the ablest of our national financiers. He stood by his party, and his party stood by him, re-electing him successively to the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses. During these several terms he has served as the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and of the Appropriations Committee. This last chairmanship he held until 1875—when the Democrats came into power—and achieved fresh distinction as an advocate of a steady reduction in the current expenses of the Government. In the last three years of his Congressional service, he was recognized, by common consent, as the leader of his party in the House—in his grasp of principles, his directness and force of reasoning, his comprehensive mastery of facts, his acuteness in detecting the fallacies of his opponents, his breadth, vigor and elevation in the statement of the party position.

In January, 1880, he was elected to the Senate, to fill the seat of Allen G. Thurman, who retires on the 4th of next March, receiving the unanimous vote of the Republican caucus for this position—an honor never conferred before on any man by any party in the State of Ohio. On the 8th of June last, he was nominated by the National Republican Convention as the party candidate for President.

Two features of General Garfield's Congressional record stand out with peculiar prominence—namely, his inflexible fidelity to sound principles of finance, and his statesmanlike moderation in the treatment of the so-called Southern question. On the first of these issues he has been uncompromisingly right from first to last, and for the reason that his views have been grounded on patient and exhaustive investigation, and on that knowledge of the principles of finance which no mere empiricism can replace. His speeches in Congress and elsewhere, from time to time, have presented the plain controlling facts in reference to this paramount question with clearness and completeness. All who have watched the course of our public men in this matter, as another writer has remarked, "have seen how often it has been easy for most of them to wander from the direct path, to yield something to the error and confusion to which the long reign of irredeemable paper money had given rise, to accept something less than the naked truth in regard to the obligation of the Government and the interest of the people in regard to sound money. For General Garfield it may be justly said that desertion of this kind has never had any attractions. He has seen the inevitable consequences of tampering with the standard of values, and he has firmly resisted every proposition to that effect."

To him, as much as to any man in public life, the country owes the successful establishment of the policy whose results are thus stated in his letter of acceptance: "The resumption of specie payments has removed from the field of controversy many questions that long and seriously disturbed the credit of the Government and the business of the country. Our paper currency is now as national as the flag, and resumption has not only made it everywhere equal to coin, but has brought into use our store of gold and silver. The circulating medium is more abundant than ever before, and we need only to maintain the equality of all our dollars to insure to labor and capital a measure of value from the use of which no one can suffer loss."

As to the Southern question, General Garfield, while always rejecting the doctrine of State supremacy, and insisting that the fruits of the war should be garnered and treasured, and the principles vindicated by the Union arms should be embodied in and protected by the organic law, has never permitted himself to be influenced by the clamor for retaliation, or swayed by the vindictive passions which only too largely controlled the action of many members of his party. No Republican has a better record for fair-mindedness and magnanimity in dealing with the Southern States than he. The temper which he has uniformly displayed in the treatment of this question is well exhibited in one of his latest speeches in Congress, when he said: "So far as I have studied the current of public thought and of political feeling in this country, no feeling has shown itself more strongly than the tendency of the public mind in the past few months. The man who attempts to get up a political excitement in this country on the old sectional issues, will find himself without a party and without support. The man who wants to serve his country must put himself in the line of its leading thought, and that is the restoration of business, trade, commerce, industry, sound political economy, hard money and honest payment of all obligations; and the man who can add anything in the direction of the accomplishment of any of these purposes is a public benefactor."

In his letter of acceptance, after stating the position of the Republican party as to the power of the nation to protect its life and the rights of all our citizens, he adds: "The best thoughts and energies of our people should be directed to those great questions of national well-being in which all have a common interest. Such efforts will soonest restore to perfect peace those who were lately in arms against each other, for justice and good-will will outlast passion."

General Garfield's personal appearance is in every way imposing. He is six feet high, broad-shouldered, and squarely built. He has an unusually large head, light brown hair and beard, large light blue eyes, a prominent nose and full cheeks. He dresses plainly, eats heartily, cares little or nothing for luxurious living, is temperate and frugal, and fond to excess of his wife and children. He is frank, easy and natural in manner, and the meanest and poorest can approach him without hesitation, and with the assurance of an affable reception. During the sessions of Congress he occupies a plain, substantial three-story house in Washington, built a few years ago, which is the centre of a simple and cordial hospitality.

When not engaged in Congressional duties, he spends his time with his family on his farm at Lawnfield, in Ohio, where he gathers health and strength in field-work and the superintendence of his employés. His residence there is altogether unpretending, but is the seat of a home-life at once beautiful and rich in all the elements of happiness. General Garfield has five living children, and his mother makes one of his happy household, still alert in body and mind.

Perhaps no man nominated for the Presidency since the election of John Quincy Adams has possessed broader or more thorough culture, greater attainments as a scholar in literature and in philosophy, or been better read in financial and political science and the science of government, than General Garfield. During his public career,

he has utilized every moment of leisure in the direction of general culture. He is familiar with the best editions and translations of Horace, Virgil and Homer, and has an especial fondness for history and political literature. In his studies and reading he is methodical to a fault, clipping and putting away for reference and future use every striking thought and fact as to all subjects of real interest. As a result, he is always ready with apt quotations and timely citations; and undoubtedly much of his power as a debater lies in the thorough equipment of memory thus acquired.

Such is the story of a career which, if not absolutely great, has in it at least all the elements of romance, and is "decorated with the braveries" of a persistent purpose and a loyal fidelity to conscience which justly command wide appreciation.

We turn now to the rival candidate for the suffrages of the American people in the election close at hand.

Winfield Scott Hancock, the Democratic nominee for President, was born in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, on the 14th of February, 1824. He comes from sound Anglo-Saxon stock, the ancestral line on the maternal side leading back to the English and Welsh, and on the paternal, to the English, Irish and Scotch. His immediate ancestors were among the earliest settlers of Pennsylvania, and shared in all the hazards and privations which marked that period of our colonial history, being engaged in both the French and Indian wars, and participating with conspicuous gallantry in the Revolutionary struggle which had the Republic as its outcome.

His grandfather on his father's side was captured at sea, and being claimed as a British subject, was imprisoned for a time in England. His great-grandfather and grandfather on the mother's side served in the Continental armies, the former finally dying from exposure in the field. It is said of the grandfather, as illustrating his great strength and agility, that, although small of stature, he could leap over a horse, and cast a stone with ease across a ten-acre field.

The father, Benjamin Franklin Hancock, who was born in Philadelphia, became a soldier in 1812, when only sixteen years of age, going, with his shotgun on his shoulder, to Red Bank, on the banks of the Delaware, to co-operate in the operations against the British. Subsequently he returned to the field five times by re-enlistment.

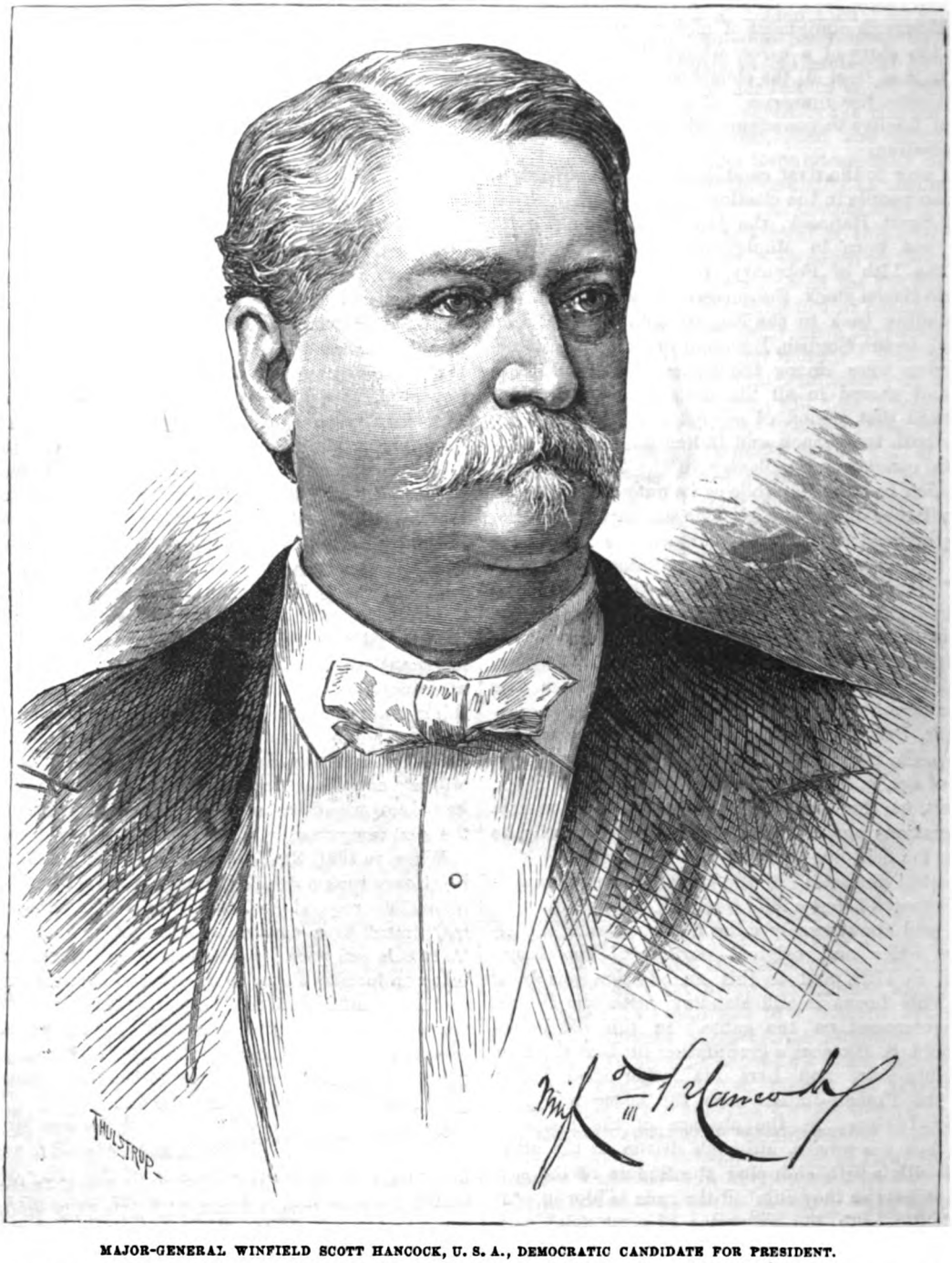
The ancestral homestead of the Hancocks on the maternal side is situated about a mile from the railway village of Landsdale, and about twenty miles northwest of Philadelphia. The older and original portion of the house was erected in 1728, and to this an addition was built in 1764. This house is still standing, with the figures "1764" emblazoned on the gable. In this old homestead Winfield S. Hancock's grandfather died, at the ripe age of eighty-four, and here his father died before him. In the French-Indian wars the house was once attacked by Indians, in the absence of the males of the family, but the women, although driven to the attic, defended it with spirit, chopping the fingers of the savages with hatchets as they climbed the rude ladder in pursuit, and finally, with the assistance of some neighbors, who came to the rescue, repelled the assault after the building had been fired. At the time of his marriage, Benjamin Franklin Hancock lived in the family of John Roberts, Esq., at Montgomery Square, and it was in the house of Mr. Roberts that Winfield was born. This house is some three miles east of Landsdale, and is still a substantial, well-preserved structure. From this old mansion Hancock's parents removed, when he was but one year old, to a less pretentious residence, in which his father opened a school. Two years later, the family removed to Norristown, the county-seat, where the father combined the offices of teacher and lawyer, excelling in both capacities. Thus, as a boy, young Winfield grew up amid historic scenes, well calculated to impress his patriotic nature. Born within sight of Swede's Ford, where Washington crossed the Schuylkill in his Valley Forge campaign, he was reared hard by the battle-fields of the Paoli, Germantown and Brandywine, and so came to manhood in an atmosphere of the purest patriotism.

Young Hancock received his early education at the academy in Norristown, and seems to have been prominent among his fellows, having been chosen by them, when fifteen years of age, to read the Declaration of Independence at a county celebration of the Fourth of July. In 1840 he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, his age being then sixteen years. Four years later he graduated as number eighteen, in a class which included Grant, McClellan, Burnside, Reynolds, Franklin, and others who afterward became distinguished. He was immediately appointed brevet second lieutenant in the Sixth Infantry, and assigned to duty on the Western frontier, where, after some service, he was promoted to second lieutenant. The war with Mexico afforded him an opportunity to achieve distinction, and he did not permit it to pass unimproved. He participated with his regiment in that conflict, displaying conspicuous gallantry at San Antonio, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey and the City of Mexico. At the close of the war, he was awarded the brevet of first lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious conduct" on certain specified occasions. At Contreras and Cherubusco, in the language of the official report, he "behaved in the handsomest manner." He served for some years as adjutant, and was, in 1855, made Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department of the West. While located at St. Louis, he married a daughter of Mr. Samuel Russell, a leading merchant. At about the same time he was promoted to a captaincy. This was a distinguishing honor for a man only thirty-one years old. He served in Southern Florida during the Indian war of 1856-7, and then went to Kansas for delicate as well as active duty. His next service was in the military expedition to Utah, under Harney, and afterward he rode overland to California, where he was stationed for the next few years.

When, in 1861, the Confederates fired upon Fort Sumter, he at once took a decided stand for the Union, sending an immediate request to the Governor of Pennsylvania for assignment to a command of volunteers. At that time, California was torn by dissensions, the secession element being so formidable as to threaten to overmaster the loyal sentiment and isolate the State from the Union. Hancock threw himself into the contest, taking an active part in encouraging and organizing the loyal sentiment, and contributing largely to the rescue of the State from the suicidal course into which it had drifted.

Finally, being ordered to the East, he was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers, and assigned to a command in General W. F. Smith's division of the Army of the Potomac, participating in the Peninsular campaign of 1862, commencing with the siege of Yorktown in the month of April. On the 5th of May, after the evacuation of Yorktown, he pursued the flying enemy, and on the same evening, with a detached command of his own brigade, an additional regiment of infantry and two batteries of artillery, by a skillful manœuvre, gained a position on the enemy's flank and rear, and by a brilliant forward movement compelled the Confederates to withdraw from the whole line of works at Williamsburg. For his gallantry on this occasion he was specially complimented in the dispatches of the Commanding General of the Army. Subsequent

conspicuous services rendered at Golding's Farm, Garnett's Hill, White Oak Swamp and other engagements during the Seven Days' Fight, which closed with the victory at Malvern Hill, led the General-in-Chief to urge his promotion to major-general of volunteers; besides which, he was recommended for promotion, by brevet, as major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel in the regular army, for gallant and meritorious conduct in that campaign.



MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, U. S. A., DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

In the Fall of 1862, after the return of the Army of the Potomac from the Peninsula, he took part in the movement on Centreville, Va. In the Maryland campaign of the same year, he commanded his brigade at Crampton's Pass, South Mountain, on the 14th of September. Three days afterward, on the battle-field of Antietam, he was placed in command of General Richardson's division when that gallant officer fell mortally wounded in that memorable action. In the November following, he was made a major-general of volunteers, and in December, in the first Fredericksburg battle, led his division in the assault on Marye's Heights, where his command suffered terribly, and he was himself slightly wounded, his uniform being perforated with bullets. At the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, where his division performed important service, covering the rear of the army as it moved from the field, he had his horse shot under him. In June following, he was placed in command of the Second Corps, and in the advance into Pennsylvania was directed to guard the rear of the Union forces. Reynolds was in advance, in command of three

army corps, and after he had fallen on the first day, General Meade sent Hancock forward from Taneytown to take command of all our forces on the battlefield. Upon his arrival he checked the enemy's advance, and occupied the ground upon which the Army of the Potomac gained its greatest victory. This accomplished, he sent word back to General Meade that our position should be held, as, in his opinion, Gettysburg was the point where the great impending battle should be fought. In accordance with these suggestions, General Meade hurried forward all his forces. On the second day, Hancock commanded the left centre of our army, and reconstructed the line of battle pierced by the enemy in many places, so that at night our position stood intact as in the morning. But it was on the third day that he achieved the grandest performance of his whole career in repelling the terrific onset of General Longstreet. The enemy preceded the assault by an artillery attack of two hours and a half, during which 150 guns poured a continuous stream of shot and shell upon the left centre of our line. Under cover of this fire, Lee was concentrating and forming the flower of the Confederate army for the final assault, on the result of which depended the future hopes of the Confederacy. Amid this storm of shot and shell, General Hancock rode up and down his lines, inspiring confidence in his troops and preparing them to resist the infantry attack which he knew to be impending. Suddenly the cannonade of the enemy ceased, and Longstreet, with 18,000 men, came to the assault. Hancock had placed eighty guns in position, and as the enemy moved forward with magnificent courage, whole platoons were swept away by the murderous cannon-fire. Finally the assault was repulsed; but no more sanguinary and stubborn contest is recorded in the annals of the war than that which beat and flamed around Round Top and Cemetery Hill. Five thousand prisoners, thirty-seven stand of colors and many thousand stand of arms were among the immediate trophies of this victory, which is justly regarded as the turning-point of the war. Had the Confederates won at Gettysburg, it would not have been a fortnight before they would have watered their horses in the Delaware and occupied Harrisburg and Philadelphia.

HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, OF INDIANA, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

At the very moment of his triumph, Hancock fell desperately wounded in the thigh, but refused to leave the field. While lying on the ground on his line of battle, the enemy retreating in confusion, he sent an aide with the following message to General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac: "Tell General Meade," he said, "the troops under my command have repulsed the enemy's assault, and we have gained a great victory. The enemy is now flying in all directions in my front."

The officer who conveyed this message to General Meade added also that General Hancock was dangerously wounded. "Say to General Hancock," said General Meade, "that I am sorry he is wounded, and that I thank him, for the country and for myself, for the service he has rendered today." By a joint resolution of Congress, General Hancock received the unanimous thanks of that body for his "gallant, meritorious and conspicuous share in that great and decisive victory" at Gettysburg.

Disqualified by his wound for active duty, General Hancock remained at his home until the following December, when he reported at Washington, and was for a time employed on recruiting service. In March, 1864, he returned to the field, and with his command, now numbering 30,000 men, participated in the Battle of the Wilderness; where, at the crisis of the fight, he led an assault which recovered the line from which our forces had been driven, and compelled the enemy to retire. On the 10th of May he commanded the Second and Fifth Corps at the Battle of the Po. On the 12th, the Second Corps, after a midnight march, pounced upon the enemy's fortified position near Spottsylvania Court House, in a dense fog, at the hour of daylight in the morning. Hancock commanded his corps in this renowned assault, by which he captured the enemy's works, nearly 5,000 prisoners, 20 pieces of artillery, more than 30 colors, several thousand stand of small arms, and other paraphernalia of war. He again assaulted the enemy's position in front of Spottsylvania, May 18th, and on the 19th successfully repulsed an attack made upon one of his divisions by Ewell's Corps. He was an active participant in the engagements at North Anna, Tolopotomy and Cold Harbor, and in the earlier and later operations of the army near Petersburg that year.

Meanwhile, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army. On the 27th of July, 1864, he crossed to Deep Bottom, on the north bank of the James River, and in conjunction with Sheridan's cavalry he attacked and carried a portion of the enemy's works, capturing, among other trophies, four pieces of artillery. Subsequently he attacked the enemy at Deep Bottom in the Sheridan manœuvre, was before Petersburg in July, and led the advance up the James River, fighting the battles of Ream's Station, where a horse was shot under him, and of Boydton Road, where he captured a thousand prisoners and several stand of colors.

At the request of Secretary Stanton, and by order of the President, he was then ordered to Washington to recruit and command an army corps of veterans, to consist of 50,000 men. While the recruiting was in progress, he was once more summoned to the front, and assigned to the command of the Middle Military Division, with headquarters at Winchester, Va. This command included the Department of West Virginia, the Department of Pennsylvania, and the Army of the Shenandoah. A movable force of 35,000 men of all arms was at once organized for the purpose of moving upon Lynchburg in case Lee should retreat to that point, or to embark on transports to join General Sherman on the Southern seacoast in case Lee should fall back on Danville; but the surrender of Lee and the capture of Richmond removed the necessity for any such contemplated movements.

Having been already breveted major-general in the regular army for gallant and meritorious services at Spottsylvania, he was afterward promoted to the full rank of major-general for the brilliant part he bore in the War of the Rebellion.

After serving for a time in command of the Middle Department, with headquarters at Baltimore, he was, in July, 1866, ordered to the Department of Missouri, where he conducted several campaigns against the Indians. In August, 1867, General Sheridan was removed by President Johnson from the command of the Fifth Military District, comprising Louisiana and Texas, and General Hancock was sent to that Department. This was the period of reconstruction, and society in the Gulf States was practically disorganized. Congress had enacted laws looking to the maintenance of order and the rehabilitation of the States upon the basis of loyalty to the Federal authority. These laws invested the military with almost supreme powers, and General Sheridan had used these powers with rigor and severity. It cannot be said that he exceeded his authority, or that he misconceived the spirit of the laws under which he acted; but President Johnson believed that a more moderate policy was desirable; and General Hancock, selected for the post in opposition to his own wishes, was expected, in his new command, to reflect the opinions of the Executive so far as he could lawfully do so. Upon assuming charge in November, 1867, he issued a general order, in which he announced the doctrine of the supremacy of the civil over the military authority, and intimated a determination to use, as to all questions affecting the rights and interests of citizens, the constituted course of civil methods, rather than the military power lodged in his hands. His precise language was:

"The General commanding is gratified to learn that peace and quiet reign in this Department. It will be his purpose to preserve this condition of things. As a means to this great end he regards the maintenance of the civil authorities in the faithful execution of the laws as the most efficient under existing circumstances. In war it is indispensable to repel force by force, and overthrow and destroy opposition to lawful authority. But when insurrectionary force has been overthrown and peace established, and the civil authorities are ready and willing to perform their duties, the military power should cease to lead, and the civil administration resume its natural and rightful dominion. Solemnly impressed with these views, the General announces that the great principles of American liberty are still the lawful inheritance of this people, and ever should be. The right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural rights of persons and the rights of property, must be preserved. Free institutions, while they are essential to the prosperity and happiness of the people, always furnish the strongest inducements to peace and order. Crimes and offenses committed in this district must be referred to the consideration and judgment of the regular civil tribunals, and those tribunals will be supported in their lawful jurisdiction. While the General thus indicates his purpose to respect the liberties of the people, he wishes all to understand that armed insurrection or forcible resistance to the law will be instantly suppressed by arms."

The sentiments here expressed governed General Hancock's administration of the Fifth District from first to last. He refused to organize military commissions to supplant the judiciary of the State, and avoided all military interference with the administration of civil affairs. He revoked an order issued by General Sheridan which prohibited any person who had borne arms against the Government from serving on juries, and nullified also another order which excluded Confederates from registration as voters. These orders naturally provoked some hostility. Governor Pease, who had been appointed by the Federal authorities as head of the civil administration in Texas, strongly objected to General Hancock's orders; but the latter declared in reply that, in his opinion, Texas had a local State government and local laws, not in conflict with the Acts of Congress, which were competent to the protection of all the rights of citizens, the maintenance of order, and the suppression of crime; and to these laws he preferred to bow rather than to set up any code of his own. And in this purpose he persisted until he was relieved in March, 1868.

There has always been, and is now, a difference of

opinion among his countrymen as to the propriety and timeliness of the policy which General Hancock thus enforced. On the one hand, it is maintained that this policy endangered the whole process of safe and healthful reconstruction; that the attitude of a majority of the population in both Texas and Louisiana was still one of open hostility, constituting a perpetual menace to the public peace; that the civil authorities—the courts, especially—being in sympathy with this sentiment of hostility, the punishment of offenses against the Nation and the rights and persons of loyalists was made practically impossible—that, in a word, the benefits of the Union triumph, secured at infinite cost of blood and treasure, were, by General Hancock's course, to a great extent placed in actual jeopardy, and a defiantly disloyal element encouraged to aspire to practical control in the State. Possibly there is something of truth in this insistment. It is to be remembered that the condition of affairs was exceptional and abnormal, and that while, in an ordinary condition of facts and in a state of peace, the supension of the civil by the military authority would not have been admissible, such a proceeding, under the circumstances then existing as the outcome of revolt and war, took on the form of a measure of self-preservation, and was entirely within the rightful power of the Government until such time as the political autonomy of the State was completely restored.

But, on the other hand, it is insisted that the substitution, indefinitely, of the military for the civil authority, and the suspension of ordinary methods of administration, after hostilities had ceased and the revolted communities had laid down their arms as belligerents, was calculated to keep alive, unnecessarily, warlike passions and sectional animosities, and so aggravate the difficulties of a speedy and wholesome restoration of the States to the exercise and enjoyment of their normal functions. Those who hold this view allege, as to Texas, that the State Government had been organized in subordination to the authority of the Government of the United States, and was in the full exercise of its proper powers; and that, therefore, the military authority could properly intervene for the punishment of offenses against the laws only in the extraordinary event that the local civil tribunals were unwilling or unable to enforce the laws against crime and criminals. Whatever may be the exact truth in the premises, there can be no doubt that General Hancock's action was throughout entirely conscientious and inspired by patriotic motives.

General William Howard Quinn, who held the important and confidential position of attorney at General Hancock's headquarters in New Orleans, has testified in the most emphatic terms to the integrity of the motives and intentions of his commander. He says: "When I reported for duty in December, 1867, cases of nearly every description, and some very serious ones, arose in the wide territory under General Hancock's command. The evidence in regard to these was collated under his immediate eye, and was then sent to my office for examination, and a written opinion being prepared, was, with the evidence, transmitted to General Hancock for his final decision. I was thus constantly brought into close official relations with General Hancock; I saw the minute and rigid investigation which public business received from him, heard his views on local and national government, the wants of the impoverished South, the true principles of constitutional liberty, the superiority of the civil over military power, the sacred writ of habeas corpus, the vital necessity of the union of the States and the cultivation of fraternal kindness among the people of all sections; and it gives me the highest satisfaction to declare that they were the views of a man of the purest honor, great intelligence and courage, a patriot and a statesman. They were above all party, all sectional, all personal consideration; absolutely free from selfishness or ambition."

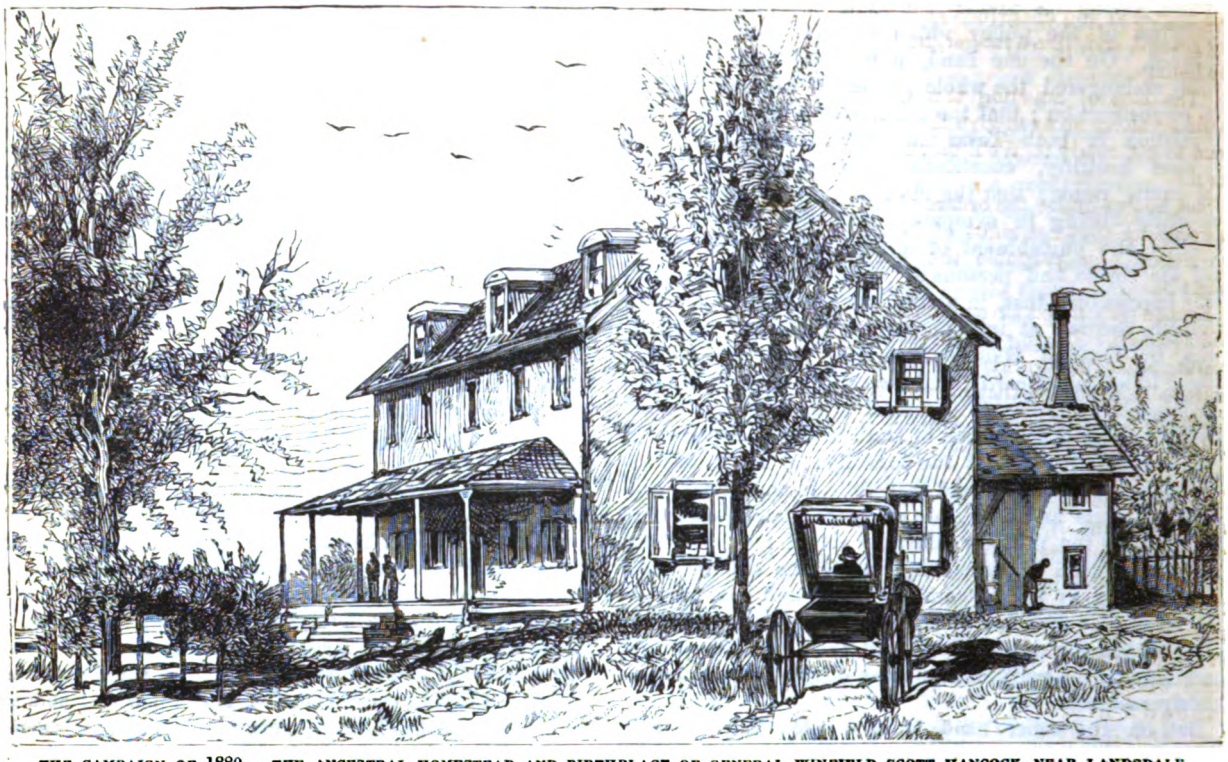
Upon being relieved of the command at New Orleans, General Hancock was assigned to the Military Division of the Atlantic, which, with the exception of three years' command of the Division of Dakota, he has since retained, with headquarters at New York. In the National Democratic Convention of 1868, he received 144½ votes for the Presidential nomination, and in 1872 was again named in connection with the same high position. In 1876, on the first informal ballot in the National Convention, he received 72 votes, and was third on the list of nominees. In the Convention held at Cincinnati in June last, he was nominated as the party candidate, by a practically unanimous vote, on the second ballot.

General Hancock's married life has been eminently a happy one. His wife, educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at St. Louis, is a member of the Unitarian Church, and a lady of culture and marked force of character. Two children only have blessed their union, one of whom—a son, twenty-five years of age—is a planter in Mississippi. General Hancock himself inclines to the Protestant Episcopal faith, but is not a member of any church. He is in every respect a model husband and parent, and finds the chief enjoyments of life in the affection and kindly ministries of the home circle. Perhaps he enjoys these all the more keenly for the reason that his soldierly career has so often isolated him from them. But their influence, we may be sure, has followed him into all the tumultuous scenes through which he has passed, and he has been the better soldier and grander man, because at all times panoplied in tender memories of a home in which every noble aspiration has been loyally stimulated and encouraged.

In his personal appearance, General Hancock is tall and herculean; his face is oval, the expressive forehead swept by a wave of yellow hair, slightly tinged with white, and worn full behind the shapely head; his eyes are soft and expressive, and when interested are keen and sharp; his nose is delicately chiseled, and his mouth concealed beneath a tufted tawny mustache. His manners are genial and winning; and perhaps no man in the army is more widely popular, or more really liked by his associates.

The career of General Hancock, as is plain from this outline of it, has nothing in common, except in its tendencies and results, with that of General Garfield. Both have contemplated the conservation of the best and highest interests of the country; but their incidents have been in no sense analogous. The life of General Hancock has been fuller of storm and peril, and has dealt much more largely with the physical forces in the assertion of which law is upheld and civilization promoted, than that of his antagonist. He has had to do with men, their use and control; with battles and exigencies and crises which involved the liberties of the people and the life of the nation; with the hard and pitiless conditions of frontier service, in which prudence, skill and the highest qualities of command are peculiarly essential.

General Garfield, on the other hand, has dealt with the problems of statesmanship, with questions of polity vitally affecting the welfare of the people and the influence and standing of the country in the sisterhood of nations; with all that variety of subjects which, in one form and another, lie within the scope and domain of the law-making power. Hancock is not a statesman; he has no acquaintance with the broader methods of civic administration; he is not

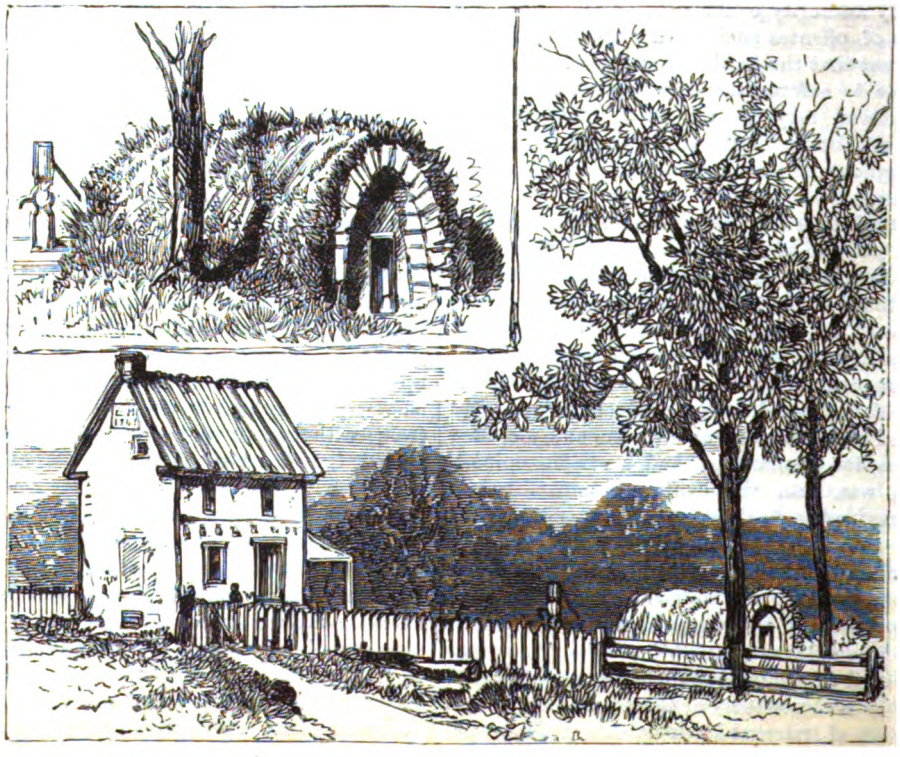


THE CAMPAIGN OF 1880.—THE ANCESTRAL HOMESTEAD AND BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, NEAR LANSDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.—SEE PAGE 258.

practically familiar with many of the subjects which enter as issues into our political controversies. It is impossible that, pursuing a soldierly career, he should be. But he is a man of robust convictions, of sound judgment, of acute perception, of conscientious purposes, of reverence for law, and he would undoubtedly prove himself equal, if elected, to the largest requirements of the position opened to him. In this—and it is the supreme consideration—these two men, now standing so conspicuously before the country, are equal; both are honestly patriotic and loyal; both have won their way by the exercise of genuinely manly qualities; both are men of pure lives and lofty aims, and both, while occupying radically different spheres, testing radically different forms of capacity, are admittedly able. In the hands of either, the Government will be administered so as to secure the persons and properties of all the people, without doing violence to the rights of any; and no administration can contemplate, as none has ever yet achieved, a higher or more worthy end than this.

WILLIAM KENNAN, THE KENTUCKY RANGER.

Among the scores of dauntless and intrepid spirits called forth by the perilous times of the early settlements in the West, that of William Kennan stands prominent. Though, perhaps, not so generally known at this day as Kenton, Boone and the Whetzel brothers, yet the exploits performed by him are inferior in no respect to the most celebrated ones of the latter. On St. Clair's unfortunate expedition against the Western Indians, William Kennan, the hero of this sketch, ac-



THE MATERNAL HOMESTEAD OF GENERAL HANCOCK.

companied the army. Like his brother Kentuckians, he was disgusted and chagrined at the delay of the commanding general, and, like a ranger, he did not scruple to express his feelings.

"The idea of crawling through the woods like this—plodding along so as to give the varmints all the time they want to get ready! We'll catch it before long, my word for it."

Still, he was under the orders of his superiors, and he did not consider that the right of desertion belonged to him, no matter how palpable the blunders of his general might be.

Kennan was noted throughout the army for his activity and fleetness. During the march he had frequent opportunities of displaying his skill in this direction, and it was universally conceded that he was, by all odds, the swiftest runner in the army. More than one trial of skill took place, and on no occasion did he fail to distance all competitors with the greatest ease. On the evening preceding the action, his corps was advanced in front of the first line of infantry, their duty being to watch the Indians and give seasonable warning of their approach.

He maintained this position all through the night, so close to the savages that, in spite of their stealth and caution, he detected their presence and movements. Still, as they did not attempt an advance, he did not deem it best to alarm the camp, although he admonished his companions that their peril was imminent, and an assault might be made at any moment.

The night wore gradually away, and as the day dawned he caught sight of his enemies. The second glimpse showed him about thirty Indians, within a hundred yards of the guard-fire, advancing steadily toward the spot where he stood, in company with about twenty other rangers, the rest being considerably in the rear.

Here was an occasion which the ranger could not allow to pass unimproved. He believed that they were members of a party, or were, rather, a small party detached from the main body, seeking a collision with his own band. The disparity of numbers was not great, and he concluded at once that a "brush" was to take place between the two.

Instead of retreating, therefore, Kennan sprang forward several yards, so as to secure the shelter of a spot of peculiarly rank grass. Here he discharged his gun at the foremost savage, and then dropped flat upon his face in order to reload.

It never occurred to the ranger that his companions would refuse to stand their ground, and, consequently, he did not look behind him to see what they were doing; but, as it proved, the Indians poured forward in such overwhelming numbers that the rangers concluded it the part of discretion to avoid an encounter, and they accordingly turned and ran.

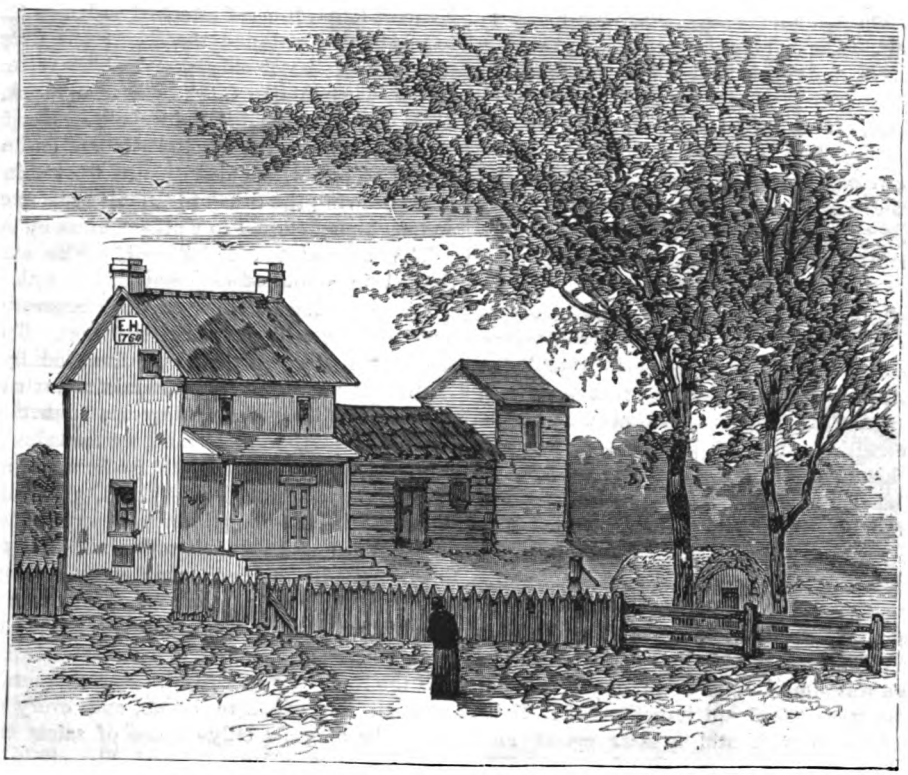
Still young Kennan was in total ignorance of their flight, and he would assuredly have been slain had not the captain of the company observed the dilemma in which he had unconsciously placed himself. This latter, as he turned to flee, shouted:

"Run, Kennan, or you are a dead man!"

The ranger instantly sprang to his feet, and beheld the Indians within five yards of him, while the nearest member of his company was several hundred feet away, and speeding for dear life.

He was thus placed between two fires, so close to his enemies that a single bound of one of them would have brought the two in collision had he waited a single second longer. But he did not hesitate the second.

Making one tremendous leap, he sprang toward his companions, while a dozen Indians, with exultant yells, followed hard after him. Now was the chance to display his fleetness; now was the time to show his activity; here was the opportunity for a test of skill, for his life depended upon his success.



THE HANCOCK MATERNAL HOMESTEAD AS IT APPEARED IN 1764.

It need not be said that Kennan did his utmost. He exerted his strength as he had never done before, and ran as does the frightened antelope when pursued by the hunters. Over brush and fallen trees and stones he went with the speed of the wind, while close behind him, with brandished tomahawks, came the whole yelling pack.

Some of the most extraordinary runners in the world are found among the American Indians. Brought up from infancy to the chase, their highest ambition being to excel as warriors and hunters, lithe and muscular, it could not be otherwise than that they should attain great perfection in this particular.

Kennan was not long in finding that he had worthy competitors, nor were the savages long in discovering that they were in pursuit of no ordinary character, and very likely that was the reason why they redoubled their exertions.

It was no child's play, and Kennan never for a second forgot that the stake for which he was running was his life. He sped straight toward the ford of the stream which lay between him and the army; but as he did so numerous Indians sprang up in front of him, continually diverting his course, until, seeing that unless he was careful, he would find himself inextricably entangled among his foes, he made a sharp turn to the right, in the hope of throwing all behind him.

In this he succeeded, but by no means placed himself beyond danger.

Indians sprang up in every direction, as if cast up by the very earth. At any moment they could have brought him down by means of a shot from their guns, but they evidently saw that he was a prize, and considering him sure to be captured, bent all their efforts toward doing so.

Kennan saw that his great speed was throwing him in advance of all his foes, with the exception of a single Indian, who showed the same marvelous swiftness and perseverance as himself. The distance between these two was some five or six yards, and it seemed not to vary a single inch. Straining himself to the last tension, Kennan could not increase this, nor, on the other hand, could the savage diminish it.

The astonishing velocity of these two soon threw the others out of the ring, and the contest became one of speed between the two. As the other pursuers drew off they were left alone, and each threw his whole soul into the effort.

As the Indian ran he held his tomahawk aloft, ready to hurl it so soon as he should think best, and the fugitive kept continually glancing back, so as to be ready to dodge the dreaded missile. Finding, at length, that they were so far removed from the others that there was a chance of settling the matter without fear of disturbance, Kennan concluded to give his adversary a taste of his mettle.

Accordingly he slackened his pace and reached down to draw his knife. To his astonishment it was gone! He was without a weapon of any kind!

Kennan's hair fairly rose on end as he made this startling discovery, and he saw that his only chance lay in distancing his pursuer. The cessation of speed caused by his feeling for his knife lessened the distance between the two, and the Indian was almost upon him; but the sudden shock of the discovery gave such an impetus to his flight that he bounded forward with still greater speed, and opened the space a yard or more.

It again settled into a dead run, but the ranger had the duty of watching the actions of his pursuer, that he might be prepared for the tomahawk when it should be sent whizzing after him. In this manner he followed the fashion of the renowned Captain John Smith, who paid more heed to his pursuers than he did to his footsteps.

And it thus happened that all at once he found himself in front of a large tree which had been blown down, and upon which brush and other impediments were heaped to a height of some eight or ten feet.

The Indian, who heretofore had maintained the grim silence of inevitable fate, now gave utterance to several sharp yells, for he was sure of his victim. A turn to the right or left would precipitate a collision, while the obstruction in front was too great for any living man to think of clearing.

Kennan did not think he could do it, but there was no escaping the trial. Summoning all that vast reserve of strength which we sometimes find at our command in the moment of dire peril, he bounded into the air, and, clearing trunk, roots, limbs and brush, alighted in perfect safety upon the other side.

A shout of amazement burst from the whole band of pursuers who had witnessed the astonishing feat, and not one of them attempted to repeat it.

Kennan had achieved a great feat, but he was given little opportunity to enjoy his triumph. Running down the high bank of the creek, he hurriedly ascended it until he reached a shallow portion, when he plunged in and dashed across. Taking a circuitous route, he reached the camp, panting and exhausted, for his remarkable race, by means of the doublings and turnings to which he had been compelled to resort, had extended about a quarter of a mile.

He had scarcely reached camp when the sharp crack of musketry and the shouts of the Indians announced the commencement of battle. In a few moments it raged along the line, and continued with unabated fury for over three hours.

When defeat was insured and St. Clair ordered a retreat, Kennan found himself attached to Major Clark's battalion, to which was assigned the dangerous duty of protecting the rear of the fleeing army. The retreat was scarcely begun, when Major Clark was recognized by several Indians, who riddled him with balls. His fall became instantly known to the whole battalion, and a panic was the result. They whose duty it was to remain calm and unmoved during the dreadful tumult became crazy with fear, and each man turned to shift for himself.

The natural result followed. The exulting Indians dashed in among them, and raged without opposition. There were individual acts of heroism, but they could avail nothing under the circumstances. The savages were a compact and overwhelming mass, led by the renowned Little Turtle, and they maintained their organization intact, and followed up their assault with such amazing ferocity, that the affrighted Americans had no time to recover from their surprise. An officer had scarcely time to raise his sword above his head and give the rallying word, when the Indian sharpshooters descried him, and pierced him through and through with their deadly bullets.

The men, having had their attention drawn to their leaders, and then seeing them shot down, were hopelessly stricken with panic, beyond all possibility of saving. As we have already remarked, the retreat turned into a rout, and the rout very speedily became a general massacre.

When the massacre began, and every man saw that, under heaven, his only chance of safety lay in his individual prowess, Kennan found himself in the rear of his battalion, directly in the midst of danger. He saw that *his* only chance lay in his fleetness, and he again resorted to flight. In a few minutes he placed himself at the head of his battalion, his great speed enabling him to pass several horsemen in his flight.

He was running along in this manner, when he heard his name called, and turning his head, saw an intimate friend lying upon the ground, badly wounded.

"What is the matter?" he asked, pausing a moment. "Why don't you get up and run?"

"Oh, Kennan, my thigh is broken, and I cannot stand! Do not leave me here to be butchered."

"What can I do?"

"Take me on your back, and then you can outrun any of us."

"Well, I will do the best I can."

He helped the poor fellow up, and throwing his arms around his neck, he started off again.

Unfortunately it happened at this juncture that the pursuit, from some cause or other, received an extraordinary impetus, and Kennan found himself pursued by half a dozen Indians, who had singled him out as their special

prey. Notwithstanding all this, Kennan ran several hundred yards with his burden, when he found he had undertaken an impossible task.

His foes were gaining steadily upon him, and the matter resolved itself into the simple question, whether he should let his friend go, and save himself, or perish with him? Under any circumstances the wounded soldier was doomed, and Kennan therefore told him to unloose his grasp upon him, that he might have a chance of saving himself; but the man, with the instinct of self-preservation, clung only the more tenaciously. Kennan again besought him to let go, but he held on more convulsively than ever, until the hunter, finding his peril increasing each moment, drew his knife and cut his fingers.

The poor fellow rolled helplessly to the ground, and was tomahawked ere Kennan had gone thirty yards. The latter, relieved of his burden, darted ahead with renewed velocity, and soon again placed himself in the van.

Some distance further on Kennan saw a subaltern, pale and exhausted, sitting upon a log and calmly awaiting the approach of death. Our hero hastily accosted him, and inquired the cause of his delay. He pointed to a wound which was bleeding profusely, and replied that he was unable to walk further and had no horse.

Kennan instantly darted off to a spot where he saw a horse grazing, caught him without difficulty, and assisted his friend upon him. He then ran beside him until he was beyond all danger. Shortly after the Indians withdrew to devote themselves to the plunder of the camp, and the two effected their escape. But Kennan never recovered from the terrible exertions he was compelled to use upon this occasion. The effects lasted until the day of his death.

The young man saved through Kennan's kindness afterward became Governor Madison, of Kentucky. Never did he forget his friend in need; and, when oppressed with the cares of State, he was glad to take the honest old hunter by the hand, and give him a right warm welcome to his house and fireside.

SOME GOSSIPING PAPERS.

SUNSHINE IN MAY FAIR.

By Aunt Fanny (Mrs. Barrow).

It was early Summer in London; long, lovely days, all blue and gold; an atmospheric glory inconceivable to those who have been taught to believe that a great pall of fog and smoke hangs for ever over the huge city, with mayhap a trickle of sun shining through a rift here and there on fortunate days.

Even the air is sweet in the wide, well-swept streets of May Fair, where tiled boxes filled with blooms are in every window; and, should you wend your way to the flower-stands in Covent Garden Market, where lie in delicious profusion hyacinth-bells, jonquils, roses and daphnes, the honeyed perfume and brilliant sunshine would make you wonder why your mind-picture of London should ever have been pervaded by a permanent, ill-scented and gruesome fog.

We are staying at the Langham Hotel, which stands like a great sentinel at the head of Portland Place. In the corridors and on the stairs I often meet and chat a little with "Ouida," a small, fair-haired, gentle-looking woman, always followed by a grand, beautiful, tawny St. Bernard dog. The author of "Puck," "Under Two Flags," "Moths," and many other sensational romances, lived with her mother and the great dog in this hotel. She is an intense, untiring student of human nature in all its forms. She goes fearlessly through the lowest, the most vicious slums of London, safely guarded by her trusty St. Bernard, gathering from the wild, hideous, ragged squalor of the wretches crowded together there the terrible pen-pictures in her books, which serve, by their violent contrasts, to heighten her roseate descriptions of sensuous luxury.

There are always many Americans at the Langham, which was built expressly for us of the United States. It has a superb drawing-room for general rendezvous, a thing almost unknown in other English or European hotels. The Langham was managed at this time by Colonel Sanderson, an American, well known in New York City as a former manager of the New York Hotel. He was a genial, pleasant man, and his cheery welcome to his countrymen and countrywomen gave the hotel an attractive, home-like aspect. But many English people also stop at the Langham, and seem to find amusement in studying our manners and customs.

Being an enterprising little "Yankee," and given to experimenting in the pursuit of knowledge, I ventured, one morning, to inquire the time, of a bluff, bald, rosy-faced old parson. He was kind enough to give it to me, and asked me a question in return. Upon this, I beamed upon him so cunningly and cleverly (*gushing*, in American fashion, would have ruined everything) that before the week was out we began to be "awfully jolly" together. That is, he learned my name, told me his, introduced me to his cheery old wife, who wore a fine jet-black wig, and informed me that he was the incumbent of two rich livings, in which two nice young curates "did the duty, you know." They played croquet with the ladies and dutifully read the Bible, and carried red-flannel petticoats to all the croaking poor old women in the parishes who had the rheumatism. On Sundays they (the curates) preached mild little fifteen-minute sermons; and, in short, they relieved the rector of all parochial work, leaving him free to travel, and visit such of his friends as held out hunting and shooting attractions. His wife told me that the jolly old fellow could "ride to cover with the best of them." And the blithe old couple always came up to London in the season, staying at the Langham, because "the Americans are so extraordinarily odd and amusing, you know."

"To be happy, you must be good," say the copy-books. My old parson was thoroughly good, I am certain, for he seemed so perfectly happy; and his wife was to him as a looking-glass. She reflected all his broad smiles and droll grimaces; she repeated the winks of his wide blue eyes, and the points of his jokes, with the fidelity of a Chinese; while both laughed with jovial hilarity at my stories about my own country, and sometimes good-humoredly at me. There was but one possible cloud to all this sunshine. This good, happy parson confided to me that the curate he liked the most had an elder brother who was very ill, and would probably die. Then the curate would become Sir Somebody Something, and give up his curacy. "And won't it be an awfully tiresome bore, you know, to have to get another," he groaned, with a slow shake of his head from right to left.

Indorsed, as to respectability, by the notice of the clergyman, I was saluted one day by a buxom, square-built little woman, with a rosy, beautiful face. I had observed that her husband—a tall, burly, deep-chested, typical John Bull—left her alone the most of the time; and, in a kindly-affectioned, one-to-another spirit, I gladly encouraged this approach toward acquaintanceship. They lived "on their place in Kent," and had come up to consult "my papa, the banker," about some business. Intent upon learning all I could of the inner life of the English, I cultivated my new acquisition, who smiled and

bloomed upon me in a deliciously patronizing way, persuading herself, by some droll hocus-pocus of her own, that I was an American savage, just learning civilization. So she obligingly took me to church, together with an infinitesimal prayer-book and an immense *vinaigrette*, and glared astonished when she found that I could follow the service. As I listened to her sweet English voice, responding with mellow cadences through our grand Litany and to the Commandments, I could not help wondering how it came to pass that her "papa, the banker," had so neglected her education; for that sweet voice, when she had to speak words of her own choosing, gave utterance to the drollest blunders.

She asked her husband if he had bought "the jemidon of brandy"—meaning the "demijohn"—and the big fellow declared, with a roar of laughter, that she had informed him that she was making "merryandrews" of some things I had told her which she wished to remember—meaning "memorandums."

One evening we made up a party for the theatre. As my buxom friend was stepping into a cab at the door, the fiddle-headed horse started suddenly, and threw her down, luckily without hurting her, but giving us just a glimpse of a pair of very beautifully shaped legs. (I am writing now in English of the English.) To console her for her fall I said, in my American way, as we drove off:

"A woman with such exquisitely turned ankles ought not to mind if they are exhibited accidentally."

"Oh, thanks!" she laughed. "Talking of legs, did you ever hear of Madame Vestris?"

"Oh, yes," I answered.

"Did you, really, now? And did you know that Madame Vestris was a famous dancer, and had very beautiful legs?"

"Yes, I know that, also," I returned.

"Really? Well, they were the loveliest legs imaginable, so lovely that she was continually having busts taken of them. The poor creature had a great many executions in her house, and at the auction sales those lovely busts of her legs sold for higher prices than anything else that was offered."

What I suffered from suppressed risibilities at this unique anecdote is past telling, but when I was safely in my room that night the busts of poor Madame Vestris's legs received an ovation of laughter loud and long.

Within a stone's throw of the Langham is Cavendish Square, on one side of which is the mansion of the Duke of Portland, lately deceased. The duke was a great invalid, and was never seen outside of his house. The only exercise he took was in his garden, which is very large, running through to Henrietta Street in an L shape. To insure the privacy so dear to the English heart, the brick wall of this garden is capped or supplemented by another wall fifteen feet high, of ground glass, which admits light and excludes prying from the occupants of the houses on the opposite side. I was told that the intense bodily suffering of this nobleman only rendered him more pitiful toward the suffering of others, for no tale of helpless pain or poverty came to his knowledge but it was immediately comforted and relieved by the sympathy and munificence of this severely-tried but truly great yet very eccentric soul, now reaping its reward among the faithful in heaven.

WILLIAM KENNAN, THE KENTUCKY RANGER.—"HE BOUNDED INTO THE AIR, AND, CLEARING TRUNK, ROOTS, LIMBS, AND BRUSH, ALIGHTED ON THE OTHER SIDE."—SEE PAGE 260.

During the administration of William Pitt, in England, there was a great scarcity of wheat, and in order to make it go as far as possible, Parliament passed a law that all the bread for the army should be made out of unbolted wheat meal. History states that the result was such an improved condition of health among the soldiers as surprised them, and also their officers and the surgeons. The latter declared that never before were the soldiers so healthy and robust, and that disease had nearly disappeared from the army. For a long time this kind of bread was used almost exclusively, but when wheat became once more abundant, its use was discontinued.

THE ROMANCE OF CAPTAIN BEATTIE'S LIFE.—"'WHAT DO YOU MEAN?' SHE ASKED, IN A TREMULOUS VOICE. 'THAT YOU AVOID ME, MAGGIE, AND THAT IT PAINS ME TO SEE YOU DO SO. CAN YOU NOT BE A LITTLE MORE KIND TO ME?'"

THE ROMANCE OF CAPTAIN BEATTIE'S LIFE.

By Judith K. De Ruyter.

Chapter I.

She was the stewardess on a certain river steamer, and, if you will believe me, she was neither old, sour nor uninteresting, but young, cheerful and rather pretty. She had laughing brown eyes, clear complexion, and a mass of russet-brown hair that waved gloriously on her temples. She had the prettiest hands I ever saw—not too plump, but dimpled, tapered, and she used them in such a dainty way that one might have thought her a lady.

There was a great deal of Summer traveling per steamer *Steadfast* that season, as people were "doing" the glorious river and its sights, and had become tired of traveling to the mountains and springs, and, in search of novelty, had come to the balmy breezes that blew over the far-famed old river.

The stewardess won golden opinions from all, so obliging, so neat and sweet-looking was she. All pronounced her a perfect angel. The ladies gave her many a gift on parting, and the gentlemen encouraged their wives' and sisters' generosity.

"Maggie has been perfectly untiring in administering to our comfort," said a pretty, sweet little woman to her husband, one morning, as the steamer landed them at the end of their journey.

"She is a very nice person, my dear," replied the husband. "Give her a five-dollar bill."

"She deserves it, for really I can't count her kindnesses. Such a woman ought to be encouraged."

Just then Maggie appeared in the cabin, her face bright

and smiling, her russet hair neatly done up, a black cashmere skirt on, and a ladylike plaited waist finishing her toilet.

"So sorry to have you leave us, Mrs. Harriman," said he, as she helped fold a camel's-hair shawl daintily. Mrs. Harriman belonged to a rich, shoddy class, who travel *en prince*, and, besides, was a bride on her wedding-tour. "You have been quite the life of the trip, ma'am, and I hope we shall see you again."

"Oh, I hope so myself, Maggie, for I've enjoyed my trip very much. If ever you come to New York, apply to Mrs. De Lacy Harriman, No. —— Fifth Avenue, for assistance in any employment you may wish to secure. I shouldn't wonder if the maid I've engaged would not suit me, and I know you are just the person I want. I declare, Maggie, you do one's hair like a New York hairdresser. By-the-by, you have never been to New York ?"

"No, indeed. It must be such a gorgeous place !" said Maggie, clasping her hands in ecstasy, and looking up out of her brown eyes with childish excitement.

"Well, come there some day, and be sure and let me know." Mrs. Harriman hastily caught up a bundle in a shawl-strap, put five dollars in Maggie's hand, and said: "There's Mr. Harriman beckoning furiously. I suppose I must hurry on shore. Good-by, Maggie—good-by !"

And, parting thus, almost like equals, the one woman rich, dressy and beloved, passed on her pleasant way in the world, whilst Maggie stood still, looking after her with strange, sad eyes, her whole face transformed from the smiling look it wore but a moment ago.

"It ain't right," said Maggie ; "no, it ain't, our two lots in life. You foolish little woman, with your brainless head, to think everything should come to you and nothing to me !"

And Maggie, left alone in the cabin, as Mrs. Harriman had been the last person to leave the steamer, arose quickly from a chair she had taken and proceeded toward her own small stateroom, a dark frown on her face.

But a moment afterward she was leaning over the parapet of the upper-deck, in time to wave adieu to Mrs. Harriman and her husband as they drove to a certain terminus in the place, seated in a very flashy turnout, and looking more shoddy and more overdressed than ever.

The sunlight struck on the rich bride's solitaire diamond earrings, and they glittered and sparkled like veritable chandeliers.

"So they won't stay long in this town ? It's too dull for them. Mrs. H. said she was going to Saratoga, and that she had a lot of French dresses to show off. I declare, I'm glad I wasn't born such a ninny."

Leaning far over the parapet, Maggie waved her handkerchief gayly to the departing pair. Then she re-entered the deserted cabin, arranged the staterooms in a quick, natty manner, and, looking at a small gold watch at her belt, her sole attempt at ornamentation of any sort, she said to herself :

"Full two hours at my disposal to go on land and see Nancy."

So she quickly donned a small hat and sacque, and, locking up the doors carefully, she passed down-stairs and stopped at the ticket-office, no one being around but the ticket-man, who was reading a novel in a dreamy, abstracted manner.

"Here's the keys, Jack," she said ; "I'm going up in the city a moment."

The man did not glance up, but held out his hand mechanically for the keys, and so Maggie passed on shore with a neat, dainty step, and walked onward up the hilly street that led into the town, many a rough, laboring tar, of whom there were plenty around, gazing after her admiringly.

"A slap-up girl," said one of these to his friend.

"One of your stunners," replied the friend ; "but a proud 'un—a pretty proud 'un."

Maggie knew she was creating an immense sensation, but she was quite accustomed to it, and she passed on very unconcernedly, her cheeks flushed with the fresh air and her hair blown becomingly about her forehead. But, after leaving the tars behind her, Maggie's face becomes set and stern, and she looks all of a sudden ten years older. She clambers up the hilly streets, and then turns down a rickety alleyway, and, picking her steps along the dirty pavement, stops in front of a tumble-down house. As she rings a tinpanny bell, she studies the different signs at the side of the door. "Mrs. Brady, first-class dressmaker, third story front." "Gustave Senter, piano-tuner." "Addie Brace, hairdresser." And then the door is opened by a slipshod girl, and Maggie walks past her with a "How d'ye do, Bella ?" and hurries up-stairs. She knocks at the first door she comes to on the second floor. "Nancy !" she says.

"Come in, Meg !" replies a strangely melodious voice, and enter "Meg" into the queer, untidy room.

Seated by the window, working on some tarlatan stuff, sits Nancy, her hair in crimping-pins, her figure covered by a dirty light-blue wrapper, and one foot in a stocking that refuses to remain in trim, put out in a lazy manner, and decorated with a torn slipper.

"I'm dead tired," says Nancy, as she puts up her face to be kissed ; and then, seeing neat Meg glance about the room, she adds, apologetically, for its untidiness : "It's awful, I know, but I declare I'm hurried to death."

"You might fold up some of the dresses, Nancy," says Meg, as she puts one or two of these articles aside on the bed, and sits down on the place thus cleared.

"Well, now, Meg, you see I've such a lot to do ! I appeared last night in the new spectacular piece, and I had not a soul to help me in my dress, so I sewed and sewed, and oh ! it was awfully pretty ! And now I'm making another underskirt, as it wasn't full enough. And, oh, Meg, I wore—you know what—the diamonds !"

"You didn't, Nancy ?" said Maggie, a worried look on her face. "I told you not to."

"But where's the odds ? No one knew, and I told them behind the scenes they were paste ; but they glistened in my ears——"

"Just like chandeliers, I suppose ; just like Mrs. Harriman's this morning."

"Why, who's she ?" said Nancy, looking up quickly and jealously, her pretty blue eyes wearing a hurt expression. The crowd of rings on her hands—which were pretty and white, like Maggie's—glistened as she put aside her work for a moment.

"Such a silly woman, Nancy, on board the *Steadfast*—her last trip."

"Was she rich ?" asked Nancy, with a peculiar intonation.

"Yes ; rich and good. It is so easy to be good when a person has money. When will Jack be in ?"

"Ah, you've something for him ?"

"Yes, I have," says Meg, in a fretful tone.

"Well, he's due in half an hour. I suppose it's something pretty good this time, Meg dear ?"

"Don't talk so loud, Nancy ; you've a very loud voice."

"But it's melodious, Meg, for the *Twopenny Critic* says so, and the editor's pretty far gone on Clarabella Drelincourt, at your service." And Nancy lifted up her tawdry skirts and made a stage-courtesy, and pirouetted away to

the mantelpiece, casting off, with careless *abandon*, her slippers, and showing numerous holes in her stockings thereby.

Rummaging over the vast array of things that lay scattered on the mantelpiece, Nancy produced therefrom a portrait in a blue-and-gilt frame, and, smiling at it with a really tender smile, said:

"That's my editor, Meg; and isn't he handsome?"

Meg took the picture in her hand.

"He looks like our captain," was her sole comment, and a blush stole over her face.

"Well, and is your captain as elegant-looking?" asked Nancy, in a somewhat hurt way.

"He is even handsomer." And Meg released the picture, and turned the subject by saying: "I wonder if Jack really is coming in half an hour?"

"That's him, now," said Nancy, with a total disregard of grammar, as the tinpanny doorbell rang again.

And, sure enough, in a moment a tall, lank man slunk into the room, as one might say, a sullen look on his hard, harsh face, and a dogged air generally about him. His hands were in his coat-pockets, and, as he drew one out to offer Meg, he said:

"Have you got anything this time?"

"Yes, I have," replied Meg, as she loosened her skirts in the back, and brought forth, not a panier, but Mrs. Harriman's camel's-hair shawl!

She handed it to Jack with a strange, dogged air.

"Are you satisfied?" said she, as Jack unfolded the shawl and examined it with a critical eye.

"It's very fine quality, and of course I'm obliged to you, Meg. You shall have half the profit, you know, when it's disposed of."

"Oh, I don't want a cent of the money! I earn enough for my wants, and they are not numerous. There, put the shawl away out of sight, and let me forget that I am only a thief, after all."

"Why, what's got into the girl?" said Jack, turning to Nancy for explanation.

"I suppose she's in love with some pious chap," laughed the latter, who could not forgive her sister for not sufficiently admiring the portrait of "her editor."

"Cook us some oysters, Nan," said Jack, "and let us be merry on good luck. This is a safe post for us, and, by George! let's cling to it as long as we can."

With this the latter speaker opened the door and screamed for Bella "to run to the corner for fifty oysters, and be back quick, or she wouldn't soon forget it."

Meg's drooping spirits seemed to rise unnaturally after this, and she ate a hearty meal, and then, bidding her sister and brother good-by, wended her way down again to the steamer's dock, and once more was on board. As she mounted the stairs to the cabin, the form of a tall, well-made man, with a kindly face and eyes full of pleasantness, stood at the head of the stairs.

"Ah, Maggie!" said a cheery voice; "been up in the city to see friends?"

Though there was no impertinent curiosity in the remark, the captain of the *Steadfast* really seemed eager to have it answered at length; but Maggie, flushing painfully, only replied:

"Yes, but friends of not very long standing. I don't know many in these parts."

"You don't, eh?" said the captain, leaning on the railing of the stairs, and looking with an intent, eager gaze at his stewardess. "Now, I should judge you were from Massachusetts, Maggie—aren't you?"

A relieved look passed over Maggie's face at this question.

"You are right there, sir," she replied, though all the time she was telling a white lie; but she had told a great many in her life, and why should this one somehow seem to choke her?

"Well, I trust you had a pleasant time at your friends', at all events, Maggie. You work hard, though one would not judge so to see your white hands."

And the captain gazed admiringly at the pretty, plump hand resting on the banister.

"These hands have done much work," said Maggie, in a sad and pitiful way; and then she walked to her room, and the captain little imagined at that moment what she meant. He stood looking after her admiringly.

"I declare, she's a girl in a hundred," said he to himself. "Just the one I want to make me a home on land, and to love me with her whole dear little heart."

Maggie, did you, in your degradation, guess what was in the honest captain's thoughts? If so, child, it caused you tears, for you are weeping.

Chapter II.

The *Steadfast* made another trip up the picturesque river with its load of Summer travelers. The artists in slouched hats gazed on the glorious scenery, and the fashionable girls in their stylish traveling-dresses walked on the decks, calling everything "perfectly sweet," and the young men off on Summer vacations stared at and flirted with the fashionable girls, and the strong-minded females sat with note-books, putting down "impressions"; and Maggie hovered over everything, but seemed somehow changed from her former gay, blithe self, for she was very serious now, scarcely ever smiling as of yore, and certainly—yes, certainly—avoiding the pleasant captain whenever he chanced to be about.

Yet Captain Beattie sought Maggie more than before, and smiled serenely to himself whenever she chanced to be near, glancing furtively at the russet hair and pretty eyes, and watching the dimpled hands in their play. But even as he glanced, like a spirit, the picture he liked so well would disappear, and he could not find it again.

He often thought how little he knew of Maggie, her former history, her friends, her life; but he imagined it to be a very quiet, commonplace story. She was a Massachusetts farmer's daughter; she had run away from home, perhaps—that was all; but, be her story what it might, he said to himself, he loved her, and that was sufficient.

So the trip up the river and down again was almost accomplished, and as the steamer drew nearer and nearer the city, for some strange reason Maggie's heart sank in her breast, and a troubled look came over her face.

"My last trip," she said, as, seated one night in her stateroom, she sewed industriously. "And, oh, I have been so happy here; but now I must go, must fly away from this beautiful river, this land that I love, and from him." At this Maggie's head sank upon her hands. "Oh, the misery of it all!" moaned she

Then she turned the lamp out, and walked cautiously along the saloon, closing her stateroom-door. The passengers were on deck, enjoying the beauty of the incomparable night, and as Maggie stopped by the door of the captain's room, she entered without fear of any one seeing her.

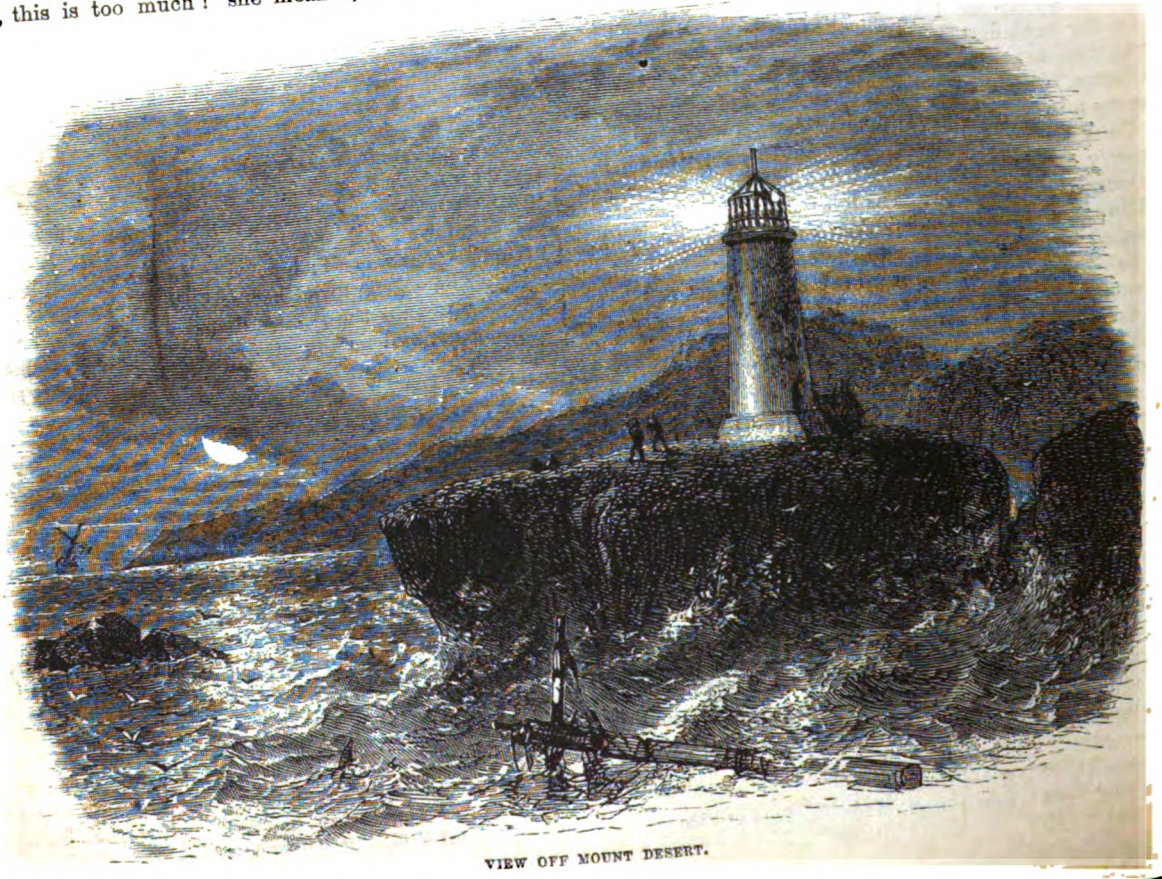
There was a lamp lit in the small, cozy room, and there on the table was good Captain Beattie's Bible, open where he had been reading in it but lately, it seemed. As poor Maggie leaned over the book, of which she knew so little, her eye caught these simple words:

"Thou shalt not steal."

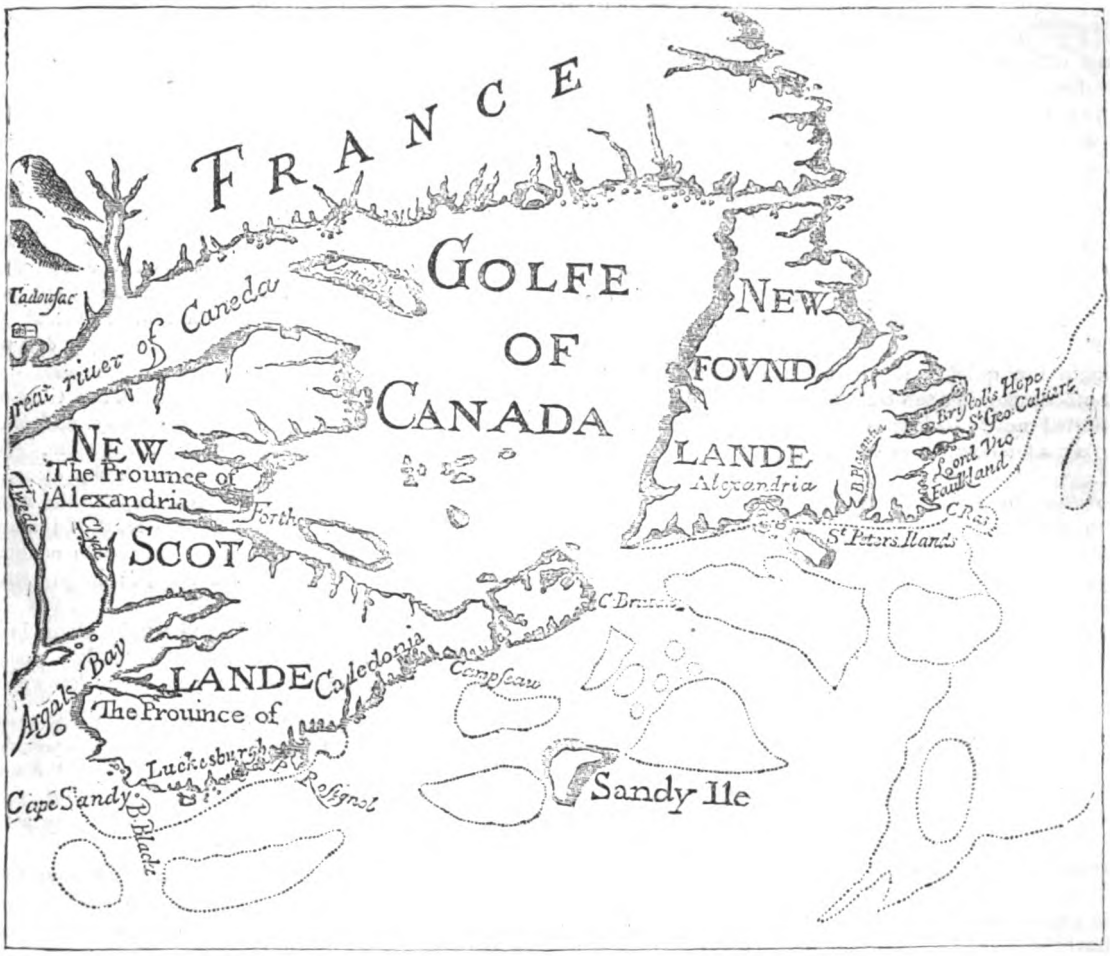
THE OLD AND THE NEW ACADIA.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF HALIFAX.—SEE PAGE 279.

She drew back, placing her hand against her throbbing heart.

"Oh, this is too much!" she moaned, and she stood there for a moment, dizzy, bewildered, a thousand thoughts surging through her brain, her whole wretched, wicked life spread before her eyes—the sin of it all.



VIEW OFF MOUNT DESERT.



THE OLD AND THE NEW ACADIA.—EARLY MAP OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Could there be mercy for such sin? No—no, it was too deep, too unpardonable; and what could she hope from the good God in the way of forgiveness? And then he, the captain, what would he think of it, if he knew?

Maggie slipped a small note in between the leaves of the Bible, and then, kissing the Holy Book with solemn, awe-struck manner, she stole away out of the room.

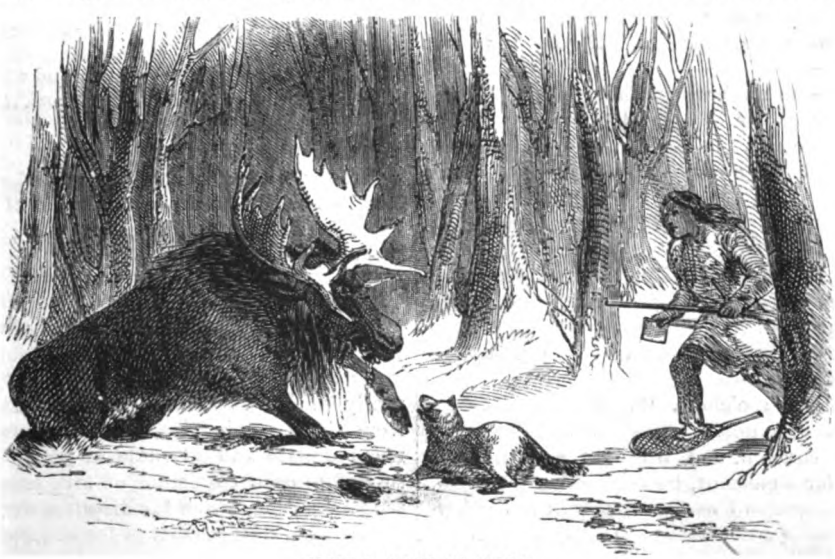
There was some one playing on the piano far off in the other end of the saloon—a girl with a mass of golden hair flying about her face, a jaunty French hat set back on her head, a general air of style about her.

Around the piano there was gathered a gay, pleasant party, listening to "Ada's" music, and commenting pleasantly upon the same.

"Ada, play Strauss's last waltz," said a tall, elegant-looking young man, who always appeared with a glass or traveling-bag strapped across his shoulders.

As Ada dashed off into the brilliant music, some hummed it, and some danced it, in a pleasant, merry way, and the thrilling laughter reached Maggie, and gave her a pang.

"Oh, dear, people's lives are so different!" thought the girl. "That Ada looks like Nancy, but I do not think she would shake hands with sister or even so much as speak to her. It is so dreadful to be an actress, or a thief."



MOOSE-HUNTING IN ACADIA.

Then the feeling of guilt and utter loneliness stole over Maggie again.

"I don't know where to go," she thought, despairingly. "So many of these people might meet me. I suppose they will be leaving by to-morrow's trains, but I can go to-night. The boat lands at

twelve o'clock, and people have been known to go on shore then. I will put on a thick vail, and be about at that time, to pass off with the rest. Jim isn't very observing, and if he does say anything, I will tell him that—that one of my friends was sick when I left the city last, and I am anxious to hear of her condition. They all trust me here, and no one will suspect. I shall take the first train north. When does it start, I wonder? I can look at the time-table down-stairs. If any one notices it, they will think I do it for a passenger. I shall travel—travel until I can go no further, and then Jack and Nancy and the captain will be off my track. After all, though, why do I leave? It may be safe to remain. But no, I must go—I must!"

Maggie ran quickly down-stairs, and stood near the ticket-office scanning the time-table.

She tried not to look anxious, but to be her old, bright self; but, somehow, she could not.

"Maggie!"

The slight form turned quickly.

"Oh, it's you!" said Maggie, with bated breath.

"Well, ain't you glad to see me? You have acted so strangely toward me lately."

Tears were about to surge into Maggie's eyes, but she kept them back bravely.

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a tremulous voice.

"That you avoid me, Maggie, and that it pains me to see you do so. Can you not be a little more kind to me?"

The crowd of people faded away from Maggie's sight, and for one blissful moment she seemed in paradise.

So he cared that she was cold, and resented it! Her face was bent downward, and a deep flush was on her cheeks, but she managed to murmur in a low tone of voice:

"Oh, it is so strange! And you really cared, then, that I avoided you?"

"Indeed, I did. I am not one to deceive any woman, Maggie, and I should think you might have seen by my manner that you were very dear to me."

The face of Maggie was raised now, and a bright smile was on it—a womanly smile of purest happiness.

Up-stairs in the saloon sounded the strains of "Nilfluthen," one of Strauss's loveliest waltzes. It mingled in with the happiness in Maggie's radiant face, and ever afterward reminded her of that ecstatic moment. But soon it strangely changed to a dirge-like cadence, and so Maggie's face changed, too, and her head was bent again.

"Oh, Captain Beattie, I am not good enough for you!"

"But, Maggie, we are all sinners. If you have run away from home——"

"I have no home—no mother or father!"

"Then let me protect you, Maggie."

"No, no—it can never be! You will know soon enough; I cannot tell you now. Oh, why did you speak to me?"

"What can you mean, Maggie?" he asked, strangely perplexed.

"You read your Bible, Captain Beattie, very often, and to-morrow morning, when turning over its pages, you will find an explanation of this."

Maggie was gone like a spirit, and in vain the captain sought her amongst the crowd.

That night, at twelve o'clock, the steamer *Steadfast* landed at a certain city dock. The jar and steaming ceased to the vast concern, and people turned in their berths, awakened, for a moment, by the sudden stoppage, and then entered dreamland again. Down at the ticket-office stood the figure of a tall woman, thickly vailed.

"I am going on land, please."

A sleepy voice replied:

"Any baggage, ma'am?"

"This portmanteau, only."

"All right."

The door slid aside, and a plank was laid for the lady to step on.

"Carriage, mum! This way, mum!" greeted the vailed lady's ears.

Maggie, for it was she, engaged a "hack," and was driven off. She, however, dismissed the conveyance at the City Hotel, and left her portmanteau in the room she took there; for, on second thought, she had resolved once again to see Nancy and Jack, and say a few words to them.

So, at early dawn, she pulled again the tinpanny bell of the tumble-down house in the alleyway, and once more stole up-stairs, but this time into a front room.

Daylight struggled in feebly through the closed blinds and struck upon a long table, loaded with the remains of last night's supper. Flowers were scattered about, and here and there scraps of torn dresses. On a chair lay a programme, on which Maggie read, in large letters, her sister's fictitious name.

As Maggie's eyes took in the whole scene her heart failed her, and, drawing a pencil from her pocket, she wrote, in a style we shall not reproduce, a few words:

"GOOD-BY, Nancy and Jack. I am off, as I think there is danger ahead. You may never see me again, and it is best so.

"MAGGIE."

This she handed to Bella, the small maid, and then was soon gone again on her way northward toward a new land.

Captain Beattie learnt all too soon the meaning of Maggie's strange behavior. The detectives were on the track of Mrs. Harriman's camel's-hair shawl. They, however, never recovered it, nor could they find any clew to its whereabouts; but they at once decided that the escaped Maggie was no other than a famous New York thief, noted for her cleverness in escaping detection.

"Never twice in the same place," remarked Detective B——, in his quiet, quaint way—"always escaping our utmost vigilance. By George, sir, we call her 'Firefly.' She has a brother and sister who are bad enough, but she's the worst of the lot."

The detectives visited a certain theatre that night, but failed to recognize in "Clarabella Drelincourt," the blonde, Maggie's sister—formerly a brunette. So Nancy and Jack staid on in ——— City until they became tired of their post.

Maggie went North, we said, and within the precincts of a certain church finds better work for her white hands than heretofore.

And Captain Beattie?

He, my friends, has only learnt the lesson we all must learn—a lesson of sorrow, a lesson of pain, of a trusting heart deceived, of finding our idols clay—in fine, the lesson of living.

THE Bank of England has no end of valuables committed to its keeping. The vaults of its establishment hold moldering chests, deposited there for safety's sake, and apparently forgotten by their owners. In 1873 one fell to pieces from sheer rottenness, exposing to sight a quantity of massive plate and a bundle of yellow papers. The latter proved to be a collection of love-letters of the period of the Restoration, which the directors were enabled to restore to the lineal descendants of the original owner.

THE OLD AND THE NEW ACADIA.

"THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic;
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

DURING a century and a half—beginning with the first French colonization—Acadia, now known as Nova Scotia, was the scene of predatory excursions, battles and persecutions. Tossed about between the French and English, a positive political shuttlecock, its condition was always precarious in those days, and the terms of living of its inhabitants unhappy and severe. Settled originally by Norman peasantry, these lived at first chiefly by fishing, but after a time turned their attention more especially to agriculture. Their settlements lay along the great Mines Basin or Bay, and here, in the shadow of Cape Blomidon, extended the beautiful meadow-lands and the charming idyllic village of Grand Pré.

In the meadows and lowlands the Acadians had constructed dikes, which kept back the sea and rivers that would else have covered these plains. Here wheat, oats, barley, maize and potatoes yielded lavishly, while numerous herds of horned cattle, numbering, it is said, as many as sixty thousand head, added to the wealth of the provident and industrious habitants. These dwelt in substantial wood houses, furnished comfortably and sufficiently; their usual clothing was the product of their own flax, or the wool of their own sheep; with these they made common linens and coarse cloths. For luxuries, they visited the considerable town of Annapolis Royal, at the head of the Mines Basin, or Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island. The manners of these people were extremely simple, and though they had a Court of Judication, which sat at Annapolis, there seldom arose causes sufficiently important to be carried thither. On the contrary, their little differences were amicably adjusted by the elders of the settlements. All their public acts were drawn by their pastors, who had likewise the keeping of their wills, for which, and their religious services, the inhabitants paid a twenty-seventh part of their harvest, which sums were chiefly devoted to the uses of the less prosperous of the community. But there were few who were poor, and none who actually suffered from want. It was a society of brethren, each of whom was ready to give to those who needed.

Marriage was undertaken at an early age; the community built a house for the occupancy of the bride and groom, broke up land about it, and supplied necessaries to last for a twelvemonth. To this was added the portion of the bride, her flocks and herds. Here, if anywhere on the footstool, peace existed, and happiness was the normal condition. The situation lacked so little of being *Arcadia*, that only one letter in the name of the country was wanting to complete its significance. In 1755 this colony or settlement comprised eighteen thousand souls.

While it has been claimed that the Cabots discovered Nova Scotia in 1497, and that therefore the British were entitled thereto, these discoverers were not Englishmen, and the Venetian banner was planted beside the British wherever they landed. The British of those days had a pleasing method of extending their "discoveries," by the simple process of including miles of coast in either direction, to the extent of their imagination at the period—without taking the trouble to explore or to verify.

"For the time once was here, to all be it known,
That all a man sailed by, or saw, was his own."

It is, therefore, not positive that the Cabots are entitled to the reputation which has been given them. Meanwhile, as they discovered land on June 24th, 1497, sailed along the coast for three hundred leagues, and were back in Bristol in August—according to the version of their voyage which is commonly accepted—the whole story of the expedition is at least tainted with question. On their return the Cabots are said to have seen "two islands to the starboard," which, however, they did not stop to examine.

The land which has been set down as Nova Scotia was possibly Massachusetts, and the two islands were perhaps Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. Whether the Cabots discovered Nova Scotia or not, however, it is certain that no attempt at colonization in that direction was made by the British, nor by any other people, until 1604, when the French made a settlement on the southwest coast of the peninsula. But the French are entitled, by still earlier priority, to the credit of this discovery and settlement; for in 1504, some fishermen from Brittany discovered the Island of Cape Breton, which they named after their own home. And it is believed that only a few years later some portion of the mainland was settled by this adventurous people.

While this country was vacant of white men, the English would not have it; but as soon as the French were comfortably and peaceably settled there, awoke the true dog-in-the-manger spirit of your true Briton. And from this time forward, British Acadians, Indians and French were generally in confusion with each other. As to Indians, there were at least two native tribes—the Abenaquis and the Micmacs. From the language of the former was doubtless derived the name which has been currently attributed to the French—Acadie, whence Acadia. In fact, it was a common termination to the Indian names, as is seen in Shubenacadie and Tracadie—forms still extant.

It is to be said of the French Acadians, as was true of William Penn and his followers, that they were always on amicable terms with the Indian natives, because they invariably treated them justly and honorably. In occasions of conflict the Indians were their allies, and it was the intrusion of the British, and afterward of the New Englanders, which brought about trouble with the natives. In 1603, one De Monts received a patent from the French King covering not only Nova Scotia, but also the present province of New Brunswick and part of Maine. The first settlement of Acadia was made under this patent, and was broken up and destroyed by Captain Argall, representing the "Virginia Company," who attacked the peaceful inhabitants, burned their houses, and took such of themselves as did not escape into the wilderness to Jamestown, Va., where they were imprisoned as pirates. This Captain Argall was appointed five years after Deputy Governor of Virginia.

The giving of patents in those days was an easy matter, particularly in reference to "lands beyond the seas"; and monarchs were glad to reward their favorites or buy off their enemies with such easily bestowed gratuities. So in 1621, King James I. gave to Sir William Alexander, afterward Earl of Sterling, a patent to all the land known as Acadia in the Americas. To Sir William Alexander the province is indebted for its modern name of Nova Scotia. At this time the French were just recovering from the

A MILL AT GRAND PRÉ.

effects of Argall's piratical attack on their settlement; they had a fort and garrison at Cape Sable, the southwestern extremity of the peninsula; and as transports were coming out from Brest with emigrants, stores, munitions of war, etc., it looked as if their colony was to be stable. But Sir William Alexander and his fleet ran across the French transports in mid-ocean, captured them, and took them to England; and, being there, he changed his mind, perhaps, about his new patent, for he eventually sold this "for a song."

This early history of Acadia is full of romance. Champlain, De Monts, Lescarbot, Membleston, an almost centenarian chief, fill the first scenes. Poutrincourt and the Jesuits succeed. Then come the favorites of Richelieu, the gallant admirals and Knights De Razelly, with D'Aulnay and De la Tour, and the civil war that raged so long between those colonizers full of feudal ideas.

There is in our history scarcely an event more stirring than Madame la Tour's defense of her little fort against D'Aulnay.

HOME OF AN ACADIAN FARMER.

But these French settlements, on an exposed coast, could not escape the penalties of war. Whenever hostilities broke out, as they did periodically, between France and England, they were sure to suffer. Cromwell ravaged them, and when Sir William Phips failed to take Quebec, he vented his spleen on the ill-starred Acadians. That chivalrous New Englander, with true *Punica fides*, violated his own articles of capitulation, disarmed and imprisoned the soldiers, sacked the churches, and gave the place up to general pillage.

Scarcely had the Puritan pirate and his crew returned to Boston, when French armed vessels appeared before Port Royal, recaptured it, and flung the white ensign of France to the breeze once more, in place of the British flag which had swung there *ad interim*. But from this time forward the Puritan element was in constant action against the unfortunate Acadians, and, as it would appear, from mere wantonness. The jealous New Englanders could not brook the existence of the happy and peaceful Norman peasants in their new home—while themselves were clamoring in constant broils among each other, or varying this amusement by Quaker persecutions

AN IDYL OF ACADIA.

and witch-burning. A clever humorist, commenting upon the different natures of the two races, writes as follows: "In order to estimate truly the condition of the respective parties, we must remember the severe iron-and-gunpowder nature of the Puritan of New England, his prejudices, his dyspepsia, his high-peaked hat and ruff, his troublesome conscience and catarrh, his natural antipathies to Papists and Indians, from having been scalped by one and roasted by both; his English insolence and his religious bias, at once tyrannic and territorial. Then, on the other hand, we must call to view the simple Acadian peasant, ignorant of the great events of the world, a mere offshoot of rural Normandy, without a thought of other possessions than those he might reclaim from the sea by his dikes; credulous, pure-minded, patient of injuries; that, like the swallow in the Spring, thrice built the nest, and, when again it was destroyed—

> "'Found the ruin wrought,
> But, not cast down, forth from the place it flew,
> And with its mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
> And built the nest anew!'"

Concerning the Indians of this period, this writer says: "In all his dealings with the Acadians, the Indian had

found only unimpeachable faith and honor; but with the colonist of Massachusetts, there had been nothing but overreaching and treachery. Intercourse with the first had not led to a scratch or a single drop of blood; while on the other hand a bounty of £100 was offered for each male of their tribe if over twelve years of age, if scalped; £105 if taken prisoner; £50 for each woman and child scalped; and £50 when brought in alive."

So deadly was the hatred of the Puritans for these Indians, that the Acadians were chiefly persecuted on their behalf, and because no injunction, order or threat could force or induce them to betray their native allies to the enemy. "To the honor of these colonists be it said, that although their long years' labor of dikes broken down, the sea sweeping over their farms, the fire rolling about their homesteads, their cattle and sheep destroyed, their effects plundered, and wanton and nameless outrages committed by the English and Yankee soldiery, yet in no instance did they purchase immunity from these by betraying a single Indian."

WINSLOW READING THE PROCLAMATION TO THE ARRESTED ACADIANS IN THE CHURCH.

In 1713 Acadia was once more, and finally, ceded to the English, when the Acadians were forced, on peril of expatriation, to subscribe to the following oath of fidelity:

"Je promets et jure sincèrement, en foi de Chrétien, que je serai entièrement fidèle et obéirai vraiment sa Majesté le roi George, que je reconnais pour le souverain seigneur de l'Acadie, ou Nouvelle Ecosse, ainsi Dieu me soit en aide."

From this time forth the Acadians were known as "the neutral French," while the wars between the Georges and the Louises went on, and they mingled not therein, either for the one party or the other.

After a time, Halifax was settled by the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, and as this brought predatory bands of Indians to the neighborhood of the new town, fresh conflicts arose. The neutrality of the Acadians chafed the newcomers, and at length a fresh oath of allegiance, swearing them to bear arms against the French, was tendered to the "neutrals," and was at once rejected by them. They were then adjudged to be recusant Papists, and the long-intended mine was sprung.

In 1755 it was determined to remove the Acadians from their homes, and distribute them elsewhere, among the British Colonies. To this end Col. John Winslow, with five transports and a sufficient force of New England troops, was dispatched to the Mines Basin, where was located the settlement of Grand Pré. Thither arrived, a cunningly worded proclamation was issued, calling together the Acadians, with the pretended intention of a conference. Accordingly there assembled, in the little church of Grand Pré, on September 5th, 1755, four hundred and eighteen male representatives of the "neutral French," to whom Col. John Winslow addressed the following:

"Gentlemen: I have received from his excellency, Governor Lawrence, the King's commission, which I have in my hand, and by his orders you are convened together, to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution as to the French inhabitants of this, his province of Nova Scotia;

who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of it you yourselves best know. The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you who are of the same species; but it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore, without hesitation, I shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely, that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, with all other of your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his province. Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to order you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all these goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people. I must also inform you that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops I have the honor to command."

The pious "hope" expressed in the latter portion of this cold-blooded and specious document reminds one of a similar instance in the case of Artemus Ward's Indian, who, having scalped the showman's organ-grinder, shot his kangaroo and "busted" his organ, hoped that he might "meet him in the happy hunting-grounds."

The conclusion of this episode resembled but little the programme laid down by the doughty Puritan colonel. The unhappy Acadians were forced at the point of the bayonet to leave their pretty and peaceful village, and to enter the transports which were to aid in their expatriation. Families were willfully separated, and many of their members never again met on earth. And thus the whole Acadian population of some eighteen thousand souls were forcibly expelled from the lands which they had reclaimed, and the idyllic villages they had built up, while their places were taken by New England squatters, whose descendants occupy the land to this day. At a later period, to this choice population was added an emigration of some twenty thousand rank Tories, who settled about Digby, Annapolis, Guysboro, Shelburne and Hants.

Thus are the annals of American history disfigured by an event which finds no parallel, save perhaps the massacre of Wyoming. But the entire early history of Nova Scotia recounts a succession of piratical and filibustering expeditions on the part of the New England colonists, which might have been appropriate in the case of the pirates of the Ægean Sea or of the Philippine and Ladrone Islands, but in the present instance must remain a blot upon the chronicles of our country, and a disgraceful instance of that hypocritical puritanism which fled from oppression itself, that it might the more licentiously oppress others.

To such as may conceive that this species of animadvertion is over-harsh, we have only to suggest a reading of the history of the murder of Father Ralle and the peaceable Norridgewocks, by 208 Massachusetts men, as set down by Charlevoix.

Nova Scotia became mainly colonized in later times by the Tories, or "loyalists," of the American Revolution, and on the north and east by the Scotch. Halifax grew to be a considerable city, well laid out, and favored with one of the most magnificent harbors in the world, with an inner bay, Bedford Basin, large enough to contain that unknown quantity—"the combined navies of the world." A splendid system of fortification places this city next in rank to Quebec in this regard, and as a garrison town it possesses all the peculiarities which have so frequently amused readers of English and Irish novels of the past half-century. Other prominent towns are Dartmouth, which is to Halifax what Brooklyn is to New York; Windsor, a lovely town situated on an arm of the great Mines Basin, and Truro, located on another; Pictou, which is the seat of the coal-mining industry, for which the province is famous; and New Glasgow, from which shipments of coal are made, the mineral being brought down from the mines a few miles away by rail.

Entering the province by way of Windsor, the visitor is at once struck with the prevailing characteristics of the Nova Scotia forests—formerly the home of the now rare *cariboo* deer, and still tenanted by the moose—forests of pine, spruce, fir, hemlock and hackmatack. By rail from Halifax north, you travel through a diversified and beautiful scenery. Not many miles from the capital you wind along the borders of a chain of lakes, through forests and fertile valleys, meeting, however, with but little cultivation and few habitations, except in the immediate neighborhood of the settlements and villages, which occur about every ten or a dozen miles along the railroad. This road at certain points runs through a district rich in iron and copper ores, in the County of Colchester, and passing Stewiacke and Shubenacadie to Truro, at the head of Cobequid Bay.

Formerly the journey from Halifax to Pictou, something over a hundred miles, was made by means of an old English-fashioned coach with six horses, changing at stations, and occupying from twenty to twenty-four hours in the trip. It was a delightful journey in those primitive times: the start at daybreak to the sound of the guard's horn; the dash along the forest road, with an occasional fox or rabbit scared across the track, or the "whirr" of a covey of partridges in the underbrush; then the long, swinging trot up to the way-station; the clambering down from the vehicle and stretching of one's legs; the hearty, hospitable meal, with the cigar smoked afterward beside a brawling stream just across the road, where trout disported themselves—all this was charming and old-fashioned, and it lasted down to about twenty years ago.

The game of Nova Scotia, though greatly lessened in quantity of late years, is still worthy the prowess of the hunter. The noblest sport is found in the chase of the moose, or North American elk, which is still found in some of the interior forests of the province. Its flesh is highly esteemed for food, and in the season is offered for sale in the markets. In September the bull-moose, which stands about sixteen hands high, with antlers weighing thirty or forty pounds, can be called by the hunter, who makes a very creditable imitation of the cry of the cow by means of a trumpet made of birch-bark. In Winter it is pursued on snowshoes, and more easily caught, as its huge, unwieldy form and immense antlers unfit it for rapid travel through the snow and among the trees.

The cariboo, which is nearly allied to the reindeer, is now almost extinct, though a dozen years ago the writer obtained the skin of a fawn cariboo from an Indian who had shot it in the woods in the northwestern part of the province. The black bear is common, and its flesh still appears in the markets in Winter. Foxes and rabbits abound, but there are few, if any, wolves. As to birds,

there are quantities of partridge, snipe, woodcock, plover, ducks and wild-geese in their several seasons, and these may be shot within a mile of any of the settlements. The shooting season commences religiously on the first of September. Trout-fishing is common as to all the streams of the province, but the best, as well as salmon-fishing, is found at Margarie, Cape Breton, about one hundred miles from Pictou. The fishing there is something magnificent, both as regards the size and quantity of the fish taken. British officers from Quebec and Halifax all go to Margarie for fishing, and our American sportsmen might well follow their example, where the finny porgies can be taken with perfect freedom from the nuisance of innumerable mosquitoes and gnats, that destroy the comfort of fishing in the Adirondacks—almost the only accessible fishing-ground to New Yorkers. So much for fresh-water sport; as to deep-sea fishing, excepting Newfoundland, no country in the world can at all approach Nova Scotia. In mackerel, cod, herring, haddock, halibut and shad her wealth is a marvel.

It is generally supposed that Nova Scotia is a bleak and barren country, buried beneath the snows of a six-months' Winter, and seeing little or nothing of warm weather. The fact is, that at its northernmost point the mean Winter temperature is 43 degrees 8 minutes, Fahrenheit, Summer temperature 62 degrees. Yet the thermometer sometimes reaches 96° in the shade in midsummer. Autumn is the finest season in Nova Scotia, when the air is mild, serene and bracing, being also peculiarly exhilarating and health-giving. Indian Summer frequently occurs as late as the middle of November, lasting from three to ten days. The proportion of deaths to population in Nova Scotia is smaller than in Great Britain or New England. It is a common event for people to live eighty, ninety, and even one hundred years.

The town and harbor of Pictou are situated on Northumberland Strait, latitude 45° 41′ north, longitude 62° 40′ west. The town, built chiefly of wood, is pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill fronting the harbor, and is chiefly populated by Scotch descendants. The Gaelic language is spoken in occasional instances in this section of the country. The scene from this town is very beautiful. Three streams—the East, West and Middle Rivers flow into the harbor; on the opposite side of the latter are dense forests, and in the distance are the hills which inclose and shelter the great coal deposits, which are the source of the future wealth of the province.

The mineral wealth of Nova Scotia is unsurpassed by any territory of the same area. Iron of the finest quality, copper, coal, gypsum, quarries of the beautiful Nova Scotia freestone—there is no end to the resources of the land in this particular. Finally, there is gold-bearing quartz in quantities sufficient to employ all the idle capital of the world in its exhaustion of the precious metal, and in quality equal to the best.

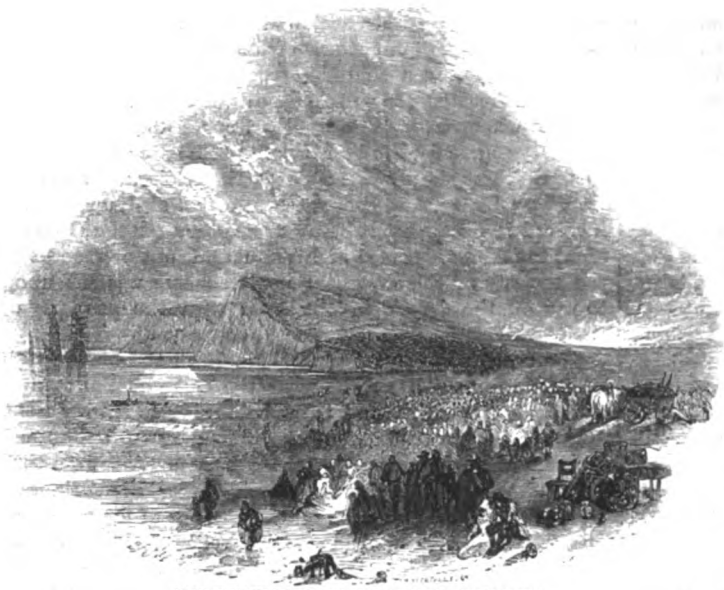
The history of the mining industries of Nova Scotia is peculiar. At the period of the first settlement of the province by the British, the crown reserved all mineral rights, and made all grants of land with that understanding. Under special leases, however, the mines of Pictou, Cape Breton and other localities were worked to a considerable extent by private parties until the year 1826, when his Majesty George the Fourth (the first gentleman of Europe, and of blessed memory,) granted to the Duke of York and Albany (brother of the King), his heirs, administrators, executors and assigns ("his sisters and his uncles, and his cousins and his aunts"), for a period of sixty years from date, the sole right to all the mines and minerals in Nova Scotia, of whatsoever character, excepting by name those previously leased to other parties. So cunningly was this grant worded, that it entirely excluded the Nova Scotians from any benefits which might arise from working their mines, since no man, even should he find coal, gold, fire-clay, gypsum, freestone, grindstone, salt, iron, or any other mineral whatever, at his own door, could disturb it in the slightest degree for his own benefit. The secret history of this grant was simply this: The Duke of York, by his extreme profligacy, had become so utterly and disgracefully involved in debt, that it became necessary for the Government to take cognizance of his situation, out of respect to the majesty of the crown. So this scheme was hit upon to pay off the duke's indebtedness with the property of the Nova Scotians.

The grant was made August 25th, 1826, and on the 12th of September of the same year the Duke of York transferred all the rights and titles belonging to it to Messrs. Rundell, Bridge & Rundell, the well-known jewelers and bankers of London, whose money had for so long a time passed through the pockets of his Grace of York, and whose jewels had glistened on the persons of his favorites. In January of the following year, Frederic, Duke of York and Albany, paid his last debt—that of nature—leaving behind him, as a bequest to the Nova Scotians, the fruits of this most infamous robbery for a most vile purpose.

Messrs. Rundell, Bridge & Rundell next proceeded to form a company known as the "General Mining Association," which company presently gobbled up, on one pretense or another, all the mining interests of the province. This proprietorship lasted until 1856, when the Nova Scotia Legislature sent a commission to London to confer with the jewelers, who presently disgorged, and the interest in their possession passed into the hands of the Government of Nova Scotia, excepting the "Albion" coal mines of Pictou, and certain others at Cape Breton, which they retain until 1886.

The result of this change was that the mineral wealth of the province was thrown open to the world. American capital was to some extent engaged in its development. Nova Scotia freestone adorns the streets of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and the great cities of the West; gold was brought to light, gypsum, salt and iron were found; and if American enterprise and capital had been interested in the matter to half the extent of the waste which has occurred in Colorado, Pike's Peak, Deadwood and the rest, this would by this time have proved to be one of the richest States in the world.

The Albion mines, for instance, near New Glasgow, cover an area of four square miles, and have been developed very extensively. The thickness of the coal seams here is enormous—nearly forty feet, though not all of the product is available. Imported machinery and imported colliers (as well as native) have brought out rich results from these and other mines, and in 1876 the total area covered by coal-mining leases was 230 square miles. The gross product of all the coal mines in the province amounted, in 1875, to 781,165 tons; the total export being 551,959 tons (that of the United States amounting to 519,245 tons). The value of the coal sales of Nova Scotia for 1875 was $706,795; and for the five years, 1871-1875, $3,719,360. The number of persons employed in the coal trade was, in 1875, 3,777. The coal is bituminous, and best suited for steam and gas purposes; much of it has been used by the New York and Boston gas companies. Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New York, paid $52,000 for the "Acadia" coal mine of Nova Scotia, near the "Albion"; and Gen. Lefferts, of N. Y. 7th Regiment fame, was at one time president of the company formed on the basis of this property. The territory of



EMBARKATION OF THE ACADIAN PRISONERS.

this company comprised in mining area four square miles, and in surface and woodland, 1400 acres. It was held on a lease of eighty years, paying a royalty on coal sold of five per cent. *ad valorem.*

The subject of gold in Nova Scotia is one that is mythical to the general American public, yet none can be better founded. Gold was first discovered in the province in 1858, near Tangier, by a Captain L'Estrange, Royal Artillery, while moose-hunting. In 1862 it was a regular interest, and its development an industry paying royalty to the Government. The yield (official) in 1862 was 7,275 ounces; in 1867 it had risen to 27,314 ounces; and since then has dwindled to 9,140 ounces in 1874, and 11,208 ounces in 1875. The total gold product of Nova Scotia, from 1862 to 1875 inclusive, was 242,073 ounces, from 325,363 tons of quartz crushed—an average yield of fourteen pennyweights to the ton, and a gross yield valued at $5,000,000, or more than $350,000 per annum, average.

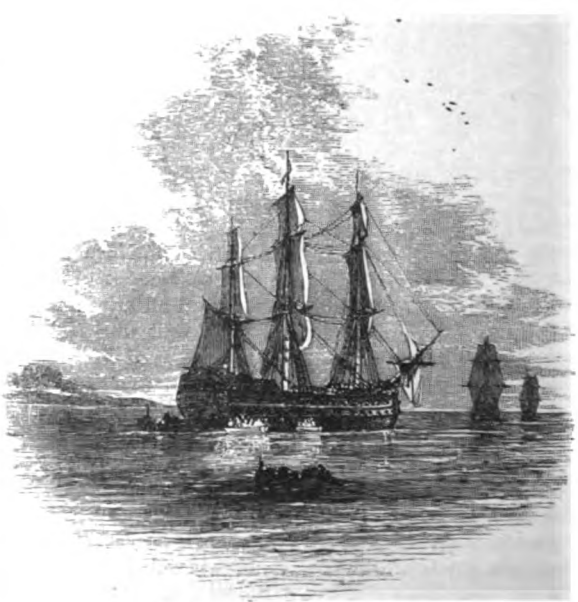
As far back as 1578, when Queen Elizabeth granted one of the innumerable Nova Scotia patents to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a reservation was made of one-fifth of all the gold and silver which might be found by the grantee within the limits of his patent. In the patent of Charles I. to the Earl of Sterling, this subject was again referred to.

Finally, the names given by the early French settlers to different localities in Nova Scotia have a decidedly auriferous flavor. Thus, we have "Bras d'Or," "Cap d'Or," "Jeu d'Or" (Jeddore). One of the gold-mining localities known as "The Ovens," gained this name fro n certain hollows in the beach, believed to have been made by ancient excavation for gold. Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Gesner and Sir Roderick Murchison all referred in their works to the probability of finding gold at some time in the province. Gold was, in fact, actually found there in 1840 and in 1848, but was passed over as of no special consequence, until the California fever started experiments which resulted in the discovery of 1858. Careful geological surveys have revealed the existence along the Atlantic coast of the Province of a belt of metamorphic, gold-bearing rock, consisting of five distinct bands, extending a distance of more than 300 miles, while traces of gold have been found in most of the streams of the interior.

This belt of gold-bearing quartz is, of course, an extension of that which appears at certain points along the Atlantic coast of the United States, notably in North Carolina and Georgia. Traced through the "Wine Harbor" gold district, on the extreme northeast point of the peninsula of Nova Scotia, it dips beneath the strait between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, and is not again heard from; unless, perchance, the recent discovery of gold in the Island of Anticosti should prove to be an extension of this same belt due northward, which is not unlikely. One gold district is very like another, and that of Wine Harbor offers a favorable specimen.

Leaving New Glasgow in a comfortable four-horse English coach, the traveler is borne rapidly along a pleasant road due eastward toward the Atlantic Ocean. A section of country called "The Garden of Eden" is passed through, a beautiful valley adorned by a charming lake, and in whose neighborhood moose are found in Winter. Miles are sometimes passed without the sight of a human being or a habitation, and this sort of thing is varied only by the casual appearance of a lonely farmhouse—the centre, perhaps, of hundreds of acres—whose owners never leave the homestead, except once or twice in a season to visit the nearest town for shopping purposes. Sixty miles of this kind of travel bring you to Sherbrooke, a pretty town on the St. Mary's River, famous for fat salmon. Leaving Sherbrooke, we travel about twelve miles to Wine Harbor. The road keeps along the winding St. Mary's for a while, but soon we begin to jolt over huge rocks and boulders, corderoy-bridges, and every other species of roughness.

The country in all directions now assumes an aspect the most barren and forbidding imaginable. Huge masses of granite and quartzite, or "whin," are scattered broadcast over the plains which stretch interminably in every direction, as though they had been sent forth by a catapult with no end or aim, save to give added melancholy to the already lugubrious landscape. Even the hardy spruce and fir refuse to grow here, and, where they have rashly attempted it, stand gray and grizzly in monumental death, or black and smoldering, the charred ruins of some previous conflagration. Nothing flourishes but blueberries, low cranberries, gray moss and heather. The face of the



THE ACADIANS CARRIED OFF.

rocks, black and aged-looking, is freckled with moldy parasites. The whole character of the country is so changed from all that preceded it, that the most inadvertent eye must note the difference. Every rod of land proclaims to such as can read the signs, that we are in a gold-bearing country. Presently we mount a hill, grind slowly down a slight declivity, and we are in the mining village of Wine Harbor, whose little opening to the ocean received its name from the fact of a cargo of wine being lost therein years ago by shipwreck. Of the eleven gold districts in Nova Scotia, Wine Harbor has been the third in yield. Very little has been done there for some years, for want of capital, and the yield in 1875 amounted to only 492 ounces; to 2,000 in 1873, and 4,000 in 1864. The entire yield of this district, from 1862 to 1875 inclusive, was 23,602 ounces, worth about half a million dollars.

It is curious to reflect that within seventy-two hours of New York are extensively worked gold mines, of which the New York public never hear. With the many newly invented machines for recovering gold from "tailings," and for the better crushing of the quartz and amalgamating of the metal; with all the improvements in the prosecution of this industry which are now in the market—the mining of gold in Nova Scotia could undoubtedly be made to pay a handsome return on any amount of capital invested; provided that the business were conducted by Americans, and with the fair exercise of American industry and enterprise.

ONLY IN FUN.—"MY SISTER STOPPED SHORT. IT WAS NOW QUITE DARK, AND OF COURSE NOTHING BUT MY PALE, GLIMMERING FIGURE WAS VISIBLE TO HER."—SEE PAGE 286.

For the Nova Scotians are the reverse of enterprising, and not enthusiastically industrious. They are the most genial and hospitable and kindly people imaginable, but they like to take life easy, and waste very little time in the accumulation of wealth. So the splendid possibilities of the country are not developed, and, save where a few Americans have taken an interest in them, they are not much thought of.

The astounding fact remains, that here at our very doors, the four counties of Lunenberg, Hants, Halifax and Guysborough, in Nova Scotia, covering an area of 200 miles in length and 50 in width, have been mined, quietly and in rude fashion, during fifteen years, with a net result of $5,000,000; and no excitement or interest whatever has been occasioned by the fact, either in the United States, Canada, or even in Nova Scotia itself, except the ordinary business interest which has been equally felt in the herring-fishery and the quarrying of freestone.

About the year 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who was a half-brother to Sir Walter Raleigh, founded a colony in Newfoundland, and on his sailing thence for England was wrecked off Sable Island. His last words were, "Heaven is as near by sea as by land"; and so the brave sailor perished.

This Sable Island is one of the most curious features of this part of the continent. In the first place, it is a fixed belief in that section of the world that its sands are richly auriferous, being thrown up by waves from the washings of the gold-bearing quartz of the mainland. Then, the island is the habitat of a special breed of ponies named after it, whose origin no man knows. To land on Sable Island, means to pass from your cutter to the lifeboat, which is dragged through the breakers by her crew, and run high and dry on the sand, as the only possible means of getting ther

Once arrived, the scene is not uninteresting. The island is in the shape of a bow, about twenty-six miles long, and nowhere more than a mile wide. A shallow lake, thirteen miles long, occupies the centre; a house of refuge in case of shipwreck, with men to watch and warn by a beacon light; seals playing along the shore; a "crow's-nest" lookout for the watchers; life-boats, a house and

barn, horses and men, and three or four hundred, perhaps, of the quaint, shaggy ponies, which are as like the same article of the pampas or the Ukraine as though they were bred of the same stock—in form, they are the counterpart of the mustang; and in size, of the Shetland Island animal of the same species.

It is a little curious, this breeding of ponies on the Shetland, Magdalen and Sable Islands. The circumscribed limits of their dwelling-places would certainly seem to have produced its effect in their diminished size. Those of Sable Island are shaggy-necked, with large head, and affect the light-chestnut and piebald colors of the Indian prairies of Western America. Once a year they are driven into a sort of pound, from which two or three dozen are selected, lassoed, and exported to Halifax for sale.

Sable Island is 390 miles southeast of Cape Causo, and is a dependency of Nova Scotia. So many shipwrecks have occurred on its trescherous sands, that an establishment has long been sustained there for life-saving, and sometimes many survivors are detained on the island for a considerable period before being taken off by a cutter from the shore. Often, for three long Winter months at a time, the inhabitants of the island hear nothing from the rest of the world, and the infrequent visits are therefore looked forward to with pleasurable anticipations of letters and newspapers.

Returning to Halifax, after our long round of visits to the other notable points of Nova Scotia, we are attracted to the former residence of his Royal Highness Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and after whom was named Prince Edward Island. This prince was appointed in 1798 commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America. He is said to have been a gay young buck, who delighted in fast company, and took his full share of "life" while stationed in Halifax. On the edge of Bedford Basin he had erected a spacious mansion, with a music-pavilion, where the prince's band played on occasion, and with charming gardens and luxuriant lawns sweeping down from the "lodge" to the waterside; a bowling-green, a fishing-pavilion over an artificial lake—these were among the attractions of a place which must have been beautiful indeed in its day, and which it is pitiful to have permitted to fall to ruin.

The visitor recalls by imagination those earlier days, "when the red-coats clustered around the gates, and the grounds were sparkling with lamps at night; when the band from the music-house woke the echoes with the clash of martial instruments, and the young prince, with his gay gallants and his powdered, patched and painted Jezebels, held his brilliant court, with banner, music and flotilla; with the array of soldiery and the pageantry of ships-of-war on Bedford Basin."

This paper would be far from finished if we were not to name a few of the natives of Nova Scotia who have become distinguished for qualities of mind, for daring deeds of arms, or for adventurous pursuits or able business enterprise. Sir Edward Belcher, the famous Arctic navigator, was a Nova Scotian; so was Rear-Admiral Provo Wallis, who captured our American *Chesapeake*, now chiefly remembered by the dying speech of her noble commander, Captain Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" Donald McKay, the well-known shipbuilder, was born among the "Blue Noses"; so was Samuel Cunard, the father of the great Cunard Line of ocean steamships. Thomas C. Haliburton ("Sam Slick") was a Nova Scotian; so also was William Rufus Blake, the admirable comedian who once divided the honors of the New York stage with William E. Burton. Gilbert Stuart Newton, the artist, was born in the hospitable little province; so was General Inglis, the defender of Lucknow, and, finally, the distinguished soldier, General William Fenwick Williams, "the hero of Kars," whom to name is to praise.

The Nova Scotians are sociable, generous, and, as has already been said, hospitable. An American is certain of kindly and genial treatment whenever he travels in their direction. A dozen years ago they displayed much inclination toward annexation to the United States, and they fought the scheme of the Dominion, and union with the western provinces, to the last, being finally dragged into the coalition by processes of legislation with which we, in this country, are only too familiar. The fishery interests of the "maritime provinces," as they are called—Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island—offered a dazzling bait to the schemers of that period, and treachery at home succeeded in accomplishing what no other influence ever could.

Nova Scotia would have been a rich addition to our list of States; but as this was not to be, common sense would at least dictate that we should avail ourselves as far as possible of its great advantages for the accumulation of wealth. We repeat, that American capital invested in developing the mineral wealth—and particularly gold—of this province, will return to its owners tenfold.

A BARMECIDAL FEAST.

By Richard Dowling.

Love, we tell tales in the night,
  Dally by streams in the noon,
Sing, and our ballads of fight
  Banish the ghosts of the moon.

Music we find in the brake,
  Lent by the birds in their bowers;
Dawn hangs our flags in the lake
  Out of the shadow of towers.

We have the red bridal rose,
  Pulse of the tune of a song,
Sweetened by azure repose
  Skylark has tarried in long,

Silvery light on the spray,
  Oceans of opal and spar,
Ruby-faced walls in array
  Under the planet of war.

Porphyry vases of white
  Roses and lilies we mold;
Yellow pistoles of the light
  Dropped in the waters of gold.

Gold of the earth we have none,
  Slave of the mart never keep;
Ours is the gold of the sun
  Stored in the Palace of Sleep.

ONLY IN FUN.

By Karl Drury.

You ask me whose portrait that is hanging over the mantel just where the warm fire-flashes can so changefully tinge it? Was there ever a sweeter face? And yet it scarcely does justice to the original. I think her eyes were of an even wistfuler and tenderer blue than the artist has there rendered them, and her hair of a softer, warmer gold.

She was my only sister, Pamela, three years older than I. Ah, you see, don't you, that I have grown pale during

these few moments? Ever since you came here, Miss Harris, as governess to my little Bessie, I am sure that you have felt convinced of our complete happiness as a loving and united family.

Well, you are right—at least, nearly right. Surely *I* ought to be the happiest of them all, with a husband who worships me and with four charming children whose rosy arms wreath my neck so often. Perhaps my bliss would be perfect, Miss Harris, but for one miserable, childish memory. It is a haunting ghost that will never, never leave me. Take my hand, and hold it in yours while I tell the old sad story here amid the gathering twilight.

My father was what people call a hard man. Pamela and I were his only two children; mother had died when I was born. About twice a year father would inspect the doings of a chief overseer on our great farm; nearly all his time was taken up in reading and scholarly pursuits. He was imperious and dictatorial to Pamela and myself; I think that we both tried hard to love him, but gave up the task in silent despair long before either of us became any age.

He was an aristocrat in tastes and theories, used to be very proud of his old Knickerbocker name, Van Horn, and would sometimes say to Pamela, after she had grown to be a young lady:

"Before long, my daughter, you must go to New York and see a little of metropolitan society. I myself will take you" (with a dignified stiffening of his tall, emaciated figure). "All my relations—and there are quite a number of these among the best people in New York—would at once pay their respects to us."

Again and again father would speak this way to my sister; and at first Pamela's face flushed with expectant pleasure; but after a while she treated these majestic promises as the mere empty air that they merited being considered. Perhaps, too, after she met George Conroy, her desire to get a glimpse of New York society underwent a marked change.

He was a handsome young artist, who had come to spend the Summer in the neighboring village, and fill his portfolio with sketches of our charming surrounding scenery. Pamela met him at the house of a certain friend in the village, whom she often visited. I suppose these two young people had become attached to each other before I even found out the fact of their acquaintance. When I did make my discovery, it was only to pelt poor Pamela with a perfect storm of raillery, for I must now record that I was, at fifteen years old, perhaps one of the most mischievous young hoidens and vixens that it would be easy to find.

Pamela did not dare tell father how cruelly I treated her, and so complete was the awe in which she stood of him, and her fear lest merely to mention the word "lover" in his hearing might make him overwhelm her with wrath, that through many weeks after her engagement to George Conroy they two held clandestine meetings together. I say "engagement," for surely when two young hearts offer a pure, sincere love to each other, the betrothal contract ought not to need other ratification.

On discovering that Pamela met George Conroy secretly, I was filled with an overmastering amusement. In my eyes, at that period, there was nothing on earth quite so humiliating as to be "in love." Doubtless the witticisms of which I made my poor, meek sister the object were very silly. At that time I thought them excessively good, and was never tired of multiplying them. With what patience Pamela bore all the rude giggled things that I said to her! Once I made the important discovery that they used to meet, in the Summer evenings, some time after sunset, at a certain great willow-tree—a sort of immemorial landmark about that portion of the country—and walk together.

"Gracious, Pam," I jeeringly questioned, "how do you ever manage to pass the haunted orchard after nightfall?"

My sister gave a little shiver.

"Well, Gertrude," she answered, hesitatingly, "it *is* hard. Sometimes I turn cold from head to foot whilst I'm hurrying by. Of course, my reason tells me that the story about that murdered woman's ghost haunting it is perfectly ridiculous; and yet, for the life of me, I *can't* control my nervousness."

I laughed as I heard this, and whilst I walked away, an ugly, mischievous thought was taking shape in my brain.

That night, a little before the hour at which Pamela usually slipped out of the house, I myself left it with a large bundle under my arm. The "haunted orchard," as certain stupid country people called it, lay but a short distance off. I soon reached it, and, under the shadow of a great apple-tree, undid my bundle, which consisted of a voluminous white sheet. Draping myself in this, I crouched behind a certain obscuring tree-trunk, and patiently waited.

Presently steps sounded. As they drew nearer I could recognize my sister's quick, nervous tread. I rose, and came forward. The stone fence directly in front of me was broken away, and through this convenient aperture I now flitted forth upon the road, after the most ghostly fashion that I could assume.

My sister stopped short when she saw me. It was now quite dark, and of course nothing but my pale, glimmering figure was visible to her. I could ill control the shriek of laughter that rushed to my lips. At length, however, my fun seemed to me rather monotonous, for there stood Pamela, about three yards distant, still, utterly immovable. I could not see her face, but the rigid outlines of her figure were very apparent to me.

A sudden fear possessed my heart! I sprang forward, and in a moment afterward had caught her hand. It was cold as ice.

"Pamela!" I cried, "it's I. And I was only in fun, you know. Pray forgive me if I've frightened you so very much. I thought you'd merely screech, and that would be the end of it. Pamela, why don't you speak?"

I was very close to her now, and was searching her face with alarmed eyes. She was smiling, but there seemed something horribly vacant in the smile. At last her lips opened, and in a strange, absent way, she murmured:

"Only in fun! Only in fun!"

Oh, the anguish of remorse that I felt as those slow, queerly spoken, *idiotic* words fell upon my ear! I put my trembling arm about her waist and we walked back home together. She was docile as a child. She seemed wholly to have forgotten her purposed meeting with George Conroy. All the way home she kept murmuring in that terrible, altered voice, with that meaningless, empty smile, "Only in fun! Only in fun!"

Her reason was gone for ever. She lived three years, a perpetual reproach to me, an ever-present misery! I think that it was the agony which George Conroy saw me suffer that made him, two years after Pamela's death, ask me to become his wife. He was the wealthy and prosperous artist then as you see him now, and not the poor painter who had wooed my sister. He painted that portrait himself, from memory. And he painted it at my request.

THE affection of parents is best shown to their children by teaching them what is good and true.

THE THREE OCELOTS.

AMERICA does not boast a tiger, but the ocelot, or tiger-cat, is an animal of the same family, and partakes of the characteristics of the Indian tiger too much to be at all such a companion as you would select.

The result of the war sent me to Mexico, where I hoped to build up, with fellow-soldiers, a new State, that would not bend to the sway which had proved too much for us on the battlefield. How our enthusiasm died out, how imperialism typified by a negro prefect disgusted us completely, this is no place to tell.

But I had some queer adventures while a devoted subject of the scion of the House of Hapsburg, and came very near laying my bones in that happy land. The Ministro de Agricultura y Fomento had granted us land very freely —all Mexican governments do—and as dispossessed presidents, governors and secretaries have a way of "raising the wind" by issuing similar grants, and antedating them a few years, there is not much outlying land that cannot be covered a foot deep or so with grants. Our lawyers will win golden honors some of these days in investigating all this. They know some little of the matter already in California and New Mexico.

THE THREE OCELOTS.—"AT LAST A WELL-AIMED BLOW STUNNED IT."

Well, I set out to locate my plantation; and after riding till I was pretty well tired, in search of landmarks to begin my rough survey, and see what wealth, time, patience and industry might trust to wring from its entrails, at last I resolved to treat myself to a meal, and, unsaddling my horse, fastened him with a long lariat, that he should not stray off, and then proceeded to attack the provisions I had brought along. My meal was not a long one. My only companions were my own thoughts, and they were not so gay as to make one spend too much time at table.

I finally leaned against a tree behind me, and fell into an uneasy sleep. How long this lasted I do not precisely know, but I was roused by a snarl, and, opening my eyes, saw three fine ocelots, attracted by the remnants of my meal, before me. They had disposed of that, and, while two were snarling over the last morsel, the largest of all was making her stealthy approaches to me, and already preparing to make her leap. In a moment my rifle was seized and flashed; over rolled the tiger-cat, yelling with pain, and helpless for all but cries. One of the others bounded away, but the third, with a pluck that I could not but admire, made a bold spring at me. I had no time to load, and clubbing my rifle, fought it out, parrying its leaps, till at last a well-aimed blow stunned it. Then my foot on the throat fixed it till my hunting-knife settled its account.

The skins are all the trophies of my Mexican campaign. I left my precious grant to ocelots and their companions, and am trying the old soil with a cheerier heart.

SPANISH RELICS NEAR TALLAHASSEE.

A FEW years ago, about two miles east of Tallahassee, was found a ponderous spur, of unique and curious workmanship, the like of which has not been seen in modern times. The burr was one and a half inches in diameter, and the bar proportionately heavy. On either side of the rowell dangled small pendent bells that gave forth a tinkling sound in response to each step of the wearer —doubtless some steel-clad and bonneted warrior of the long ago.

Not many days since, while parties were plowing near the identical spot, a solid and shapeless mass was turned up, which, upon closer examination, proved to be an iron stirrup of ancient pattern, as heavy and as massive in proportion as the spur spoken of at first, and firmly imbedded in a thick coating of clay and rust. When this was removed, the stirrup was found to be in a remarkably good state of preservation. The sides represent two Ethiopian figures standing upon the foot-rest, leaning forward facing each other, while they support with outstretched arms what forms the top of the stirrup, or that part which is connected with the leather.

So unlike are both these relics to anything known to the generations of this day and time, and both being found so near the same place, it is not unreasonable to ascribe them to the same era and individual

Many of the papers speak of these as possible relics of De Soto; but De Soto was only one of many who scoured the territory on the Gulf. Pamphilo de Narvaez, Tristan de Luna, and the Cancer expedition, visited it, and many Spanish vessels were wrecked on that coast. To ascribe everything to De Soto is absurd.

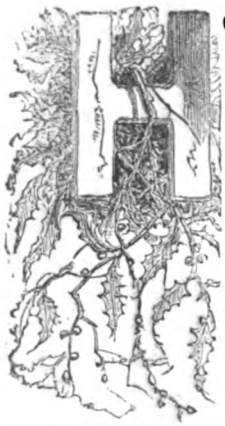
HOLMAN'S OUTFIT.—"IN A MOMENT MORE THEY WERE AT THE STRONGLY-MADE AND WELL-BARRED PORTALS WHICH HAD BEEN RAISED AT THE ONE ENTRANCE OF THE LITTLE FORTIFICATION."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

HOLMAN'S OUTFIT.

AN ARIZONA ROMANCE.

By W. O. Stoddard.

Chapter I.



HOW they got there, or where they came from, not the oldest prospector in Cary Holman's mining expedition could guess, and he had the completest outfit and the best men with him that had ever hunted for gold on Bill Williams's Fork, or in the valley of any other mining river.

Old man Hedger said they must have come overland, and Captain Varley, late of the regular cavalry, as he described himself, said they must have come up the Colorado.

"You see," argued the captain, somewhat overbearingly, "they never could have brought all that plunder overland, and boats would fetch it up the Fork within twenty or thirty miles of this."

"How do you know they've got so much plunder?" growled old Hedger, through his grizzly wealth of beard. "You haven't been inside the stockade yet, let alone the house."

"But what puzzles me," interrupted another speaker, "is how they came to be here so long, anyhow, and none of us ever hear a word about them, even from the Indians. It must have taken two years to make all those improvements. Everything's in tip-top order."

The speaker was a tall, bronzed, fine-looking specimen of American manhood, with a world of determination in his firm jaws and his dark, steady, unwavering eye—the very man to lead around two dozen of gold-seekers into the heart of the still bitterly debated domains of the merciless Apaches.

"Cary Holman," responded old Hedger, "I don't reckon you'll find much thar that couldn't ha' been hauled over in two or three good waggins. Cap'n Varley ain't o' no 'count in settling questions o' that sort; but why don't ye go right in onto 'em? What are ye haltin' for, out yer?"

Holman's bearded lips parted in a pleasant laugh, as he replied:

"Well, Hedger, to tell the truth, I scarcely know; unless it be to reconnoitre. Tell the boys to drive on, and we'll see what's the meaning of such a settlement away out here in the diggings."

The halt of "Holman's Outfit," as the members of the expedition had christened it before ever it started from Prescott, and the torrent of comments and surmises of which this conversation formed a small part, had been made on the summit of a "rising ground" in the plain, near a southerly branch of what is put down on the maps of Arizona as Bill Williams's Fork, and in the very heart of a hitherto unknown region, dimly imagined to be rich in all the hidden treasures which fire the imaginations and tempt the adventurous souls of the daring gold-hunters of the West. That is to say, the immediate cause of the halt had been the sudden discovery that the "unexplored" country into which they had penetrated was not so altogether unexplored as they had fondly deemed it.

There, before them, less than half a mile away, nestling between a curve of the stream and a high, precipitous *mesa*, or prolonged bluff of volcanic rock, lay a very comfortable patch of cultivated ground, watched over, at the foot of the *mesa*, by a strong stockade, in the centre of which arose a well-built dwelling of stone, hewn logs, and unburnt brick or *adobe*. Moreover, while the bluff itself, to the perpendicular wall of which the stockade extended, formed an all-sufficient protection on that side, the experienced eyes of Cary Holman and his comrades instantly detected the signs of something more than ordinary housekeeping.

"Thar's been something more than deer-meat roasted at the foot of that thar chimbly," growled old Hedger; "but thar's a good deal about it that I don't more'n half understand."

"Maybe, then, thar's something out yonder you kin git a meaning from," sharply responded the rugged mountain man he had spoken to. "Hark to the captain! Hurrah for Cary Holman!"

"Apaches! Apaches!"

"They're surrounded!"

"No, they ain't. That Varley's a good one."

"Better'n ever I reckoned on, anyhow."

Amidst a storm of shouts and comments, the ready miners rapidly drew their teams together in the traditional style of the plains, under such circumstances scarcely needing the swift commands of Cary Holman, for he, and not Varley, had been the "captain" whose energy and promptness had been recognized by the ready cheers of the men.

Nevertheless, the ex-officer of cavalry was just then winning for himself a very good place in the opinions of his comrades.

Accompanied by two others, he had been sent out on flank when the train was put in motion after its brief halt—for Holman was a cautious leader as well as a bold one—and before the little squad had ridden three hundred yards, they had found themselves in one of those predicaments which test human pluck and nerve to the uttermost, and which yet form a part of almost the daily life of the Arizona gold-hunter.

Right close upon them came riding a squad of four white men, whose weary steeds in vain attempted to keep up the semblance of a gallop, while behind and on either side of these there wheeled and charged a swarm of painted demons on horseback, whose numbers seemed every moment to increase and multiply.

Plucky fellows were those four white men, and full of faith in their kind and color, for no sooner did they catch sight of Varley and his comrades and the compact line of the train in their rear, than they deliberately slackened their gait, and began to ply their repeating rifles at every tolerable redskin mark which presented itself.

It would have disgraced them for ever if the three miners had faltered in face of an example like that; but Varley and his two friends showed no signs of the "white feather," merely halting, with wise deliberation, till the strangers joined company with them, and then adding their own keen marksmanship to that which the yelling Apaches already seemed to hold in wholesome dread.

Now, however, the savages gathered fast, in a cloud whose very numbers gave it boldness, actually sweeping down to close quarters, and it was at this juncture—for the whole thing had come "like a flash"—that the behavior of Varley himself had called out the enthusiastic plaudits of the whole train.

Whether or not he had ever been a cavalry officer, he had persisted in wearing a regulation sabre, in spite of the unconcealed derision of not a few of the "mountain men" and miners, and now he displayed a skill and power in its use which was of more than a little value.

Meantime, while giving his other orders, Cary Holman

had picked out eight or nine of his best and best-mounted men, and, while the train moved steadily forward, he led them at full speed to the rescue of the apparently doomed victims of the Apache "surround."

It seemed a foolhardy thing to do, and so it might have been for men of any other sort of training; but it was a sore thing for the savages and a wonderful help to their antagonists, less than a minute thereafter, when the foremost braves began to roll from their saddles, and the sabre of Varley could once more be sheathed long enough for him to slide fresh cartridges into the chamber of his carbine.

He had but four men with him now, for one of the strangers and one of his own had already gone down hopelessly, as the remainder desperately maintained the steady struggle of their retreat.

No use to think of stopping to pick up wounded men at such a time, if wounded they were, and "down" was as good as dead. The approach of Cary Holman and his party was none too soon, and their fire had been none too true, for the safety of all concerned.

Steadily, therefore, and plying their rifles as they went, the white men fell back toward the now hastening train, followed at a more and more respectful distance by the yelling swarm of Apaches.

"There are more of them coming, sir. They have gathered on our trail for two days, and it must be a preconcerted thing, for we've had no trouble with them before, and this is our third year. Perhaps they knew of your own movement."

These remarks were addressed in a calm, well-modulated sort of style to Cary Holman himself, and the young leader could scarcely believe his ears, accustomed as he was to meet singular men among the diggings.

The speaker seemed to be in a manner the leader of the strangers, and this was the first evidence either of them had given that they knew how to talk. A tall, gaunt, rough-bearded, bronzed old man was he, with long white hair falling down over the tattered remnants of what might once have been a coat. His other garments would scarcely have tempted a rag-picker, but Cary Holman needed no one to tell him that he was talking to a gentleman.

"No, indeed," he responded. "All our movements have been kept a secret—so close that our own men had scarcely an idea of where I meant to lead them. Still, I must say we calculated on having to shoot a few Apaches."

"A few of them!" exclaimed the stranger. "I shall be glad if we do not have half the tribe to deal with." And then he turned in his saddle and added to his silent companions, "John, my boy, you and Percy ride on with me. We must get things ready for our guests. Hurry up your train, captain. We have room for you all, and there will be some comfort in being behind a stockade for the rest of the day."

"Never a doubt of that," growled old man Hedger, "and lucky for you to have a garrison like this for your stockade."

Whether he heard or not, the white-haired stranger politely touched his greasy broadbrim as he struck spurs to his weary horse, and Cary Holman responded as politely and as silently, while the queer trio slowly cantered away.

The distance they had to go was not great, and the train in a manner "covered" them from redskin pursuit, but it was an odd sort of thing to do, after all.

"I say, Holman," remarked Captain Varley, "did you twig that fellow he called John? Face like a hawk, with a touch of wolf in it. I never saw such a pair of eyes in the head of any human being."

"The other one's as bad," testily added old man Hedger. "More like a corp on hossback than a live human. They kin all shoot, though, and the old feller's as game as a chicken."

"He's right about the stockade, too," cheerily responded Holman. "We're in for a rough sort of time, and I'm glad our fort's ready made to our hands. Steady, now, boys. Forward all. We'll be there inside of fifteen minutes."

Perhaps Holman's calculation was not so far out of the way, counting by the watch, but minutes are long things under some circumstances. Heavily loaded wagons, full of mining-gear and provisions, do not travel fast over rough ground, even with four spans of mules to the wagon, and the threatening cloud of redskins was momentarily gathering with a darker and more ominous show of force.

If one thing was clearer than another, it was that no considerable amount of mining, or even of prospecting, was likely to be accomplished until something should happen to burst that very "cloud."

"A storm of lead, for instance?"

Perhaps, as well as anything.

Chapter II.

It may have been half an hour or so before Cary Holman's "outfit" drew up for its brief halt on the rise, and in a sort of shaded veranda in front of the stockaded dwelling between the little river and the bluff there were seated two young women. Both had more than ordinary pretensions to womanly attractiveness. Neither could apparently have seen more than twenty Summers, although the sun of Arizona had been none too friendly with them, and their garments were such as might have been expected under the circumstances. The very hands with which they plied their busy needles, though shapely, bore tokens of severer toil than that, and the two fair young faces were darkened by an expression of the most painful anxiety.

"Four days, Laura, and no sign of their return. I'm glad they cleaned up all the ore before they started. We did well to finish all that smelting in forty hours."

"We worked day and night, Nellie," was the quiet reply; "and what will the ingots be worth if your father does not come back?"

The speaker was the shorter and more slightly formed of the two, almost a brunette in her clear complexion, dark eyes and luxuriant raven hair, but with a face full of that steady individuality which goes to the formation of what men call character. Her companion, on the contrary, was a blonde of the intense, clear-colored and passionate style which the old Norsemen half worshiped, as endowed with more than human energy for good or evil. The very color of her hair was suggestive of wealth of gold, and her ripe, red lips parted half impatiently as she replied:

"What if we did, Laura Paine? Was it not the end of our work in the mine? More's the pity. Oh, if we only had machinery, what could we not bring up out of that vein!"

"But what for, Nellie? Have we not already more than even your crazy brother and his evil genius raved about on our way here? And what is it worth, I ask again, more than the cinders yonder, if they and the men and your father do not come back?"

"But they will come back!" sharply exclaimed Nellie; "and they will bring with them all we wanted to know of the new mine. There are eight of them, all well armed, and the Indians have never troubled us since we came here."

"I know all I want to know now!" exclaimed Laura,

HOLMAN'S OUTFIT.—"A PAINTED DEMON."

with mournful firmness. "Life is better than gold, and I have wasted all I mean to of my own in this dreary, sordid wilderness. I am of age now, and your father has no right to forbid my going where I please. He never did have. I came more for love of you than fear of him."

"Fear, Laura!" exclaimed Nellie. "He loves you as if you were his daughter, and I almost wish you were. Come with me, dear, I want to show you something."

Almost mechanically Laura arose, and followed her friend into and through the house, to where, in the rear, a

sort of storehouse had been built of heavy blocks of roughly-hammered stone. There were no windows, but when the massive door was swung open the glare of midday shone full upon the grimy yellow of stack after stack of neatly piled ingots, the results of many a hard day's toil and long years of unceasing peril.

The sight called forth no answering enthusiasm in the dark eyes of Laura Paine, and she said:

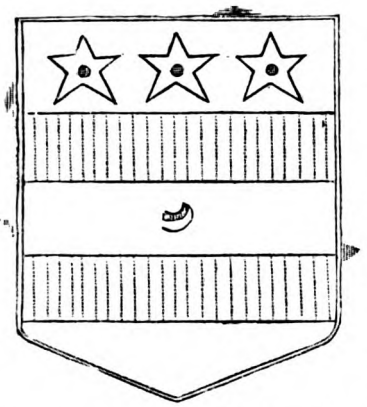
"What of that, Nellie? I have seen it before, only too often. Those are the idols of this house."

"And of the whole world besides!" exclaimed Nellie, feverishly. "Do you not know that your share of that will make you a princess, if ever you return to the world you long for?"

"Nellie Westfield," earnestly and sorrowfully returned Laura, "I would not have believed, three years ago, that you would ever bow down your soul in such a way——"

"Hark!" said Nellie. "Do you hear it? Out to the stockade! To the gates—quick—come with me!"

"Yes, I hear it—firing!" exclaimed Laura, as she followed the swift feet of her friend. "Ah, me! I knew that I should hear it, sooner or later."



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE WASHINGTONS. SEE PAGE 302.

In a moment more they were at the strongly-made and well-barred portals which had been raised at the one entrance of the little fortification.

They could see the tilted wagons of the train and the accompanying horsemen, but not the combat, the sounds of which the wind brought to their ears from the plain beyond.

"Not our own people," murmured Laura. "I wonder who they can be. Oh, how I wish your father had returned!"

"I will not let them in, unless it be to save their lives," said Nellie.

"If they know only you and I are here," said Laura, "they may not ask your permission. There, I can see an Indian—more of them. Nellie, is not that your father?"

"Yes, Laura, and I can see John and Wetterman, but I can't see any of the others," said Nellie.

"There are a good many of the strangers around them," suggested Laura; but very quickly the two parties again separated, and there were, indeed, but three who came riding toward the gate.

"Your father and John and that gold-demon," said Laura. "What can have become of the rest? Let's open the gates, Nellie."

"To them, of course, but not to everybody," almost sternly responded the golden-haired young Amazon, and the two girls threw aside the heavy wooden bars with a show of muscular strength which would have astonished any of their fair sisters of the settlements and "society."

Still, it was no work of a moment, even for them, and they had small time to wait, after the ponderous gates were swung open, before the three weary and powder-blackened horsemen came riding in.

Not at all sordid, certainly, were either those who came or those who had waited for them, to judge by the intense,

THE WASHINGTONS OF YORKSHIRE.—HOUSE IN LITTLE BRINGTON, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN OCCUPIED BY THE WASHINGTONS.

passionate earnestness of the few brief words of greeting and of welcome.

A flush and a smile lit up even the pallid face of him whom old Hedger had stigmatized as "a corp on hossback." To him, indeed, Laura Paine frankly and heartily extended her hand, and the flush and the smile grew brighter as she did so, only to fade away into a more ghastly whiteness than ever, when Nellie Westfield turned from him, with something like a shiver, to ask her father:

"But where are the men, father? Have they staid with the train? Will any of the strangers come here?"

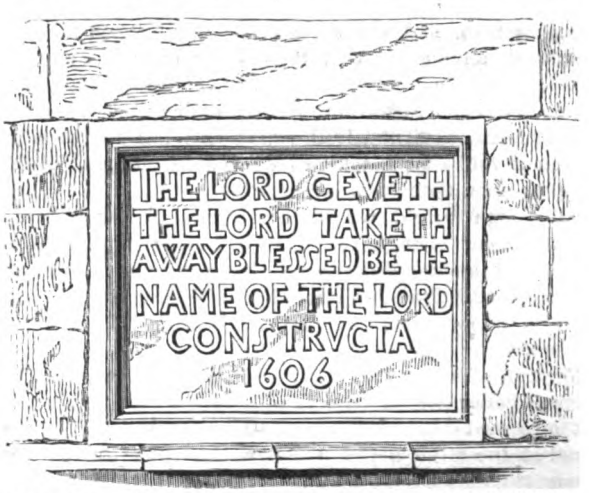
"The train, Nellie? Oh, yes, the whole train is coming. We can't help that. They saved our scalps just now, and they'll have to do it over again, right away. The men! Our men, do you mean? It's a hard thing to say, Nellie, but not one of them will ever do any more mining—not one."

"The Apaches?" exclaimed Laura, inquiringly.

"Yes, dear, the Apaches," mournfully returned the old man. "There are only half as many to divide with as there were a few days ago. We're a good deal richer all round."

"Oh, Uncle Westfield," almost sobbed Laura, "how can you speak of gold in the same breath with human blood!"

"Because" (here broke in a strange and hollow voice)



INSCRIPTION OVER THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE OF THE WASHINGTONS.

"the one has almost always cost the other. Our pile was never fairly earned till now. It's a good deal to win for only five lives, anyhow, and I ain't sure but what more will have to go before we get it away."

Again a sort of icy shiver swept over the frame of Nellie Westfield, as she looked askance at the speaker. A strange face it was to look at, on which even the burning sun of Arizona seemed to have no power; but the words which came from the colorless lips had an effect in an unexpected quarter, for John Westfield almost shouted, as he threw himself from his staggering mustang:

"Shut up your croaking, Percy Wetterman! I'm sorry for the boys, but we took our chances with them. That is, I did, and so did the old man. I believe you're charmed somehow, or they'd have had your scalp a dozen times. Is everything all right, girls? The train'll be here in less than no time, and it won't do for them to learn too much. They're a pretty good lot, but gold is gold."

The few remaining minutes were spent, in spite of the assurances of Nellie and Laura, in an inspection tour of the premises, even the yawning mouth of the mine, in the face of the precipice behind the house, being looked into, as if to see if it showed any symptoms of a disposition to tell tales.

A strange company were those dwellers in the mining wilderness, and it was by no means an easy task to gather what might be their opinions of and relations to each other.

Brief time as they had at their disposal, neither of the men, old or young, seemed easy in his mind until they had actually opened the door of the strong-room, or gold storehouse, as the girls themselves had done before, and glared in with hungry and feverish eagerness upon the yet undisturbed evidences of their wonderful success.

The face of old Westfield took on sharper lines and an appearance of even greater age than before; that of Percy Wetterman grew more grayishly white, as if the soul had left it more utterly and for a longer time; while the wolf and the hawk seemed to struggle more savagely than ever in the hungry lineaments of John Westfield.

Soaked through and through were they with that wild fanaticism of the mines, which is less avarice, or mere love of wealth, than the insane craving for gold, purely as gold in its subtle metallic fascination, and which has filled the world with sane lunatics ever since Nebuchadnezzar set up his idol. Before that, too, it may be; but there must have been a wonderful deal of mining and digging before that idol was ready to cast.

And now the sound of lumbering wheels, cracking whips, shouting men, and the clear, stern, penetrating tones of command, announced that the coming train was already at the gates. In another instant, as the occupants of the stockade hurried forward to receive their guests, all other sounds were momentarily drowned and lost in the wild chorus of yells that betokened a last desperate rush of the Apaches upon their escaping prey.

"I reckon they'd try another blow if they could only gather strong enough in time," growled old Westfield. "I hope the expedition won't lose too many men; say half, now, and I wouldn't mind it. There's too many of them for me to manage just yet, but I could get along with anything less than a dozen."

The white lips of Percy Wetterman parted in what, for a living being, would have been a smile of acquiescence; but other ears had heard as well, and Nellie Westfield gazed at her father's placid, calculating face in a sudden spasm of undisguised horror.

"Oh, Laura," she whispered, "did you hear father?"

"Yes, Nellie, I heard him," quietly responded Laura. "Gold did it."

"Yes; but, Laura," hoarsely added Nellie, "that isn't what hurts me, but the same thought was in my own mind. What was it Percy Wetterman was saying about gold and blood?"

"Speaking the truth," exclaimed Laura. "Oh, Nellie, listen to that horrid yelling, and the ringing of the rifle and the pistol-shots. Isn't it dreadful! I must look!"

A dreadful scene for a young girl to look upon; but Nellie followed her friend's example, and in a moment more they were peering side by side through two loop-holes in the palisades, which had been cut for much more deadly weapons than a couple of pairs of bright young eyes.

Chapter III.

When the two Westfields and their corpse-like associate had ridden away from the train, it had been evident enough, to all concerned, that the Apaches had only "let go to get a better hold." The prize for which they had gathered, and which had already cost them so dearly, had been magnified before their very eyes by the addition of the scalps, mules and other treasures of Cary Holman's outfit; and they had no idea of allowing such an accumulation of wealth to escape them. With genuine savage impatience, moreover, heightened by the taste of blood and the stinging sense of loss, they never for a moment paused to calculate the chances of a siege, or any such subsequent and protracted operation. They did but wait to gather their swarming horsemen for an immediate rush; and Cary Holman was precisely the man to divine their purposes and to be as ready for them as the circumstances permitted.

Forward, under the sharpest urging of voice and whip, were pressed the struggling teams of mules. One poor, misguided wearer of long ears, who chose that ill-omened moment for the exercise of his right to "balk," was promptly jerked out of the traces and left as wolf-meat by the wayside, while a spare animal was harnessed in his place with lightning rapidity. No time for nonsense now on the part of mules or men, for every human being in the train knew that his escape depended on the utmost haste.

The haste was made, too, in such efficient style that the foremost spans were almost within reaching distance of the open gates before the yelling swarm of the Apaches made their reappearance over the roll of ground on which the train had halted for their survey of the unexpected "improvements" of old man Westfield.

Even then there was no time to lose, for the redskins dashed unhesitatingly forward, undeterred by the deadly rifle practice of Holman and his unflinching mountain men.

That is to say, they charged right on to close quarters; but they would have been something more than Plains Indians, if not something more than human, if they could altogether have disregarded the steady fire, every bullet of which found its mark on either horse or man.

The foremost and most reckless braves went down too terribly fast in front of that dark line of mounted heroes, and the wagons were already beginning to defile through the gateway before their painted pursuers actually managed to close with the rear of the train.

"Close up, men!" shouted Cary Holman. "Give them the rear wagon. Nothing in it but salt pork. Let it slide. Fall back! Give it to them now!"

And they did "give it to them," but yet another team

and wagon had to be surrendered, and with it, alas! its unlucky driver, captured alive, as he held steadily to his reins in spite of the warning shouts of his comrades and commander.

"So much for obstinacy and bad discipline," growled old Hedger.

"He was a wonderfully plucky fellow," soliloquized Holman.

"Better for him if he'd died before they took him," replied Captain Varley. "It's awful to think of what he'll have to pass."

Brief comments, indeed, and small time for any more; but the sacrifice of the two wagons had momentarily delayed and puzzled the Apaches, so that the remainder had a better chance.

Then, indeed, at the very gates, the desperate squad of white men were called upon to face the last and deadliest charge of their bloodthirsty assailants, and they met it like men of iron.

"In! Come in!" shouted old Westfield. "We are swinging the gates to."

"In or out!" echoed John Westfield, with wolfish coolness. But not a sound escaped the tightly closed lips of Percy Wetterman.

Slowly the gates were brought around upon their hinges, mercilessly contracting the narrow area in which the tigerish conflict was raging, while down, down, down, man after man, with three for one of their yelling assailants dropping at their sides, fell the best and tallest miners of Cary Holman's outfit.

He himself, splendidly mounted, had performed feats of almost superhuman valor, and now, after rescuing old Hedger and Varley from what had seemed certain death, he urged them in before him and stood alone in the front of the narrowing aperture whose closing would seal his fate.

And then, as a storm of lances and arrows hurtled through the air, and he felt the good steed under him sinking with half a dozen mortal wounds, suddenly, as the gates closed behind him with a clanging crash, the sound of a woman's voice rose above the tumult in a piercing shriek of:

"Save him! Father, save him!"

But it may be that the stalwart and agile young commander had not been altogether foolhardy in his natural determination to be the last man inside the stockade; for, as the wailing voice died away, he suddenly shook loose his heavy stirrups, sprang erect upon the saddle of his sinking horse, caught the pointed heads of the strong palisades behind him, and, with one vigorous spring, vaulted clean over, and alighted safe and sound upon his feet inside the massive gates.

"Wonderful!"

Not a bit of it. Any ordinary gymnast could have repeated the feat all day long. The only wonderful thing about it was the unfailing pluck and presence of mind which made it possible in the face of those Apaches.

To do them justice, even the red men burst out into an involuntary yell of appreciation and approval. The leader of the white men who had so baffled them was evidently a "great chief," and tenfold stronger grew their determination to secure the scalps of him and his.

As for Holman himself, he did not seem to have a thought to spare for so mean a thing as self-glorification, but instantly began to busy himself in ascertaining the precise extent of his losses and the nature of the defenses which were to protect what he had left.

"You closed the gates too soon, sir," he sternly remarked to old Westfield. "I understand your motives, but there was no reason for quite so much haste."

The old man's face colored, and he hesitated a moment, but his son interposed for him.

"I think we will do as we please with our gates. We might have shut you all out if we had chosen to do so."

"Might you?" quietly responded Holman. And then after a brief moment of thought, he added, "Very well seeing you have let us in, and you hold our lives so lightly I think I will take command of this fort myself. Boys do you understand? All orders are to come from me It's life and death with us now, for we've only sixteen men left. These three here must fall in and obey, or we will throw them out to the Apaches."

A wise decision, truly, and worthy of a man who held himself responsible for the lives of others; but before even John Westfield could muster his passionate wits for a reply, one came from a singular and unexpected quarter, as Nellie and Laura pressed toward the speaker.

"How dare you——" began the former, but her lips hesitated as she looked in the clear, deep eyes of the man whose recent peril had so shaken her, and Laura Paine added:

"Thank you, sir; it is full time we had some one here fit to be a commander. There is some hope for all of us now."

And then a pallid and ominous countenance was thrust forward beside those of the two girls, and Percy Wetterman hoarsely croaked:

"You may command the men, but I command the mine. There has almost blood enough been shed already to let us out with our profits. More won't hurt."

Holman glanced curiously at the last speaker, almost contemptuously muttering, "Crazy! Yes, gold-crazy;" and then turned, with polished politeness, to the ladies, saying:

"I dare do anything which is right and best. My men will obey nobody but me, and so I am compelled to take command. Do I look as if I could not be trusted where such as you are concerned?"

"I could trust almost any man who had never been a miner," said Laura Paine.

"But I am a miner," smilingly responded Holman.

"He is, and he is not, Laura," interrupted Nellie. "Come away. He has better business on hand than talking to us. Come into the house with me."

Laura turned a very puzzled look upon her friend, but silently complied, nevertheless, and the two strolled slowly away, arm-in-arm, while Nellie's father actually extended his hand to Cary Holman, saying, with something like an approach to seeming frankness:

"All right, sir; I understand very well that your men would never think of taking orders from me. So you beat off the Apaches for us, I do not see that we shall have anything to complain of. You will find the stockades strong enough, I think."

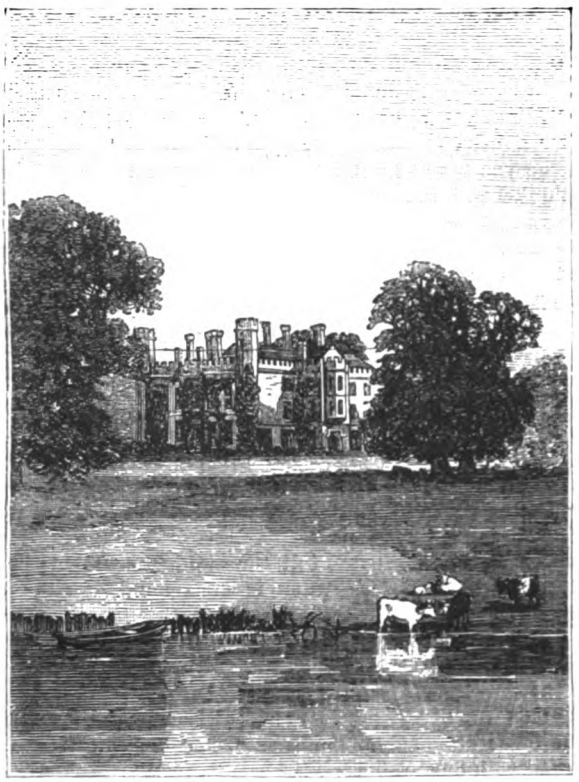
"I see that already," began Holman, but just then old Hedger grasped his arm hard, and growled in his ear:

"This way a minute! I've been a-scoutin' round. This way!"

And Hedger was a man to whose counsels any leader might be glad to listen in an hour like that.

The Apaches had fallen back, for the present, from the sharp fire which had been opened on them through the loopholes of the palisades, and Holman merely added to his strange host, "We will talk these things over by-and-by," as he yielded to the urgency of the veteran miner. Only John Westfield seemed to care to follow them, and that none too closely, as the two strode away across the very moderate inclosure toward the little river.

"Do you see that?" asked Hedger. "They knew what



SOUTH CAVE CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE WASHINGTONS. SEE PAGE 302.

they were about when they picked their site. The other bank's a good fifty feet high, straight up and down, but the river's dreadful low. There's the boat—and it's a big one, too—hard aground, and I reckon the redskins could ride right in, up the channel, if they only knowed it."

"The river is rising," quietly returned Holman—"can't you see that?"

"I didn't see it—that's a fact; but it is!" exclaimed Hedger. "That's worth something, anyhow."

"Worth everything," said Holman. "We've lost our provision-wagons, and, if the Apaches hang around, we can't stand a siege."

"That's so," dolefully returned Hedger.

"They'll stay till Winter, but they'll have our scalps now," added Holman. "Our mining-trip is wound up, old man."

At that moment the ears of all the little "garrison" were startled by a strange, hollow, triumphant, almost inarticulate cry, and the two adventurers by the riverside turned involuntarily in the direction from whence it came.

On the tongue of one of the wagons, from which the mules were not even yet cast loose, stood the lean, ungainly, squalid form of Percy Wetterman, peering keenly forward under the tilt, with the air of a man who had just made a grand discovery.

"I knew it!" he shouted, after his singular yell had died away. "I knew what must be there. Oh, if we'd only had 'em before! Tools, crushers, machinery, pumps, and there's a steam-engine. It's a little one, but it'll do. We're all right now, only there's too many of 'em to divide with, that's all."

It was even so, for Holman's outfit had been of the completest sort, and that one wagon did not by any means contain all of its varied inventions and appliances for the work it had been meant to do.

The smile on Holman's face grew sad enough as he listened, and he muttered: "But for the Apaches!"

"That's it," repeated Hedger. "But for the Apaches, we could unload and go right to work."

"We will unload, anyhow, work or no work!" exclaimed Holman, as he strode suddenly forward. "Old man," he shouted to Westfield, "where's your mine?"

"Yonder," replied father and son in a breath, and the latter added, "But what can you do with our mine just now? It isn't yours, even if you could work it. We haven't abandoned it, if we did go off prospecting."

"You'll have to give it up for a while," was the calm response, "and we can hide our traps in it till we come again."

"It'll do first-rate for that," said the old man, "and I'd as lief as not you'd deliver your goods to me."

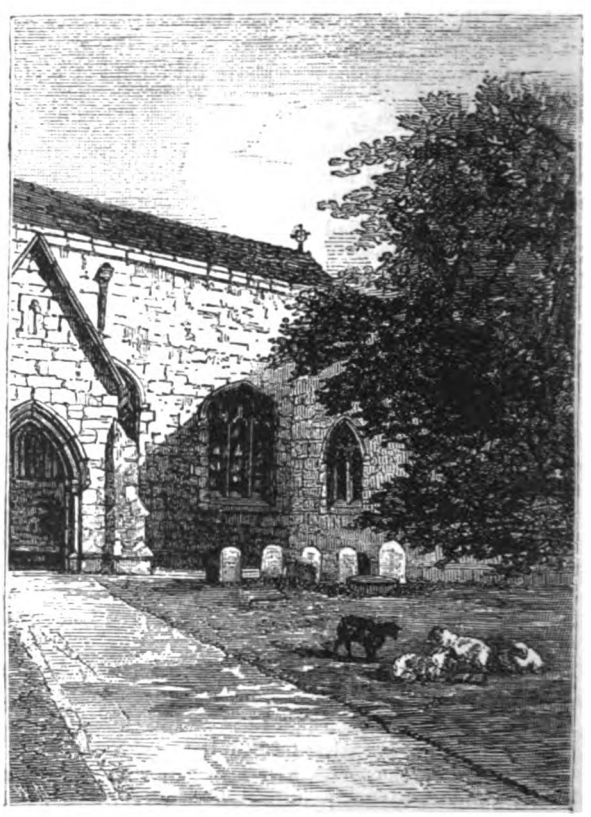
"That's what it amounts to, I suppose, if we don't come back to claim it," replied Holman; but in another minute he had given the necessary orders to his men, and all who were not absolutely needed at the stockade—the wounded men answered for that—were speedily at work unloading and moving the heavy materials which had so stirred the enthusiasm of Percy Wetterman.

As for that ghastly gold-worshiper, not the strongest man of the whole train performed such feats of frenzied strength or worked with a more subtle and provident intelligence.

The wagons were driven around to the very face of the bluff, and the ample jaws of the mine stood ready open to receive whatever might be fed to them; while, from time to time, the toiling men were granted stray bits of information as to the depth, extent and richness of the gloomy hole which their grand "outfit" seemed so unluckily to have "run to earth in."

"Like a hard-pushed coyote," snarled old Hedger.

"But the Apaches will scarcely go for it there," responded Captain Varley, "if we close it up right."



SOUTH CAVE CHURCH, IN WASHINGTON'S PARK.

"We'll do that," said Hedger. "I kin cork up that rat-hole in the bluff so that the Apaches won't ever dream of it."

"But how will they ever get in here to hunt for it?" asked a soft, low voice behind him, and the old miner turned in his tracks to find himself face to face with Laura Paine.

"Why, bless your pretty face, miss," hesitatingly responded old Hedger, "we can't eat machinery. Even gold is the poorest kind of feed."

"I think I understand you," murmured Laura, as she dropped her eyes and walked away. "Can it be that even the Apaches are bringing me some hope of liberty?"

At that very moment, not many paces off, Cary Holman was standing in a sort of brown study, gazing at the house, the rude but well-constructed smelting apparatus, and the strong walls of the storehouse.

"It will go hard with them," he said to himself, aloud. "They'll have to leave pretty much everything."

A very unsophisticated girl was Nellie Westfield, for there are some things that cannot be learned among the solitudes of the Arizona mines; but the man she was talking to was just the one to comprehend her.

"She has no idea how splendidly beautiful she is looking," he said to himself, and then he added, aloud: "Do you think you have courage enough to run the gauntlet of the Apaches in an effort to escape?"

"I have had courage enough to stay and work here, day after day, with no company but Laura's," simply responded Nellie. "The trouble will be to get father and John and Percy Wetterman to think of going."

"We will take their idols with us, and then they will come," laughed Holman. "How many of them are stocked away in that bit of a temple? Oh, I don't care to know your secrets—you need not tell me."

Nellie's evident doubt and hesitation seemed instantly to vanish, for she looked him straight in the eyes, and answered:

OUTWITTING A HIGHWAYMAN.—SEE PAGE 303.

"Even the gold?" asked a clear, firm speaker at his side, in a tone that made him start involuntarily.

"Perhaps not, Miss Westfield," he instantly replied. "If there is not too much of it. But what is gold compared to human blood?"

"And yet they said you were a miner," returned Nellie.

"A miner," laughed the young commander, "but not an idolater. The failure of my expedition costs me half I am worth, but what of it? I took all the risks when I made my plans, and I must say I did not count in the scalps of two young ladies."

Nellie never smiled, but seriously, and almost solemnly, responded:

"I don't know exactly what to make of myself, sir. For three long years I have thought of nothing but gold, day and night, and now it seems as if it were the most worthless thing in the world. And I am not a bit frightened, either—not since I saw you spring over the stockade,"

"You mean, how much gold is there? Well, I don't know—only there's more than you can safely carry in the boat, and carry anything or anybody besides."

"Whew!" whistled Holman. "That may make it bad for all of us. I must leave you now. It's nearly sundown, and we shall have another brush with the Apaches between this and morning."

Nellie hurried away into the house without a word, but she did not go without an errand, as Holman learned before many minutes had gone over his head. Long minutes they were, too, and busy ones, for a man with such awful responsibilities on his hands.

Chapter IV.

Strange beings are the men of the Western mountains, and full of numberless queer and wonderful expedients, taught them by the varied exigencies of their wild and wandering life, and handed around from man to man

among the gulches and around the camp-fires. It is not easy to imagine a "corner" out of which some of them have not "found a way or made one."

Thoroughly posted as was old man Westfield, however, he was puzzled to the last degree, as he stood in front of the house watching the proceedings of a squad of his guests and defenders.

"What can they want of such a quantity of mule-beef?" he muttered. "One of 'em would have fed the lot of us for three days, if we only had feed for the rest. Ah, yes; they mean to jerk it and keep it. Not so bad an idea. But what are they doing with the hides and with those wagon-tilts?"

A curious piece of work it was, to tell the truth; for, as mule after mule was ruthlessly slaughtered, till a whole team had been sacrificed, their hides were stripped off with marvelous celerity, the strong hickory tilts or frames of the wagon-covers were torn down and clapped into them at their upper edges, as a kind of stretcher, until so many mule-skin bowls, so to speak, had been manufactured by lacing the edges of the skins roughly and tightly to the tilts.

"What's all that for?" he mechanically inquired of one of the busy mountain men.

"Ask Cary Holman," was the curt response. "I'd take off any hide in this yer stockade, if he gave me the word. Them things'll float, won't they, old man?"

A gleam of light flashed across the countenance of old Westfield, but just then the hawk-like face of his son was thrust into his, and the latter hoarsely exclaimed:

"They mean to desert us, and carry the girls and the gold away with them!"

"Not so bad as that," calmly and sternly interrupted Cary Holman himself, as he slowly approached. "If the Apaches give us a chance, we will be half-way to Bill Williams's Fork before sunrise; but we don't mean to leave anybody behind us, and I'll give you my word to bring you all back again."

Just at that moment, however, a fierce, all but animal, yell, from the rear of the house was followed by the sound of angry contention and the voice of Percy Wetterman shouting:

"John, old man, this way! The villains are walling up the mine, machinery and all!"

"Your friend is crazy," said Holman. "That's the only thing to do in the fix we are in. How long can such a mere squad as ours hold this place without a hope of help, and without ten days' provisions, except mule-beef? Our only chance is to move at once."

"And rob us!" roared John Westfield, as he put his hand on his revolver, menacingly.

"None o' that, now," quietly interposed one of Holman's men, as the muzzle of his repeating-rifle rose to a level with John's head. "No nonsense, mind yer, just now, if you please."

The grasping hand came away from the revolver, but the shouts of Percy Wetterman were changing into yells of such frantic and desperate ferocity, that the whole of them rushed forward toward the mine, as if impelled by the same instinct.

The strong-armed miners were, indeed, rapidly closing up the entrance to the shaft with such a mass of slabs and boulders of rock as to give very good warrant that no lazy redskin would ever take the trouble to remove them; and at a few paces' distance stood, or rather danced up and down, the lean, ghostly form of Percy Wetterman, restrained now from any violent interference, strange to say, by nothing more or less than the small, sunburned hand of Laura Paine herself laid upon his arm.

"Be quiet, please, Percy," she said, in a low and steady tone. "Do you not see that the mine cannot get away, nor the machinery either?"

"Of course it can't," hoarsely responded the ghastly miner; "but how are we to get any more out?"

"We shall lose all we have, and the machinery, too," said Laura, quietly, "unless we drive away the Apaches. Don't you see it's nearly sunset?"

"We can mine just as well——" began Wetterman.

But his frenzied will was fast yielding to the magnetism of the fair girl beside him, and she seemed all unconscious, as she led him away toward the house, of the admiring glances which were turned upon her by more than one pair of manly eyes.

"She's no ordinary girl," muttered Captain Varley to himself; "but how she has changed since three years ago! I must have changed, too, for not a soul of them all appears to remember me. Perhaps because they have had something more interesting to think of this busy afternoon."

"Varley," just then growled the voice of old Hedger in his ear, "this way, if you please. The captain says he'll be ready for a move as soon as ever it's good and dark. The rise is a-comin' down right smart."

With but a dim comprehension of his comrade's meaning, it must be confessed, the ex-officer of cavalry turned away and followed toward the bank of the river.

Here, indeed, gazing out through the fading twilight over the rippling and glancing water, stood the stalwart leader of Holman's outfit, and by his side, as if joining in the same silent sort of occupation, was no less a companion than Nellie Westfield herself.

Cary Holman's "gazing," however, like whatever else he might do, was likely to have a meaning in it, and he quietly remarked to Hedger:

"The boat's nearly afloat, old man. Half an hour more of this, and we'll be all right. I only wish I knew more about the navigation below."

"We came up when the river was quite low," said Nellie, "but not so low as this. There are some sand-bars between this and Bill Williams's Fork."

"Of course there are," growled Hedger; "but a good rise'd kerry us over 'em. I ain't afeared of no bars, if once we kin get shet of them 'Paches."

"We'll do that," said Holman, cheerily. "Captain Varley, Miss Westfield tells me she has met you before."

The last remark was made in an abrupt and somewhat singular tone of voice, while the speaker looked steadily in the eyes of the ex-officer of cavalry.

"I am happy to be recognized," firmly and politely responded the soldier-miner, with a slightly heightened color on his bronzed cheeks; "but I would like to ask if the recognition includes the other members of her family?"

"Not till I told them—but it does now," responded Nellie, with something of a tremor in her voice. "And I must know if Captain Varley is still our enemy?"

"Your enemy!" exclaimed the captain, with a hearty ring of surprise in his voice. "I was never your enemy. Never mind now what John did, or Percy. All my wrath has long since been worked out of me. Tell them I will keep their secret even from Cary Holman—even from yourself. As for Miss Paine, she knows it already."

"So do I," faltered Nellie; "but if you will keep it——"

"Keep it!" exclaimed Varley. "I'll keep that as carefully as they seemed to have kept my—well, never mind that. Tell them to come right along with us, and save their scalps, and their gold, too—I want none of it."

"You always was a good fellow," here broke in the hoarse, metallic voice of John Westfield. "I don't ask you to forgive me, Varley, but I'll promise to make everything right and square——'

"And Cary Holman and the rest of us'll try and help ye keep yer promise," growled old Hedger. "I don't want to know yer secrets, but yer come the boys with the mule-hides, and you fellers had better trot out yer bullion short order. The redskins won't wait till long arter dark afore they turn on thar music. Go in, now, and do yer level best. The boat's all stowed and trimmed a'ready."

A glance was enough to assure all concerned of the truth of this assertion, and Nellie Westfield gazed curiously on the toppling and frail-looking bowls which the miners were launching at the waterside, securing them firmly together with their hide lariats.

"When they're all fastened together in that way," explained Holman, "no single one of them can upset, and they're easier to manage."

"I see," said Nellie; "and you mean to keep the boat for the human part of your cargo."

Just then their ears were saluted by a piercing cry, and they turned to see Percy Wetterman struggling in the grasp of John Westfield and his father.

"Robbers, robbers!" he screamed, at the top of his voice. "Varley has come for his money. I saw him out there. They are carrying it all away, now they've shut up the mine. Let me go—let me go!"

"Percy, please be quiet," answered the steady tones of Laura Paine. "How will the ingots ever be coined unless we have them carried to the mint? Ingots are not money."

"They are gold, though," said the crazy miner, but less excitedly. "Not a counterfeit among them. Varley needn't be afraid to take 'em this time. 'Twon't hurt him to have them bars found in his quarters. Nobody won't ask him to resign for buying *them*. It's all right, Varley, my boy; take 'em to the mint. I'll go with 'em. Do you s'pose old Linderman would let them coin me? I've worked in that vein till I feel as if I was all pure gold—all but my head. Put 'em in, boys—put 'em in. I'll ride right along on the top of the load.

"I'm glad it's getting dark," muttered Holman. "That fellow'll throw away all our scalps if we can't keep him still."

"Let him ride on the gold, then," said Laura Paine. "I'll tell him he mustn't say a word, or he may lose it."

In a moment more an utter hush in the direction of Percy Wetterman announced the success of Laura's stratagem, and "on the gold" was not by any means an unsafe place to ride, now the strongly-made bowls of mule-hide were so heavily ballasted.

No danger of upsetting now, and they swung out into the stream as steadily as any boat could have done, while in one of the central floats cowered the emaciated form of the gold-lunatic.

Pitch-dark, and the increasing roar of the torrent, no less than its steady climbing of the low bank, told how fast the flood was coming down from the mountains.

"All ready now, Hedger?" asked Holman.

"All ready," responded Hedger; "but it's all-fired queer thar ain't no sign of the redskins."

"Cast off, then, as soon as the raft gets well out. Silence, all!"

Silence it was, in the crowded boat and in the abandoned stockade; but the miners of Holman's outfit had no doubt in their own minds that their trip was likely to be a "good thing," for they had emptied the Westfield treasure-house with their own hands, and what were a few mules and wagons to a haul like that? If they got away with it!

That was the point, indeed; but where could all the Apaches have gone to?

Where? Gone? Not gone at all, perhaps—or what could be the meaning of that shadowy line of dusky figures slowly advancing into the torrent just below the stockade?

"If the rise hadn't come," exclaimed Holman to Nellie Westfield, "they'd have had all our scalps in ten minutes. Pull well out, boys—now, down-stream!"

But, as the latter order was obeyed and the well-pulled oars seconded the swift strength of the current, the night became suddenly hideous with savage yells and fierce shouts of anticipated triumph, as the Apaches discovered their intended victims, and urged their horses forward through the water.

Not deep enough to swim in, truly, but quite deep enough to impede the motions of even such wild horsemen, and that was a terribly dangerous craft to ride too close upon.

Touch and go it was, through that screeching, plunging, charging line of shadowy foemen, with the rifles and revolvers all the while replying to the twanging of the bows and the whirring of the lances, and many a painted rider rolled from his saddle to be swept away on the fast-gathering strength of the torrent from the mountains.

"Oh, it is terrible!" exclaimed Nellie Westfield, as she cowered in the boat between her father and Cary Holman.

"Courage, my dear young lady," returned the stalwart commander. "We shall be out of their reach in three minutes."

"And all this for gold!" exclaimed Laura Paine. "Oh, Captain Varley! I never want to see any more gold in all my life.'

"Gold is good, Laura," said the ex-officer, with the tone of an old acquaintance, "and yours is fairly earned. It is only ill-gotten gold that one should never wish to see."

It was a strange moment in which to moralize, with the Apaches yelling around them and with the deep groans of their own wounded men ringing in their ears; but Laura seemed to understand the matter.

In a few moments more, indeed, Cary Holman's prophecy was fulfilled, and the boat and its precious convoy were spinning away down the swift current, with no remaining danger or difficulty apparent than might belong to the task of keeping the centre of the stream, and making the best possible use of the oars.

Even this was suspended at last, in spite of the certainty that their foes on land would make an effort to follow; for not more than half the occupants of the boat had passed that perilous gantlet uninjured.

No such thing as going ashore, or even striking a light; but the best was done that could be for all the wounded. And then old Hedger rose to his feet, and there was a melancholy solemnity in his voice as he tersely reported:

"Only ten men left of Holman's outfit, besides him and Captain Varley, and thar's two won't live till daylight. John Westfield dead and overboard—sprung right out when the arrer struck him."

"I'm glad I forgave him," said Captain Varley.

"Gold!" murmured Laura.

"Forward! Give way, boys!" sternly commanded Cary Holman.

But Nellie Westfield was sobbing above the white head of her father, bowed in her lap, and she did not hear them, a few minutes later, when they reported that the "gold-float" contained no trace of Percy Wetterman.

A SPANISH WEDDING IN ANDALUSIA—CLEARING A PLACE FOR A DANCE.—SEE PAGE 303.

RETURNING FROM A WEDDING IN SOUTHERN SPAIN.

A BOLERO.

And so all night long, till the burning sun of Arizona once more came back to show their way toward safety and civilization, the boat and its convoy spun along, more and more swiftly, and there was little remaining danger of their being overtaken.

Nor have we any need to follow, mile by mile, the voyage down Bill Williams's Fork, or the intermediate incidents of the strange return of Cary Holman's outfit. But, a few weeks later, a white-haired old gentleman stood on the deck of a Panama steamer, with a youthful pair on either side of him, whose every word and look revealed their unmistakable story to the most casual observer.

"Go back!" he was saying. "I go back? The Apaches may open the mine if they will, but it seems to me as if the mouth of it were sealed with blood."

"Don't speak of it, father, please don't," said Nellie. "Cary and I will try and make you forget all about it."

"Laura, dear," half whispered Captain Varley, "I must fix that matter of my resignation, you know; but I think we are beginning to find that even gold has its uses."

"But only because we have found something better," responded Laura.

And so the great steamer puffed away through the "Golden Horn" with the bridal party that came home together from the wreck of "Cary Holman's Outfit."

THE WASHINGTONS OF YORKSHIRE.

George Washington was descended from a Yorkshire family of importance, as were also Penn, and Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts. These three were merely private English gentlemen, men of education and leisure, who might have lived and died unknown had their lot been cast in happier times. Fervent loyalty was always the characteristic of the Washingtons, and even George Washington himself fought for the Georges against the French. In Cromwell's reign an attempt was made to restore Charles II., and John Washington and his brother were implicated. But they were more fortunate than their companion-in-arms, the Earl of Derby. They managed to get away to America; but Lord Derby, less fortunate, was captured and executed at Bolton; and the quaint old house in Chester where he spent his last night is an object of great interest with all visitors to the city. It is now divided into cottages, but a richly carved oak front speaks of its former splendor.

The nephew of John Washington was Sir Henry Washington, who defended the City of Worcester in the cause of Charles I., and indeed held out to the last, with only scanty means. He was repeatedly called upon to surrender, as his affairs were hopeless, and was promised that his life should be spared; but he refused to do so till he had the permission of Charles; and at last, when resistance was no longer possible, he wrote to Fairfax, who was marching in triumph from Haddington, the following letter:

"Sir:—It is acknowledged by your books, and by report of your quarter, that the King is in some of your armies. That granted, it may be easy for you to procure his Majesty's commands for the disposal of this garrison. Till then I shall make good the trust reposed on me. As for conditions, if I shall be necessitated, I shall make the best I can. The worst I know, and fear not. If I had, the profession of a soldier had not been begun, nor so long continued, by Your Excellency's humble servant,

"Henry Washington."

This was in the year 1646, and five years later the Mayor of Worcester, Thomas Lysons, was sent to Warwick Castle in imprisonment till he should be tried in London for proclaiming Charles II. the rightful King of England. This Lysons was the direct ancestor of the Colonel Lysons (now Sir Daniel) who held a command in Canada.

That the mayor should have been consigned to Warwick Castle will not be wondered at, when we remember that Lord Warwick himself had so far meditated an emigration in Laud's time that he secured the proprietorship of the Connecticut Valley.

The family of Washington can be traced, however, much further back than the period we are speaking of. Formerly they held estates in Durham, and the name is spelt variously De Wessyngton and Wessington. In the venerable library of Chester Cathedral, where this is written, Bondo de Wessyngton's name occurs in copies of charters six hundred years old. John Wessington, as appears from Dugdale's "Monasticon," was the prior of Durham in the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI. He wrote a treatise on the rights and privileges of Durham Cathedral, which is still preserved in the Cotton Library. He held his dignities for thirty years, and was engaged in a dispute with the Pontiff upon certain privileges which the latter wished to encroach upon, but found the prior not so pliable as he could have desired. One of the family, John Washington, lived at Washington, in Lancashire; and his only daughter and heiress married James Lawrence in the year 1252, bringing him as a dowry a large landed property. His descendant is Mr. Laurence, of Sandywell Park.

But the more immediate ancestry of George Washington must be sought in Sulgrave, Northamptonshire. At Sulgrave was a monastery, and it was dissolved by Henry VIII. at the same time as the other religious houses. A large part of its estates were granted to the Washington family; and in the old church of Sulgrave is a plate of brass with the names of Lawrence Washington and his wife incised on it, and also of his eight sons and nine daughters. Sulgrave is in a pleasant rural part of England, not far from Banbury and from Whittlebury Forest. The mansion of the Washingtons was probably at one time the priors' dwelling, and altered for their use. Part of it still remains, and is converted into a farmhouse; and in a buttery-hatch is a piece of stained glass with the Washington crest upon it.

John Washington, of South Cave Castle, was the great-grandson of the lord of the manor of Sulgrave. South Cave Castle, engraved on page 296, is reached by the railway that runs between York and Hull. Brough is the nearest station, and from there to South Cave is a walk or drive of three miles. The road is a pleasant one, and lies through a shaded lane, with here and there a long opening, and some comfortable dwellings, set in dark evergreens. A road that turns to the right leads us to Hull and the village of Rowley, which is quite worth a visit, as it was the veritable parent of Rowley, Mass.—indeed, all the inhabitants left Rowley, York, with their vicar, and crossed the ocean to their new home. South Cave Castle is a truly delightful residence, and is well seen from the road—whence, in fact, the drawing shown is taken. It has, of course, undergone some modernizing since the Washingtons resided there; but the dimensions are the same, and the pleasant park is circumscribed by the same boundaries. Plate-glass windows have superseded the old-fashioned mullions and lead lights, and paneled doors have been placed in frames, instead of the heavy ones studded with nail-heads; but an old engraving I saw in York gives the same walls and elms; and doubtless the rooks are lineally descended from those that heralded Springtime to John Washington.

In one corner of the park stands South Cave Church, a small but venerable building, in the shadiest of churchyards. An embattled gateway, with a wrought-iron gate,

that leads up to the Hall, juts out on the road opposite to where the view is taken from, and one of the sides of the archway is extended into a quaint lodge, covered with ivy. The wall of the lodge forms a boundary of the churchyard, and the whole group is of exquisite beauty. Of course a private path through the park leads into the chancel, where the family pews are. There is a fine collection of paintings here—one of President Washington, on which a great value is set, among them. The little church has the dignity of being a parish one and possessing a rector; and here the parish records are kept. Unhappily, they are very imperfect; those relating to Washington's great-grandfather are not to be found, and there are others of later date that are very puzzling.

It would appear to have been the opinion of most of the historians of the family that their connection with the Yorkshire property ceased after the emigration in the middle of the seventeenth century; but this is not the case. Henry Washington, variously described as of Symond's Inn and Lincoln's Inn, Doncaster and Cookham, etc., married Eleanor Harrison, in the year 1689. She was the daughter of Richard Harrison, *armiger;* and the singular part of it is, that he succeeded to the property in right of his wife. The question naturally arises, Who this Henry Washington was? and, curiously enough, it was impossible for us to decide, even with the advantage of being on the spot, with the registers all before us. Various theories suggested themselves to a gentleman who resides not far from South Cave, and has made the Washington family a study; but none are free from difficulty; and it seems to both of us that South Cave Castle has come into the family possession twice over, and Henry Washington is only an episode. He may have been, and probably was, a connection of the gallant defender of Worcester; and it is curious that he had two daughters, Susannah and Elizabeth, whose baptism is duly recorded in the register; Sir Henry, too, had two sisters, also named Susannah and Elizabeth, which would point to these being family names. Susannah died, and is buried at the church in the precincts of the park; and the estate seems to have become the property of her sister, who married John Idell in the year 1719; and they sold it to the present proprietor's family.

It is a little singular that after so short a lapse of time there should be the least difficulty in exactly tracing out all the connections of the parties; but in many similar instances the troubled times and family changes caused records to be mislaid or lost.

OUTWITTING A HIGHWAYMAN.

As the chivalrous Robin Hood suffered more than one defeat from tanners, tinkers and sturdy beggars, so Redmond met a vanquisher in a shopkeeper's apprentice. The youth's master having to receive a good round sum of money in Newry, was afraid, on his return to Dundalk, his native town, to risk an encounter with Redmond or some of his gang. In the master's perplexity, his apprentice, sixteen years of age, offered his services, which, after some hesitation, were accepted. The youth, in the words of Mr. Congrave, author of the "Irish Rogues and Rapparees," went to the field and brought home an old vicious screw (much of the same humor with Sir Teague O'Regan's war-horse, on which he rode out to meet Duke Schomberg at the surrender of Charlemont), that, when any other came up to meet him on the road, he always strove to bite or kick, and by which means he commonly kept the road to himself. As he wended on his way he was overtaken by a well-dressed gentleman, with whom he freely entered into discourse, making no secret of his business, or of his expectation of being about the same place on his return to-morrow with one hundred pounds in his possession.

"I wonder," said his fellow-traveler, "you are so free in your communication with strangers. How can you tell but that I may be Redmond O'Hanlon, or one of his gang?"

"Oh, oh!" said the boy, bursting out laughing, "such a nice-looking gentleman as you are to be a robber! Do you think I haven't eyes?"

"Well, at all events I advise you to be more discreet. Redmond is famous at disguises, and will pin you if he gets wind of your business. Here's a crown to drink my health, but keep a bridle on your tongue."

The youth sobered at once and made the promise. And, even as the boy expected, the gentleman overtook him as he was returning next day, and the conversation was resumed.

"Well, my boy, I suppose from your looks you have not met with any bad company, and your money is safe?"

"Indeed it is, sir; many thanks for your good advice."

"How are you carrying it?"

"In the two ends of this ticken wallet."

"Dear me, I would like to feel the weight of it, out of curiosity;" and he approached, but the horse lashed out, and he was obliged to keep his distance.

"Throw over that wallet," said he, rather sternly for such a fine-spoken gentleman.

"Oh, sir, honey, you wouldn't rob me! What would the master say?"

"I don't know, but this is what I say: If you do not surrender it at once I will send a bullet through you, and another through your garran."

"I promised my master not to let myself be robbed till I was in danger of my life. Here is the money, but you must take the trouble of crossing the ditch for it."

So saying, he heaved the bag over the slough that bordered the road, and the hedge beyond it, into the next field.

This annoyed the highwayman, but, judging the prize worth the trouble, he dismounted, scrambled over the dyke and fence higher up, and laid his hands on the bag. Hearing a clatter, he raised his head, looked over the fence, saw the innocent youth making the road to Dundalk short on his own (Redmond's) good steed, and the vicious steed prancing about the road, and longing for some one to fly at. He was enraged at being so taken in, but much more when he found that the two ends of the precious wallet contained nothing more valuable than the copper half-pence of the time, value of thirty or forty shillings. So there we must leave our outlaw, encumbered with his copper, and not daring to lay hands on the ill-tempered and dangerous garran left at his discretion. The boy arrived safe in Dundalk, with the hundred guineas quilted into his waistcoat.

CUSTOMS OF OLD SPAIN.

Spanish Wedding Dances.

Sunny Spain! The "traveling ten thousand" ignore the fact that Madrid is but thirty-six hours from Paris. Nobody thinks of crossing the Pyrenees, and yet behind the "purple ridge" lies one of the most quaint, the most interesting and the most picturesque countries in the wide world. Quaint, because it is two hundred years behind its time; interesting, because of its antiquity and its conservative clinging to the traditions of its glorious past; picturesque, because of its *sierras*, its valleys, its plains, its rivers, its vegetation, its costumes. I have wandered

A WEDDING-DANCE IN ANDALUSIA.— SEE PAGE 303.

VICTOR HUGO.— SEE PAGE 307.

through Spain, and my *souvenir* is what a painter would call a "clot of color." Fortuny dipped his brush in sunlight, and gave the world Spain.

My first visit to Spain was *via* Paris. I struck Marseilles, and then Perpignan. The Carlists had destroyed the railroad, so I crossed the Pyrenees to Gerona, and from Gerona I took rail to Barcelona, the Manchester of Spain. What a wondrous city is this same Barcelona! It reminded me of an old tree upon which new timber had been engrafted. What wondrous old streets, and wondrous old houses, the façades and balconies carved in superb relief! what wondrous old buildings and churches and gateways! jewelers in one street, shoemakers in another, trunk-makers in a third—each street confining a special trade within its limits. Then the new town, with its glittering Calle Fernando, too French by half, and its Rambla, stretching two miles from the Mediterranean, with its four rows of trees, and its flower-market like a gaudy ribbon bordered by green. Then the Gracia, with the residences of the merchant princes; Mauresque, in white marble, with gilt balconies, open courts and fountains. Then its Mon Juich—that steep hill leaning over the city, crowned by a fortress bristling with guns; then its *gitana* or gypsy quarter, Sanche, four miles away in the hills, glowing with flowers and the tender gray-green of the foliage of the pepper woods. Barcelona! I lay down my pen to waft a kiss to thee from the tips of my fingers!

Madrid is too Parisian. Go on the Puerta del Sol, and you imagine yourself on a third-rate boulevard. The costumes, too, are all Frenchy—the men in high hats, and short-tailed coats, and wide-at-the-feet trousers, and impossible boots, while their linen is up around their ears and out to the tips of their fingers; the ladies, too, have cast aside the picturesque and becoming vail, comb and mantilla, and emulate the cheap fashions of the Bois de Boulogne.

To behold Spain, *as* Spain, you must either linger in the Basque Provinces or go south to beautiful Seville, the city of the Giralda and the Alcázar—the birthplace of Murillo, the shrine of his most magnificent masterpieces. It is in Seville that the *cigarrera* and *maja* flourish—those seductive types of Andalusian femininity, so often mentioned in song and story, and in whom are now vested the national dances of Spain. The Andalusian *maja* is often a maker of cigarettes, but still oftener—I must sacrifice poesy to fact—a vender of fried fish, or a *castañera*, that is, a lounger at tavern doors. As the *manola* of Madrid has disappeared, so in a short time will the *maja* become an institution of the past.

The *maja* is passionately fond of the bull-fight, and will acknowledge no suitor but a *torrero*. She never quits the front row of the stalls allotted to spectators until the last bull, *el toro de gracia*, receives its death-blow from the *cachetero*. She is present at all ceremonials, from christenings to funerals and mortuary masses; but it is at village weddings that she is supreme, for she is queen of the dance, and it is at her bidding that the guitars strike up the drone of the *fandango*, or the fiercely fascinating strain of the *bolero*.

I was fortunate enough to be present at a wedding-party given at a *venta*, or wayside inn, on the Cadiz road. The cavaliers or *majos*, including the bridegroom, wore the well-known Andalusian costume, consisting of the *sombrero calañés* coquettishly poised on the ear, the vest a perfect eruption of silver buttons filigreed, the jacket of figured velvet, with a bouquet of vivid flowers embroidered on the back, not forgetting the two pocket-handkerchiefs embroidered by the *maja*, which stuck out conspicuously from pockets inserted in the breast. The remainder of the costume is composed of a silken sash, short breeches, and leathern gaiters embroidered in silks of the most lively colors. The *majas* were attired in short skirts, with crape shawls of yellow or cerise. Their bodices were of blue or scarlet, and richly trimmed about the shoulders with gold and silver beads. Some bore guitars, and all were armed with castanets. The happy couple had just been joined for better or worse by the padre at the adjoining church, the bells of which clanged as if bent upon deafening the villagers for life, and the blushing bride, a superb specimen of the blue-black-haired, dark-eyed, red-lipped, white-toothed, swarthy, exquisitely formed Andalusian, was seated in a chair of state in the little portico of the *venta*, the bridegroom beside her, all idiotic smiles, begotten of the *vino tinto*, or red wine, administered to him from the great *bota*, or sheepskin.

"A dance! a dance!" was suddenly shouted by one of the male guests to the rattling of castanets. The word was taken up as in chorus, and in an instant an old hag—how hideous the old women of Spain are!—aided by several of the villagers, proceeded to brush the dust from the roadway with brooms made of the rushes which grow so plentifully on the banks of the beautiful Guadalquivir. The small boys turned somersaults in a very ecstasy of joyous expectation, and the little girls squatted on the ground, forming a sort of ring.

While the *majas* and *majos* are preparing to perform on the light fantastic toe, let me say a word or two on the subject of the national dances of Spain. The *pavana*, danced in the Middle Ages, was a stately and graceful step, which spread into France and Italy. Its motions resembled the movements of the peacock, hence the name. It was a dance at which Catherine de Medicis excelled. The short cloak and rapier of her courtiers imparted an especial grace to it.

The *paspié*, so well known in France in the seventeenth century, was but the *pavana* in another form. A Spanish dance, very popular during the sixteenth century, was the *pasacalle*, the name signifying a "walk in the street," and it had its origin with the young people, who danced in the streets by night. The *folias*, or folly dance, was very early known in Spain. It is stated that Peter I., King of Portugal, was so captivated with the *folias*, that he often passed entire nights in dancing it with his children and with his courtiers.

In the sixteenth century, a distinction was made between the *danzas* and the *bayles*. In the former, the legs only played the important *rôle*; in the latter, all the body was in play. The *saraband* was an offshoot of the *bayles*, and was named by Cervantes "the dance of the devil." The *saraband* was danced by several couples of men and women, and to the guitar.

The *gira* may be reckoned amongst the most ancient dances. A person was placed in the middle of a circle formed on the floor, within which it was necessary to dance to a lively measure on one leg, without touching the line, and with a glass full of water on the head. The *danza prima* is equally one of the most ancient dances, and it was danced by a number of persons holding hands and singing. The *villano* was danced by clapping the hands and striking the soles of the feet alternately.

A curious dance, the *danza de espadas*, or dance of swords, was very much in vogue in Castille during the time of Cervantes. The Arabs and Moors of Spain had also their dances—the *zambras* and the *leylas*.

By degrees the national dances disappeared from the theatre. At the commencement of the last century the *saraband* and *chaconne* were completely abandoned, as well as the other dances of the same character. At this epoch ap-

peared the *seguidilla*, the *fandango* and the *bolero*. The *seguidilla* has a livelier movement than the *bolero*. I must not omit mention of the *fandango*, so celebrated amongst all the old Spanish dances. An enthusiastic Spanish writer declares, "it is worthy of being executed at Paphos in the Temple of Venus."

The national air of the *fandango*, like an electric spark, strikes and causes all hearts to leap; women, girls, young men and old—all are struck by it, and all are moved to sing this air, so fetching to the ears and souls of Spain. The dancers fling themselves into the dance, one set furnished with castanets, the others snapping their fingers to imitate the sound. The women signalize themselves by the delicacy, the lightness, the flexibility of their movements, and the voluptuousness of their attitudes. They mark the time with charming accuracy by tapping their heels on the floor. The dancers advance, retreat, unite and pursue in turn; but suddenly the music ceases, and the "high art" of the dancers is to remain as if suddenly petrified. Then the guitars recommence to twang, the castanets to click-clack, and the seductive dance is resumed, the voluptuous movements of the dancers causing the onlookers a frantic pleasure and delight.

The Andalusians of to-day are passionately fond of the *seguidilla bolera*. This dance is depicted on the fans sold on the days of bull-fights, which are named *abanicos de calaña*. Village Murillos select this dance as the subject of their masterpieces. The verses sung to the *seguidilla* are of great simplicity. They are called *la copla*, and are four in number. The following is a specimen:

En el mar de Cupido
Siempre hay borrascas,
Y en ninguno zozobran
Tantas escuedras:
Pero non obstante
Siempre son infinitos
Suo navegantes!

On the occasion of this wedding the favorite dance was performed, all the on-lookers joining in singing or chanting *la copla*. The dance commenced by a twanging of the guitars, followed by a banging of tambourines. Then each dancer chose his *pareja*, or partner, and the couples stood *vis-à-vis* at about four paces from one another. The *copla* was then heard, and at the end of the last words of the final verse, the dancers began to rattle their castanets, then with a bound they leaped into the dance, turning and twirling and flying and pursuing, all in superb time, and with a grace, agility and vivacity that was irresistibly fascinating. With the last note of the air the dancers remained rigid, and as if turned into blocks of marble; then came unstinted applause, with the cry, "*Bien parado! bien parado!*" Again and yet again was the *seguidilla bolero* danced, and until the moment arrived when the stirrup-cup of *vino tinto* came to be presented to the bridegroom, who, after sipping, offered it to the bride, seated pillion fashion behind him.

The newly married man had already been imbibing freely of *anisao* as well as the red wine of the country, and it was with no steady hand that he raised the beaker to his lips. The bride merely tasted it, and then, amidst the click-clack of castanets, the twanging of guitars, the rattling of tambourines, the shouts of the company, the yelling of the children, and the barking of the village curs, the newly married pair rode off in the direction of the farm of which the bridegroom was proprietor. Then the roadway opposite the *posada* was again carefully swept, and the much-loved *seguidilla* recommenced with a *brio* that touched upon the pronounced gymnastics of the *cancan*.

VICTOR HUGO.

By the Author of "Roman Violets," etc.

Paris is the capital of the civilized world. At least, so say her inhabitants, the artists, politicians, literati of France. Modern patriots may, perchance, complain that she draws into her resistless arms all the genius, the beauty, the freshness of the country, and by her weird magic so transforms them that they can no longer live away from her; and thus the great tide of "centralization" flows ever upward toward her gates—as the stream of barbarian Teutons of old was drawn unceasingly onward to the wonders and the treasures of Rome—returning never again.

But, after all, who shall complain, when she thus draws together all the mighty minds of France, so that her *salons* alone in all the world still glow and sparkle with the wit and mirth of genius, and the laughter of the gods? We used to long, perhaps, for the days of De Sévigné and De Staël, of La Rochefoucauld and La Fontaine, of witty abbés and *précieuses* ladies; but where has the world seen a more marvelous assemblage of genius than the group who shone side by side some thirty years ago: Béranger, Lamartine, De Musset, Alexandre Dumas, Georges Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Jules Janin, Delphine Gay, Théophile Gautier—and last, but not least, Victor Hugo!

Seventy-eight years have passed over his veteran head, and Victor Hugo alone of all that brilliant company survives to receive the homage of the world. What must it be for him to look back on the days that are passed, and revive forgotten memories of those who once stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the battle! Surely he, if any man, could well write—after the fashion of our days—on "Dead men whom I have known." Hours with Chateaubriand, chatting over his big "*cuvette d'eau*," sleeves tucked up and soap in hand, discussing politics with his young visitor in the intervals of his toilet. Days when he breakfasted with the celebrated preacher l'Abbé Frayssinous, and sandwiched in a dinner among the actresses of the Opéra-Comique, before calling on his confessor, M. de Lamennais, that brilliant but fallen star of the Church of France, who might have done better things in that hour of grace begun by the perusal of "Le Génie du Christianisme," than to "*remplacer la confession par une causerie*," when his young penitent confessed as a "*gros péché*" the *agaceries* of his fair hostesses!—or essayed a word of counsel, with boyish patronage, to a fair, ruddy, feminine-looking youth of twelve, who occasionally spent his Sundays with the Foucher family, and kept the whole table in a roar of laughter by his clever mimicry, scribbling verses in a corner between whiles with the signature "Alfred de Musset"; or exchanged rhyming letters with M. de Lamartine, and vowed that their names should go down to posterity together.

This was the season of youth and struggle, when he was literally "passing rich on forty pounds a year"—one thousand francs his sole fixed revenue, on which he lived and married, and even traveled; the last a charming little tour in Switzerland, on the proceeds of a book which has never yet come out, to be written by MM. Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Charles Nodier and Taylor, conjointly.

One is apt to wonder whether, in some corner of Bohemian Paris, any modern "Marius" is, like his prototype, living now on fourteen francs a week, with three shirts in a big wardrobe, and very little else, but always finding means of giving a five-franc piece, or even a fifty-franc dinner on occasion, to a friend in need. If such a one there be, waiting for future fame, we may be sure the

VICTOR HUGO IN THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

VICTOR HUGO DELIVERING A FUNERAL ORATION AT THE TOMB OF FREDERICK LEMAITRE, IN MONTMARTRE CEMETERY.

old poet's heart would warm toward that youth from the brilliantly-lighted and thronged *salon* in the Avenue d'Eylau, where he now holds his little court, and reigns over the world of literature like a king. The *enfant sublime*, so hailed by Chateaubriand at his first entrance into life as a worthy successor to himself, has outlived most of his contemporaries. In his day and under his guidance, the whole French drama, the entire range of poetry and fiction, have been enrolled under the banner of Romanticism; and he stands forth alone as its master, its representative, and its hero.

Yet, how the times have changed! As one of his reviewers said to him, "The two men who are most thoroughly detested in all France are M. de Polignac and you!" His very name was as an apple of discord everywhere. One poor youth in the provinces fought a duel, with fatal result to himself, on behalf of "Hernani," at a time when its author was receiving such threatening anonymous letters that his supporters thought it necessary to form a body-guard round his person each night in going to and returning from the theatre where it was represented; while far away from the scene of action another disciple, a poor corporal of dragoons, was writing in his will: "I desire to have the following inscription on my tomb, 'Here lies one who believed in Victor Hugo'!" One thing is certain—that he believed in himself. Believed, not with the vulgar vanity of the little-minded man, or the conceit of the parvenu, self-made, self-taught, self-important; but with the sublime consciousness of genius which can afford to be infinitely humble, while yet, like poor André Chenier, with his despairing pressure of the throbbing temples so soon to grow cold and still, it whispers, "Pourtant il y avait quelque chose là." And in this consciousness lies the germ of victory.

Victor Marie Hugo was born on the 26th of February, 1802, at Besançon. He was the youngest of three sons, and their father, General Hugo, being engaged in the various campaigns in Italy and Spain up to the time of Napoleon's defeat and exile, Madame Hugo and her children followed him into both countries, and thus their early years were spent amid strange sights and scenes, following the fortunes of war. After the fall of the Emperor, General Hugo was deprived of his command, and he then came to Paris and placed his two younger boys in a preparatory school in the Rue Sainte Marguerite, with a view to their entering "l'École Polytechnique" later on. Here, in the intervals of study, young Victor organized dramatic representations among his schoolfellows, and filled volumes

VICTOR HUGO'S HOUSE AT BRUSSELS

VICTOR HUGO.—THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.

of copybooks with poetry. Within three years (from thirteen to sixteen) he had written a collection of verses comprising odes, satires, poems, tragedies, elegies, idyls, imitations of Ossian, translations from Virgil, Horace, Martial and other Latin writers; romances and fables, epigrams, madrigals, charades in rhyme, impromptus, a comic opera, an epic of five hundred lines, called "The Deluge," etc. All this, of course, during his hours of recreation, and over and above the boyish pastimes shared with his companions.

He has always been specially tender—with the tenderness of a noble and manly nature—toward the weaker sex; and at this age the one woman in the world for him was his mother. To her he addressed some of the most delicately polished of his early verses; from her he derived the passionate royalism which in his youth held the place of creed to him; from her, also, alas! he imbibed the spirit of antagonism to Christianity which, except for one brief moment in youth, has outlived the rest of his traditional creeds. She was an ardent disciple of Voltaire, and her influence asserted itself upon the boys from their earliest years. When placing them for a time in a Catholic school in Spain, she objected to the rule that all the scholars should attend Mass daily.

"It is an absolute rule of the school, madame," urged the master.

"Then enter them as Protestants," replied the mother, "for they shall not go."

And later on, in Paris, when the rest of the school went on Sundays to Mass, Victor, by special permission, remained at home, and amused himself with his beloved verse-making.

When his mother joined a circulating library, the good old librarian kept all the works of "*philosophie*" and of questionable morality in a room apart, well locked away, and protested to Madame Hugo that her boys should not be allowed to read those works, which, of course, they clamored to look into. "Let them alone," said the mother, "*books have never done any harm;*" so they read—everything.

One day, while the whole school is taking its usual Thursday walk, solemnly stepping out two by two, one dark, slight, nervous-looking youth of fifteen slips quietly from the ranks as they pass by the "Institut," a building which holds within its sacred walls the Academical Secretary's office. Signing to the usher in charge of the boys to follow him, the two run noiselessly up the great staircase, and enter, breathless with agitation, a door marked "Sécrétariat." Here young Victor holds out a little roll of paper, stammering and blushing as he explains that it is a poem for competition at the annual prize-giving on the subject named, viz., "The Pleasures of Study." The official gravely receives the precious document, marks it with the number "15," and putting it on one side, nods their dismissal, and the two boys hastily rejoin their companions.

About a fortnight afterward, Victor's elder brother, Abel, comes to the school, beaming with kindly satisfaction, not unmixed with surprise, to announce to his little brother that he has received an "honorable mention" from the great "Académie Française." "You little donkey!" was the fraternal salute; "what possessed you to put *your age* into the poem? You might have had the prize!"

It was his first success. The newspapers spoke of him, academicians invited him to dinner, and as for his schoolmaster, as his biographer amusingly exclaims, "Le soleil se serait mis en pension chez lui qu'il n'aurait pas été plus ébloui!"

His next attempt was a short story called "Bug Jargal," written during the holidays in the space of fifteen days, and read out before a select little band of admirers, who had incautiously accepted a bet made by the self-confident young author, that he would write a whole novel within that period, or, failing, give a dinner all round. The story was voted a success. Abel Hugo gave a dinner in its honor, and young Victor was again the hero of the evening.

After this he naturally adopted literature as a career, and he and his brother, Eugène, who was ambitious of a like success, left college and lived at home with their mother, who delighted in her sons' literary tastes, and encouraged them to compete for prizes, and write verses and articles in a magazine founded by Abel, as the first step toward supporting themselves by their pens in the future.

But all this quiet, happy life came to an end in 1821. Madame Hugo died suddenly, and General Hugo, who, up to this time, had allowed his wife the entire guidance of their sons, now came forward and offered them a regular allowance if they would quit the path of literature and adopt a regular profession. Victor alone of the three brothers gave an unconditional refusal to this proposition, and thus cut himself adrift from the paternal guidance. Henceforth he contrived to provide himself with a scanty maintenance by his pen, living very much the life he has portrayed in the young student "Marius," on something like seven hundred francs ($140) per annum. In after years the father and son grew to appreciate each other better, and the most cordial sympathy existed between them; but at this period of his life Victor stood alone in the world, save for one or two friendly hands which never failed to clasp his own.

It was no play work, this student life, rising early and toiling late over prose and verse; poems for prizes, articles for magazines, anything that would "sell," and procure the daily bread. More especially as the youth, still a boy in years (he was scarcely nineteen), had chosen to engage himself to the daughter of his father's old friend, M. Foucher, who, on her side, was little more than a child, and could bring him no fortune whatever. The parents protested, Victor persisted, and Mlle. Adèle proved faithful, though there seemed at first but small chance of their constancy being rewarded.

When he first wished to publish a volume of short poems which had appeared from time to time in one of the periodicals, no publisher could be found to undertake the risk. Abel Hugo, however, generously came forward and paid for its publication; while, the bookshops refusing to allow the modest volume so much as a place in their windows, it was exposed for sale through the kindness of a personal friend. The book was entitled "Odes et Poésies Diverses." Fortunately for its author, the first person who happened to buy it was M. Mennechat, Reader in Ordinary to Louis XVIII., who brought it under the King's notice. Its success was so rapid as to exhaust the first edition, one thousand five hundred copies, within four months. This, of course, brought him in a certain amount of ready money; not much, one would think, seeing that the publishers reserved to themselves three francs out of the three francs fifty centimes which was the price of each volume; still, the author's portion served to buy a magnificent cashmere robe for the "*corbeille de noces*," and when, about the same time, he received the first-fruits of a pension of 1,000 francs per annum, granted him by the King, he felt justified in demanding the hand of his Adèle, and they were married at St. Sulpice in the year 1822, Victor being then twenty, and his bride eighteen years old.

During the halcyon period which succeeded this event, "Han d'Islande" was written; a story now relegated to a place among the author's minor works, but over which many a fierce battle was waged on its first appearance—proclaiming, as it did, the young poet's adhesion to the cause of Romanticism—among the followers, or, rather, imitators, of Walter Scott.

We, who for three hundred years or more have found our dramatic ideal in Shakespeare on the one hand, and among whom the author of "Waverly" took place as *facile princeps* with scarcely an effort on the other, can

scarcely realize the storm of opposition which broke forth in the literary world of France, when the present school of writers, headed by Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and all the youth of the day, came boldly forward with novel after novel, drama after drama, founded on principles utterly opposed to those which every critic, reader and audience had been trained to consider the first rudiments of art. And it was naturally over dramatic novelties that the fiercest controversy raged. Books might find their own public, and a hostile review only provoked more readers; but a tragedy was at the mercy of its interpreters, and stood or fell by the verdict of the audience—often a packed house of *claqueurs*, hired by the opposition, or, what was almost as hopeless, a prejudiced majority who went prepared to condemn.

Space would fail us to record in detail the vicissitudes of our author's career: weary wranglings with actresses; misunderstanding of managers; devoted little bands of ardent admirers, with Théo. Gautier and Balzac at their head, smuggled secretly into the theatre before the doors were opened to the general public, that they might post themselves at intervals among the audience and lead applause! And in spite of it all his dramas did not succeed. "Cromwell," "Amy Robsart," "Hernani," "Marion de l'Orme," were one after another rejected by the public, though sustained by the first actors of the day.

At length "Lucrèce Borgia," the first of M. Hugo's dramas which appeared in prose, came out at the Théâtre du Porte-Saint-Martin, with Mlle. Georges as *Lucrèce*, and Frédéric Lemaître as *Gennaro*, and was a brilliant success; so great, in fact, as to give rise to a somewhat amusing incident. M. Harel, the manager, asked for another play from the now popular author, to be produced after "Lucrèce." M. Hugo refused to promise it; whereupon the fiery manager challenged him to a duel. Fortunately, he afterward reflected that if he killed or wounded his author, he would be even less likely than before to obtain the desired piece, so he made ample apologies, and finally received and gave to the world "Marie Tudor." This was followed, at the Théâtre Français, by "Angelo," which proved moderately successful, and the next year, 1836, by "Esmeralda," a tragedy founded on "Notre Dame de Paris." With that "fatality" which is the key-note of the original, the drama of "Esmeralda" seemed to bring misfortune on all who were in any way connected with it. During its first performance the death of Charles X. was publicly announced; the *prima donna* lost her voice immediately after its withdrawal; the first actor met with a violent death; a ship called after the heroine foundered at sea, and all on board perished; and a valuable mare, which received the same name, broke her neck while practicing for the racecourse. As for the drama itself, it was literally hissed off the stage.

In the year 1836, M. Alexandre Dumas, who also wrote for the stage, requested M. Hugo to join him in a movement for the establishment of a new theatre, which should be under more liberal management than those already existing; and by the authority and assistance of M. Guizot a manager was found willing to organize its company, which gave as opening piece "Ruy Blas," written for the occasion, and played by Lemaître with great applause. To this succeeded "Les Burgraves," at the Comédie Française, which was hissed, but ran its course in spite of opposition; and the author, tired out with the petty annoyances and insults to which he had been subjected, turned his exclusive attention to other works.

"Notre Dame de Paris," which involved much collateral study—one copybook full of notes alone, lost during a change of dwelling, being the result of two months' hard work—was written during the Revolution of July, 1830, while bullets were whistling across his garden, and barricades being erected almost at his door. He shut himself up in one room, locking away his clothes lest they should tempt him to sally forth, and spent the whole of that Winter wrapped up in a big gray comforter, writing against time to complete his work by the first of February, 1831; while his children fed the soldiers who fainted from hunger in the streets, and begged piteously for a drink of water at their doors.

Scarcely was the book finished, when its author saw the grand archiepiscopal library sacked by the mob, its contents destroyed, and among them a unique ancient chart of the cathedral, which he had used just in time to prevent its precious contents from being wholly lost. So true is it, that in our seemingly least important actions we sometimes "know not what we do."

It is perhaps not generally known that "Notre Dame de Paris" was originally intended by its author to form one of a set of three historical novels on the Middle Ages under their several aspects. The two following, however, were never written; not from any lack of appreciative welcome of "Notre Dame de Paris," which was hailed with rapture by the public, and took its place at once among the classics of modern literature; but through the pressure of work and widening of interests which year by year drew him toward the front in political movements, and made the *coup d'état* and his subsequent exile almost a thing to be thankful for, since it has secured to the world works which might never have appeared but for that enforced inaction.

Less serious studies, though not less valuable in their way, were the lyrics which he published from time to time: "Les Rayons et les Ombres," "Les Voix Intérieures," "Les Feuilles d'Automne," "Chants du Crépuscule," etc.; and while weaving revolutionary sentiments into exquisite odes, he addressed some delicately generous lines to the fallen King, Charles X., which the paper that published them described as "the poet's sad farewell to the past." It was so, in truth. Gradually his royalism faded, and, with the whole youth of Paris, he and Lamartine together espoused the cause of republicanism.

It would be impossible wholly to omit, in the most superficial survey of M. Hugo's life, that "burning question" which has always occupied so prominent a position in his thoughts. "Claude Gueux" and "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné," two of the most thrilling appeals which have ever been written on behalf of the abolition of capital punishment, were supplemented by consistent and energetic action toward the same end. He exerted himself strenuously, both in Paris, and later on in Jersey, on behalf of particular criminals lying under sentence of death; undertook the personal defense of his own son, who was cited before the Court of Bordeaux and condemned for violent expressions of feeling on the same subject; used every opportunity afforded by his position as Pair de France in later years, and the whole strength of his most graphic pen in journal, letter, or romance, to awaken the sympathies of his fellow-countrymen on behalf of "*les condamnés à mort.*" Nay, those who have entered the poet's little *sanctum* in the home of his exile, in later years, notice with surprise that the only picture which adorns (?) its walls represents a ghastly gibbet with a dead man hung therefrom—the portrait of John Brown, the man for whom he once pleaded to America—in vain. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom or utility of M. Hugo's political career on other sides, one can scarcely blame his perhaps unpractical humanitarianism in this, that unlike his fellow Communists he held life sacred, and denied the right of human law or human justice to take it away.

VICTOR HUGO IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.— SEE PAGE 307.

On his father's death, in 1828, he became Count Hugo, but never used his title; however, being anxious, some time later, to take a more prominent part in politics, he came forward as a candidate for admission to the Académie Française, from which august body the King sometimes chose his new creations for the Chambre des Pairs. Député he could not be, as he did not possess one single rood of land or property—so he presented himself for election to the Académie, and after having been rejected for three years in succession, he obtained admission into its ranks in 1841, and was raised to the peerage some time later by Louis Philippe.

His political life we need not detail. After the *coup d'état* in 1851 he refused the amnesty offered by Napoleon III., rejected with passionate scorn the triumph of imperialism, and went into a voluntary exile for nineteen years. In this time of exile (from Jersey first, and afterward from Guernsey) his most brilliant successes were achieved. His prose works during this period include "Les Misérables," "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," "L'Homme qui Rit," and "Quatre-vingt Treize"; his poems, "Napoléon le Petit," "Les Châtiments," "La Légende des Siècles," "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," and "Les Contemplations." They were all published in Belgium, their sale being prohibited in France under the Empire.

When Sédan came and Napoleon fell, Victor Hugo returned to Paris just in time to participate in the privations of the siege, and to immortalize them in "L'Année Terrible," beside the cradle of "petite Jeanne." During the Commune he was at Brussels on family business; but though removed from the scene of action, he incurred the displeasure of the Belgian Government by his offers of shelter to fugitive Communists. Finally, having been expelled from Belgium, he returned to Republican Paris, was elected a member of the Senate, and now takes part in all the debates and political movements of the day, with the more interest that his widowed daughter-in-law's second husband, M. Lockroy, is a prominent Radical deputy.

In his domestic life, M. Hugo has passed through many sorrows. His wife, the faithful "Adèle" of his youth, lived long enough to know him hailed as a master-mind by the whole literary world, but the hand of death was laid on her just two years before the end of his long exile.

His idolized eldest child, the "Léopoldine" who inspired some of the most exquisite of his "Contemplations,"

"Elle disait souvent 'Je n'ose,'
Et ne disait jamais, 'Je veux,'"

was taken from him by an early and sudden death, and both his sons died in the prime of manhood. The elder, Charles Hugo, former editor of *Le Rappel*, has left two children, the "Georges et Jeanne" of later poems. Child-worshiper and loving-hearted as he is, these two frail barks seem to hold all his happiness on earth—hopes, ambitions and delights, centred by a passionate poetic nature in a little laughing fairy playing about his knees, and a grave, silent boy, with splendidly chiseled features, and large dark eyes like those of the Holy Child in Raphael's Sistine Madonna, looking with far-away wistful gaze into the unknown future.

A SINGULAR OLD MAID.

By Prudence Bowers.

When Mrs. ex-Congressman Perkins brought home a pretty waiting-maid, the latter attracted the attention of the whole village.

When this fresh young girl was known to frequent ghostly old Miss Prim's desolate abode, the gossips wagged their tongues, and the juvenile cuticle rose in an universal goose-flesh.

Miss Prim's cottage-door opened to admit Dolly, and closed again, untouched by human hands.

So, at least, claimed the village urchins who were wont to feed their taste for the horrible by watching old Miss Prim as she nightly chopped her kindling-wood.

The Dorcas Society, and the parson even, had long since given up all attempts to save Miss Prim's soul, if, indeed, she had room for one in her lank body. How unnatural, then, the affinity between her defiant-eyed leanness and Dolly's plump form and soft, soul-lit blue eyes!

One night Dolly remained within that unlighted cottage until it was time to hasten home to put the hair of Mrs. Perkins in crimping-pins, and make her otherwise ready for the reign of Morpheus.

Then she stepped alone out into the night, a man's voice from within bidding her a tender farewell.

Still alone, Dolly sped toward home at a pace that made her own shadow seem to be leaping and running in the moonlight to keep up with her.

She did not reach the Perkins mansion unmolested.

At the bridge, the very spot that it had made her heart palpitate to think of, she was intercepted.

"I would as soon believe harm of an angel as of you, Dolly, but what means this?"

The man who stopped her spoke as one having authority.

"Edward," cried Dolly, "do you watch where you promised to trust?"

It was bitter to the lover to find that the maiden was not glad to see him, and his wrath rose with his jealousy. He said, sternly:

"Whatever this business is, it has stolen your heart from me. I am not one to brook mysterious and unknown rivals. I *saw* you come forth from that house where they tell me only an old woman lives. I *saw* the shadow of a man, and I heard his voice. I believe in you, Dolly, but I also claim your confidence. Explain this to me now, or cast me off for ever."

Dolly trembled like the moonlight shadows in the Summer wind, but she answered bravely:

"Then this, too, this last sacrifice of all! If only it may not be in vain! Edward, I am not free to confide in you!"

The man stood silent. As the meaning of these words entered his heart, he seemed to petrify. He uttered no appeal. In a moment the night resounded with the echo of his receding footsteps.

Mrs. Perkins, in the magnanimity of a sympathetic nature, allowed her hair to be well pulled that night, and showed herself worthy to be the mistress of no ordinary maid, by abstaining from teasing her with questions.

The following morning, when the lady appeared in fresh toilet in their elegant breakfast-room, the Hon. Mr. Perkins, who was a fastidious gentleman, informed her that her rich lace cap was on awry, and also that her necktie was veering as idly as a weathervane.

Mrs. Perkins glanced anxiously at her reflection in a shining coffee-urn, where she saw it, combined with the reflection of the firelight, dancing wildly.

It required more fortitude than a big man would believe, to sit there consciously disfigured, and it wrung from the pretty little woman the ejaculation:

"My Dolly is certainly bewitched!"

As soon as possible she made the signal to rise, and, under pretense of warming a dainty French-slippered toe by resting it on the bright steel fender, she surreptitiously regulated her toilet in the mantel-mirror over the fireplace.

The husband, much amused with such pretty vanity, followed her in a bantering mood. He was diverted by the arrival of the morning mail.

A SINGULAR OLD MAID. — "'DEAR, FAITHFUL, TRUE GIRL! I HAVE FOUND YOU OUT AT LAST!' DOLLY THREW HERSELF IN AN ATTITUDE OF SUPPLICATION AT HIS FEET."

Throwing himself in his easy-chair by the fire, he opened the first letter.

"Why, love!" he soon exclaimed, "that fellow you made me work to get clear from the charge of house-breaking proves to be a son of the old murderer Larkins, who escaped from justice ten years ago, and for whose recapture there has been ever since a reward of five thousand dollars offered."

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Perkins, conclusively. "Why, you forget that my man is Dolly's father!"

"As if that hindered it!" impatiently ejaculated Mr. Perkins, rising. "I tell you my lawyer has evidence that 'your man' is a house-breaker, and the son of a murderer, and you've made me make a fool of myself, and it ain't the first time."

"But do consider, dear," replied the wife, in a mollifying and convincing tone, "I've had Dolly years, and she'd be as afraid of a house-breaker or a murderer as I would myself."

"What geese you women are, and what idiots you make of us!" responded the Hon. Mr. Perkins, stopping to survey the pretty wife, whom he now felt to have been a great besetment to him. "Marc Antony was no bigger fool than the rest of us. Here I am mixed up in a disgraceful mess because, forsooth, Dolly coaxed you to coax me."

Mrs. Perkins here evinced some indications of bursting into tears. Mr. Perkins, knowing his own weak point, hastened to avert such a painful climax.

"After all," he said, conciliatingly, "it is likely to end in the securing of both men. A detective is——"

At this moment the conjugal confidence was interrupted. Dolly herself stood before them.

She looked excited, and asked permission to "go out for an hour's airing."

When she was gone, the master of the house said, severely:

"That girl must be watched. Let this be the last time she goes out alone."

Mrs. Perkins perceived a certain look in her husband's eyes that caused her to meekly respond:

"Yes, dear."

"How ridiculous men are!" she petulantly exclaimed to herself, when alone. "As if I would keep poor Dolly in to prevent her from such absurdity as seeing murderers!"

Meanwhile Dolly, by a circuitous route but with great speed, hastened again to old Miss Prim's.

She entered unbidden at the rear of the cottage, where no opening was visible to the uninitiated.

Within, an old man crouched in the most obscure corner of a darkened room.

In a plaintive minor key, he cried:

"You can't come in, whoever you are—you've no business here. Keep away! Mary, Mary! come and send them off."

The poor wretch shook like a palsy, and was only induced by the presence and urgency of old Miss Prim to remove his skinny hands from his haggard face.

He was a vivid illustration that the wages of sin are something more than physical death.

"Oh, grandmother!" cried Dolly, "I did not mean to frighten him; but there is need for haste, indeed—indeed there is!"

"There is none," responded the old woman, heroically. "Do you suppose I am not ready for this? Do you think I have hid and guarded him these ten years to let them outwit me now?"

Looking about, Dolly then for the first time perceived evidences of preparation for flight.

"How did you know?" she then asked. "Where is father?"

"My son is safe," mysteriously replied the old woman. "He bade me say to you that your tears and prayers were answered—that, God helping, for your sake, he would lead a better life."

Dolly wept.

The old man arose in vague alarm and wrung his hands, as he feebly paced the floor.

At this sight the devoted old wife turned savage.

"How dare you scare my poor darling!" she cried. "Have you no thought for him?"

She went to him, and with a strange, grim tenderness, stroked his gray hair.

"Have no fear," she said to him; "trust me. I saw the man hovering about here last night, while the child prayed with her father—prayers for them, watching for me. I have only waited to look once more at her pretty face that I thought to have seen so many times—now I am ready to lead you to a safe place. Be easy and trust me, darling."

With the confidence of a sleep-walker or a monomaniac, the old woman led her charge forth toward a wood at the rear of the cottage.

She appeared to have utterly forgotten Dolly, who was left sitting there blankly, entirely alone.

Some words of the old woman still rung in her ears.

"I saw some one hovering about here last night while the child prayed."

Was Edward there, *her* Edward, the representative of a law and justice that would destroy all of hers?

Dolly was no sophist to question the rectitude of her position. If her hands fell listlessly in her lap, if her blue eyes filled with tears, it was because she had lost her lover, not because she had helped to evade justice.

In this dejected attitude she sat, too much engrossed in mourning after her lover to see him enter.

"Dear, faithful, true girl, I have found you out at last," said a voice that electrified her.

Dolly, the whilom proud, piquant Dolly, threw herself in an attitude of supplication at the feet of her lover.

"Do not—oh, do not!" she cried, "hunt him down. If you could see him, if you knew of his repentance, his misery—oh, spare him!"

"Why, bless your dear heart," answered the detective, raising Dolly in his arms, "I wouldn't touch him if he'd eaten my grandmother. How could I know? I was in hot pursuit of the five thousand dollars reward to set my little wife up housekeeping in a style worthy of her. Now she will have to be content with something plainer. But no! you are my prisoner. I can lock you up in jail if I will. Now beg me not to!"

"Can you tolerate me, knowing all? can you overlook my being——"

"If you will ask with your arms around my neck, I think I can hear it," answered the detective. "In fact, I don't think I *could* tolerate your being the least bit in the world different from what you are!"

Two hours later they appeared before Mrs. Perkins, Dolly beaming, Edward looking like a shorn Samson, and asked her consent to a speedy marriage.

That evening Mrs. Perkins triumphantly explained to her husband that he was altogether mistaken about Dolly having anything to do with the murderers.

"How do you know, dear?" he asked.

"Why, she is actually to be married in a week to the detective who is here hunting for them."

This was conclusive, and the Hon. Mr. Perkins ejaculated "Oh!"

THE SHEEP'S PETITION.

THE Sheep before the Lion came and pray'd
Protection from the Wolves that havoc made
Among their flocks. Compassion moved his breast;
Thrice having roared, he thus his will exprest:

"We, Leo, King, and so forth, having heard
The sore indictment by the Sheep preferred
Against the Wolves, and touched with sympathy
For their most sad condition, thus decree:
If any Wolf shall any Sheep offend,
Said Sheep hath leave said Wolf to apprehend,
And carry him before the nearest Bear
In the commission of the peace; and there
Such order as the matter may invite
Be duly made, and Heaven defend the right!"

So 'twas ordained. 'Tis a most curious fact
No sheep hath ever yet enforced the Act;
'Tis probable they are no more attacked.
The Wolves now graze, it is to be inferred;
How this agrees with them I have not heard.

Moral.

If rogues defraud, or men in power oppress,
Go to law instantly, and get redress. KRILOF.

THE ROBBERS OF THE GORGE.

BY F. E. HAMILTON.

THE night was falling among the foothills of the Rockies. The great peaks away to the west were yet golden-tipped with the light from the hidden sun, but the valleys were purple and still, and long shadows were creeping from the deep gorges and cañons skirting the Platte, and stealing silently out along the river-bottom.

Night was falling, and the grand mountains slowly wrapped the cloud-cloak of twilight about them and disappeared; the mists arose and deepened the violet hues along the ridges to a dull gray, the far-away stars opened their bright eyes in the east, and all objects grew indistinctly larger in the gloaming.

Gerald Stetson sat at the door of his tent, smoking his after-supper pipe alone. Old man Jackson, his partner, had saddled the mule early in the afternoon, and ridden to Rowland's Ranche for flour, and was not yet returned; so that Stetson kept the guard at the door of his tent in solitude.

A magnificent man—tall, finely formed, and graceful in every movement, sunburned to a rich brown, with a great golden beard and a wealth of yellow hair, he was a perfect type of the Saxon adventurers—the men who conquer kingdoms, yet never stay to enjoy them.

Stetson was a New Yorker. Six months before, half dead with *ennui* and nursing a wounded heart, he loitered at his club-window, one Spring evening, conversing with a returned miner, an oldtime friend.

"Why not try roughing it? Go to the Colorado mines for a season; it will do you good," said his companion.

"I will!" he replied; and twenty-four hours later was steaming westward.

It was October now, and for half a year Stetson had lived the life of a forest-king—his own servant, footman and cook; and his sore heart was healing, his *ennui* had vanished. He was strong, and filled with the vigor of youth, and knew the delight of living.

As the serrated peaks grew dim against the crimson sky of the west, Stetson arose and turned toward his tent, when the sound of horses' feet caught his ear. He stopped and faced about, looking sharply up the little pathway that led from the river cañon. After a moment's waiting, with hand upon his revolver-butt, he descried, through the gloom, three riders rapidly approaching.

All of them were strangers, and in this wild land strangers were enemies until proven friends. When within perhaps twenty rods, the miner stepped quickly behind a great granite boulder that lay near, and, with leveled weapon, shouted "Halt!"

There was a sudden drawing of bridle-reins, a rattle of spurs, a few sharp hoof-beats, and a little cloud of dust drifted down the narrow path, while the three riders stood motionless, with rifles resting across each saddle-bow, as they peered into the darkness ahead of them. They could see the tent, but not Stetson. After a moment's silence, one of them cried out:

"Is Bill Burns here?'

"No.

"Ain't this Harrison's camp?"

"No; it's four miles down the Platte."

"All right, stranger, yer shet o' us. We're gone; don't shoot!" and with a whirl their horses turned and galloped away up the path by which they had come from the river trail.

For a moment the jingle of their trappings sounded clear through the evening air, then died away as they rounded the great bluff, and the night reigned undisturbed again.

Stetson moved from behind the rock, and uncocking his revolver, returned it to its holster again.

"I wonder who those ruffians were?" he mused, as he relit his pipe—"for ruffians they are, if friends of Bill Burns."

Half an hour later, as with old man Jackson he lay beneath his blanket ready for sleep, he spoke of his visitors.

"Three fellows, and well-mounted?" queried the old man, with interest.

"Yes."

"An' looking for Bill Burns?"

"Yes."

"Then get up, boy, for the cutthroats are goin' to waylay the coach on the Gorge Road, rob it, and run off with a woman that's to be aboard, ef they kin. I heard the whole plot up to Rowland's Ranche."

Stetson was on his feet in an instant.

"How did you hear?"

"Never mind," answered Jackson; "I heard, that's enough. There's two o' us an' four o' them. Shell we try to buck 'em?"

"They're going to run off with a woman! Of course we'll buck them, and beat them, too!" exclaimed the younger man, as he examined his pistols and dropped fresh cartridges into the chambers of his rifle. "We're good for two each, are we not?" and he drew his tall form to its full height, and shook himself as a lion.

Old Jackson looked at him admiringly.

"I guess we be," he answered. "What I lack in quickness I make up in cunning, an' what ye lack in caution ye make up in strength. But come, the moon's up. In three hours the coach will be at the gorge, an' we must be afore it;" and with a step noiseless as an Indian's, the old trapper, miner and guide left the tent, and turned up the path toward the river, followed by Stetson.

When they reached the river-road, Jackson paused.

THE ROBBERS OF THE GORGE.—"HE BRACED HIS BACK AGAINST THE SOLID ROCK, AND WITH ONE MIGHTY EFFORT HE HURLED THE WRETCH OVER THE PRECIPICE."

"I was told the plot of these desperadoes by Karl Rowland up to the ranche. He overheard them planning it last night as they camped at Three Forks. They know that some thousands o' coin are comin' up by the coach to-night to Lincoln mines to the men, an' they are after it. Besides, old Colonel Hamilton's niece is to come up by this run, an' they're thinkin' to capture her, an' hold her fer a ransom from the old colonel, after the style o' the Spanish cutthroats down in the San Juan district. It's well put up, Stet, my lad, but we kin buck 'em ef we're there in time."

"What's the girl's name?" asked Stetson.

"I don't remember; Karl told me, too. She's straight from New York. Sounded like Mattison, I think."

"Not Helen Mattison?" exclaimed Gerald.

"I don't know the first name, but Mattison's the last, I think. Do yer know her?" asked the old man, peering sharply into the excited face before him.

The blood flushed the young man's brow.

"I don't know. No, no, how could I? Come, let us hasten. We'll be too late."

"Not ef ye foller me," replied Jackson. "I shall take the short trail. We don't want to pass Harrison's camp."

And, with a hitch at his belt, he turned sharply aside from the river, and, after a few moments' wandering among the tall pines, struck into a narrow path that ran along the top of the ridge.

"This is the short cut," he said, in a low voice. "In less than an hour we'll be at the gorge."

Stetson made no reply, and on through alternate bars of moonlight and shadow the two men strode, silent as spectres, tall as giants, true Westerners.

The night was cool, the carpet of pine-needles made walking easy, and the miles fled rapidly away behind them.

Both were silently moving onward, perhaps a rod apart, when suddenly, with a sharp cry, Jackson sprang into the air, dashed forward a half-dozen paces, and then, turning, cried to Stetson:

"Stop!"

Without a word, the man stood as if frozen in his tracks.

"Do not move!" exclaimed the old man, excitedly. "There's a rattler under yer very feet. I stepped upon him an' he struck at me."

As he spoke, Stetson felt, rather than heard, the reptile slowly writhing along the ground close to his leg, and his blood grew chill with horror.

"Do not stir," again said Jackson. "I will kill him."

And, stooping, he quickly drew a circle with his foot around both man and snake, then tossed the pine-needles together on the mark thus formed, and set fire to them.

As they flamed up, a ruby, glowing ring, he cried to Stetson:

"Jump! Jump outside the fire!"

Quick as the deer's plunge the command was obeyed, and the young man stood safe, while within, with rapid motion, the now doomed snake ran round and round the narrowing circle of his heated prison.

When at length, however, he became conscious that escape was impossible, true to his nature, he suddenly coiled, and, with gleaming fangs, struck himself again and again through the body, until his strength failed; the crested head slowly fell, the coils relaxed, and the king of reptiles lay dead.

The men looked at each other a moment, with a half-smile of pride at the desperate courage of their enemy; then, stamping out the fire, with quickened steps they resumed their journey.

The moon had not advanced a degree in the heavens when, at length, the two stood at the opening of the gorge road.

This road was one of the wonders of the mountains. Built along the almost perpendicular side of an immense bluff, it ran between heaven and earth for a distance of some five miles, hewn from the solid wall of rock that rose

THE ROBBERS OF THE GORGE.—"HE DROPPED THE MATCH UPON THE POWDER. AN INSTANT OF DEATHLY STILLNESS, AND THEN THE VERY EARTH SHOOK."

THE ROBBERS OF THE GORGE.—"THE COACH FELL OVER UPON ITS SIDE, CLOSE TO THE CHASM, AND THE CRAZED HORSE SHOT FAR OUT OVER THE CAÑON BELOW."

more than three hundred feet upon the one hand above it, and went down, down into impenetrable blackness, more than a thousand feet below, upon the other.

Throughout its entire length this road was wide enough for a single track only, except at two or three points where it had been broadened, in order to afford an opportunity for meeting teams to pass. It was a dangerous highway, even at the best, and doubly so at night. Yet it was used for freighting to and from the mines, and was the direct coach-road from Denver into the mountains.

At the upper end of this strange work stood Stetson and Jackson. The old man glanced at the sky, then at his companion, and spoke:

"My boy, I've a plan. We'll go together to the first meeting-place, about a mile down the road. You then stop there—I'll show ye where to hide—while I go an' meet the coach. If the fellers pass ye, push on after 'em under the shadow of the rocks, so as to be on hand; if they do not, when the coach comes up, allow it ter pass ye, an' then foller closely. In either case, ye'll be a sort o' reserve, an' an unexpected shot from ye will do more good than tho' ye was seen at the first. Besides, if the rascals do stop the coach, I look to ye to care for the woman. I'm no hand with them."

"I obey orders," replied Stetson. "Lead on."

For half an hour, like two shadows, they moved silently down the road, until at a sharp turn the old guide paused, moved to the outer edge of the pathway and looked carefully over, then beckoned to his companion to join him.

"See thar!" he said, in a half-whisper, pointing to a narrow ledge of rock which jutted out from the wall some five feet below where they stood and directly over the black and yawning gulf beneath; "git down thar. Then creep along an' ye'll find a hole. It's small, but ye can get in, an' thar's a cave. I know the spot. It's dry—the road-builders used to store powder in it when they were workin' here. Ye can hide thar until ye hear the rascals comin' up the road."

"All right," said Stetson, in a low tone; and, turning, he quickly lowered himself over the edge and landed safely upon the shelf of rock below.

Old man Jackson dropped upon his knees above and stretched down his hand.

"Shake once, pard," he said, in a clear, intense tone; "I've knowed ye but a few months, yet it seems like ye was almost a son to me, an' if enything happens ye I'd never rest quiet ag'in. But if I catch a bullet or a knife-blade, 'twill be a fit endin' for a life sech as mine has been, an' it may so happen. So shake once, pard, afore I go!"

Stetson caught the old trapper's hand in his and held it fast.

"See here, my friend, I will not stay! You've left me here to be out of danger, while you run all the risk alone. It's not fair, and I will not stay! Help me up and let me go with you." And Stetson strove to climb to the road again by aid of his companion's hand.

But Jackson refused to assist him, and whispered, earnestly:

"No, no! Stop! Stay where ye are! I'm not leavin' ye; ye are to come after me, an' I expect ye'll fight as well as I. Stay thar, for ye'll help far better comin' suddenly from behind than if ye go with me now. Let it be as I have arranged it."

Stetson obeyed, and released his hold upon the old man's hand.

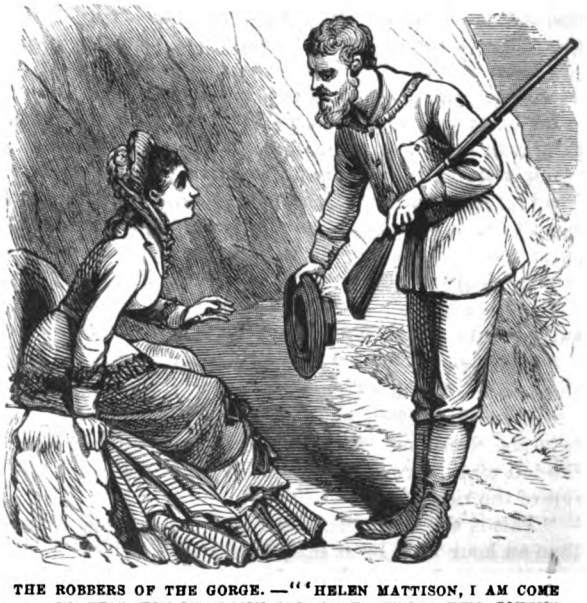
"But her!" he cried, in a low tone, as Jackson was rising to his feet—"the woman. Will you see that she is not hurt? It may be that——" he stopped. "She is a woman, you know—a lady, and not used to this kind of thing. Will you care for her if I stay?"

The old man paused a moment, and then replied:

"You know the Devil's Chair?"

"That natural seat in the rock a couple of miles down the road?"

"Yes, that's the place. If I reach the coach in time I'll hide her thar an' come on alone. If we succeed we kin go fer her; if not, why, she'll be safer than in the cutthroats' hands, and some freighters'll find her in the mornin'.



THE ROBBERS OF THE GORGE.—"'HELEN MATTISON, I AM COME TO TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE SAFE. THOSE WHO SOUGHT YOUR INJURY HAVE FAILED.'"

The robbers won't look fer her along the road if she's not in the coach."

"It will do," answered Stetson; "and now, good-by, and God bless you;" and, with these words, he dropped upon his knees, and slowly crawled along the little ledge toward the cave of which his companion had spoken.

Half a dozen yards brought him to the opening, and after reconnoitring it a moment, he drew his heavy hunting-knife, and, with it between his teeth, pushed aside the little fringe of bushes which intervened, and slowly dragged his body through the narrow hole. Once within, he found himself able to sit upright, and, after advancing a few feet, a broad, low room, with a flat, dry floor, disclosed itself.

All this he had ascertained from the sense of touch; but he now drew some matches from his pocket, ignited one, and lighting a little piece of tinder, thoroughly examined the cave. The room was perhaps a dozen feet wide, by as many broad, and some five feet high.

Strewn about the floor were pieces of powder-casks, and in one corner stood whole kegs. As Stetson approached them with the intention of improvising a seat, he noticed that one was half full of what appeared to be powder. He therefore removed his tinder to a little distance, and taking a handful of the contents from the keg, crawled to the opening, placed it upon the ledge, and touched it with the fire. With a venomous hiss, it disappeared in a flash and cloud of white smoke.

"Ah," said Stetson to himself, "I am in luck! That's prime good powder, and fine, too. I wonder if they used it for blasting purposes, and whether they forgot it when they went away? This is a dry hole, for that must have lain here ever since the road was built, and that's six or seven years ago," and he looked about the walls to discover if any water could enter the cave.

But it was perfectly tight, and the great rock which formed the bed of the road served also to form the roof of the cave.

"That rock's not more than two feet thick," thought Stetson. "I can safely remain here, and be sure to know when the robbers pass over me. An excellent idea!" and in furtherance of it he stretched himself upon the floor and prepared to await the coming of his enemies.

It may have been the fatigue of walking, it may have been the warmth and quietness of the cave, it may have been something else; but, after lying still for fifteen minutes, Stetson began to find it very hard work to keep his eyes from closing. Do what he would, even to rising from his recumbent position, sleep still threatened to overpower him; and at length, slowly slipping from the world of facts to that of dreams, he sank into a heavy slumber.

The moments flew by unnoticed and unnumbered, and already the far-away rumble of the approaching coach began to tremble upon the night-air, when the sound of quick footsteps falling heavily upon the rock over his head suddenly awoke him. The robbers had come!

He stretched himself upon the floor, and crawled silently to the entrance of the cave, where he could hear more plainly. The men had stopped.

"Is this the place?"

It was one of those above who spoke.

"Yes," came the answer. "Ye see thar's a ridge here whar three o' us kin hide, an' stop the horses as they come around the curve; and thar's a ledge jest over the cliff here whar the fourth feller kin lie low an' crack over any one as tries to run back down the road. Yes, this is the best place to wait as I know off."

Were they to stop here? Stetson's heart ceased to beat at the thought. If so, he would be penned in his little cave, unable to aid in the coming struggle. He strained his ears for further knowledge of the cutthroats' plans, drawing a little nearer the opening. As he did so, there was a sudden rustling, falling sound, and a heavy body struck the ledge just in front of him.

"Thar! ye're all right!" said some one from above. "Jest lie close until ye hear the coach pass ye; then rise an' watch the road behind it. Don't miss yer standin'-place, or ye won't need no gravestun. It's a thousand feet to the bottom below ye thar. 'Twould spile ye if ye went over!" and the fellow chuckled grimly.

"Never mind me," answered his companion, who stood before the door to Stetson's hiding-place. "Ye'll hear from me if any one cuts fer down the road. Hist!" he added, warningly; "she's comin' now!" and the sound of a heavy rumble and jar, gradually increasing, testified to the truth of the robber's assertion.

"Lie low, then, and be ready!" replied the man above, and the one below crouched upon the narrow ledge.

Gerald Stetson was a brave man; but, as the full terror of his situation and the knowledge of his absolute helplessness swept over him, it was like the breath of death. Here he lay, earthed as a hill-fox, listening to the oncoming of his friend to death—of another, perhaps a dearer, to worse than death; while at the mouth of his dungeon sat an armed ruffian, at whose instant will his life, too, would not be worth a straw, did he but know of his presence. He could only wait, nor even watch nor hope—wait until the yells and shots above told of the dreadful fray—until the cries of savage victory told of the result—until, perhaps, the dark form of old Jackson shot past him into the abyss below, telling of the end of their midnight expedition.

The thought was horrible. He could not, would not endure this; better die in the open air, bravely fighting, than to lie here helpless. He would attack his unconscious jailer, and let the best man win.

No sooner did the idea present itself than he put it into execution.

With a sudden lithe spring, he threw himself forward, so as to grasp the throat of his enemy from behind while he yet lay half within the entrance to the cave.

As his firm fingers closed over the other's neck, a half-uttered yell burst from the other's lips, but it was too late. With the strength of a giant, Stetson tightened his hold, and, slowly writhing himself from the cave, he crouched behind the man, braced his back against the solid rock, and with one mighty effort hurled the wretch over the precipice.

For a moment utter silence reigned; then there came dully ringing up from below a metallic rattle mingling with a heavy thud; and Stetson stood once more free.

As he crouched, panting and shivering with horror at the man's terrible death, he heard a whisper above him:

"What's the trouble, Bill? What's that noise? What ye yelling for?"

Those above took Stetson for their companion.

"No trouble," answered Stetson, in a hoarse whisper. "I slipped and squealed, and a bit of rock went over."

The man above disappeared.

Through the still night the rumble of the coach could be plainly heard now—it was less than half a mile away.

What was to be done must be done quickly.

Stetson hesitated. Should he climb to the road and meet the other three? That would be foolishness, for it meant certain death. What could he do?

Suddenly he tossed his hands into the air gleefully, and, turning, crept back into the cave. Seizing the half-keg of powder, he threw it upon its side, tore off his coat, and

jammed it in the open end, then filled it up with bits of loose stone; shook a handful of the contents upon the floor, and quickly laid a train to the ledge without and along it as far as he dared to creep; then, crouching, he drew from his pocket another match and waited, listening.

The rumble of the coach came loud and clear now, and the echo of its jingling harness sounded sharply up from the road below; it would round the turn in another instant.

He struck the match. As he did so, the robbers above suddenly stepped from their place of concealment, and gathered closely together upon the very centre of the broad meeting-place just above the cave, ready to stop the heavy coach, which came dimly into sight, rattling up the narrow road, not twenty rods below.

The end was near!

He dropped the match upon the powder. There was a lurid flash, a little curling line of hissing fire writhing snake-like toward the cave; an instant of deathly stillness, and then the very earth shook, a dull and awful roar filled the air, and with horrible crackling and bursting the whole body of the road above the cave rose heavily upward, a column of white sulphurous smoke, mixed with dust and stones, shot to an astounding height, and then the entire mass fell with resounding thunder into the yawning abyss of the chasm below.

The end had come!

Stetson clung trembling to his narrow ledge, safe; but the robbers were gone. Yet, even as his heart leaped with joy at his success, he heard a despairing shout, and saw the coach, drawn by a pair of powerful horses, furious with terror, crashing toward the fearful gulf which now yawned at their very feet, wide across the destroyed road. And upon the coach, with faces white and terror-stricken, sat old man Jackson and the driver, each grasping a rein and struggling to restrain the maddened steeds. In another instant they would be lost!

With an unspoken prayer, Stetson leaned against the rock wall before him, and leveled his heavy rifle. The horses were already abreast of him; to miss them meant certain death for both driver and miner, and his nerves grew tense as steel as his eye ran along the deadly tube, glimmering coldly in the moonlight. Then his finger pressed the trigger.

There was a ringing report, a heavy fall, a sudden spring upon the part of one of the infuriated animals, a snapping of harness-straps, and the coach fell over upon its side, so close to the chasm that it fairly overlapped it, while the other horse, with one wild spring, shot far out over the cañon below, hung for one moment shivering between heaven and earth, and then went crashing down—down—down to headlong death!

Old Jackson was saved!

Ten minutes later, Stetson tossed his rifle to his shoulder, and marched rapidly down the road alone.

"She's at the Devil's Chair, Helen Mattison. I wonder if she'll know me?" and the hot blood flushed his temples at the thought, and he lifted his hat and allowed the cool night-wind to fan his brow as he walked—"I do wonder if she'll know me? I have changed some in six months."

Through the cold moonlight, falling like a silver sheen over cañon and mountain, and all alone, a woman sat watching an approaching figure striding down the winding gorge road. Tall, grandly formed, with uncovered head, whereon rested the Golden Fleece of the Grecian gods, the man who was to rescue her—the man who had rescued her—drew near, and nearer still, until at length, within arms' reach, he stopped and stood motionless before her rocky retreat.

Her heart ceased to beat. Was this a ghost, so tall and still?

Suddenly the figure bowed low with kingly grace, and in a rich voice spoke:

"Helen Mattison, I am come to tell you that you are safe. Those who sought your injury have failed, and gone where even regret for failure comes too late," and he pointed toward the silent cañon. "Old man Jackson, one of the truest and bravest hearts in the mountains, now awaits within sound of my call to take you in his charge safely to your uncle. The danger to you is past, but not to me. In this direction lies Camp Dudley, whither you are bound; in that lies Denver and the plains. I will not keep you long; answer me but one question: Shall I take you to your uncle, or shall I call Jackson, and go on toward Denver alone? You understand me; your hand is to point out my road—which shall it be?"

Helen Mattison arose, a noble, beautiful woman, of perfect form and eyes like stars, and, stretching both rounded arms toward him, said, in reply:

"Take me, Gerald."

The moon went down, the night fled, and glorious, perfect day kissed all the hills and mountain-tops. As the great, glorious sun sent his long lances shining up the gorge road, it was lonely and still, and the Devil's Chair was empty.

And as old man Jackson told the story of the night at the Grand Union Hotel of Fairplay—a pretentious two-story saloon built from hewn logs and adobe brick—the crowd cheered "Gerald Stetson and the colonel's niece," with firm belief that there was a woman mixed up in the affray, somehow; and the hero of the night himself, standing in the little private parlor of the house, with one arm about Helen Mattison, said to Colonel Hamilton, her uncle:

"Sir, I have saved your niece and won a wife!"

WHY LACE IS SO COSTLY.

The finest specimen of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to keep the threads from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels lace so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes, not two inches wide, from two to three hundred bobbins are used; and for a larger width, as many as eight hundred.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN GERMANY.

The close of the afternoon service is the signal for the commencement of the Sunday revels. On ordinary Sundays the men play skittles at the public-houses, while the women sit together in groups at their doors, and gossip or sing, or do nothing; but whenever the people have any money in their pockets, and can afford to pay for a band, they get up dances and amusements. An excuse for such festivities is never wanting—a school festival, a wedding or a patriotic anniversary. The Government, in its anxiety to keep up a military spirit in the country, encourages everything which will recall the victories of the Franco-German War; and as every village furnished its contingent at that time, opportunities of revelry are not wanting. One village will celebrate the declaration of

war, another the battle of Wörth, another the capitulation of Sédan or Metz, and so on. All the neighbors go in pilgrimage to the *dorf* where the celebration takes place. It invariably begins on Sunday, and lasts till the small hours on Tuesday morning, when the patriots return to their homes in the condition expressively styled in Germany "cat's grief," a condition in which for two days, at least, it is impossible to do any work whatever.

THE RETURN OF THE NURSLING.

"NOT GUILTY!"—"HE RAISED HER DROOPING FACE, AND SEARCHED IT WITH WILD, INCREDULOUS EYES. 'MEG! OH, MY GOD! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE SAYING? DO YOU MEAN IT?'"

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXVI.—Mrs. Ryder.

A HANDSOME theatre, crowded with fashionably dressed people. On the stage, a fair *prima donna* was singing in Gounod's opera of "Faust." Clustered gaslights blazed, plumed heads nodded, bright eyes shone. The *élite* of the city occupied the boxes and chairs. Among them, but, strictly speaking, not of them, Robin Leith sat in a parquet seat, his grave eyes fixed on fair-haired *Marguerite*, his thoughts as far removed from her as the East is from the West.

Four long months had passed since the departure of the Harmons. It was now midwinter. Clients multiplied with the young lawyer. His prosperity was constantly upon the increase. Perhaps a pressure of business occupied his mind to-night. He looked at the stage, but saw nothing thereon. The arias that filled his ears he heard not. Least of all was he conscious of a pair of brown eyes that watched him from a neighboring seat. Generally speaking, Leith was strangely insensible to soft glances—"*les doux yeux*,"

as the French say—they glanced off him like harmless moonshine. The eyes above mentioned might look as they would, but they could win no answering gaze from this indifferent and abstracted young fellow.

"*Fire!*"

Like a thunderclap that cry rang through the theatre. Awful, indeed, was its effect in such a place. Men and women leaped wildly to their feet; a hundred terrified voices echoed the alarm.

"Fire! fire!—the theatre is on fire!"

Instantly an indiscriminate rush was made for the doors. Screams, prayers, curses mingled in horrible uproar. The weak were knocked down and trampled under the feet of the strong. It was a mad stampede. Sense, reason and common humanity were alike forgotten. Fear often transforms men into brutes. The great theatre, so elegant and orderly but a few moments before, was now a howling, struggling, trampling pandemonium.

In the midst of it all, Robin Leith, who was bravely endeavoring to make a stand against the irresistible torrent of terrified people, heard his own name called, and felt a frightened hand clutch his arm. He turned and saw Mrs. Belle Ryder.

"Oh, Mr. Leith," she sobbed, clinging to him desperately, "we are going to die!"

He threw his arm about her, to keep her from being beaten down by the crowd.

"Not by fire. I am confident it is a false alarm. This mad company is the thing to be feared. Hold fast to me; it is more than likely that we may be crushed to death."

To say the least, the danger was imminent. From the balcony overhead, frantic people who could not escape by the doors hurled themselves headlong over the velvet-cushioned railing into the pent-up mass of struggling life below. Being a strong, muscular fellow, who knew how to use his fists when occasion required, Leith was able to protect his companion, and ward off from her all serious injury. In that fearful Bedlam she would have been utterly annihilated but for him. Desperately she clung to her stout support.

"Oh, Mr. Leith," she sobbed, "take care of me—take care of me!"

"I will," he answered. "Be calm; this panic will soon pass."

And it did. Of a sudden the tumultuous crowd discovered that there was no fire, but not before much harm had been done, and precious bones broken. The tempest lulled. Leith and his companion gained the lobby, breathless, but unhurt.

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"No," she faltered; "but I cannot attempt to find my friends in this confusion. May I ask you to place me under still greater obligations, and take me home at once?"

They reached the street without much difficulty, and there, fortunately, Mrs. Ryder's carriage was waiting. Leith handed her in—she was trembling violently—and seated himself by her side.

"I should have died in that terrible crush but for you," she said, in a broken voice. "Mr. Leith, pray consider me your debtor for life."

"You exaggerate a slight service," he answered, politely. "I am glad that I chanced to be near you. Few of the audience, I think, will have courage to return for the remainder of 'Faust.'

They drove to Mrs. Ryder's door. There Leith was about to take leave of his companion, but she stretched out her hand with an imploring gesture:

"Pray—pray come in!" she urged.

Common courtesy forbade him to refuse, so he followed her through a sumptuous hall into a lighted drawing-room, where a servant came directly to take away Mrs. Ryder's outer garments. She sank into a low chair, and turned to Leith a pale, agitated face.

"It is early yet," she faltered—the hour hand of the elegant mantel clock had reached the stroke of ten—"will you not stay a few moments, and—and—talk with me?"

He sat down, almost involuntarily. Softly the gas-jets burned overhead; odors of crushed flowers filled the warm air; satin damask muffled the deep windows; dark, rich hues, shot through and through with dull gold, met his eyes on all sides. And that woman in the low chair was well suited to her luxurious surroundings. Her dress of mingled silk and brocade showed her admirable figure to the best advantage; the belaced elbow-sleeves left half of the round, firm arms bare. The fright of the evening had blanched her handsome face, made her brown eyes moist and her red lips tremulous. A golden dagger with a hilt of diamonds was thrust carelessly through the waved and frizzled splendor of her dark-red hair; diamonds blazed on the patrician hands that worked nervously on her brocade lap. A jacqueminot rose, crushed and dying, drooped in the lace on her breast.

Was Robin Leith quite insensible to the picture she made? He had eyes to see, he had taste and feeling; but his rugged, reserved face told no tales. If she wished to talk he certainly gave her no aid, but sat as impassive as stone, until she was forced to make another attempt.

"You look as if you would rather go back to the opera," she said, in a piqued tone.

He smiled.

"You err. I have had quite enough of 'Faust' for one night."

A sad yet melting look crept into her brown eyes. She leaned toward him, and the dark-red rose heaved in its dying sweetness upon her heaving bosom.

"Do you know," she said, reproachfully, "how long it is since your last visit to this house?"

"I confess that I do not."

"Four long months."

"Is it possible?"

She arose from her chair and made a step toward him, her rich dress rustling, her diamonds flashing.

"You avoid me!" she cried, passionately, "in all places and at all times! You are angry with me—I have offended you, or inspired you, perhaps, with an antipathy which you do not care to conceal."

Startled by her vehemence, he looked quickly up, but as quickly looked down again.

"You are entirely wrong," he answered; "you have not offended me. Neither could I, under any circumstances, feel what you call an antipathy for you."

Generally speaking, she was a woman who could control herself, but the event of the night, his presence, the sound of his voice, scattered her usual composure to the winds.

"Then you have not purposely shunned me?" she cried, in a breathless way. "Tell me truly—I do not wish to be deceived."

The odor of the dying rose floated to his nostrils, the rich, dull hues and flashes of gold in the great room glimmered before his sight. Gorgeous as a tropic flower, she stood in her rich dress, and looked at him with an unspeakable pain in her eyes.

"Shunned you? Certainly not," answered Leith, with some embarrassment. "You are trembling—you have not yet recovered from your fright. I am keeping you from the repose you need. Permit me to bid you good-night."

He arose also, and would have moved toward the door,

but she interrupted him. She *was* trembling, but not with any past terror.

"How eager you are to go!" she cried, impetuously; "to leave me, even though you see that I am miserable."

"You cannot mean that," he gravely answered. "You have wealth, countless friends, social position—everything, in fact, to make you eminently happy."

"What a mockery such words are!" she said, bitterly. "My wealth is an apple of Sodom. My friends—who among them all really cares for me? I am more desolate than a street beggar. I have everything but that which my heart most craves."

Her voice shook, her soft eyes filled with tears. Leith knew not what to say, therefore remained silent.

"Somewhere," she murmured, faintly—"somewhere I have read that love begets love. The words are hopeful. Ah, I wonder if they are *true?*"

"I assure you they are *not*," said Robin Leith.

"Do you speak from experience?" she cried, sharply.

"Yes."

She took a step forward, swayed and fell at his feet, stretching up to him her jeweled hands in passionate supplication. All barriers were down, all things forgotten in the flood-tide of jealous pain, long pent-up passion and wild despair which overwhelmed her.

"Pity me!" she sobbed, with bowed head—"oh, Robin, pity me! love me, or let me die, as I kneel here!"

The mad words were out, and could not be recalled. Youth, beauty, wealth, love—these she recklessly offered him. Would he stretch forth his hand to take them?

His brown face was as pale as her own. It was not in his nature to look down unmoved upon a woman who had unsexed herself for his sake—who, in shame and agony, was blindly holding out to him that which he could not receive. He raised her and placed her in the nearest chair. She felt, rather than saw, the pain and astonishment in his grave eyes. There was silence; then he lifted her cold, trembling hand to his lips, and—dropped it.

"Long ago," he said, gently, "I gave my heart to one who regarded the gift as worthless. To me there can be but one love, as there is but one God. I beg you to accept all that I now have to offer you—my highest esteem, my sincere friendship!"

That was enough. A faint cry escaped her. She hid her face in her hands. With all her wealth and beauty, she was rejected!

Not a word was spoken for several moments; then she arose in her humiliation, her lashes wet, a hot flush of shame and anguish dyeing her cheek.

"And you, too, have loved in vain? How strange! Robin Leith, you are good and noble. I feel that my miserable secret is safe in your hands."

"It is, indeed!"

"Oh, my friend, to whom I owe so much, do not quite cease to respect me!"

Her distress touched him deeply.

"Respect you? With my whole heart—yes, as truly as I do the sister who has been so near and dear to me all my life!"

A mournful smile trembled about her grieved lips.

"Now go," she said; and he went, silent and full of troubled thought, home through the cold, wintry night to his own house.

He found a bright fire burning in his study, and before it, on a wolf-skin rug, lay the dog Castor. Light and warmth and comfort pervaded the place. He turned from his oaken table, strewn with books and papers, and drawing an arm-chair to the hearth, sat down to smoke—Leith's favorite solace when tired or disturbed.

His curiously carved pipe glowed like an ember; the long blue fantastic smoke-wreaths curled up over his brown head and enveloped him in a fragrant cloud; the coals dropped softly in the grate; Castor's black muzzle had found the way to his master's knee. A profound silence reigned in the study, when the door opened abruptly and Miss Prue entered.

"Goodness gracious me!" she cried, starting back with a loud cough, "this is quite too awful!—enough, in fact, to reduce one to bacon. Such a filthy habit, Robin! When you marry I hope you will mend your ways."

He laid down his pipe with a quiet smile.

"If my reformation depends on that event, Prue, I fear the case is hopeless—I shall never marry."

She eyed him shrewdly over the top of her spectacles.

"Indeed! The very declaration that Meg Harmon made the day she sailed for Europe—her very tone, too! Singular that her views and your own should be so much alike. Did you enjoy the opera?"

"Greatly."

"You look as glum as an owl. I fail to see any sign of pleasure, past or present, in your face."

"Prue, you are a painfully keen woman. Couldn't you be persuaded to go away, and allow me to finish this pipe in peace?"

"No. I have something to tell you." She thrust her hand into her pocket, and drew out a letter. "News from Nice," she added, solemnly—"that poor child Lilian is dead."

A deep silence ensued. The old dog looked up in his master's face and whined.

"What will *she* do now?" said Leith, at last.

"Remain in the Riviera for the rest of the Winter—Philip Harmon's health is very delicate—and then go in search of 'fresh fields and pastures new.' Would you like to read what she has written?"

He took the little letter, and swiftly devoured its contents. It fluttered from his hand down to the tiled hearth.

"She talks of making a tour of the world?"

"Yes."

"She may not return for years?"

"So she says."

Their eyes met. What did Miss Prue see in her brother's face? Something which was to her as a revelation. All in a moment the truth burst upon her. Gently she laid her hand on the broad shoulder that quivered under her touch.

"Robin, my poor, dear boy!"

He did not speak, but his own hand closed quickly upon hers. Miss Prue heaved a deep sigh.

"It is a contrary world," she said, in a tremulous voice; "we love the wrong persons, we do the wrong things. There's more wrong than right in it from beginning to end!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT LAST.

One Spring day Philip Harmon and his daughter bade farewell to Nice, the Maritime Alps, the Vallée des Fleurs and Lilian's grave, and journeyed northward to foggy, sunless London.

At Langham's Hotel, Portland Place, they took up their abode. It was the first of May, and the London season was in full blast. Father and daughter went about very quietly together, absorbed in each other, caring little for the rush and whirl and splendor about them, until, one morning, a maid-servant brought a card to Meg's room.

With a start of surprise, our heroine read the name inscribed thereon—

"MRS. BELLE RYDER."

"Here—in this house?" she cried, involuntarily.

"Yes, miss, in the next room," said the maid.

Langham's is a favorite hotel with Americans. Mrs. Ryder was there with a party of friends, and wished to see Miss Harmon. The result was, that half an hour after the handsome widow was ushered into Meg's presence.

"I heard that you were here," she said, brightly, "and I could not resist my great desire to see you. And so poor little Mrs. Moultrie is dead? What a miserable fate! How unwisely women, as a rule, love!"

They talked a while of Lilian. Meg noticed that Mrs. Ryder was scarcely as round and smiling as of old. Decidedly she had lost flesh and color.

"Have you been long abroad?" said Meg.

The widow's handsome face grew red, then pale.

"A few months. Some friends of mine were about to sail for the Old World. Boston had become insupportable to me, so I suddenly determined to join them."

"Did you leave our mutual friends, the Leiths, well?" asked Meg, carelessly toying with some sweet English daisies which Philip Harmon had just brought her from Covent Garden. Luckily, she did not see Belle Ryder's face at that moment.

"Yes," answered the latter, in an odd tone.

"And prosperous?"

"Yes."

After that they chatted about a variety of things. Mrs. Ryder and her party were to remain several weeks in London. From some caprice, some passing whim, she immediately attached herself to the Harmons. The trio lunched together, and at five o'clock that day went to drive in the park. There it was that Meg saw a pair of ghosts.

From the triple archway at Hyde Park Corner, with its bas-reliefs copied from the Elgin Marbles, to the Marble Arch and Victoria Gate on the north, a continuous stream of grand equipages rolled back and forth in splendid confusion. The *Route du Roi*, or King's Road, now corrupted into the plebeian name of Rotten Row, was thronged. Gayly dressed pedestrians crowded all the footpaths. English aristocracy paraded proudly in the "Ladies' Mile." The London world was in full feather.

It was in the shadow of the trees planted by Charles the Merrie Monarch, and in the very midst of the gorgeous tumult, that an open carriage passed the handsome landau occupied by the Harmons, and Meg looked up and beheld the ghosts above mentioned. One was a man, dressed like a lay-figure in a Bond Street tailor's shop, his blue eyes no longer smiling and *insouciant*, but sulky and bloodshotten, his blonde face beginning to show unmistakable lines of dissipation.

The other, a woman, fair, yellow-eyed, imperious of bearing, had already laid aside her widow's weeds for a Paris costume of the latest fashionable tints. She held an English lap-dog in her arms, and she was talking in a displeased tone to the man, who sullenly gnawed his yellow mustache as he listened.

Danton Moultrie and Constance Dysart there in London, and together! What could it mean?

Mrs. Ryder was chatting with Philip Harmon—she saw nothing, nor did the blonde pair look once at the landau or its occupants.

As for Meg, she gave a violent start, but was too astounded to speak, or direct attention the twain, and in a moment the carriages had rolled away in opposite directions.

Weeks passed. Belle Ryder went everywhere—she had many English friends, and she plunged eagerly into all the dissipations of the season. The Harmons, on the contrary, lived in a very sober and secluded way; nevertheless, the friendship betwixt the handsome widow and Meg increased steadily.

One night Mrs. Ryder sent a waiting-maid to bring Miss Harmon to her chamber. Meg found her new friend standing pensively before a full-length mirror, dressed for a ball at the American minister's. She turned quickly as the other entered, and the shadow passed from her face.

"Will I do?" she cried; "am I *chic?* I could not step into my carriage until you had seen me, for your taste is perfect. Look at me well, *mon amie*, and if you discover anything wrong, unburden your mind at once."

With a mock-critical air, Meg surveyed the rich tresses, all powdered and jeweled, like some old-time court belle's, the white throat and bosom blazing with diamonds, the full figure in a Worth creation of sheeny silk, cobweb lace and crushed roses, and she nodded her own handsome head approvingly.

"Mrs. Ryder, I see nothing but perfection. You are the living embodiment of that subtle word—style. Our dowdy English cousins will be green with envy to-night."

Belle Ryder had sent her maid into the background. She looked now at the speaker, and lo! the lustrous brown eyes were brimming with tears.

"Margaret," she said, softly, "do you think me handsome?"

"Vain creature! You will have compliments enough before the night is over. Why do you demand them of me at this early hour? Yes, you *are* handsome—absurdly, unreasonably so."

Mrs. Ryder gazed steadily into the mirror.

"I believe you are right," she shivered; "and yet, not many months ago, Margaret—let me hide my face as I make the confession—I humbly offered this beauty to one whom I had loved long and hopelessly, and it was refused."

Meg stared.

"Surely you are jesting."

An unspeakable pain filled the passionate face.

"Alas! no."

"Could any man in his senses reject a woman like you?"

"My dear, he had no heart to give me—it had been wasted on some person who could not appreciate the gift—she had spurned that which would have been life and heaven to me. This he told me so kindly that I, since that hour, have honored and admired him more than ever. Do you wonder that I should mention such a humiliating affair to you? Well, it came in so pat, I could not resist. I am a creature of moods. Never be surprised at anything I may do or say."

Meg sat speechless, motionless. Did she know the invulnerable person who had rejected Mrs. Ryder's beauty and wealth? Did she know the object of his unlucky devotion? Verily, she did! She was silent so long that Belle Ryder finally went up to her and flung around her two lovely arms.

"You are sorry for me, dear child," she said; "fortunately these things never kill. Now you know why I came abroad. I could not bear to see his face again. Well, it is true that I have been baffled of my heart's desire, but, *ma chère*, I shall dance and dine, dress and flirt as usual, and by-and-by, perhaps, marry some titled Englishman, as so many of my rich countrywomen are now doing, and live happy ever after. Such is life. *Voilà tout.*"

THE WELL OF LIFE—MORNING AND EVENING.

So she departed to the American minister's ball, and Meg, disturbed and *fâcheuse*, was left behind to think over what she had heard.

The next day Philip Harmon, his daughter and Mrs. Ryder went to a *fête* at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. It was the Handel Festival, and an immense crowd filled the

great structure of glass and iron. A bright sun shone on the park and grounds—on the lakes and islands. The finest fountains and water-temples in the world glittered and splashed merrily. In the centre transept a grand orchestra with the Handel organ discoursed ravishing music.

Our party of three had wandered into the Greek Court, and Meg was standing there alone before a piece of sculpture, absorbed in the beauty of its marble outlines, when, of a sudden, she heard near at hand a familiar voice.

"Good heaven! Constance," it said, irritably, "must I tell you again that I absolutely abhor a scolding woman?"

Another voice—a female's—cool and determined, replied:

"And must *I* repeat that I will not tolerate wine and cards, and dinners at Richmond with strange, disreputable people? No more of *my* money shall be spent in that way!"

The first speaker muttered something like an oath.

"By Jove! Constance, you carry matters with a high hand. Isn't it about time for you to settle a portion of Colonel Dysart's wealth upon me? I'm tired of this sort of thing—it is growing monotonous."

"You will have what you actually need—that is, if you mend your ways and try to please me; but nothing to squander in dissipation."

"It galls a man to be continually asking a woman for funds. If you loved me, Constance, you would allow me to manage your fortune."

"Do you think me a fool? Danton, you are a born spendthrift—you have also many vices. I am not to be bullied or cajoled. You shall never control a dollar of my money!"

Meg turned.

Yes! The very pair that she had seen in Hyde Park! They were passing so near that her draperies almost touched them, but, absorbed in themselves, neither was conscious of her proximity. Profound ill-humor darkened both faces. Moultrie looked absolutely furious.

"Vixen!" she heard him hiss; then they went on and vanished in the crowd.

Meg was gazing blankly after them, when Belle Ryder's amused laugh broke the spell that bound her.

"Ah, you have seen that pair of turtle-doves!" she cried. "Danton Moultrie and his new wife on a bridal-tour through Europe! I have just heard the news from some Boston friends who are here at the festival. The lady is an old flame, to whom he was engaged long before he ever knew poor Lilian. Last Winter she went South to the place where her acquaintance with him first began. There he again met her, either by chance or design, and barely a week after the news of Lilian's death reached him, he married his first love. She has money and—a temper. Did you ever hear of anything so shameful?"

Meg's eyes were fixed upon a distant door, through which the two figures had disappeared. A bitter smile curled her lip.

"Married! Poor Lilian is likely to be well avenged. Danton Moultrie has found his match, at last! That woman will rule him with a rod of iron. He will not break *her* heart, nor waste her substance. I think his worst enemy could not desire for him a greater punishment than his second marriage."

"I am sure you are right," said Mrs. Ryder, "for I met them at the entrance of the court, and they were quarreling like cats. It is good to feel that there is such a thing as retribution in the world. Now, come with me, dear, and let us find your father. I wish to persuade him to join our party for a tour in Switzerland next month."

Meg smiled, and shook her head.

"What does that mean?" demanded Mrs. Ryder.

"We have decided to go home," answered Meg, with a wistful, far-off look in her eyes. "Papa is already weary of travel—so, too, am I. We are both pining for the green waves of Gull Beach."

* * * * * * *

It was an August twilight. The sun had set; bars of sultry gold and crimson streaked the west. The bay lay smooth as a mirror in the warm afterglow. Afar, among the wrinkled rocks, the Sagamore beacon had just been lighted. Seabirds flew across the sunburnt marshes; the tide was coming in upon the cool gray sands—its soft, monotonous splash alone broke the silence of the dying day.

Up at Beach Hall the doors and windows were standing open to catch the first breeze that should fan up from the cool bay. Gay awnings and blossoming vines, beds of bright-hued flowers, and a splashing fountain under the fir-trees, gave the old house a joyous look.

In a gnarled garden-chair on the terrace sat Philip Harmon, with a newspaper upon his knee, his snow-white hair uncovered, his pale face full of peace and content. A melancholy yet patient man. He never uttered complaints, he rarely spoke of his terrible past. No earthly power could recompense him for its sufferings, but in his daughter's love and care he had found the nearest approach to happiness which it was possible for him now to know.

Through a long low window which opened behind his chair, Meg fluttered suddenly out upon the terrace. She was dressed in some thin gray stuff, and a round gray hat, ornamented with a gull's breast, shaded her lustrous hair.

"I am going down to the shore, papa," she said, brightly; "will you come with me?"

He looked up with the gentle, melancholy smile peculiar to him.

"My dear, I am an old man; I cannot keep pace with your young feet. Unless you particularly desire my company, I prefer to remain here and read my paper while the daylight lasts."

"Very well, papa," she answered, and went off down the drive alone, passed out of the high gates, and took the path to Gull Beach.

Picking her way through salt pools and over the *débris* washed up by a recent storm, Meg came to the old hulk where Robin Leith had once wooed her so vainly. There she paused, and leaning against its gnawed and crumbling side, looked out on the lonely bay, over which night was falling.

Softly the incoming tide lapped the sands; a strange sadness fell upon her handsome face as she listened. The words of the song arose to her lips:

> "Break, break, break,
> At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
> But the tender grace of a day that is dead
> Will never come back to me."

"We often lose our day of grace through folly or blindness or ignorance," said Meg to herself, with a weary sigh.

She was about to move on down the shore, when a loud bark broke the silence, and the next moment a big black object scampered toward her—leaped violently upon her. A loving nose was thrust up into her face, and two hairy paws smeared her smart dress with the sand and wet of the beach. She cried out joyfully as she recognized Castor.

"Is it you, old fellow—really you?" she said, returning his rough caresses. "Surely you haven't found your way back to Gull Beach alone?"

No, not alone. Directly a tall figure appeared around

a bend in the shore, sauntering slowly, as if in a brown study. He raised his eyes, saw her beside the old hulk, and for an instant seemed uncertain whether to retreat or advance. Something in her expectant attitude decided him. He went up to her and held out his hand.

"I heard a few days ago that you were back at the hall," he said, quietly. "I am on my way to pay my regards to your father."

Her father! She showed no sign of pique, only stood there in her maddening beauty, with a half smile on her lips, and the after-glow shining in her grand eyes, and lighting up her white-rose skin and careless coils of hair.

He could not trust himself to look at her. Abruptly he turned his face toward the sea.

"My father is reading his evening papers up at the hall," she said, as she caressed the dog; "he will be delighted to see you again. How good of you to remember us, Mr. Leith!" The mocking tone stung him like a lash.

"I remember," he answered, bitterly, "because I must—because I cannot help it. God knows I would forget you if I could, Meg."

"That is flattering," she said, with a little laugh.

He choked back some words that trembled on his lips, and kept his eyes fixed stubbornly on the red star of the distant Sagamore light.

"You did not make that tour of the world which you contemplated. At one time I feared your friends would be compelled to bear your absence for months and years to come."

"No," she answered, wondering at his saddened, care-worn face. "We grew homesick—papa and I. We longed for our own vine and fig-tree, and those same friends of whom you speak."

A pause. He was struggling hard to preserve an unmoved front. She spoiled all his endeavors at last by placing her slim hand softly on his arm.

"You do not look at me," she said, reproachfully. "Oh, Robin, are you not glad—just a little, to see me once more?"

The dark blood leaped into his cheeks; he trembled under her touch.

"God knows *how* glad!" he cried, wildly; "even though I am certain that I ought never to see your face again. There is not, there can never be, any safety for me where you are."

"*Robin!*"

He seized the delicate hand, half crushing it in his own.

"Don't mock me, Meg!—have you not made me suffer enough already? Do you remember this spot? Here, years ago, I first told you that I loved you. In one way or another, I have been telling you the same story ever since. Do you wish to hear it once more, that you may scorn and flout me yet again?"

Her red lips trembled, tears rushed into her eyes; she did not withdraw the hand which he had seized.

"Robin," she answered, faintly, "suppose I should confess that it was all a mistake—the answer which I gave you here so long ago?—suppose I should tell you that little by little I have learned to know and appreciate you? Would you then forgive me the pain I have made you suffer?"

He raised her drooping face, and searched it with wild, incredulous eyes.

"Meg! Oh, my God! Do you know what you are saying? do you *mean* it?"

"I know that I love you!" she sobbed—"yes, with my whole heart! And though I am not half good enough for you—though you will probably find me a thorn in the flesh—such as I am, Robin, I am yours—your very own!"

The next moment she was in his arms, clinging about his neck, her heart beating against his heart, his lips upon her lips. He had waited long, he had been patient and steadfast and forbearing, and now his reward was won, his soul's desire gained. Nothing earthly would part them more.

"Come," she said, at last, lifting her happy, tear-wet face from his shoulder—"come, Robin; let us go up to the hall, and tell papa."

And so, as the after-glow faded out of the west, and the night fell on the sunburnt marshes and long reach of wet, tide-kissed sands, these two, plighted lovers, with life transfigured, and the future stretching out before them full of love, hope and joy, turned from the rotting old hulk, and walked away together to Beach Hall.

THE END.

FAR AWAY.

LIKE clouds I drift, though fiercely seeking wings,
Throughout the fairy universe to speed,
Conscious that somewhere the sky's paths will lead
To a cloud-vailed form on kindred wanderings:
Thence life will tremble like to budding things,
The mist disclose a bosom that doth bleed,
And my heart know its life is come, indeed,
Fired by new sun and fed by bursting springs.
Long, lonely ways converge, and home is near,
As each heart's beat to other's pulse is wooed:
We were one alway but for foolish fear
Which casts out love that is beatitude;
Sweet heaven, blend both of us to make one sphere,
That we may win at last our angelhood.

MISS PRESCOTT'S THREE LOVERS, AND HOW THEIR WOOING SPED.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, AUTHOR OF "LUCIA," "SEVEN DAUGHTERS," ETC.

IT was Friday evening, and Thirza Prescott had put her last box of laces in order, laid the rolls of ribbon attractively in the showcase, and was wondering if there was anything more that could be done. Mr. Bennet, her employer, walked down to where she stood, and leaned his elbows on the counter.

"Business is fearfully dull," he said.

She was sorry for the little man, and yet she felt like laughing. He had told her that at least fifty times in the last five days. But she was so tired of her one affirmative that she made no answer.

"Yes, fearfully dull."

She made a desperate effort

"But one never can expect much business in midsummer," she said, glad to have achieved a respectable remark.

He rubbed his yellow whiskers thoughtfully.

"Miss Prescott."

"Well?"

And now he looked as if he had something important on his mind. Could it be there was another fact in the universe besides the stagnation of business?

"Miss Prescott, I was thinking—that is, I wanted to speak to you about business being so fearfully dull—about—your vacation. Would you mind taking it a month earlier?"

"Having two months? Is that what you mean?" she asked, sharply.

"Yes. I must keep my niece, and—it would be a favor to me."

He had been kind to her many a time, this little sandy-haired Mr. Bennet. He had only allowed her two vacations a year, of a month each, when they made their bargain, but it would be hard to keep him to his word now.

"Well," she made answer, "of course, if you wish me."

"Then it is all settled," he returned, with joyful alacrity. "Monday will be the first of July."

"Very well," and she bowed. Then she took from a closet her black Neapolitan hat, with its cluster of field-flowers, put it on before a little mirror, wound a lace scarf around her neck, and wished her employer good-night.

Two months! What in the world was she to do with such a vacation? Eight weeks' board to pay if she remained at home, and no intimate friend or relative to invite her countryward. She wondered if she could not apply for a situation as waitress in some seaside boarding-house. Life was beginning to grow very dull. She might have been forty-two, instead of twenty-two, for all the fun that came to her. And then she considered.

Just one incident in her whole life had been peculiar. A queer, whimsical maiden aunt had reared and educated her, and proposed to marry her out-of-hand to Reese Donovan, a distant cousin. Reese Donovan's father had been Miss Prescott's early love. She hated to divide her fortune, and she wanted the two to share it. But Thirza Prescott walked off angrily the morning young Donovan was expected. That was three years before. She had come to Woodford, where she had a school friend residing, and taken a situation in a store. Aunt Prescott had never written, not even in answer to the epistle that set forth her perseverance and independence.

She was not exactly the woman for commonplace admiration, or she might have gained a lover or two. She had a fashion of keeping men at a respectful distance; she did not mean to be made common because, in a moment of vexation, she had gone in a store. She was a tall, slender, stylish girl, with blonde hair and very dark gray eyes, piquant, but mismatched features, and a very winsome voice when she was not in a haughty mood.

"Here are two letters for you," said Mrs. Lee, as she sat down to her solitary supper, though there were fresh berries and hot, fragrant tea.

She did not open them until she went to her room. One was from Aunt Prescott—she knew the cramped handwriting. Wonder of wonders! It was very brief. Mr. Donovan proposed to spend a fortnight with her. If Thirza would return and make herself agreeable—for he was quite willing to marry her, even after her foolish escapade—well and good. She would be received with proper affection, and they would forget the past. But if she persisted in her undutiful and ungrateful conduct, this was the last overture.

"The man is a fool!" she said to herself, passionately.

Then she opened the other. It was from a shallow little schoolmate, who had managed to marry fortunately. This was part of it:

"You may wonder how I learned your whereabouts! Julia Graham was in Woodford last April, and heard that you were in a store—saw you, I believe. Then I had the temerity to write to your aunt, for something had happened. Isn't she an abominable old wretch! And now I'll tell you *my* good fortune. I'm rid of Robert's two old-maid sisters, who were the bane of my life. One has married, and the other has gone to reside with her, thank the Lord! We have had the house altered, for Robert is like a new man, and I'm going to have a good, gay time this Summer. I want you to come and make me a nice long visit, for I suppose you have some vacation during the Summer. I always did like you, you know. Could you come to New York and let me meet you there?"

There was much more, in a jerky, rambling style, but she knew Clara Hyde was a warm-hearted, volatile woman. Why should she not go and have a good, gay time also? Her youth and her few attractions would vanish presently. Mr. Donovan might take the fortune, and Aunt Prescott as well. It was very mean of him, and she hated him—yes, she did. A stupid old fogy, no doubt. Go and exhibit herself before him, indeed!

Still, she wrote a somewhat dutiful reply. She would come back any time and care for her aunt, but she would *not* marry Mr. Donovan.

Then she answered Mrs. Hyde's letter, and accepted, asking her to name the day for the meeting. Two months' idleness was no bugbear to her now.

Why, she felt quite light at heart, and on Saturday evening she wished Mr. Bennet a gay good-by.

"But you will come back, Miss Prescott? I cannot think of losing you."

"Oh, I shall come back."

She devoted the next week to her wardrobe. Clara's answer came.

Would Tuesday of the following week give her sufficient time?

Mrs. Hyde was on the mark as to time and place. A pretty, fair, matronly-looking body, with an abundance of pink-and-white in herself, and pink-and-gray in her dress, gushing and demonstrative; but Thirza had resolved not to be over-critical. She wondered, indeed, if she were not a little prim and old-maidish.

They had only to take a short railroad journey, and at the station Mrs. Hyde's carriage was awaiting them.

"You'll like it ever so much, I know. The boarding-houses up here are always crowded with gentlemen in the Summer, who cannot leave business for good and all. And what is the use of being young and good-looking if it doesn't do something for you?"

"To be sure," says Thirza, opening her great gray eyes and thinking of Aunt Prescott's plans. Was the whole world in a conspiracy about getting her married?

But if the look and the smile had been in Greek, Clara would have understood them as well.

She was not the one to distress herself over hidden meanings. It would have been difficult to tell just why she loved Thirza Prescott, but I think the greatest charm was because Thirza never preached to her, or tried to summon her to impossible heights, or to impress her with a sense of moral superiority.

They took a fine long drive before they went home. It was a rather old-fashioned, romantic village, modernized into a town, and standing on a somewhat high bluff, with the Sound below, and the ocean not far off. How crisp and sweet the air was!—so different from the smoky manufacturing place she had left behind.

They stopped before a roomy, old-fashioned house—that is, it made no pretensions to being a villa, had no angles, turrets and hanging balconies. A long porch across the southern exposure, a wide hall, large parlors on the one side, and plenty of lounging room.

Mrs. Hyde, meanwhile, regaled her visitor with a story of the martyrdom she had experienced at the hands of these spinsters, who had tried to train her into a proper helpmeet for their dear brother Robert, who had so unwisely married her.

Thirza was escorted to her room. The furniture was rather antique, but rich and good; the carpet soft; the bed and windows positively lovely in their snowy drapery, and fanciful little brackets put up here and there as an afterthought.

"Now, I want you to feel quite at home. Curl your

MISS PRESCOTT'S THREE LOVERS, AND HOW THEIR WOOING SPED.—"ONE AFTERNOON THIRZA FOUND HERSELF LEFT QUITE ALONE TO ENTERTAIN MR. CAREW. SHE WAS DOING SOME FLOSS EMBROIDERY, AND HE READ ALOUD FROM 'IDYLS OF THE KING.'"

hair, and make yourself pretty, for Mr. Hyde is to bring up a friend, and some one always drops in during the evening. I want you to have a grand good time."

Clara left her at length, but for some time Miss Prescott drowsed in her easy-chair. How comfortable it was! Seven weeks of rest and refreshing! It was better than going to her aunt's, being fretted at, and refusing to marry Mr. Donovan.

She felt so free and gladsome that she made a charming toilet. Its chief colors were black and pale tea-rose. Looking at herself in the large mirror, she was much pleased at the transformation. Her three years of business had not been very inspiriting, neither the nineteen years with Aunt Prescott, but they had not taken all the life and brilliancy out of her face.

Mr. Hyde was a middle-aged, commonplace man, who adored his young wife, and treated her as if she were a spoiled, willful daughter.

There was Mr. Gilbert, a solid-looking person of five-and-thirty, with whom Miss Prescott did not fall in love at first sight, though an hour afterward Clara told her he was rich and single, and contemplating matrimony.

The evening was very lively. Some friends and neighbors dropped in. They had billiard-playing and music, the latter falling to Miss Prescott's share. She was thankful she had kept in a little practice on Mrs. Lee's weak piano.

Mr. Romaine came and talked to her afterward. A stylish, gentlemanly fellow of eight-and-twenty, with a voice that was rich and flexible—rather dangerous, too, if womankind listened too long to such a charmer.

They were having a gay time over in the billiard-hall.

"Do you not play?" he asked.

She laughed lightly.

"Cues and carroms and pockets are alike unknown tongues to me. But it must be enchanting when one understands it."

"Ah, then, you have no scruples. May I come over and teach you?"

"I am afraid you will find a dull pupil." And yet her eyes said she would like it.

"Didn't Mrs. Hyde say she was going to keep you all Summer? And do you ride?"

"I used to."

Her face warmed a little at the thought. With this soft flush, like a tint of dawn, she was really handsome.

"When, may I ask? Your tone suggests some other sphere, or bygone age."

She laughed genially.

"I have spent three years in a dull manufacturing town, going into no society. Pardon me if I am behind the age."

"Then we must help you to make up the lost time. Strange how much one lives in a week or a month, sometimes, when the years before have been utterly barren."

She gave him a quick glance.

"Like the poet, counting time by heart-throbs."

With that they made a tempting plunge into the realm of poetry. Thirza was vexed when Mrs. Hyde came around, leading Mr. Gilbert in her train, and finally carrying off Mr. Romaine.

But when people have sung love-songs and talked poetry, the ice may fairly be considered broken. So the next afternoon Mr. Romaine dropped in, and they had a very amusing game of billiards. Mrs. Hyde kept him to dinner, and in the evening they planned a ride for the following morning.

"But I cannot go," Thirza said, regretfully. "I have no habit. And then I may have forgotten——"

"Mrs. Hyde can furbish up something, I know—can you not?" glancing at the lady. "And please assure Miss Prescott that I am a perfectly reliable escort."

He went away with a promise. The two women set about a presentable attire. Thirza had a black cloth basque that fitted her like a glove, and they soon manufactured a skirt. A stylish and elegant woman she looked when seated on her horse.

"Though I wish it were Gilbert," little Mrs. Hyde commented, internally.

They had a very delightful morning, it must be confessed. The glowing sunshine, the balmy air, the picturesque ways he led her through, and the agreeable conversation, stirred and inspirited her, and roused her companion to admiration.

It was nearly noon when they returned, she bright and radiant as the Summer day. Some latent beauty had risen to the surface, fluttering warily in the depth of the luminous eye, and blossoming in the rose of lip and cheek. The kind of woman that Mr. Romaine most admired! And then he thought of another. What a hasty fool he had been! A six-months' engaged man he was, with no right to fall in love with this girl. But then Miss Conover's fortune had looked so tempting, and, besides, she had shown her preference so plainly. But his five months here had been spent in real-estate speculations, and proved one continual rush of success. If he were free to win this woman, and live his own life!

With that he gave an impatient jerk at the reins.

A very slight thing to lead to such an incident. A light wagon was coming down the street, and Mr. Romaine's horse, reared in the very face of the other animal, which shied violently, and made a plunge toward Miss Prescott. Mr. Romaine reached over; Thirza uttered a cry. It seemed to her that both men had been thrown.

The driver of the wagon had sprung out as he saw the other going down. Romaine struck the ground with a force that rendered him senseless.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, in a voice that electrified Miss Prescott. "Shall I take him—to the nearest druggist?"

"Oh, he is not dead, surely!" she cried.

"No; only stunned, I think."

"We are at home—this house——"

Mrs. Hyde opened the door at that moment, and uttered a shriek. Thirza dismounted and led the way.

Romaine was raised in strong arms and carried up the steps, through the hall, and deposited on a couch in the billiard-room.

"No, he is not dead. Bring me some water."

Then he took a small vial out of a pocket-case and gave him a few drops. With a convulsive shiver George Romaine opened his eyes.

"Now, where shall I find a physician?"

Mrs. Hyde stood wringing her hands.

Something in the man's strength and presence of mind quite restored Thirza, and she managed to get out of Clara that Doctor Lewis lived two blocks below.

With that the stranger was off like a shot.

"Oh, I hope he will not die on our hands!" moaned Mrs. Hyde. "It is so dreadful! How did it all happen?"

"I did not know what to do. I thought it best to have him brought in," commenced Thirza, deprecatingly.

"Of course! You don't think me a heathen, do you? It would have looked scandalous to send him to his hotel. But I've no nerves at all. I am not worth a penny in sickness, so you'll have to take care of him. Do you suppose any bones are broken?"

The doctor came and answered the question. His

shoulder was dislocated, his wrist sprained, and his head had suffered a severe contusion.

"There is nothing dangerous, only he must be kept very quiet for several days. We had better remove him to his room at once."

Mrs. Hyde led the way up-stairs, very much dazed in her mind. The doctor gave his orders to Miss Prescott, and bowed himself out, promising to look in again before night.

"I cannot tell you how deeply I regret this sad accident," said the stranger, turning to her also.

Miss Prescott took a survey of him. A brown, foreign-looking face, with a wealth of bronze beard, and clustering curls a few shades deeper; eyes of a frank blue, with little gleams of steel-gray.

It had an oddly familiar look. Where had she seen it before? And what did this little glimpse of mischief mean?

"It was not wholly your fault. Mr. Romaine's horse made the first unmanageable movement."

"But I am most thankful you were not hurt.

"I fancy Mr. Romaine thought I was in some danger, and reached over to save me. I am sorry."

"We must all regret it. I hope your friend will not suffer seriously. Will you allow me to call and inquire, Miss —— ?"

"Miss Prescott," and she bowed. "I am staying with Mrs. Hyde," and she made a gesture toward Clara.

"And my name is Philip Carew."

If the brown cheek was a little redder as he spoke, it did not rouse Miss Prescott's curiosity.

He bade her good-day. Then Mrs. Hyde indulged in a small hysteric, and as soon as Thirza could leave her she went to change her dress.

When Mr. Hyde returned home his hospitable soul approved of all that had been done.

"It is wretched work to be ill at a hotel, and Romaine has no relatives at hand. But will you not need a nurse?"

"I am to be nurse," responded Thirza, quickly, "since I was the cause of the accident."

"And I meant you to have such a nice time! It *is* rather romantic," and Clara gave a little sigh; "but I hope he won't be ill very long."

Mr. Carew called the next morning, and saw Thirza for a few moments.

"How odd that he should have asked for *you*," said Mrs. Hyde.

Thirza flushed. Somehow she seemed so well acquainted with him already.

The nursing did not prove tiresome. Mr. Romaine was a very agreeable patient. No fever set in, and in ten days he was able to come down-stairs.

He was very grateful and gentlemanly, and Mr. Hyde insisted upon his remaining another week, at least.

Mr. Carew had called several times, and sent both fruit and flowers. Something in his exquisite taste attracted Miss Prescott strongly. Mr. Gilbert came up again, and was very attentive to her, certainly.

"I'm sure she ought to get a husband among the three," said anxious little Mrs. Hyde. "If she doesn't, I shall despair of her."

"Gilbert would be the best match," responded her husband, actually infected with her love of match-making. "He is one of your slow-going but solid men. And he seems wonderfully taken with her."

Miss Prescott enjoyed it all. She learned that she possessed no small spice of coquetry, although trained in the severe simplicity of spinsterhood. To-day she smiled upon Mr. Carew, to-morrow she made light of Mr. Romaine's gloomy and desponding glance, and then she was demure as a nun for Mr. Gilbert.

Mr. Carew had taken lodgings at a hotel in the vicinity, though he was generally absent one or two days in a week. But then he had the pleasure of driving out with her, which Romaine's disabled right arm would forbid for weeks to come.

As an offset, the latter had all an invalid's privileges. But there was something about him she could not quite understand. That he cared for her was evident, and could be most piquantly jealous, but he often checked himself in the midst of a sudden impulse, flushed and bit his lip, as if strangling some longing or resolve in its very inception.

Why? Thirza would mentally ask. Was he afraid to love her? Was she too poor, or lacking in any material point?

Carew puzzled her also. He was more of a gentleman by birth and breeding than Romaine, yet he had a way of watching and studying her, as if, somehow, he was balancing her faults and virtues. The odd familiarity grew upon her. One day she spoke of it.

"I have been out of the country most of the time for seven years," he said, carelessly.

"I did not really suppose that I had met you before," and she flushed under his scrutiny. "Yet I feel sometimes as if I were very well acquainted with your eyes at least."

He smiled at that.

"You would be a very foolish girl to go back to shop-keeping," said Clara Hyde. "I would bring it to a serious point."

"How much faith could you put in a six-weeks' love? And we know so little about them, after all," commented Miss Prescott.

"But Robert could learn easily. Give them a chance to speak, Thirza."

Miss Prescott fell into a musing mood. This had been the first real gala-time of her life. How should she end it? If either of these men wanted to marry her—and some intuition told her that both were in love—why try to wear out Aunt Prescott's patience? Why not be happy in her own way? Mr. Romaine had youth, warmth, would be tender, exacting and very fond. Mr. Carew, with his riper years and the fascinating touch of imperiousness, was a man that a woman might worship if she once gave way to her heart—her emotions. And Mr. Gilbert she rarely thought about, though she knew she could bring him to her feet with less effort than she should have to make for the others.

She never dreamed how much of it was to be decided this August evening when she came down in her flowing white robes, without a bit of color save her breast-knot of carnation and heliotrope, and the same in her hair. Romaine was waiting on the porch. There were numerous visitors within, but he signaled her, and she came.

"How lovely you look to-night! as if you were in a peculiar mood," and he took her hand.

"Your prescience is at fault. I am in no mood at all. I feel as indolent as this soft south wind—as if I might be swayed hither and thither by the breath of a rose."

"Do you?" with a sudden reckless vehemence. "Then I wish to heaven that I could sway you to my liking—to my love."

She throbbed in every pulse.

"Mr. Romaine, this is nonsense—mere bagatelle." But her voice was tremulous. "You gentlemen are not obliged to make love to every woman who crosses your path."

He glanced steadily into her eyes, and her cheeks flushed to tempting bloom. His eyes were like points of flame.

"Do you understand that it may be a luxury when a man meets the one woman whom he worships madly? I love you! The knowledge cost me all my pain and suffering—my awkward blunder the morning of our ride. I never felt quite free to speak until to-day."

"Why?" she gasped in quick apprehension. "Why should he not be free to confess his love to its object?"

Fate answered her almost before he could speak. The gate opened, and three women came up the path, the light shining full upon them. One was a rather faded blonde, with an abundance of fluffy hair, and an artistic pink in her cheeks. He turned with a groan, which, light as it was, caught her ear.

"Oh, Mr. Romaine!" they exclaimed.

Two were neighbors, but the third a stranger. This one went straight to him, and took his hand.

"You did not get my letter?" he asked, hoarsely.

"What letter, George? No, I have not heard in three weeks, and I was getting so anxious! How terrible the accident was! Why did you not send for me? Cousin Jennie knew Mrs. Langdon, so we came——"

Thirza turned away. They were dancing in the drawing-room, and she accepted the first invitation.

George Romaine simply cursed his unlucky star. In another day Miss Conover would have known—why had the marplot, Fate, sent her along to-night? For the last three weeks he had been summoning courage for a rupture. No doubt she had heard some gossip through Mrs. Langdon.

She loved him, however, and she was one of the women who love through evil as well as good report, from a habit of selfish persistency. She did not mean to give him up—even his letter would not have been final in her eyes.

Mrs. Langdon, having some news, aired it. In less than half an hour every one in the room knew that Mr. Romaine had been engaged for the last seven months, and that Miss Conover was wealthy.

Miss Prescott passed him once with superb disdain.

"If you will let me explain," he gasped

"There is nothing to explain. You shall break no woman's heart for me, or my trifling."

"But, my God! I love you!"

"Go your way, Mr. Romaine."

There was no mercy for him in her pitiless eyes, and in a passion of anger he took up his old allegiance.

In the hall she met Mr. Carew.

"I was coming in for a quiet hour," he said, "but you have quite a party."

"An impromptu one."

"Some new people? Who is that with the curious yellow hair, standing just under the chandelier?"

"That? Oh, that is Miss Conover, Mr. Romaine's *fiancée*, I believe."

Her voice had a hollow, scornful sound. He glanced at her sharply. The brave face never struck a color, but he knew that she had been wounded, nevertheless.

He drew the soft hand through his arm and led her down the steps to the lawn, saying that the room was very warm, and she looked tired.

How gentle and protecting he was! Strength had never appeared so tempting as at this moment, though she told herself it had been nothing more than a flirtation.

"I declare, I was thunderstruck!" said Clara Hyde, after the guests were all gone and the lights lowered. "Well, if that is the way he means to go on out of her sight, I wish Miss Conover joy of him, I am sure. But, Thirza, I'll venture anything that he does love you."

"That would be folly;" and Miss Prescott laughed gayly.

"My dear, I'm glad you're not hard hit. I liked him so much, but I think I have a quick, impressionable nature. However, Mr. Carew and Mr. Gilbert are left," she ended, brightly.

Thirza kissed her good-night and went to bed, very angry and sore at heart. She had not been well treated, although she *knew* George Romaine loved her. She could have separated him from his betrothed.

I have not exalted my heroine in the slightest degree, as you will bear me witness. She might have been much nobler, but she might also have been more selfish and unprincipled. It was as she had said—she did not want any woman's heart broken by her, neither did she mean to sigh hers out in regret for this young man. And so she was bright as usual the next morning.

Mr. Gilbert came up in the afternoon, and took her out driving in a dainty phaeton. There could be no question of extending the invitation.

A lovely drive it was, through country ways. She had to make no effort—he was a man you could be silent with, he had such an old-fashioned, fatherly way of putting you at your ease. And some way, coming back, she was drawn to tell him about Aunt Prescott and her whim.

"My dear young lady, I think you are quite right not to be forced into a marriage with a perfect stranger. But, if your aunt loved you, you must find it hard to stay away."

"She does not love me;" and Thirza's heart swelled. "She has a maid who does everything for her—reads to and amuses her, and a housekeeper who is as rigid as iron. After I left school I thought I should be chilled to death in that house. No; all the use I have, in her estimation, is to become Reese Donovan's wife. I would rather be a clerk in Mr. Bennet's store all my days."

"There's no need of that, either, Miss Prescott. I may surprise you by this avowal, but I have been strongly attracted toward you. The very points that, in the eyes of the world, would render a marriage between us unsuitable, are what have drawn me to you. I like youth and brightness and cheerful spirits. I should have married years ago, and have had daughters growing up now, who would not be ashamed to be fond of their father. But it is not so. Am I very foolish to want a young wife? If you could like me well enough, I would be very kind and indulgent to you. I would give you a pretty house, and would take you anywhere that would afford you pleasure, and I think I could make you happy."

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert——"

"There, my dear," he interrupted, raising one gloved hand to his lips, "you shall not answer me now. Take a week to consider. I will not come up till then, and you must be quite frank. If you would not marry Mr. Donovan for the sake of a fortune, I can trust you not to accept me for mere worldly advancement."

"How kind and generous you are!" she returned, her face in a beautiful glow.

He remained to tea, and made himself quite charming in his quaint and somewhat old-fashioned way. He was so good—why could she not love him? These young men were but vexation of spirit, after all!

"A week," he said, at parting. "Try to think kindly of me, my dear young lady."

A peculiar week it was, rather quiet, but with Mr. Carew dropping in every day or evening. Mr. Romaine had gone to Newport with the party of his betrothed.

One afternoon Thirza found herself left quite alone to entertain Mr. Carew. She was doing some floss embroid-

ery, and he read aloud from "Idyls of the King"—passages here and there that pleased him—love passages, you may be sure. He made a lengthy pause presently, and glancing up, she saw his eyes fixed upon her. She colored hastily, and all her pulses throbbed under the eager scrutiny.

"If I said it instead of the poet, Thirza, you must have thought, you must have seen, that I loved you."

"Mr. Carew!" she cried, "I think, in all honesty, you have another story to tell me."

"Yes; I have. I will not woo you under false pretenses. I am Reese Donovan."

He stood up so straight and handsome and manly, then he looked out of his fearlessly honest eyes, and smiled with his proudly curved lips. Could she throw away such a love?

THE PLAGUE OF POOR GRANDMA'S LIFE.

"Mr. Carew," she began, "I am not much in the habit of taking such matters for granted."

"But I tell you now that I love you with a man's sincere, ardent love. I came here weeks ago resolved to win you, when a fortunate accident threw you in my way. I think you are not quite——"

A sudden revelation flashed over her, and she drew herself up haughtily.

"And this was my aunt's plot? You lent yourself to the childish deception?"

Her eyes sparkled with indignation, her chest throbbed with the anger that was mastering her.

"Thirza, no. Be a little reasonable, child. I never knew, until this Summer, that your aunt had set such a hard condition before you. I went to Woodford to find you, to see what this high-spirited girl was like. You had

just left, and I learned from Mrs. Lee where you had gone. I reached here in the morning, took a livery wagon for a drive, and fortune threw me into the very hands I most desired. And now—I love you, I think you *can* love me. What stands between ?"

"This, Mr. Donovan : I will not marry you !" and she stood up, tall, slender and haughty.

"Thirza, you cannot be so foolish, surely, for the sake of an idle whim !—because your old aunt planned it out before !"

"I do not want you or the fortune," she said, frigidly.

"Are you quite sure you cannot love me ?"

There was a scarlet heat in her face, and a great throbbing at her heart, but she only answered with a look of scorn. She might have loved him or Romaine, but both thought it no sin to deceive her. In her irritable state she could scarcely distinguish between that willful, selfish deception, which made her sad and sore at heart, and this more simple matter, that so wounded her pride. Then she remembered how she could sting him, and triumph over Aunt Prescott.

"Mr. Donovan," she said, icily, "I have a proposal of marriage under consideration already. A man of loyal, kindly heart, and in prosperous standing, has asked me to become his wife. I am almost certain to accept. Please say to my aunt that I do not need to marry you for the sake of the fortune."

"Thirza !"

The look and tone electrified her. For a moment her heart wavered. How a woman could love this attractive Reese Donovan, and be loved in return ! But she would not listen. She turned away with an effort.

"There is no need of discussing the subject further. Allow me to wish you good-day."

With that she swept proudly from the room, went straight to her own apartment and indulged in a good cry.

She would marry Mr. Gilbert, of course ; yet she wished there was no such thing as marrying, and that she was safe back in Mr. Bennet's store. Yet she was very frank and honest with Mr. Gilbert the next day.

"You are worthy of the true and fervent love of any woman," she said, with emotion ; "and since you have chosen me I cannot accept you entirely until I am sure I can give you my whole heart. Is it too much to ask simply friendship for the present ?"

He shortened the probation from six months to three.

Mrs. Hyde took it for an engagement, and would look at it in no other light. She would fain have kept Thirza for the Winter, but the girl insisted upon her own independence, and went back to Mr. Bennet's laces and notions.

Mr. Romaine was married that Autumn.

Of Mr. Donovan she heard not a word. Of course he would forget her. She had shown herself foolish, spiteful and unreasonable. And about the holidays she received a severely upbraiding letter from Clara Hyde. How could she let Mr. Gilbert slip through her fingers ? She was surely fated to be an old maid.

"I think I am," she said to herself, with a dreary sigh, staring four more holiday weeks in the face.

But Mr. Donovan dropped in the store one day, rather grave-looking, and in a most brotherly tone announced his sad tidings.

Aunt Prescott had died very suddenly. She had been well enough to take her accustomed drive through the day, but just at twilight had expired sitting in her chair. She had quite softened to Thirza, and was meaning to ask her to The Elms on a visit. She would come to the funeral, certainly ?

Aunt Prescott had never professed any love for her ; indeed, she had always been vexed that the last Prescott should have been a girl.

Thirza could not simulate any overwhelming grief, and yet she understood how much more endearing this hard, selfish life could have been.

"I wonder if I am growing like her ?" she thought.

The funeral was a very quiet one, for Mrs. Prescott had lived most unsocially.

At two the lawyer came to read the will. The Elms, with furniture, plate and horses, was to go to the son of her cousin, Reese Donovan, and then, as a codicil, he was instructed to pay to her grandniece, Thirza Prescott, the sum of five thousand dollars on her marriage with Mr. Gilbert, and also to present her with the Prescott diamonds, which were worth as much more.

The lawyer made a few explanations, and then went his way.

Night closed in early. There was a cheerful fire in the sitting-room grate, and by common consent the heirs took their places beside it.

Were they enemies ? Certainly there was much coolness and distance between them. Thirza summoned courage at length to perform a duty she owed him.

"Mr. Donovan," she began, tremulously, "I may as well say now that I have no right to Aunt Prescott's bequest. I shall never marry Mr. Gilbert. I think this came through your generosity, and I am much obliged."

He bowed politely, and studied her for some minutes. The proud face drooped, the lips quivered, and a wavering flush deepened the cheek. Presently he cleared his voice.

"I heard something to this effect," he returned, "and I have made provision for it. I have an offer to go on an exploring expedition, which may keep me for the next seven years. Meanwhile, I want you to live here and keep up the place. I have made arrangements with the servants, who have consented to stay. I desire you to enjoy everything to the uttermost, and be happy. You need not fear that I shall trouble you in any way."

She sprang up, her face pale at first, then a vivid crimson.

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot !" she cried, as she stood there before him.

"Why ? I can surely pay you as well as Mr. Bennet. I should think the labor would be fully as agreeable."

"The place is yours !" she rejoined, vehemently. "I will not deprive you of a home—of everything !"

"Well," he said, still gravely, "you can bestow upon me all things."

She came around behind his chair, that he might not see her blushing face.

"I ask you to stay."

Her voice was very low and tremulous, and her hands dropped by her sides.

"Is that all ?"

"I have been very foolish and unreasonable, and I have learned to love you."

He drew her down to him and kissed the sweet lips, the hot, crimson cheeks.

"Can you forgive it all ?" she whispered.

"Why, I rather enjoy the love ;" and he smiled. "But I felt quite sure of you last Summer. I am a patient and long-suffering man, Thirza Prescott."

She behaved herself meekly and beautifully, and in the Spring wore the Prescott diamonds ; but it was as Mrs. Reese Donovan.

Mrs. Hyde was in an ecstasy of delight.

And so Aunt Prescott had her wish.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

THE *Brisbane Courier* publishes the following account of an extraordinary discovery said to have been made in connection with suspended animation:

Many who know Sydney Harbor will remember the long inlet which, in a succession of landlocked reaches, stretches away like a chain of lakes for over twenty miles. On one of these reaches stand, on an acre of grassy flat, fringed by white beach, two low brick buildings. Here is being conducted an experiment, the success of which—now established—must have a wider effect upon the future prosperity of Australia than any project ever contemplated. The experimenters are Signor Rotura and Mr. James Grant.

It appears that five months ago Signor Rotura called upon Mr. Grant, and averred that he had discovered a South American vegetable poison, allied to the well-known *woolara*, that had the power of perfectly suspending animation till the application of another vegetable essence caused the blood to resume its circulation and the heart its functions. Before he left Mr. Grant, he had turned that gentleman's doubts into wondering curiosity by experimenting on his dog.

He injected two drops of his liquid, mixed with a little glycerine, into a small puncture made in the dog's ear, and in three or four minutes the animal was perfectly rigid, the four legs stretched backward, eyes wide open, pupils very much dilated, and exhibiting symptoms very similar to those of death by strychnine, except that there had been no previous struggle or pain.

Begging his owner to have no apprehension, Signor Rotura lifted the dog carefully, and placed him on a shelf in a cupboard until the following day, when he promised to call at ten o'clock and revive the apparently dead brute. Mr. Grant continually during that day and night visited the cupboard; and so perfectly was life suspended in his favorite, that he confesses he felt all the sharpest reproaches of remorse at having sacrificed a faithful friend. The temperature of the body, too, in the first four hours, gradually lowered to 25° Fah. below ordinary blood temperature, and by morning the body was as cold as in death.

At ten o'clock Signor Rotura presented himself; and, laughing at Mr. Grant's fears, requested a tub of warm water to be brought. He tested this with the thermometer at 32° Fah., and laid the dog's head under. To Mr. Grant's objections, Signor Rotura assured him that no water could be drawn into the lungs, and that the immersion of the body was simply to bring it again to a blood heat. After about ten minutes of this bath, the body was taken out and another liquid injected in a puncture made in the neck.

Mr. Grant tells me that the revival of Turk was the most startling thing he ever witnessed. The dog first showed the return of life in the eye, and after five and a half minutes he drew a long breath, and the rigidity left his limbs. In a few minutes more he commenced gently wagging his tail, and then slowly got up, stretched himself, and trotted off as if nothing had happened.

From that moment Mr. Grant became aware of the extraordinary issues opened by his visitor's discovery, and promised him all the assistance in his power. They called in the help of a physician, Dr. Barker; and a number of animals, whose lives have been sealed up in this artificial death, have been kept in the freezing-chamber from one to five weeks, and it is found that, though the shock to the system from this freezing is very great, it is not increased by duration of time.

Messrs. Grant and Rotura then determined upon the erection of the works just finished at Middle Harbor, an enterprising capitalist, Mr. Christopher Newton, of Pitt Street, finding the necessary funds. Arrived at the works, I was taken into the freezing-chamber, a small, dark room, about eight feet by ten. Here were fourteen sheep, four lambs and three pigs, which Mr. Grant told me had been in their present position for nineteen days, and were to remain there for another three months.

Selecting one of the lambs, Signor Rotura put it on his shoulder and carried it into the other building, where a number of shallow tanks were on the floor, having hot and cold water taps. One of these tanks was quickly filled, and its temperature tested by the signor. There was the lamb, to all appearances dead, and as hard almost as a stone, the only difference between his condition and actual death being the absence of dull glassiness about the eye, which still retained its brilliant transparency.

The lamb was gently dropped into the warm bath, and was allowed to remain in it about twenty-three minutes, its head being raised above the water twice for the introduction of the thermometer into its mouth; and then it was taken out and placed on its side on the floor, Signor Rotura quickly dividing the wool on its neck and inserting the sharp point of a small silver syringe under the skin and injecting the antidote. This was a pale-green liquid, and, as I believe, a decoction from the root of the *astracharlis*, found in South America.

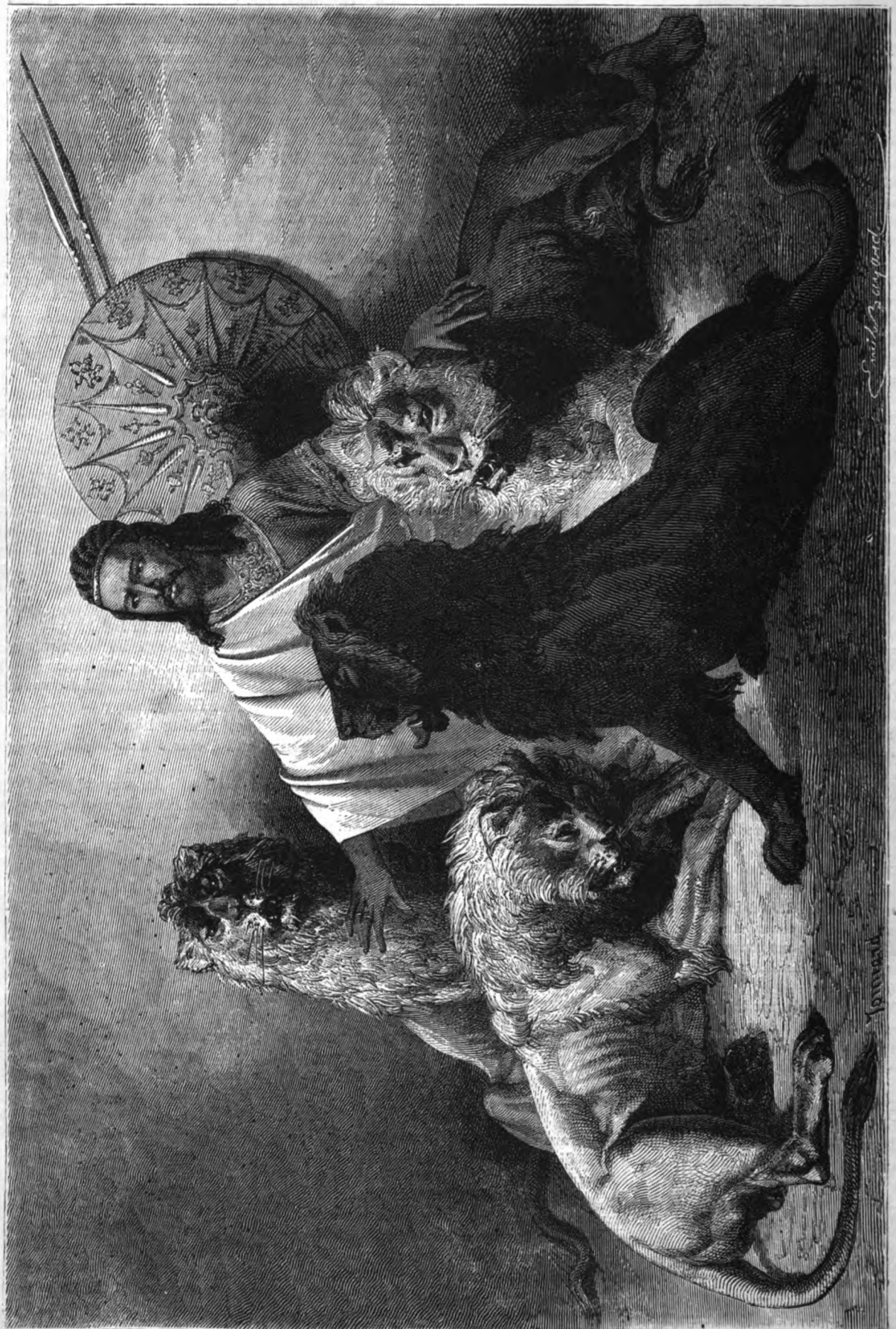
The lamb was then turned on its back, Signor Rotura standing across it, gently compressing its ribs with his knees and hands, in such a manner as to imitate their natural depression and expansion during breathing. In ten minutes the animal was struggling to free itself, and when released, skipped out through the door, and went gambolling and bleating over the little garden in front.

Signor Rotura tells me that, though he has never attempted his experiment on a human being, he has no doubt at all as to its perfect safety. The next felon under capital sentence he has requested of Sir Henry Parkes to be allowed to operate on. He proposes placing him in the freezing-chamber for one month, and declares that he has no fear of a fatal result.

Signor Rotura proceeds to South America at once for a large supply of the two necessaries for the safe conduct of his proceedings, and both these substances at present remain a secret.

GLASS BEADS.

AMONG the most curious examples of persistence in art are the well-known Aggry beads, which occur every where in Africa, and in many parts of Asia. Similar beads are still made for the purpose of barter by glassmakers in England and Italy; yet they appear among the oldest remains in many widely separated places. Mr. Nesbitt considers them Phœnician, and supposes they were made for purposes of barter with uncivilized nations, such as the ancient Britons. Glass beads of extreme hardness have been found in British graves; and, on analysis, were found to be composed and colored in the same manner as those of undoubted Egyptian origin. The usual type is large, not round, but spindle-shaped, and marked with alternate indented bands of red and blue, the colors being separated by a narrow white line. These beads are found in England, on the Gold Coast, in India and Germany, in Italy and Egypt. They are particularly common in the cities along the course of the Rhine. The oldest specimens must be Egyptian; but in all probability, the pattern was continued in many distinct manufactories at many different periods.



THEODORE, KING OF ABYSSINIA, IN STATE.

THEODORE, KING OF ABYSSINIA.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

Just where the long and narrow Red Sea penetrates into the Eastern Continent, and upon its western or African side, is a mountainous region which has for some centuries come to be known as Abyssinia. The name comes from an Arabic word meaning a "mixture"— that is, of peoples, and was originally given as a term of contempt. It is not recognized by the people, who style themselves *Itiopyavan*, "Ethiopians," and their country *Manghesta Itiopia*, "The Kingdom of Ethiopia."

Abyssinia forms only a small portion of that immense region which the Greeks vaguely designated as Ethiopia, that is, "Burn-face," from the dark complexion of its inhabitants. The Ethiopia of the ancients vaguely included all of northern Africa except Egypt. The boundaries of that country which we style Abyssinia are not clearly defined. In a general way, it may be said to lie between the parallels of 8° and 17° north latitude; so that, geographically, it is in the very heart of the torrid zone. In the lowland region, bordering upon the Red Sea, it is said that the heat is greater than in any other part of the earth. This lowland plain is very narrow at the north, but widens southward to some two hundred miles. This region is a kind of debatable land, claimed by the rulers of Egypt and of Abyssinia. So, also, the lowlands on the west are regions in dispute between the same Powers.

Abyssinia, as we shall henceforth use the term, has been sometimes called "The Switzerland of Africa." Its greatest dimensions either way are about 600 miles. The area is not far from 250,000 square miles—somewhat more than that of France, somewhat less than that of our State of Texas. The population is estimated at some four or five millions.

The Abyssinia with which we have to do consists mainly of high table-lands, intersected by mountain ranges, which unite in a central knot. These table-lands are from 6,000 to 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. The mountains girdling them rise to a general height of 12,000 feet, some of the peaks reaching an altitude of 15,000 feet. The whole of this mountainous region presents the aspect of having been broken up and tossed about by mighty forces of nature. The mountains assume wild and fantastic forms, their sides being usually steep and abrupt, and accessible only by difficult passes. The high plateaus are traversed by ravines, sometimes sinking more than 3,000 feet below the general level. The vegetation of these high plateaus belongs to the temperate zone; lower down it assumes tropical forms. Upon the whole, the aspect of the country is that of a rather bare region, with trees and bushes scattered thinly here and there; clumps and groves being found only around villages. Taken all in all, we believe that Abyssinia ranks high among the regions of the earth fit for the habitation of civilized man.

THEODORE ENRAGED.

The legendary history of Abyssinia—which has at least some basis in fact—runs far back into the night of ages; to times before the foundation of Rome; to times before the Trojan war—if there was really any such war as has

been sung by Homer, or by somebody else. More than a thousand years before the beginning of our present era, there was a great Ethiopian kingdom, having its capital at Axum, in the highlands, but within a few days' journey from the Red Sea. Axum still exists, as a small town containing some 4,000 inhabitants; but around it lie scattered unfinished and broken columns, pedestals and other remnants of an ancient civilization. The church at Axum is held to be the most sacred place in all Abyssinia; for, although the structure is rude and recent, it occupies a site hallowed for ages. Near the church is a square inclosure, with a pillar at each angle, and a seat and footstool in the centre, all of granite. Some thirty yards distant is another footstool covered with inscriptions, which contain a list of the tribes under the sway of the mighty rulers of Axum.

For a moment the wild Ethiopian legends link themselves upon authentic Hebrew records. The "Queen of Sheba," who kept court at Axum, got tidings of a wise and mighty monarch, who ruled in a mountain stronghold far away on the opposite side of the Sea of Reeds. Thither she went in royal state, "with a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and very much gold and precious stones." The rather less than half civilized Queen of Sheba was astounded at the magnificence of the rather more than half civilized King of Jerusalem. In true Oriental fashion, there was a great interchange of presents. All this being done, the Hebrew records dismiss the Queen of Sheba with the words: "So she turned and went to her own country, she and her servants."

But Ethiopian legend has much more to say about this Queen of Sheba. When she left Jerusalem, she bore under her heart an unborn child, of which the much-married and many-concubined Solomon was father. The child in due time was born. He performed many doughty deeds, among which are a miracle or two; received the name of *Menilek*, "the Terrible," and left the crown of Ethiopia to his descendants, who claim to hold it in uninterrupted descent for well-nigh three thousand years.

Ethiopian legend—now dissevered from Hebrew history—fades away into myth. For almost ten centuries we struggle almost vainly to gain anything like a firm foothold. The one thing which seems clear is, that Hebrews found homes in Ethiopia not very long after the days of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The Felashas, a Hebrew colony, say that their progenitors came to Ethiopia after the disruption of the Hebrew kingdom, in the time of the arrogant and foolish Rehoboam. This legend is certainly probable. It can scarcely be doubted that Ethiopia furnished a refuge for the Hebrews during the long and dreary centuries of Assyrian, Grecian and Roman rule in Syria.

That this Hebraistic element was strong in Ethiopia about the time of our Saviour's earthly life, is evinced by the fact, recorded in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles, that "a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, who had charge of all her treasure, had come to Jerusalem for to worship." This great Ethiopian dignitary, returning homeward, seated in his chariot, was whiling away the time by reading the Book of Isaiah, which seems to have puzzled him not a little. To him came Philip, who expounded the esoteric meaning of a famous passage, whereupon the lordly eunuch acknowledged his belief that "Jesus Christ is the Son of God," and was baptized into that new faith which the Antioch wits had not yet designated by what they meant to be the opprobrious term of Christian.

Sacred writ dispatches this eunuch with the brief record that, parting with Philip, who saw him no more, "he went on his way rejoicing." Abyssinian records, as embodied in the very ancient "Chronicles of Axum," say that he was the first apostle of Christianity in Ethiopia. But the new faith must have died out within a few generations. In the year 316 A.D., Meropius, Bishop of Tyre, sent an exploring expedition to Ethiopia. All the members were murdered except Frumentius and Ædisius, nephews of the bishop, and they were sent as slaves to the King. Frumentius rose high in the royal favor, was made tutor to the prince-royal, upon whose accession to the crown he became vizier and actual ruler of the country. The young monarch was baptized into the Christian faith, the great body of the people following the royal example, and for more than fifteen centuries Abyssinia has been a Christian kingdom—the very earliest, we believe, which can so be called. Frumentius himself was consecrated by the great Athanasius of Alexandria as Metropolitan of Ethiopia, his title being *Abûna Sâlâma*, "Our Father of Peace," a title which has come down to our own times. The Abûna of Abyssinia receives consecration from the Patriarch of Alexandria, but for all practical purposes he is quite independent of this Coptic Patriarch.

It is beyond the purpose of this paper to present more than a bare outline of the distinguishing tenets of the Abyssinian Church. It is thoroughly Monophysitic, recognizing only one nature in Christ; or, rather, as we understand it, that the human nature in him was wholly absorbed and lost in the divine nature. But the Abyssinian Church has found room for many fierce dogmatic quarrels. Prominent among these is that concerning the "Nativities" of Christ, of which three are enumerated; but, with our best effort, we fail to understand what is held by the respective polemics. Then, again, is the dispute which rankles among Abyssinian theologians, whether Christ, while still in his mother's womb, possessed the knowledge of good and evil; and whether—for in some way the two questions have been made to hang upon each other—the Son is now equal to the Father in authority and power. But the present important dispute in Abyssinian dogmatics appears to be whether the Virgin Mary is merely the mother of the man Jesus, or also the mother of God, and therefore entitled to equal honor with her Son.

As far as rites are concerned, the Abyssinian Church presents many traces of ancient Hebraism. Circumcision is retained, and is precedent to baptism. The Hebrew Sabbath and the Christian Lord's Day are held alike sacred. The Sacrament is administered to the laity in both kinds. Each church has a kind of ark of the covenant, upon which its sanctity depends; it stands in a sanctuary, into which no one may enter except the priests, who consecrate the sacramental elements. Images are not allowed in the churches, but rude pictures are found in profusion. As in the Greek Church, there are two kinds of ecclesiastics: secular priests, who may marry once, but not after their ordination; and monks, who are vowed to celibacy. The "Apostles' Creed" is not recognized, the Nicene only being used. The canon of sacred books contains all those recognized by the Church of Rome, besides several others, notable among which is the so-called "Book of Enoch," which consists of a series of revelations purporting to have been given to Enoch and Noah. In all, the Abyssinian canon consists of eighty-one books, and as we have it, is in the now unspoken language called "Geez." This version, the only one used in public service, is supposed to have been made from the Greek, somewhere during the fourth and fifth centuries after Christ, about which time we get glimpses of Ethiopia—not yet called Abyssinia—as a great Christian kingdom.

The glory of Ethiopia seems to have been at its highest

about 520 A.D., when the throne was filled by a monarch whose name has come down to us as Caleb, his dominions reaching to the western shore of the Red Sea. The Christians on the other side of the sea had been harried by the pagan Ishmaelites, and King Caleb went to their aid. He subjugated the region, and for nearly a century the Kings of Ethiopia were masters of the best parts of Arabia, treated upon equal terms with the Greek Emperors of Byzantium, and carried on a lucrative trade with Ceylon and the Indies.

The rise of Mohammedanism changed everything in the Orient. The adherents of Islam seized both shores of the Red Sea, and pushed themselves into the interior of Africa. Then, in the terse phrase of Gibbon, "The Ethiopians, encompassed by the enemies of their religion, slept for near a thousand years, forgetful of the world by whom they were forgotten." Yet at home, as we painfully gather from their legends, there was no lack of fight and turmoil. Thus, we read that about 960 A.D., a princess named Judith, and said to have been a Hebrew, conceived the design of murdering all the royal family, sprung from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and of establishing herself in their stead. But the infant Negûs was rescued by some faithful servitors, and taken to the southern province of Shoa, where his authority was recognized, while Judith reigned over the rest of the kingdom for forty years, transmitting the sovereignty to her descendants, who held it until 1268, when it was restored to a prince of the royal line of Menilek.

For centuries there had been in Europe vague reports of a great Christian king—or, rather, a dynasty of kings—who reigned somewhere in the unknown East. They were at once temporal and spiritual rulers, and were styled *Prester* ("Presbyter," or "Priest") *John*. Some said that his dominions were beyond Persia; others placed them in what we now know as Tartary; others, wherever there was an unexplored spot upon the rude maps of the times. During several centuries, adventurers went everywhere in search of Prester John. About 1490, when Columbus was eating out his heart in the effort to obtain means to go in search of the Indies, the Portuguese King, John II., sent Pedro de Covilham upon what seemed a more promising errand—that of finding the veritable Prester John, much nearer home than he had been looked for. Somehow, it had come to be quite sure that among the mountains, not many days' journey from the Red Sea, there was in fact the court of a Christian ruler. If this was not Prester John, who else could he be?

We are not quite certain as to the route followed by Covilham; but we imagine that, landing at or near the present Massowah, he struck inward, probably to Axum, where he found a ruler whom he calls Alexander, who bore the sacred title of Negûs. Some kind of relations were established between the rulers of Portugal and Abyssinia, for in 1520 we find the young Negûs David sending an embassy to Lisbon, imploring aid against the Turks, who were sorely pressing him, as they were sorely pressing Christendom on every side. The Portuguese did what they could for the succor of their Ethiopian co-religionists. Estevan da Gama, grandson of the great navigator, and Viceroy of India, was ordered to aid the Christians against the Turks. This, we suppose, was in about 1540. A year later, Cristoforo da Gama, a brother of the viceroy, was sent, with 450 men and six cannon, to the aid of the Christians. He got the better of the Turks in several engagements, but was, in 1542, utterly routed in a battle near the Senafe Pass, of which we read so much in recent history.

For a couple of centuries the Mohammedans seem to have had much the best of it in this region. The Islamito Gallas overran the lowlands, and penetrated the mountain region, gradually intermingling with the original inhabitants. About this time we suppose that the term *Habasch* ("mixture") came to be used as a designation for the region and its people.

Everything seems to have been falling into utter confusion. There was, indeed, a Negûs to whom everybody professed allegiance. But he was merely a nominal ruler, the real power being exercised by any chief who could seize it in any province or district. These chiefs contented themselves with the modest title of *Rás*, "head"; answering etymologically to our word "captain." This was the state of things a little more than a century ago, when James Bruce, who deserves to be styled the "father of modern exploration in Africa," visited Abyssinia. His narrative, not written until several years after his visit, was at first received with great distrust. Among other things, he said that the Abyssinians preferred to devour their meat raw, rather than cooked. This may possibly be true; but when he went on to say that it was not unusual for the people to cut a steak from the flank of a living animal, his account was pronounced to be beyond all belief. Bruce does not represent this as a usual thing; subsequent travelers show that it is not altogether unusual.

Bruce's main object in visiting Abyssinia was to discover the sources of the Nile. He succeeded in a measure. He found the very spot where are the headwaters of what we now know as the "Blue River," which he traced downward. Few passages of travel are as well known, or deserve to be as well known, as that in which Bruce describes his discovery of what he thought to be the source of the Nile. It was reserved for another generation to discover how far Bruce was right, and how far wrong; to show that there are two Niles flowing through Egypt in a single channel—the one constant, fed from the great lakes of Africa; the other coming down from Abyssinia in what for a third of the year are mighty rivers, and for the other months scattered pools and dry river-beds, across which one can pass almost dry-shod.

During the quarter of a century after Bruce, a few travelers touched upon the borders of Abyssinia. Among these are Mr. Salt and Lord Valentia, who went up the Nile, and recorded some things not altogether without value even now. Abyssinia had long come to be looked upon as a promising missionary field. The far-seeing Church of Rome had its eye upon it long ago, and made a vigorous effort to establish a unity between the Abûna and the Pope. Jesuit missionaries found their way into Abyssinia as early as 1555, and in 1655 they had apparently won over the leaders of the Abyssinian Church, who then recognized the supremacy of the Chair of St. Peter; but this accord proved to be of short duration. The Abyssinian Church still remained Coptic.

Half a century ago Protestant eyes were turned toward Abyssinia. Those who have leisure to look back upon efforts which promised so much, and which resulted in so little, will recall the names of Gobat, Kugler, Isenberg and Krapf, who went to Abyssinia in 1830, and shortly after. Wisely or otherwise, these missionaries took part in the troublous politics of the country. In 1841 it seemed that they had won a great point in the game. Andraos, a pupil of the English Mission School at Cairo, was consecrated by the Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria *Abûna Sálâma*, head of the Abyssinian Church. We shall meet with him again. At present it is enough to say, in the words of the historian of the Abyssinian expedition, that he was "an ignorant, excitable man, proud and ambitious,

AN ABYSSINIAN BATTLE.

but good-natured, and true in his friendships." In his relations with King Theodore he seems to have tried hard to play a part too great for him. The last years of his life were passed as a prisoner of State in Magdala.

After Bruce, who was in Abyssinia from 1770 to 1774, no traveler tells us much worth knowing, until Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, who was in the country for three years, ending in 1843. His "Life in Abyssinia," published some ten years later, is by all odds the best which we have. He is the very ideal of a traveler, who journeys just to see what he can see, and to tell just what he sees. His cheery temperament, indeed, leads him to make light of things which to most men would seem matters of sore distress. He found an absolute pleasure in roaming about barefoot and bareheaded under the hottest of all hot suns. Dinners of uncooked meat were to him a matter of luxury. He took things as they came, and was quite content with them.

ABYSSINIAN PRIESTS.

ABYSSINIAN WOMEN KNEADING BREAD.

In his comfortable English home he thus sums up the reminiscences of his three years of wild life in Abyssinia: "Like all happy moments, those years passed over very quickly, and they now appear to me more like a dream than anything else. I had no annoyances of any kind; was fortunate enough to leave the country without a single personal enemy; and beyond having received a lance through my clothes, between my right arm and side, while endeavoring to separate some combatants who had got drunk at a wedding, and on another occasion having been rather badly hurt with a blow on the back from a club or a stone, I may say that neither my life, limbs or health were ever in danger."

But running all through Mr. Parkyns's cheery narrative there are abundant evidences that the whole country was a scene of wild confusion, anarchy and hostility. Nominally there was a Negûs who held supreme

THEODORE'S CAPITAL AT DEBRA TABOR.

sway. Practically there seem to have been three governments, independent of and hostile to each other; besides an indefinite number of chiefs who acknowledged allegiance to nobody.

During these years, although Mr. Parkyns seems to have known nothing of him, a youth was growing up of whom history will have to speak as one of the two African rulers worth naming for anything beyond absolute stupidity or utter brutality, who have lived within our own times. One of these men is that Mtesa, King of Uganda, who was first introduced to us by Speke, and whom we have come to know more favorably through Mr. Stanley. The other African ruler, with whom we have now to do, is the man who is designated as Theodore, King of Abyssinia.

The original name of Theodore was Kasa—apparently a very common one in his country. He was born in 1818, in the little province of Quara, upon the very northwestern frontier of the country. His family was reputed to be of ancient origin. When the time came the accredited Abyssinian genealogists were able to trace his ancestors clear back to Menilek, the love-child of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. His father, whose name has come down to us as Hailu Welida Georgis, died while Kasa was a child; what little estate he left was seized upon by unscrupulous kinsmen, and his widow was obliged to support herself and her boy at Gondar by making and brewing *kosso*, a bitter medicine of reputed efficacy against the tapeworm, with which the Abyssinians are much afflicted. To the credit of Theodore it may be noted that he was never ashamed of this episode of his youth. When he had come to be troublesome a force was sent against him under the command of a famous warrior named Dejatch Wandera, who boasted that he would bring that "son of the kosso-dealer" a prisoner to the capital. As it happened, Dejatch was the one who was brought in a captive. Kasa ordered the man to be brought before him. He handed him a horn of the bitter medicine, saying: "My mother is not doing business to-day; will you please to accept this humble draught for your evening repast." So, at least, the story is told by the Rev. Henry Stern, "the captive missionary," in whose shrieking work we put very little faith. In this case we think it more than probable that he told the truth.

In course of time Kasa went, or was sent, to a convent. Stern says that, "disdaining the humble vocation of his mother, he left her poor hut, and took refuge in the convent of Tschangar, near the northern shore of Lake Tzana." There he learned many things, became well versed in Bible history, and was noted for his fondness for the Psalms of David, a man whose career presents not a few analogies with his own.

Before long the convent was fallen upon by a rebel chief. The Superior and some of the pupils were slain. Kasa made his escape, and found a refuge with an uncle, who was engaged in perpetual feuds with his neighbors. Kasa became famous for his boldness and subtlety, and received the name of *Lij Kasa*—"Young Kasa," by which he was known until he reached middle age. Mr. Stern tries to trace his career for several years, but with quite indifferent success. The one clear thing is that he came to be the head of a band of freebooters, ready to follow him for or against anybody.

Somewhere about 1846, the sovereignty of the province of Dembia had come into the hands of a woman named Menena. She had married the feeble Negûs Johannes, to whom she bore a son, who was known as Ras Ali, in whose name she ruled as regent. Somehow Kasa became involved in warfare with this old woman; he defeated her armies, and made peace with her, receiving as wife her granddaughter, Tawabetch, "the Beautiful," the daughter of Ras Ali. For a while we find him subject to Menena, and carrying on warfare against the Egyptians, who were, as early as this, trying to extend their frontiers into Abyssinia. Mr. Stern tells some astounding stories of these campaigns, very few of which have a credible look. One of these is worth noting from its utter absurdity: "Kasa"—so writes the missionary—"was ordered, under the specious pretext of avenging an affront, to proceed with a strong force against several Egyptian outposts. The bold soldier willingly obeyed a behest that promised to gratify his vanity and adventurous spirit. With him started from the highlands 16,000 men, full of ardor to destroy the detested Mohammedans; but scarcely 4,000, crestfallen and wounded, returned to their homes. The few Egyptian outposts had received intimation of the intended expedition, and about 800 Turkish irregulars were collected together and stationed behind a stockaded fence to watch the movements of the enemy. Kasa and his army boldly advanced on the despised foe. Some pieces of brass and inflated skins, suspended in front of the slight defense of sticks and thorns, had a magic power in attracting the pillage-loving Amharas. In excited masses they rolled toward the fatal stockade, till they were within easy reach of the muskets and artillery of the defenders, when suddenly a destructive fire, that carried death and terror, came flashing into their serried ranks. Appalled and panic-struck, the discomfited assailants, in their savage bewilderment, instead of retreating, stood aghast and almost petrified on the battle-field. Kasa, mounted on a gallant charger, with his sword flashing in the sun's fiery rays, and a countenance full of fury and wrath, like a demon of destruction, sprang over heaps of dead and dying, shouting forth commands, which, in the confusion, no one heeded. A well-aimed ball forced him from his saddle; and the pretended destroyer of Mohammedanism, with a mere remnant of his late numerous forces, had to flee from the pursuit of a contemptible handful of ill-disciplined Turkish troops. The disappointed Queen, stung to the very quick by the failure of her design, and the disasters of the expedition, did not conceal the deep repugnance which she cherished toward the man who had brought troubles and disasters upon her."

If we could put any reliance upon the narrative of Mr. Stern, Kasa thereafter went through a whole Odyssey of adventures, not now worth telling. The upshot was that he found himself at the head of a considerable army, opposed to the forces of Manena and Ras Ali, her son. A battle ensued, which we must suffer Mr. Stern to describe. We suppose that nothing more absurd in the way of military history was ever written:

"Ras Ali, the son of Manena, and the father-in-law of Kasa, now shook off the voluptuous sloth to which he had abandoned himself, and grasping the sword which his hand knew well how to wield, he placed himself at the head of his followers and marched against the presumptuous Quara rebel. The common people, who had hitherto continued indifferent to the struggle between the contending parties, were stirred to the very depths of their hearts by the exciting intelligence that a battle was about to be fought which would decide the fate of the realm and the destiny of the reigning family. At Aishal, in Dembea, toward the end of 1855,* the hostile forces encountered each other in a most sanguinary conflict. The troops on both sides, stimulated by their leaders, fought with mar-

* The date is clearly erroneous, for Kasa, having overcome all opposition, was crowned as King early in 1855.

velous bravery. Kasa, repulsed in every direction by the Begemeder and Galla horse, had prepared an ambush, and artfully feigned a retreat. Flushed with success, the conquerors pursued the discomfited foe, spreading terror and death among the flying ranks. Unacquainted with the craft of their cunning opponent, they darted forward, till they came close to some hedges and trees, when suddenly, from scores of small mirrors that hung suspended in the sun's rays, a dazzling light painfully glared on their swarthy countenances, while, in different directions, the undermined ground burst in deep furrows beneath their war-steeds' hoofs. The superstitious barbarians, imagining that evil spirits and demons were arrayed against them, stood nerveless and aghast on beholding these wonderful phenomena. Kasa immediately whirled round, and before the panic-stricken pursuers had recovered from their amazement they were surrounded and butchered by the incensed foe. Ras Ali performed prodigies of valor; but despite the despairing effort of the doomed chief, the rule of the Galla usurpers had reached its end, and before night their last descendant was crownless and a fugitive."

Surely a great battle, the issue of which was mainly decided by means of a few score of small looking-glasses, is not likely to have occurred in the days of rifles and revolvers. We imagine that the Rev. Henry Stern was badly humbugged by his fellow-prisoners in Magdala.

Authentic history, at least as far as the grand outlines are concerned, is not wanting. Lij Kasa, at the beginning of 1854, had got the better of his father-in-law, and of his mother, and was in full possession of the central province of Amhara. Broader schemes of ambition had gradually been unfolding themselves before his imagination. There was an Abyssinian prophecy, so old that we cannot pretend to fix its date, to the effect that in due time there would arise a great deliverer, to be named Theodore, "the Gift of God," sprung from the royal line of Solomon, who should not only rule over all Ethiopia, but would actually seat himself at Jerusalem, upon the throne of David, whence he would rule the whole world. Kasa had brooded over this prophecy in his convent days, and in all his subsequent adventurous career, and had come to look upon himself as the promised deliverer. This belief clung to him to the very close of his life. For the attainment of this mighty aim two things were necessary: he must bring under his sway the two provinces of Shoa and Tigre, which had come to be practically independent, and must be ecclesiastically recognized as Negûs by receiving consecration at the hands of the Abûna.

The Abûna Andraos was resident in a convent in Tigre. Kasa summoned him to come to Gondar, the real capital of Amhara, and the nominal capital of all Abyssinia. The Abûna not only refused compliance, but when Kasa began hostilities in Tigre fulminated a ban of excommunication against him. Kasa had a weapon in store. M. Jacobis, an Italian priest, was at Gondar, endeavoring to effect a union between the Church of Abyssinia and that of Rome, and he apparently stood high in the esteem of the rising potentate. Kasa sent word to Andraos that unless the ban was removed he would recognize Jacobis as Abûna, and so transfer the Church of Abyssinia from the See of St. Mark to that of St. Peter. Abûna Jacobis would then proceed to excommunicate Abûna Andraos.

This threat brought the Coptic Abûna to terms. He repaired to Gondar, and before long was persuaded or forced to consecrate Lij Kasa as sovereign of Ethiopia, under the sounding title of *Negûs Negûst*, "King of Kings." This took place on the 11th of February, 1855. But the Negûs and the Abûna never took kindly to each other, and before long the ecclesiastic was sent as a prisoner of state to Magdala, where he ended his days not long before the overthrow of Theodore.

The new ruler of Abyssinia had just entered his thirty-seventh year. He is described as "a man of medium stature, with a well-knit muscular frame, capable of great endurance; a noble bearing and majestic walk; the best spearman, the best shot, the best runner, and the best horseman in Abyssinia." Notwithstanding the spiteful account of Mr. Stern, who did not know him until years after, he possessed many virtues, and gave promise of acquiring many more. How wofully these promises were falsified, will be seen hereafter. It is only fair to him to present the more favorable estimate of his character at this time, as deliberately expressed by Mr. Markham, the accomplished historian of the Abyssinian Expedition:

"Theodore," says Mr. Markham, "was certainly the most remarkable man that has appeared in Africa for some centuries. Great allowances must be made for his ignorance and for the circumstances which surrounded him. Before we judge him, we are bound in fairness to consider how very low was the level from which he had to rise. Having led the life of a lawless soldier, and having been accustomed from boyhood to witness the perpetration of the most barbarous acts of cruelty and oppression, it would be unjust to measure him by any other standard than an Abyssinian one. From his earliest youth he is said to have conceived ambitions and ideas which stopped at nothing short of the sovereignty of the whole of Ethiopia, including the seacoast, and the establishment of Christianity in every part of that vast dominion. Nor were his schemes merely selfish, like those of the barbarous chiefs by whom he was surrounded; for he was actuated by fanatical religious zeal, and at first by a sincere desire to give prosperity to his people."

We get, here and there, glimpses of Theodore as he was in these his best days. Notable among these are his state receptions, one of which is thus described: "King Theodore, like all African princes, is fond of display. At his palace, lions are as common as dogs are with us. The four lions shown in the picture entitled 'Theodore in State,' are his favorites above all others. The one reclining upon the King's knee, named Kuara, is the most intelligent and docile. When the Negûs wishes to receive an embassy, he receives the messengers surrounded by a court of lions, trusting to them for effect, rather than to a crowd of courtiers or a guard of bristling bayonets."

At this time Mr. Walter Plowden was the British Consul at Massowah, a Turkish port on the Red Sea, from which the interior of Abyssinia can most readily be reached. Plowden was instructed to put himself in communication with Theodore. Arriving at the capital, he found there his old friend, Mr. Bell, who had already entered the service of the Negûs, and stood high in his favor. Plowden and Bell were the Europeans who best knew Theodore in his better days. "He must," says Markham, "have possessed some nobility of character to have acquired the admiration and friendship of such noble fellows as Plowden and Bell."

Plowden writes that Theodore was "generous to excess, free from all cupidity, merciful to his vanquished enemies, and strictly continent; but subject to violent bursts of anger, and possessed of unyielding pride and fanatical religious zeal." Mr. Markham goes on to say: "His administrative views at this time appear to have been far in advance of those entertained by any of his countrymen. His first object was to break the power of the turbulent feudal chiefs, and he placed the soldiers of the different provinces under the command of his own trustworthy followers, to whom he gave high titles. He abolished the

slave-trade, put an end to vexatious transit dues, by ordering that they should be levied in only three places in his dominions; and paid his soldiers, in order that they might be able to purchase provisions, instead of plundering the people. Consul Plowden thus sums up his report upon the character and policy of Theodore: 'Some of his ideas may be imperfect, others impracticable; but a man who, rising from the clouds of Abyssinian ignorance and childishness, without assistance and without advice, has done so much, and contemplated such large designs, cannot be regarded as of an ordinary stamp.'"

ABYSSINIAN VILLAGERS.

This was written within a couple of years after Theodore had apparently gained the summit of his ambition. "At this time," continues Mr. Markham, "he had the benefit of the society of Bell and Plowden, and his good genius, Tawabetch, 'the Beautiful,' was still alive. But at the very crisis of his fate he lost all these true friends; opposition maddened him; the worst parts of his character were developed. He became a changed man; abandoned all self-control; was made drunk by irresponsible power, and was lost. But in 1855 a glorious career seemed to be opening before him."

Theodore indeed lost his best advisers just at the time when he most needed them. Tawabetch, the wife of his youth, runs like a bright thread through a part of the dark web of the life of Theodore. Even the virulent Stern has some good words to say of her. She died in 1860, and in the same year Plowden and Bell, while on their way to the coast, were set upon and murdered by an insurgent chief. Theodore took fierce vengeance for this treacherous act. Hundreds upon hundreds of those who were held to be implicated in it were put to death.

We must pass with very brief mention over the first five years of the reign of Theodore. In fact, with our best effort, we fail to form a clear idea of the events. One thing appears quite indisputable: at the beginning of 1861, Theodore was apparently victorious everywhere, and was supposed to have under his orders an army of not less than 150,000 men. Had he then contented himself, even temporarily, with the sway over the mountain region which properly constitutes Abyssinia, most likely he might have consolidated an empire. But he was hotly resolved upon the conquest of the lowland region, bordering on the Nile upon the one hand, and on the Red Sea upon the other. Every Mohammedan in this wide region should have his choice between baptism or exile. For a brief time success seemed fairly within his grasp. He overran the Galla region, and within its boundaries fixed upon the stronghold of Magdala to be used as a fortress to overawe the region, a prison for captives of state, and a refuge for himself in case of need.

Early in 1863 an event occurred, apparently of little consequence, but which was to decide the fate of Theodore. The British Government appointed Captain Cameron as diplomatic agent in the Turkish town of Massowah, but with a kind of roving commission as "Consul in Abyssinia." Cameron at once set out for the residence of the Negûs, where he found quite a number of Europeans, mostly Germans, who had entered the royal service, being mainly engaged in the manufacture of arms and in the construction of roads. There were also four Protestant missionaries, whom Theodore seems to have regarded with much contempt, and not a little of suspicion. He was quite desirous of having Europeans about him;

but the men whom he wanted were workers, not preachers.

Cameron, representing the great Queen of England, was received with high favor. He was soon desired to forward a letter to his sovereign from the Ethiopian monarch, who had come to look upon himself as fully the equal of any other earthly potentate. This notable document ran thus:

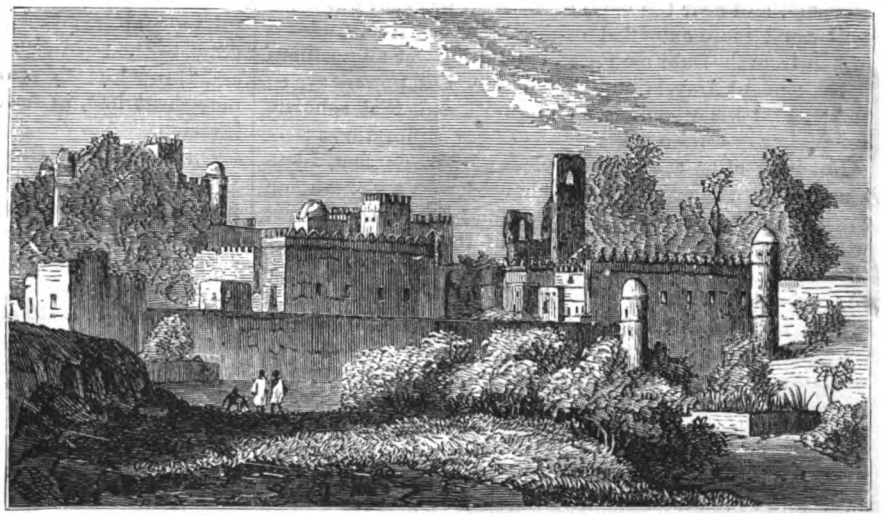
"In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, one God in Trinity—the chosen of God, King of Kings, Teodoros of Ethiopia, to her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of England:—My fathers, the Emperors, had forgotten our Creator, and He handed over their kingdom to the Gallas and the Turks. But God created me, lifted me out of the dust, and restored this empire to my rule. He endowed me with power, and enabled me to stand in the place of my fathers. By His power I drove away the Gallas; but as for the Turks, I have told them to leave the land of my fathers. They refuse, and I am going to wrestle with them. Mr. Plowden, and my late chamberlain, the Englishman Bell, used to tell me that there is a great Queen who loves all Christians. When they said to me, 'We are able to make you known to her,' I was very glad. I gave them my love, thinking I had found your Majesty's good will."

AN ABYSSINIAN SACRISTY.

KING THEODORE'S SOLDIERS.

Theodore goes on to tell how Plowden and Bell had been murdered by his enemies. "But," he says, "by the power of God, I have exterminated those enemies, not leaving one alive, so that, by the power of God, I may get your friendship." The letter then goes on to propose that as soon as the way was at all clear, an embassy should be sent by the Negûs of Ethiopia to the Queen of England, Consul Cameron, the Queen's representative and also the friend of the King of Ethiopia, to conduct the Ethiopian embassy to England.

It would be hard to find a better conceived missive than this of Theodore to Victoria. It reached London early in 1863. Those who bear in mind the great events then occupying the stage of history, will not wonder that a letter from such a source received little notice. It was not



PALACE OF THEODORE AT GONDAR.

exactly thrown into the waste-basket, but was laid aside in the Foreign Office for further consideration, no word of reply being vouchsafed. Theodore considered himself the equal of any other potentate in the world. He was bitterly wroth at what he might fairly hold to be an act of intentional discourtesy committed by the British Government. We catch a glimpse also of a similar snubbing from the Emperor of France, but the details are quite too vague to find place in our record. The upshot of all was that Theodore began to look with evil eyes upon all Europeans. The Protestant missionaries Stern and Flad were nearest at hand; they were flung into prison, and subjected to hard treatment for the four and a half years during which the reign of Theodore was to last. It must be borne in mind that during this period, the character of Theodore was coming to its worst. He had given way to the predominant Abyssinian vice of drunkenness, and when drunk he was scarcely a responsible being. Consul Cameron, who had returned to the coast, went back to Abyssinia in November, 1864. When Theodore found that Cameron brought no reply to his formal letter to the Queen of England, the luckless envoy was thrown into prison.

The British Government now began to see that it had committed a grave error, which should be repaired as soon as possible. So Mr. Hormzud Rassam was sent on a mission to the King of Abyssinia, charged with a special message from Queen Victoria.

Of this Mr. Rassam a few words must be said. He was born almost upon the site of ancient Nineveh, his family claiming descent from the old Chaldeans and the early Christians. His brother had married the sister of Mr. Badger, a great Arabic scholar, and from her young Rassam learned to speak English. From 1845 to 1851 he greatly aided Mr. Layard in his researches at Nineveh, and after that was employed in confidential capacities by the British Government. He seemed the man of all others who could make things straight with King Theodore of Abyssinia. When, after many delays, he found his way to the court of the Negûs, he was treated as a prisoner of state. The date of Rassam's imprisonment was July, 1866. He was released in 1868, upon the downfall and death of Theodore. His later career is quite worthy of note. He wrote a rather interesting account of the affairs in Abyssinia in which he had borne no inconsiderable part; this was published in 1869. In 1876 he succeeded Mr. George Smith as the chief of the explorations undertaken by the British Museum, and near the close of 1878 he was sent out upon a new and more extended exploring expedition, under a firman from the Sublime Porte, extending over all northern Syria, ancient Assyria and Babylonia. His powers are so ample, and his capacities so unquestioned, that scholars are anxiously awaiting the results of his explorations.

Not long after the imprisonment of Mr. Rassam, Lieutenant Prideaux was sent out, charged with a commission to demand the release of Cameron and Rassam. He met with a reception similar to that of the others. He was thrown into prison, fettered, and in time sent to Magdala as a prisoner of state.

The British Government has been charged, and, perhaps, not wrongly, with very harsh dealings with sundry uncivilized peoples. In its relations with Theodore of Abyssinia nothing of the kind appears. It attacked him only when it was clear to all men that he was wholly in the wrong; it overthrew him only when by all the laws of God and man he should have been overthrown. Such an indignity as the imprisonment of one, two and three of its successive representatives was one to which no government could submit without tacitly acknowledging that it was too feeble to uphold its rights. The British Government, in its relations with Theodore of Abyssinia, was in no such state as this. Early in the Summer of 1867 it was resolved to send an armed force to Abyssinia, to release the captives and to punish the King, who had violated all the rights of nations. It took some time to fix upon the man who should be placed at the head of this expedition. The place was in time accorded to Sir Robert Cornelius Napier, born in Ceylon in 1810, who had already won high credit in India and China.

The advance party of this expedition, under Colonel Meriwether, reached the mouth of the Red Sea early in September, 1867, and explorations were at once set on foot to discover the best routes by which a march of some four or five hundred miles could be made into the heart of Abyssinia, where it was supposed that King Theodore would have to be encountered. The entire British force, as finally organized, numbered about 32,000 men, of whom half were technically soldiers, the others belonging, in one way or another, to the transport corps. When fairly started there were some 11,000 beasts of burden—horses, mules, donkeys and camels, besides half a hundred elephants, who were to carry the heavy guns. These 11,000 animals fit for service were much less than half of the number which were actually landed on the hot shore of the Red Sea, whence the march w s to be made. Sir Robert Napier fairly began his march into the interior early in 1868. Of this march it is enough to say that it met with no armed opposition. Saving the physical difficulties of the route, it was a mere military promenade. All the region through which the invaders had to pass was in insurrection against Theodore, and the chiefs and the people were ready to give all aid to the European invaders.

The empire of Theodore had by this time begun to tumble into pieces. Had he been content to rule the mountain land, most likely he would have been able to maintain his sway there. But in his mad efforts to acquire the lowland region he risked all and lost all. Insurrections broke out in every quarter. Now and then he manifested tokens of his former vigor. But he had come to be half a madman—mad for the most part when drunk—which seems to have been his normal condition. About the time when Prideaux reached him he gave out that he was to march from his camp at Debra Tabor against the rebels in Tigre. He did, indeed, march some ten leagues, and then marched back again, moved by what impulse we do not know. Supplies for his great army could be found only by plunder, and the only province which remained faithful to him was thoroughly plundered. All at once he came to the resolution to take what force he could collect and throw himself into the stronghold of Magdala. This movement had, as dates show, no relation to the English invasion.

On the 10th of October, 1867, he burned his capital of Debra Tabor, and set out on the march for Magdala. His force at this time consisted of not more than 6,000 men fairly armed with guns, and a rabble of perhaps five times as many spearmen and camp-followers. He had barely 150 miles to go in order to reach Magdala. But the route was a most difficult one, for he was resolved to take with him a score or more guns and mortars, which had been cast for him by his German artificers.

This march of Theodore to Magdala was in many respects a wonderful one, and during the later months of his life it seemed that the noble characteristics of his better days had come back to him, marred, indeed, by more than one paroxysm of drunken ferocity. We quote a striking passage from Mr. Markham's calm narrative: "Theodore now displayed an amount of indomitable energy, military

skill and fertility of resources that entitles his march to rank as one of the most remarkable in history. With no base of operations, surrounded by watchful enemies, and with the necessity of constructing roads for heavy artillery over a most difficult country, he yet overcame all these obstacles, and achieved what might well have been thought impossible."

For a full month Theodore, with his heavy wagons, toiled over a broken country, where not more than two miles a day could be accomplished. He himself was ever foremost in directing the movements, especially in road-making, the most difficult of all, often working with his own hands in clearing away boulders and building causeways over streams and morasses. Then it became needful to clamber up and down the sides of a ravine, the roadway having to be blasted out of the rock. To make this bit of road required fully three weeks.

Beyond this there was still a fearful march before Magdala could be reached. Hardest of all was the ascent and descent of the Jidda ravine, which cuts down deeply into the tableland. In about four miles there is a descent, and a corresponding ascent, of more than three thousand feet. "The obstacle presented by this ravine," says Mr. Markham, "would have daunted most men. But Theodore never hesitated. He at once set about the construction of a first-class road, practicable for heavy artillery. The trace is well selected, though there are some very steep gradients; but there is an average width of thirty or forty feet. It is a most remarkable work—a monument of dogged, unconquerable resolution. Rocks were blasted, trees sawn down, revetment-walls of loose stone, mixed with earth and branches, built up, and everywhere a strengthening line of branches, to prevent the earthwork from slipping. The details of the blasting were done under the direction of the German artisans, but the King himself was the chief engineer, who selected the trace and organized the labor."

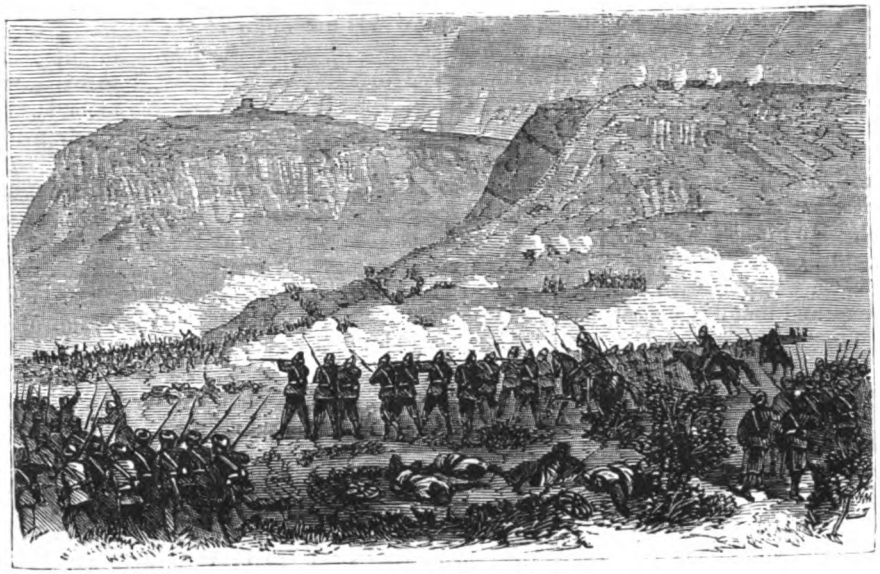
The bottom of this Jidda ravine was reached on the 28th of January, 1868; then came the equal labor of climbing the other side by like means, a work which occupied until the last day of February. There was still another deep ravine to be passed before the stronghold of Magdala could be reached. The goal was attained by Theodore on the 28th of March, and for a moment he could breathe freely. But the British force, heading to the same point, but from a different direction, were close upon the heels of Theodore.

It is not very easy to give in words a clear idea of this stronghold of Magdala. Imagine a great plateau broken into ridges, but with a general elevation of nearly nine thousand feet above the sea; the whole of this mighty plateau being deeply cut into by immense ravines. The plain of Arroye is a part of this plateau. From this plain spring up several square-topped mountains, rising one thousand feet or more above the general level. Notable among these is Magdala, nearly isolated from the others, but still having at its base several minor ridges, one of which, called Fala, is worthy of note, being a kind of outpost for the stronghold. Magdala itself is a square-topped mountain, with perpendicular sides three or four hundred feet high, accessible at only two opposite points by very rugged pathways, which were strongly guarded. Everywhere else the perpendicular sides were fortification enough. The level top of this mountain is about a mile long and half as broad.

Without being exactly aware of it, Theodore and Napier had been for months slowly racing for Magdala. The Abyssinian got the start by a few days. On the 30th of April, Napier, being still some leagues distant from Magdala, sent his first communication to Theodore. It was brief, rather informal, but quite to the point. He had come with an army to liberate the European prisoners, and he demanded that they should be sent to his camp, wherever it might be, at the earliest possible moment. In the meantime the English kept steadily on their march toward Magdala.

Theodore seems to have made no reply to this demand for the release of his prisoners. He evidently believed that he could maintain himself at Magdala against any force which could be brought against him. The cannon and mortars which he had brought with him by so much labor were judiciously posted on the outlying ridges, which formed a series of bastions for Magdala itself. But it was advisable to relieve his *amba*, or prison camp, from all encumbrances. The European captives were, in his view, a kind of hostages whose safety might be turned to account. Besides these were more than five hundred native prisoners. These he decided to liberate, and let them go where they would or could. So on the morning of April 8th they were brought down from Magdala to the lower heights. Half or more of them were set free at once. The others, who were held, raised a clamor. Theodore, now thoroughly drunk, was wrought up into fury. He cut down several of the prisoners with his own hands, and gave orders that the others should be flung sheer over the steep precipice, down which no man could fall and live. Mr. Stern puts the whole number of those done to death at more than three hundred. Mr. Markham—probably a more reliable authority—gives the number as not quite two hundred. In either case it was a brutal massacre. When Theodore had partly recovered from his drunken fury he was aghast at what he had done. He spent the whole night in prayer, protesting before heaven that he did not know what he was about, and besought that the crime should not be laid to his charge.

April 10th was Good Friday. By this time the British advance had come to be fairly in view of Magdala. Numerically the force was far from imposing. All told, there were only 3,273 infantry and 460 cavalry, but they were splendidly armed and equipped. In front of them lay the Abyssinian stronghold, perhaps five miles away, with its intervening heights, the topmost point being a thousand feet above where they stood. All the morning, and until the afternoon was far spent, there was no sign of life upon those grim heights. A little before five o'clock there was the sound of a cannon-shot from the Fala ridge. In a few moments more there were other shots, and then down the sharp descent to the plain of Arroye, came pouring what looked like a torrent of assailants. Now that we know their numbers, the assailants were feeble, but they comprised all the force left to Theodore. There were perhaps 1,000 men armed with tolerable rifles and muskets, 2,000 more having rude matchlocks, and a great rabble of quite useless spearmen. The British were ready for them as soon as they even came within reach of the long-range Snider rifles, which soon began to mow them down rank after rank, before even the best of their more ineffective weapons could begin to be effective. This affair, sometimes styled the "Battle of Arroye," was not a battle—it was a slaughter. The Abyssinians lost some 700 in killed, and twice as many wounded. The British loss was 2 killed and 18 wounded, half of them only slightly. In the history of our own Civil War we find two instances not altogether unlike this. One was at Fredericksburg, when Hooker's corps, moving against a sunken road at the foot of Marye's Hill, lost more than 1,000 men in a quarter of an hour, the Confederates probably not losing a score; the other was at Gettysburg, when



THE BATTLE OF ARROYE.

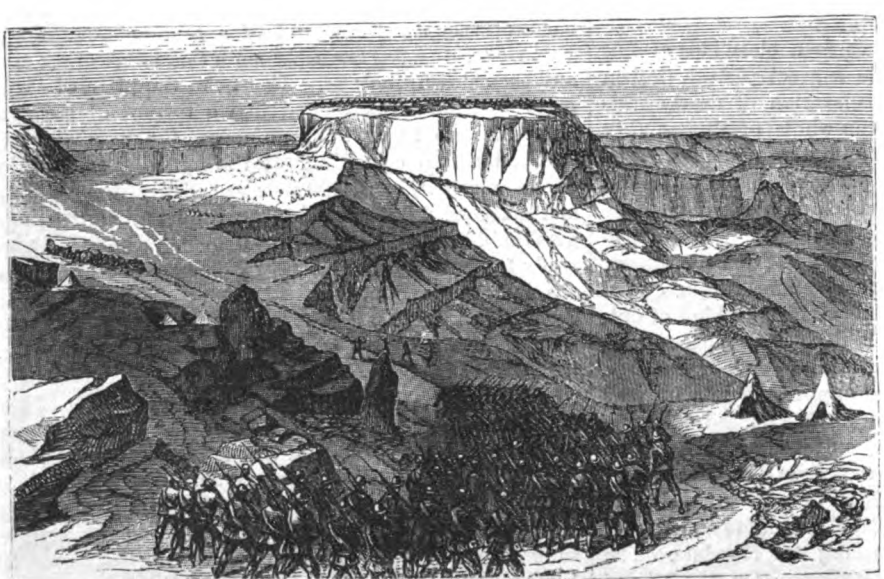
the Confederates made that heroic and historic charge, of which it has been written, "To advance, retreat, or stand still was alike impossible. Of the attacking force, numbering fully 15,000, not one in four escaped; the others were dead or prisoners." This attack by Theodore was the result of an error in information. He supposed that the British whom he saw before him were simply a reconnoitring party, who might easily be driven back or annihilated. He saw his error only when it was too late to retrieve it by countermanding the attack.

Theodore had now lost more than half of his available force. He saw that there was no hope of further successful resistance, and on the next morning sent messengers to the English commander with proposals of peace. Sir Robert Napier sent the messengers back with this reply:

"Your Majesty has fought like a brave man, and has been overcome by the superior force of the British army. It is my desire that no more blood shall be shed. If, therefore, your Majesty will submit to the Queen of England, and bring all the Europeans now in your Majesty's hands, and deliver them safely this day in the British camp, I guarantee honorable treatment for yourself and all the members of your Majesty's family."

This letter was really a demand of unconditional surrender; but it lacked the formalities which in the East are held of so much importance. It was written on a small bit of paper, and bore neither address nor signature. When it was delivered to Theodore, who for the moment was every inch a king, he put it aside, and went on dictating to his secretary a paper which had already been commenced. It was in the nature of a formal manifesto, evidently meant for the British commander, of whose very name he assumed to be ignorant. He began by enumerating some of the great things which he had done, or had contemplated doing, for his people; and he hoped that God would yet bring good out of his efforts. "I had

THE RELEASED PRISONERS OF THEODORE.



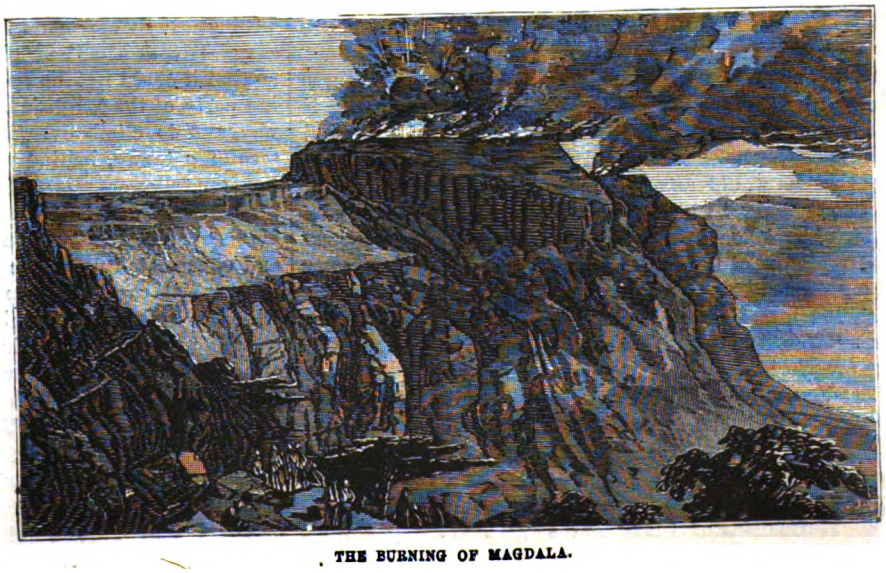
THE STORMING OF MAGDALA.

hoped," he said, "after subduing all my enemies in Abyssinia, to lead my army to Jerusalem, and expel the Turks from it." He had now been defeated by superior arms and better discipline. The matter of personal surrender was almost contemptuously set aside. Since the day of his birth no man had ever dared to lay hands upon him, and he would not now become a prisoner. "A warrior," he said, "who has dandled strong men in his arms like infants, will never suffer himself to be dandled in the arms of others."

This long and rather pretentious paper was sent to the British commander, and with it was sent back Napier's note, to which no further reply was vouchsafed. Theodore evidently looked upon this as the last act of his life. After sending off the message, he sat for a time without speaking a word. Then ordering his attendants to stand aside, he threw himself upon the ground, said a prayer or two; then rising, he pulled a revolver from his belt, and placed the muzzle in his mouth. Some say that he pulled the trigger, but there was no discharge. The attendants rushed back and tried to disarm him. A struggle ensued, in the course of which the pistol was discharged, the bullet just grazing the head of Theodore, inflicting a slight flesh wound upon the ear. He looked upon this failure at suicide as an indication from above that his career had not yet reached its close. He thought that there was a future still before him. He called his surviving chiefs around him to counsel what should now be done. The general sentiment was that the European prisoners should all be put to death, and that the war should be waged to the utmost extremity of extermination. Theodore himself judged more sagely. He would release all the Europeans, for whose liberation the English had come, and would trust to fortune for what might ensue.

THEODORE DEAD.

ELEPHANTS CARRYING ARTILLERY.



THE BURNING OF MAGDALA.

So, on this Saturday morning, he sent the Europeans to the British camp. All told, they numbered sixty-seven, of whom fully a third were children, many of them half-castes, born in the country. Mr. Stern is fully persuaded that Theodore never meant that he and his fellows should escape with their lives. "King Theodore," he says, "and his few faithful chiefs, had no intention to grant us freedom and liberty. They had resolved to immolate us on that very path which they foresaw that our liberators would traverse before many hours." We find no valid evidence that there was any such treachery meditated by Theodore. He had nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by it. Indeed, Mr. Stern himself says that when Theodore was urged to this final act, his reply was, "No; I have already killed people enough. Let the white people go and be free."

So passed Saturday. Sunday, April 12th, was Easter Day. Early that day Theodore sent a very cunningly devised letter to the British commander. In the first place, he undertook to defend, or at least explain, his acts of the last day or two. He had indeed sent back the message which had been forwarded to him. The reason for doing this was because he believed at the time that they two would never meet upon earth, but only in heaven. "Then," he says, "while the fires of jealousy burnt in my heart, Satan came to me and tempted me to kill myself with my own pistol. But reflecting that God would be angry with me if I were to go in this manner, and leave my army without a protector, I sent to you in a hurry, lest I might die, and all things be in confusion before my message should reach you." Not many hours after he did indeed try to kill himself; but the unsuccessful result indicated to him that it was the will of God that he should not die, but live. But the real gist of this dispatch lay in a couple of sentences which one would be likely to pass over lightly. They ran thus:

"To-day is Easter. Be pleased to let me send a few cows to you. You require from me all the Europeans. Be it so. But now that we are friends, you must not leave me without artisans, as I am a lover of the mechanical arts."

The vailed intent of Theodore lay in this: If his Easter presents were accepted, there would be an implied understanding that peace was formally established between the two Powers, treating upon equal terms, special details to be duly considered. Theodore was careful to insinuate that among the things which he wanted was the power of retaining or acquiring the aid of Europeans, whereby he would once more be sovereign of Ethiopia. For one more day that vain dream ruled his mind.

To this message from Theodore a mere verbal reply was returned by Sir Robert Napier. What that reply was is still wrapped in uncertainty. Napier affirms that he "had authorized nothing that could have led Theodore to believe that he would accept one jot less than the terms of his first demand," which included the unconditional surrender of Theodore, upon the assurance of honorable personal treatment of himself and his family. But when, after sundry transmissions through one interpreter and another, the message was made known to Theodore, it ran thus: "The English Ras says to you, 'I have accepted your present; may God give it back to you.'"

Theodore, who seems for the moment to have been quite sober, heaved a great sigh of relief. The immediate peril was over, and there was yet a future for him. All the European prisoners had been sent to the English camp. Following hard upon them came the Easter present. It consisted of 1,000 beeves and 500 sheep—every hoof of live stock which he had. But before the sun had set, Theodore found that he had been misled. His Easter present would not be accepted. Not a cow or a sheep was permitted to enter the British lines. He was thus given to understand that he was not a friend, but still an enemy.

All that night Theodore seems to have been in a state of blank despair, and at last sank into a troubled sleep under a rude awning outside of Magdala. At dawn he arose, and went up to the stronghold, where the small remainder of his faithful followers were assembled. His first idea was to make his escape by the gate on the opposite side from that before which lay the enemy. The attempt was pronounced unfeasible. Theodore gave up all for lost, releasing all his soldiers from their allegiance, and bidding them to look out for themselves as best they could. His whole army fell to pieces, only a score or so of followers, faithful to the last, remaining with their fallen sovereign.

One thing remained to be done on the evening of that dismal Easter Sunday. After the death of Tawabetch, Theodore had married a proud Amharic princess. The marriage was an unhappy one. The new Queen, after becoming the mother of a son, was sent to Magdala, and for years father, mother and son had never seen each other. Theodore meanwhile had given free rein to disreputable indulgences. But now, when the end of all was close at hand, he sought his long-exiled Queen. We can only guess as to what passed between them. The one thing which we know is that he gave her a parting injunction which she held to be sacred. Their young son, the only legitimate offspring of Theodore, to whom had been strangely given a name meaning "He who has seen the World," was to be sent to England, confided to the protection of the British Government. The mother seems to have meant to go with him, but she died before reaching the coast. The boy reached England, but died there not very long ago.

Easter Monday, April 13th, 1868, had now dawned. It had come to be known in the English camp that Theodore had been meditating an escape from Magdala. To secure his person was thought to be a matter of no little moment, and a high reward was offered for his capture. Meanwhile, Magdala itself was to be taken by storm; the storming was to be ushered in by a fierce cannonade. If the besiegers had only known how few were now the defenders of Magdala, they might have saved themselves much trouble. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the storming party began to move. They had to climb a steep and narrow pathway leading up to a stone gateway, with a heavy wooden door. Theodore, and the score of men left with him, had piled up stones against the door, so that it could not be opened from without. The storming party of the English began to swarm around this gateway, and to climb over its sides. They soon came to a second gateway, behind which Theodore, with not more than ten followers, was awaiting his inevitable fate. There is something almost sublime in these last minutes of the life of Theodore. He had done all that mortal man could do, and now, seated upon the rocks, he had only to await the shots which came up from below. One man after another fell close by his side, until there were only four left. The storming party of the English, having eluded the obstructions, were close upon them. They went back some fifty yards to a group of huts, the furthest point to which they could retreat. Here Theodore dismissed all, with the exception of Walda Gabir, his faithful personal attendant. "I release you all," he said, "from your allegiance. As for me, I shall never fall into the hands of the enemy." When all were gone except Walda Gabir, Theodore placed the muzzle of a pistol in his mouth. "It is finished," he

said, and pulled the trigger. This time there was no default in the execution of his purpose. The ball went upward, shattering the roof of the mouth, passing out at the back of the head, leaving the features of the face unimpaired. Death must have followed instantly after the shot.

By this time the English were fully masters of Magdala. Sir Charles Staveley headed the storming party. Some one told him that the dead body of King Theodore was lying not far away. A rude litter was improvised, and the corpse was brought before Sir Charles. It was easily identified as that of the great Theodore. Sir Charles looked upon it for a moment, and then, as Mr. Markham sternly records: "He walked on, and a crowd came round the body, gave three cheers over it, as if it had been that of a dead fox, and then began to cut and tear the clothes to pieces, until it was nearly naked. The body," continues Mr. Markham, "was excessively emaciated. It appeared that Theodore had fasted for four days before his death, supporting life by excessive drinking. The corpse was that of a man of medium stature, well-built, with broad chest, small waist, and medium limbs. The hair was much disheveled, crisp and coarse, and done in three plaits; but it had not been dressed for days. The complexion was dark for an Abyssinian, but the features showed no trace of negro blood. The eyebrows had a peculiar curve downward, and there was a deep-curved furrow in the middle of the forehead. The nose was finely cut, with a low ridge; the lips very thin; the face rather round than oval; the scanty beard and mustache contained many gray hairs. He was in the fiftieth year of his age, and in the fifteenth of his reign."

The body of the dead Theodore was carried to a tent and prepared for burial. The Queen was asked to order the manner of the funeral. She directed that it should be very quietly conducted. The body was first infolded in fine cotton cloth, over which was a rich robe of gold and silk, a coarse cloth being wrapped over all. A shallow grave was dug in the outer cloister of the rude church, which was scarcely recognized as consecrated ground. The body was placed in this shallow excavation, a few prayers were muttered, and then the grave was filled up, the surface being strewn over with straw. Only a very few persons were present at the celebration of these scanty funeral rites.

"And so," says the calm and judicious Mr. Markham, "ended the career of the most remarkable man who has arisen in Africa within the present century. His misdeeds had been numerous, his cruelties horrible; but he was not without great and noble qualities. He was a grand, not a contemptible, tyrant. His greatest and most powerful enemies were, as a rule, not put to death when they fell into his hands. His indomitable energy and perseverance, his military skill, and his dauntless courage, command respect, while his cruelties are execrated. He preferred death to lingering out a contemptible existence after his true career was over; and he died like a hero."

The ostensible purpose of the English expedition to Africa had now been attained. The European prisoners had all been set free. Theodore had paid with his life the forfeit of all his misdeeds. The great empire which he seemed to have founded had crumbled into less than nothing. But still in and around Magdala were, perhaps, 30,000 persons who had thither followed the fortunes of Theodore. For these the conquering Britons had to make some kind of provision. As far as we can see they acted well and wisely. The fugitives received means to make their way to their several homes. But what was to be done with Magdala? None of the chiefs who might come in for a share in the future rule of Abyssinia wanted the place, but no one wanted any other one to have it. Sir Robert Napier, wisely, we think, cut the knot by ordering its total destruction. There was, indeed, very little to destroy. A few score of huts and a rude church were all that there had ever been of Magdala. The main thing was to get rid of the thirty or forty guns and mortars which Theodore had brought thither with such infinite labor. These were all bursted; and so Magdala is now only a geographical name.

MY LADY.

By Rita.

What shall I say in praise of eyes
That once have looked my heart away;
Where light of happy laughter lies,
And shadows gleam from grave to gay,
Like love at play?

What shall I say of dusky tress,
Soft-gathered from a brow of snow,
And warmed by sunlight's chance caress
To golden shades of brighter glow
That come and go?

What shall I say of curved lips red
As some rich blossoms sweet and rare;
So softly grave when smiles are fled,
So rich in mirth when smiles are there,
My lady fair?

I stand where fields are gold and green,
A fire of flowers before my eyes;
The blue stream's ripples flow between
The far-off gleam of bluer skies,
That softly rise.

And as I stand once more I dream,
And so my eyes forget to weep;
And heart to heart once more we seem,
As though love wakened from long sleep,
Dark, dim and deep.

I praise your beauty as I praised
In far-off hours of some sweet day
(That held your eyes to mine upraised);
I vow love once is love alway,
Nor e'er can stray.

Alas, that in the years gone by
Such days have gone to come no more!
I stand beneath a darker sky,
And on your beauty set no store,
Nor shall do more.

Yet you are fair, your eyes are bright
As when they answered back to mine;
But things once wrong are hard to right,
And faithless love can ne'er entwine
My heart with thine!

A QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

By Marguerite F. Aymar.

Time, within the past five years; season, Winter; scene—well, Schuberth's was variously termed a club-house, a bier-garten, a saloon and a restaurant, according to the temper and disposition of him who chanced to speak. It was, perhaps, a little of each, and the resort of actors, authors, actresses, literary women, gamblers, artists, society men—young and old, and of students, mostly medical, occasionally theological—let this last be whispered.

On the evening of the fourth of February, Raphael Musard—you know him? The two continents have rung

with his praises, and a third has sought to do him honor—had made his first appearance in a *rôle* new to him, that of *Othello*, the night previous, and after the performance on the fourth, even a greater "gathering of the illustrious," as they playfully termed themselves, congregated at Schuberth's than on the evening previous, for to-night not only the famous actor's rendering of a novel part might be discussed, but—a subject of equal importance—the various critiques were all out, and partisanship and opinion were rife and ran strong.

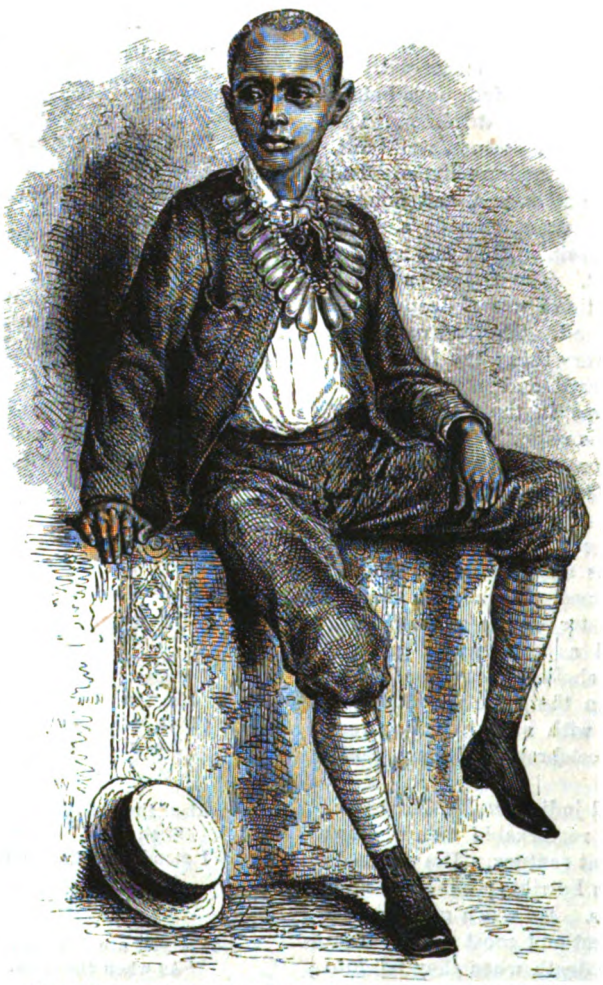
At half-after eleven Raphael Musard himself entered the long, brilliantly-lit room—with him the dramatic editors of two of the morning papers, and Jordan Delaney, who was supporting him as *Iago*.

As the party were seating themselves at one of the tables a man entered from the side-door, and, presently throwing off his seal-skin overcoat and cap, sat down at another table not far off, and ordered "the strongest cup of coffee in the house" to be brought to him.

"Curse him!" the "star" mutters, toying with his pink ice and his pearl glass of pale absinthe, as his lustrous eyes fasten upon the face of the last lonely comer.

"Shut up!" Delaney says, politely. "He'll hear you."

"What is that to me? Curse him, I say. When every morning journal was in my favor, he must come out with his infernal cold blast in the evening. I despise him—despise any sybarite with a million or two at his back, that takes to journalism as an æsthetic sort of amusement, and makes and unmakes great reputations with a wanton stroke of what the world and society call 'his mighty pen.' Would it be so 'mighty,' I wonder, if Moreau St. Hilair were an honest poor man of genius like Stewart or Cassidy here"—nodding his handsome dark head to his two opposites. "No, gentlemen; but because he is one of the curled darlings, because he writes dramatic criticisms for the love of art"—Raphael Musard sneers—"instead of for bread, he can undo your kind offices of this morning by his infernal east-wind of to-night; and Judson has just told me that it will be useless to attempt running "Othello," after St. Hilair's column and a half. There it is"—drawing a copy of the most prominent evening paper in the city from his pocket. "You've seen it, of course? He says that 'Raphael Musard's beautiful, dark, effeminate Eastern face was never made to typify the intense passions of the Moor.' Indeed, I wonder if his own golden locks and azure eyes would be any more suited to the *rôle?* Bah! Help yourselves, gentlemen."



THE SON OF THEODORE, KING OF ABYSSINIA.— SEE PAGE 337.

And as they help themselves they endeavor to console the maddened player, who is the "god of their idolatry," to the best of their ability. It is of little avail; the professional animosity of an actor once excited, nothing short of a miracle seems to stem the tide of hatred, derision and invective.

In this instance scarce any one could help sympathizing with the public's favorite; the morning papers had teemed with the most enthusiastic tributes to this new evidence of Musard's genius and transcendent ability; the audience, composed of wealth, fashion, intellect and culture, had nothing but praise for his masterly rendering; all the evening journals—save one—united in pressing a wreath of new laurels on his brow; and that *one*, in a clean, clear, incisive, liberal article, one column and a half in length, informed the public that neither by nature, art nor mentality was Raphael Musard capable of even an attempt at a portrayal of the character of the dark-browed *Othello*.

Judson was right; he knew full well that against that tide it would be useless to set his managerial face; from another pen it might have brought about a wilder interest; from this one it simply implied "empty benches"; so Judson told the "star" that "Othello" must be shelved, and *Claude* step forth to charm and enchain once more.

Meantime, while the actor and his party, somewhat augmented now, were discussing their birds and wine, the object of their extreme displeasure sipped his coffee and smoked his cigar as calmly as though he and his thunderbolt were not the theme of most general conversation. He glanced up now and then to give careless recognition to half the people who came in, but no one of them even offered to join him. He was not of them; he had been once the veriest madcap and dare-devil and hail-fellow well met of them all, but within the last few years he had gradually gotten away from them; how, they could not have told you; at first they thought and spoke of love and marriage, but very soon discovered their error. Moreau St. Hilair was a man beloved of women—you know of such—but who seemed incapable of loving aught save love itself.

"Love," he would say, "never alters; but these blue eyes that I kiss asleep to-day may change, or these dark brows that I caress to-morrow may weary me, or even I them"—with his graceful, doubting shrug. "But love never can change—whereas, a woman!—besides, you know," smiling with that peculiar cold lustre in his eyes, "Love was never made in the likeness of a woman,

A QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.—"AND RAPHAEL, WATCHING, SEES THE SMILE OF SWEETNESS FREEZE UPON THE CRITIC'S MOUTH AS THE HEAVY LACES FALL FROM THE QUEEN'S HEAD TO THE FLOOR, AND SHOW THE GOLDEN RICHES OF THE UNDINE'S HAIR."

and 'tis Love I love—not Love's or Passion's sweetest votaries."

So women went on loving him, some for his wonderful beauty, some for his slumbrous ways, that they longed to waken into life and quickness, some for the slow, sweet magnetism of the man, that was not aggressive, but insidious as the ethereal, intangible perfume of the heliotrope.

He had smoked out two cigars, and was in the act of lighting a third, when there was a little stir behind him.

He did not turn, but struck his match upon the table-edge. A little stir and warm greetings, and all the men standing, some with their glasses in their hands. The women did not move; they were used to it—moreover, envious or indifferent, as the case might be.

"Good-evening, everybody! Why was I so late, Lord Philip? Because I chose to be. No wine to-night—thanks, colonel. Glad you're about again, Chatterton"—stopping to smooth back the girlish locks from a boy poet's brow who worshiped her, and was learning his genius's existence through the teaching of her Eastern eyes. "Take my cloak, Mackay, that's a good boy. Judson, what's the matter? You and my brother, there, look as gloomy as Hamlet's dear old murdered father. Thank you for laughing, Delaney; there's a rose from my hair in payment. And"—she lowers her voice as she bends toward the boy poet—"here's a leaf from its heart for you."

She has come in there among them—the room a glare of gas-jets, reflected back again and again from the many mirrors—and yet she makes sunshine right across the yellow flare.

She passes the boy and passes St. Hilair, sweeping him an indifferent courtesy as she goes by. St. Hilair bows lowly—'tis a trick of his breeding; he does so to all women.

She is beside Musard in a moment, standing with one arm thrown over the back of the actor's chair, and then the strong likeness between them is most clearly visible—they are brother and sister.

Gabrielle Musard has the same small, clean-cut, exquisite features, the same great, grand, dark eyes, the low brow, the black hair and the pallid olive skin, the same unmistakable cast of features, that indorses somebody's assertion that their mother was a beautiful Jewess.

"*Qu'est ce qu'il y a, frère?*"

Her long, supple hand rests lovingly upon his shoulder; it is not hard to see the almost idolatrous love and admiration that the Queen of Bohemia has for her kinsman—a strong trait of the Hebrew blood.

"Read that."

He gives her the column of St. Hilair's writing.

She stands still to read it, and most of the men in the place watch her face keenly as she glances rapidly down the type. They love her; they think her the cleverest, brightest, most fascinating thing on earth. The clear head, the magnetic face, the fascination that speaks in every turn of the woman, has placed her where she is—a giddy height, say you? Well, she had never loved in all her twenty-five years, and, therefore, she laughed at love, and wrote the cleverest sketches for the magazines, joyed in her power, and was, after all, but a half-developed *insouciant* unbeliever, who lived on the topmost wave of life, forgetting that beneath the billows watched the cruel, sucking sand.

She had finished it—they all saw that. St. Hilair saw it through a cloud of smoke, and was mildly indifferent.

She threw down the paper.

"*Claude Melnotte* to-morrow, of course?"

Every one laughs a little, and marvels at her cleverness. Raphael frowns.

"Nay, *mein lieber*, there never was a *Claude* like thee—eh, my truest subjects?"

And they all shout and knock their glasses and mugs together.

"And I suppose the individual"—all the bitter wrath of race, sex, antagonized mentality, and—what else?—is creeping in her clear voice—"who can only accept the adorable incense of a new woman's heart each month, and knows not love's quickening power save from hearsay, likes to look at such a happiness through even another man's eyes." And they all laugh, and she slips down into a chair and pats the boy's hand. "Chatterton, when you can love as Raphael loves *Pauline*, I will marry you."

And the boy's eyes devour her face, and he writes sweetly the hours that come after.

But St. Hilair smiles—only smiles. He has heard a something else in the sneering voice, and St. Hilair was never yet mistaken on that subject, however he might fail in others.

Still the critic only smiles; he does not, nor ever has cared to, mingle with "the profession." "I have such a tender heart that I could not write the truth of them then."

So he scarcely knows Musard, and Musard's sister only slightly, because she is the Queen of that Bohemia, and so much loved, and so hopelessly, by so many men.

To-morrow night Raphael reappears in "The Lady of Lyons," and creates his usual *furore*.

It is wonderful—the man's facile management of his face—and, above all, the almost poetic art with which that mobile face was "made up," in theatrical parlance, to suit his various *rôles*.

His fellow-actors said that Musard painted a fresh portrait in each new character that he assumed; that Correggio might have envied the tints and tones he laid upon that sallow face of his; and, moreover, there was truth in it, for the man never permitted any one to be in his dressing-room when he was getting up his face—except Gabrielle.

Some said she was his first critic; that for her he let the "soul play" over his features; for her eyes first he transformed his half-Hebraic, half-Gallic face with its worn lines and traces of keen living, into the fair, fresh semblance of a young and woman-charming lover.

Claude had had his day, followed by *Hamlet* and *Richelieu*, and the Spring was well on its way to the Summer's waiting arms.

Moreau St. Hilair was a wonderful connoisseur in art; people said that if he rubbed his finger, blindfolded, over a canvas, he would tell its date, and sometimes its painter. A constant *habitué* of the studios, there was one into which he dropped as if by right—the Egyptian-like place of Walter Barry—you know him? His "Sphinx" drove Paris mad year before last.

The second Tuesday in May, St. Hilair sauntered in there with a careless tap, and found the artist standing before a fresh stretch of canvas—there were only a few dark lines as yet drawn on its smooth newness; and beyond him, under the shadow of dark draperies, in a slip of warm light, there stood a woman!—nay, a girl; or, better, neither—a being, who stepped upon the mystical threshold of the one, her eyes looking back to the innocent joys of the other.

There were gray folds of satin, bordered with golden fringes, hanging straightly from her throat and bare shoulders to her feet; her face was whiter than any lily's leaf, and the eyes were pathetic in their wistful wonder; the hair was of the color of spun-gold, and hung in curling masses to her knees; one hand lay listless at her side, and the other held a cluster of wet violets.

"Can't speak or turn, Moreau, old fellow. New model—a gem, a treasure, no woman about her; all art and spirit." This last *sotto voce*. "Even *you* could not awaken this '*che cosa é amor?*'—that is what I have named it already."

St. Hilair stands still and looks; he stands for one hour as she stands—motionless—while Barry works with all his soul.

"Thank you."

The artist drops his brush and stick, and the model drops her lifted arm, makes a slight bow, and withdraws—almost. St. Hilair is behind her—his imperious foot is firm upon the golden hem of her garment; she stops short, but she does not turn her head. It is the meek, indifferent action of a soulless thing.

"What is your name?—tell me."

That voice, so soft and so wooing, had never, to any queen of love, put on such loving accent.

"The artist there calls me Undine—that will serve you, too, I think;" and there is such coldness in the tone as he has never listened to before, and, stunned, he lets her pass out of his sight. Then turning, he catches sight of himself in Walter's great mirror, and, smiling his old smile, he says, softly, "But she has not looked into my eyes yet—she has not looked into my eyes!"

Day after day St. Hilair comes back to Barry's studio; day after day he watches the wondrous work growing beneath the master hand—watches the beautiful figure, with its puzzled question in the dark, divine eyes, and the foreshadowed soul's inquiry of love's meaning in every line of its remarkable beauty.

"'*Che cosa é amor?*' I will teach her," Moreau St. Hilair says to himself, not knowing all the while that he has learned himself, from loveless, speechless lips, the lesson he has taught so many women in his short, sweet, joyous life.

One day he finds her alone; the artist is detained; she is sitting in the sunlight.

"She is a creature that seeks the sun—she is a divine thing; she is less and more than woman," he thinks. "If I awaken those slumbrous child's eyes to womanhood and warmth, I will make of your Undine, my friend, a wife."

So, subtle man of the world that he is, he pauses at the entrance and tries to make choice of what he shall do; it is the first time in his life, and, after all, impulse, his old god, will not play him false at this the crown of his life's green flower-decked hill.

"Sweet!" And the long-pent passion, whose vague shadow has sufficed for love's gaining hitherto, the mildness and warmth, the tenderness and truth of the man, speak in the short Saxon word.

He flies to her, and takes her into his arms and kisses her, and strokes the lengths of her hair, and calls her every fond and endearing name that love and lore have taught him.

And she? She stays quite still, and he hushes a moment to look into her face; through all its marble fairness a swarthy flush—through the great, cold eyes the slow-creeping fires of love's meaning.

"Undine, I have given you a soul—I will give you my name; you ask your question no longer, dear heart—*this* is love!"

The beautiful mouth of St. Hilair is pressed to hers, but all she says is:

"Which is the stronger, think you, love or hate?"

"Love," he says; "for love can murder hate, if one but love aright. Why, sweet?"

"Nothing," she says. "I do not know. Between to-night and to-morrow they will wrestle together. Farewell." And she leaves him and stands straightly to the artist's bidding.

Raphael Musard has been going down-hill, they say, ever since St. Hilair's critique on his *Othello*. He has aged, has he not? even in four short months' time. Look at him yonder, with the wine-glass in his hand, and the silver threads among his glossy dark locks.

"Gabrielle will be back to-night?" Delaney asks.

"Yes, she will be here soon," with a keen smile cutting across his haggard face. "In fact, there she is!"

And every one clusters about the queen to welcome her, for she has been away from them for four months and over.

Very Eastern she looks to-night, with a black vail of rich, heavy lace wound about her head and face, and crossing the pure, pallid brow in Egyptian fashion, hanging in long sweeps of flounced riches over the lemon-color of her satin robe. She is vivacious, gay, with a word for all, and a smile for each, and a light touch on his forehead for the boy poet.

"You are changed, *ma reine!*" he cries.

"And how, Chatterton?"

"You look like Cleopatra after she would be dead."

"Ay," she says, "but you are a dreamer," and passes over to a seat beside her brother.

"He has not come," Raphael whispers. "Ah, revenge is sweet."

"Nay, *frère*, it is *bitter*-sweet."

"He is here!"

The queen's dark eyes rise and meet the blue, glad glance of St. Hilair—his glance is glad for any one to-night; and then Raphael touches her, and, like a goaded thing—like a thing in whose soul two powers struggle together, she rises slowly and walks down the room, while the eyes of her brother never quit her.

Once she totters a little, and she stops at the table where Chatterton sits, and asks for some wine and drinks it; and St. Hilair, looking at her vacantly, thinks of the Undine to whom he has given a soul.

So, with light laughter, mixing among her subjects, the queen slips in and out until she is very near Moreau St. Hilair.

"You are looking happy to-night, St. Hilair," she says, as the rest chatter on.

The man smiles to himself, and for the first time since, he recalls the night after "Othello," and that which sounded in the queen's voice beside the sneer. 'Tis a compassionate smile now, and he answers:

"You are right, madame. I am happy, for I am about to marry a woman whom I love; I am weary of looking at happiness through another's eyes."

St. Hilair smiles still his faultless, sweet smile up into her face; and Raphael, watching, sees the smile of sweetness freeze upon his critic's mouth as the heavy laces fall from the queen's head to the floor, and show the golden riches of the Undine's hair, curling upon her yellow satins in luxuriant splendor.

And all the women cry, "Gabrielle, you have ruined your hair!" or, "Gabrielle, now we know what you have been away for—bleaching your black locks!" And the men laugh, and the poet twines a lock about his thin finger, and Raphael cries to himself that "Revenge is sweet."

He sees no price paid; he sees no wild battle in the face of his sister; he finds no grave of joy in the reluctant shame of her theatrical *pose*. But St. Hilair does, and he takes her hand in his, and he says:

"Revenge is poor, and has a bitter savor; I meant him no harm; but love is stronger than hate, and if you will be mine, come."

A SAD OCCURRENCE AT SARATOGA.

FRED—"*Why, won't you speak to me, Susie?*"
SUSIE—"*What! And your big brother Tom rowin' in a boat that's trying to beat our Charley's? I wonder at your impudence!*"

Raphael sees it—sees the soft waver in the woman's face, the agony in the man's, and rushes to them.

"Gabrielle!" touching her on the shoulder.

She turns her head, and the agony in St. Hilair's face deepens; then the smile that is frozen on his mouth melts into fresh joy; she has turned again to him!—and, stretching out her hand, she falls backward out of reach of either of their arms—out of reach for evermore.

"Our mother died so," mutters Raphael. "Better so than the wife of him."

"She is Cleopatra after she is dead," weeps the boy, folding the falling laces over her brow.

The smile of sweetness forsakes the mouth of St. Hilair after he has kissed the lips of the woman whom he loved.

"Life," he says to the weeping boy-poet, "is a cruel thing, but the death of one's faith and one's true love is crueler."

To-morrow the papers speak of the death at Schuberth's of a "Queen of Bohemia"; and Raphael could act no more ever after, and no woman ever again loved Moreau St. Hilair.

A PRETTY CLIMBING VINE—THE GROUND-NUT.

BY A. S. FULLER.

IN seeking handsome ornamental and useful plants it is not always necessary to visit the seedman, florist or nurseryman, because there are many beautiful and valuable kinds that may be obtained in the woods and fields in all parts of our country. There is no field so barren, or swamp so low and wet, that it does not produce something in the way of plants worth gathering and transplanting to the garden. The people of Europe know this, and they appreciate our American plants so highly that few gardens, however small, can be found on the other side of the Atlantic that do not contain more or less of our indigenous species.

Among the scores of our handsome native climbing-plants that are deserving of a place in every garden, there is none to which the term "pretty" is more appropriate than the one known under the common name of "ground-nut," or the *Apios tuberosa* of botanists. It is not a showy plant, like the morning-glories or clematises; but it is one of those neat and delicate little vines that seem to invite a close and intimate acquaintance, fully rewarding the observer for his time in making it. There are, as every one knows, plants that seem to repel intimacy, and while they may possess a stately figure, a noble presence, and flaunt their gaudy flowers, which we admire at a distance, they lack those charms that lead us to seek a closer and more familiar acquaintance with their many valuable and interesting properties.

The stem of the ground-nut is a small, rather slender twining vine, growing six to ten feet high, with oval, pointed pinnate leaves. The flowers appear late in Summer, and are pea-shaped, and produced in crowded racemes, two or three inches in length. They are of a brownish-purple color, with a scent similar to that of the violet. The plants may be found in almost any low grounds from Canada to Florida, and westward to the Rocky Mountains. The roots are composed of many fine fibrous rootlets and numerous oval tubers attached to a long slender subterranean stem, or root-stock. These tubers are sometimes an inch

THE GROUND-NUT—FLOWER, LEAF AND NUT, MUCH REDUCED IN SIZE.

or more in diameter, and two or more in length, the flesh white and edible. Although it has long been known that these tubers are edible, very few attempts have been made to cultivate or improve them. That the ground-nut is susceptible of improvement there can scarcely be any doubt; but owing to the presence of other and superior kinds of edible tubers in cultivation, the incentive to attempt is lacking.

But, if the plant is not wanted for culinary purposes, it is still worth cultivating as an ornamental vine. It may also be well to note that there has been in times past many a traveler, hunter and pioneer, in our new States and Territories, who would have been made happy in appeasing his hunger with roasted or boiled ground-nuts, had he known that such a tuber was to be obtained, and where.

HOW SENATOR LINN'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

Those who are familiar with the political history of our country thirty-seven years ago, remember well Dr. Linn, of Missouri. Distinguished for talents and professional ability, but yet more for the excellence of his heart, he received, by a distinction as rare as it was honorable, the unanimous vote of the Legislature for the office of Senator of the United States.

In discharge of his Congressional duties, he was residing with his family in Washington, during the Spring and Summer of 1840, the last year of Mr. Van Buren's administration.

One day, during the month of May of that year, Dr. and Mrs. Linn received an invitation to a large and formal dinner-party given by a public functionary, and to which the most prominent members of the Administration party, including the President himself, were invited guests.

Dr. Linn was very anxious to be present, but when the day came, finding himself suffering from an attack of indigestion, he begged his wife to bear his apology in person, and make one of the dinner-party, leaving him at home. To this she somewhat reluctantly consented. She was accompanied to the door of their host by a friend, General Jones, who promised to return and remain with Dr. Linn during the evening.

At table Mrs. Linn sat next to General Macomb, who had conducted her to dinner; and immediately opposite to her sat Silas Wright, Senator from New York, the most intimate friend of her husband, and a man by whose death, shortly after, the country sustained an irreparable loss.

Even during the early part of the dinner, Mrs. Linn felt very uneasy about her husband. She tried to reason herself out of this, as she knew that his indisposition was not at all serious; but in vain. She mentioned her uneasiness to General Macomb, but he reminded her of what she herself had previously told him—that General Jones had promised to remain with Dr. Linn, and that, in the very unlikely contingency of any sudden illness, he would be sure to apprise her of it.

Notwithstanding these representations, as dinner drew toward a close, this unaccountable uneasiness increased to such an uncontrollable impulse to return home that, as she expressed it to me, she felt that she *could* not sit there a moment longer.

Her sudden pallor was noticed by Senator Wright, and excited his alarm.

"I am sure you are ill, Mrs. Linn," he said; "what is the matter?"

She replied that she was quite well, but that she *must* return to her husband. Mr. Wright sought, as General Macomb had done, to calm her fears; but she replied to him:

"If you wish to do me a favor for which I shall be grateful while I live, make some excuse to our host, so that we can leave the table."

Seeing her so greatly excited, he complied with her request, though they were then but serving the dessert; and he and Mrs. Wright accompanied Mrs. Linn home.

As they were taking leave of her at the door of her lodgings, Senator Wright said:

"I shall call to-morrow morning, and have a good laugh with the doctor and yourself over your panic apprehensions."

As Mrs. Linn passed hastily up-stairs she met the landlady.

"How is Dr. Linn?" she anxiously asked.

"Very well, I believe," was the reply. "He took a

HOW SENATOR LINN'S LIFE WAS SAVED.—"FINALLY, EXERTING HER UTMOST STRENGTH, SHE DREW FROM THE BED HER INSENSIBLE HUSBAND."

bath more than an hour ago, and I dare say is sound asleep by this time. General Jones said he was doing extremely well."

"The general is with him, is he not?"

"I believe not. I think I saw him pass out about half an hour ago."

In a measure reassured, Mrs. Linn hastened to her husband's bedchamber, the door of which was closed. As she opened it, a dense smoke burst upon her in such stifling quantity that she reeled and fell on the threshold. Recovering herself after a few seconds, she rushed into the room. The bolster was on fire, and the feathers burned with a bright glow and a suffocating odor.

She threw herself upon the bed; but the fire, half-smothered till that moment, was fanned by the draft from the opened door, and, kindling into sudden flame, caught her light dress, which was in a blaze on the instant. At the same moment her eyes fell on a large bath-tub that had been used by her husband. She sprang into it, extinguishing her burning dress; then, returning to the bed, she caught up the pillow and a sheet that was on fire, scorching her arms in so doing, and plunged both into the water. Finally, exerting her utmost strength, she drew from the bed her insensible husband. It was then only that she called to the people of the house for aid.

Dr. Sewell was instantly summoned. But it was full half an hour before the sufferer gave any signs whatever of returning animation. He did not leave his bed for nearly a week; and it was three months before he entirely recovered from the effects of this accident.

"How fortunate it was," said Dr. Sewell to Mrs. Linn, "that you arrived at the very moment you did! Five minutes more—nay, three—and in all human probability you would never have seen your husband alive again."

Mr. Wright called, as he had promised, next morning.

"Well, Mrs. Linn," said he, smiling, "you have found out by this time how foolish that strange presentiment of yours was?"

"Come up-stairs," she replied.

And she led him to his friend, scarcely yet able to speak; and then she showed him the remains of the half-consumed bolster and partially burned bed-linen.

Whether the sight changed his opinion on the subject of presentiments, I cannot tell; but he turned pale as a corpse, Mrs. Linn said, and did not utter a word.

I had all the above particulars from Mrs. Linn herself, in Washington, on the 4th of July, 1859, together with the permission to publish them in illustration of the subject I am treating, attested by date and name.

There is one point in connection with the above narrative which is worthy of special examination. In case we admit that Mrs. Linn's irresistible impulse to leave the dinner-table was a spiritual impression, the question remains, Was it a warning of evil then existing, or was it a presentiment of evil that was still to arise? In other words, was it in its character only clairvoyant, or was it in its nature clearly prophetic?

The impression was distinctly produced on Mrs. Linn's mind, as that lady told me, at least half an hour before it became so urgent as to compel her to leave the entertainment. When she did leave, as the carriages were not ordered till eleven o'clock, and no hackney-coach was at hand, she and Mr. and Mrs. Wright, as she further stated to me, returned on foot. The distance being a mile and a half, they were fully half an hour in walking it. It follows that Mrs. Linn was impressed to return more than an hour before she opened the door of the bedroom.

Now, it is highly improbable that the fire should have caught, or that anything should have happened likely to lead to it, in the bedroom as much as an hour, or even half an hour, before Mrs. Linn's arrival. But if not—if, at the moment Mrs. Linn was first impressed, no condition of things existed which, to human perceptions, could indicate danger—then, unless we refer the whole to chance coincidence, the case is one involving not only a warning presentiment, but a prophetic instinct.

REMEMBER.

By Ethel De Fonblanque.

Remember, when the sun is rising gently,
And rosy mists unfold to greet the dawn;
And golden clouds above are fading slowly,
And earth is joyful that the day is born.

Remember, when the flowers unfold their petals
To gaze in fervent rapture at the sun,
And fair birds' voices rise in sweetest music,
And woods reecho now the night is done.

Remember, when in brightest midday glory,
The gay-winged butterflies flit here and there,
And children, blinded by the sun's great splendor,
With merry voices fill the fragrant air.

Remember, when the twilight shadows gather,
And the long day for evermore is past,
When cattle to their sheds are slowly turning,
When tired reapers gain their homes at last.

Remember, when the pale, sad moon has risen,
And floods a silver light across the wood,
And fair birds sweetly sing their evening carol,
As if to thank the Lord that He is good.

Remember, when the night is very quiet,
Save for the gentle rippling of the lake,
Where closed white lilies float so softly sleeping,
And only passing zephyrs are awake.

Remember yet again, when midnight glory
And silver moon shed radiance all around,
And fireflies dart where shadows lie the deepest,
And heaven's stars gaze sadly on the ground.

Remember that I left you in great sorrow;
Remember how you laughed and scorned my love;
Remember how I turned away and left you,
While the pale moon shone deeply from above.

Remember how my words in parting told you
That the great love you spurned as poor and vain
Would wait, embalmed in patient sadness,
Until one day you paid me for my pain.

Remember how I passed away in anguish,
Afraid to trust my trembling voice to speak,
Because I knew in all your heartless beauty
You'd scorn me more, and say that I was weak.

Remember, then, I say, in midnight silence,
When hearts are sad, and tender thoughts are rife,
That all the great deep love that then I gave you
Waits but thy touch to start again to life.

GLASS AND ITS HISTORY.

Glass-blowing is of a very early date, for the process is represented by the paintings on a tomb of Beni Hassan, in Egypt, dating from the reign of Osirtasen, at least 2000 B.C. If figured then on this tomb as a perfect process, it must have existed many centuries before. Egypt, then, furnishes evidences of glass-making, which Sir Gardiner Wilkinson mentioned as belonging to even an earlier

period. An inscription on a bit of glass, of an opaque blue, bears hieroglyphics which Dr. Birch interprets as the prenomen of Nuantef, of the eleventh dynasty, who reigned, according to Lepsius, 2423 B.C. As objects of glass of Egyptian fabrication rarely, however, bear inscriptions, it is not easy to trace the progress of this art in that country. Glass-making certainly flourished before its conquest by Alexander, and, during the later Roman occupation, finding a wider market, its production increased. Hadrian, writing to Severus, enumerating the chief industrial occupations of Alexandria, includes among them glass-blowing, and Aurelian declares that a portion of the Egyptian tribute shall be paid in glass. Egypt and Phœnicia may have been rivals in glass-making, for Herodotus tells us of a statue or column of emerald which graced the Temple of Heracles at Tyre, and on the authority of Apion, Pliny mentions a statue of Serapis thirteen and a half feet high, in the Egyptian labyrinth. Theophrastus states that there was an obelisk sixty feet high, composed of four emeralds, which blazed in the Temple of Jupiter in Egypt. Undoubtedly these emeralds were green glass. The old Egyptian glass, as it is found to-day, still retains its greenish hue, and from the dryness of the climate has suffered very little disintegration.

As to the various colored glasses, recent analysis shows that the Egyptian workmen used copper and iron for the opaque blues, cobalt for the light blues, manganese for the violet, and iron for the black. Next in date to the early Egyptian is the greenish glass found in the palace of Nineveh, now in the British Museum. A line in cuneiform character, with the name of Sargon, shows it to be of 722 B.C. It seems quite certain that the Phœnicians made beads, and distributed them wherever their commerce reached, just as Venice did some 1,800 years later.

In 1432 Murano is mentioned as renowned for its glass. A regular company, with peculiar privileges, was formed by the State. Among the illustrious glass-makers in 1441 was a Don Paolo Godi and his apprentice, Angelo Beroviero, and it is stated that a descendant of this latter is now in the employ of Salviati & Co., at Murano, who promises to attain great proficiency in his art. The admiration for these objects in glass extended all over Europe. William Wey, who died in 1474, when advising his fellows how to become pilgrims, instructs them first to go to Venice to buy "dysches, platerrys, sawserrys, and other cuppys of glas."

There was a glorious custom in Venice, when introduced not exactly known, which insisted that after a grand banquet all this superb glass should be smashed. Vincenzo Cervio, describing a grand feast given at the marriage of a Prince of Mantua, says: "There was there, besides most rich sideboards and ordinary glassware, a display of various beakers, decanters, jars, and other most beautiful vessels of Venetian crystal, so that I think all the shops of Murano had met there; and of that there was need, for all the signori invited, after they had drunk, broke the beakers, which they held as a sign of great joyfulness." Whether this custom is a survival of the breaking of a wineglass at a Jewish wedding, or was carried out for the benefit of the glass business, need not be discussed. Bead-making was an enormous source of profit to Venice, of which it had almost the monopoly. In 1764, 22 furnaces were employed, producing 44,000 pounds per week; and though Venice has been shorn of her grandeur, to-day she sells some $1,000,000 worth of beads.

Glass in Spain was a survival of the Ibero-Roman period, perishing for a while, to be revived by the Moors. An Arab author tells how Mercia and Almeria were famous for the fabrication of "all sorts of vases and utensils, whether of copper, iron or glass." Glass was made in Gaul, so Pliny informs us, and much antique glass is found in Normandy and Poitou. During the Merovingian dynasty there were numerous glass-works. In 1572, Fabriano Salviati, a gentleman from Murano, *pais de Venice*, came to Poitou to practice his art. Colbert ennobled the art and obtained Venetian workmen, and the well-known factory of St Gobain traces its origin to the labors of this great Frenchman.

In England, remains of what were Roman glass furnaces have been found, which seem to prove that the art was carried on in Britain by her conquerors. It is probable that the art was not lost, for drinking-glasses, ornamented with thin threads of glass, have been found in quantity at Wodensborough, Kent. Venice, however, supplied England with the better quality of glass up to the middle of the sixteenth century, when, in 1550, ten Muranese workmen petitioned to be allowed to work in England, and were in consequence confined in the Tower. In 1611, Sir William Slingsby obtained a patent for making glass from sea-coal, and in 1615 a royal proclamation prohibited the use of wood in glass-making. Glass manufacture is indebted to England for the making of flint-glass, in which lead is used with potash. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, drove a great number of French artisans from France to England; and the excellence of English glass at once asserted itself.

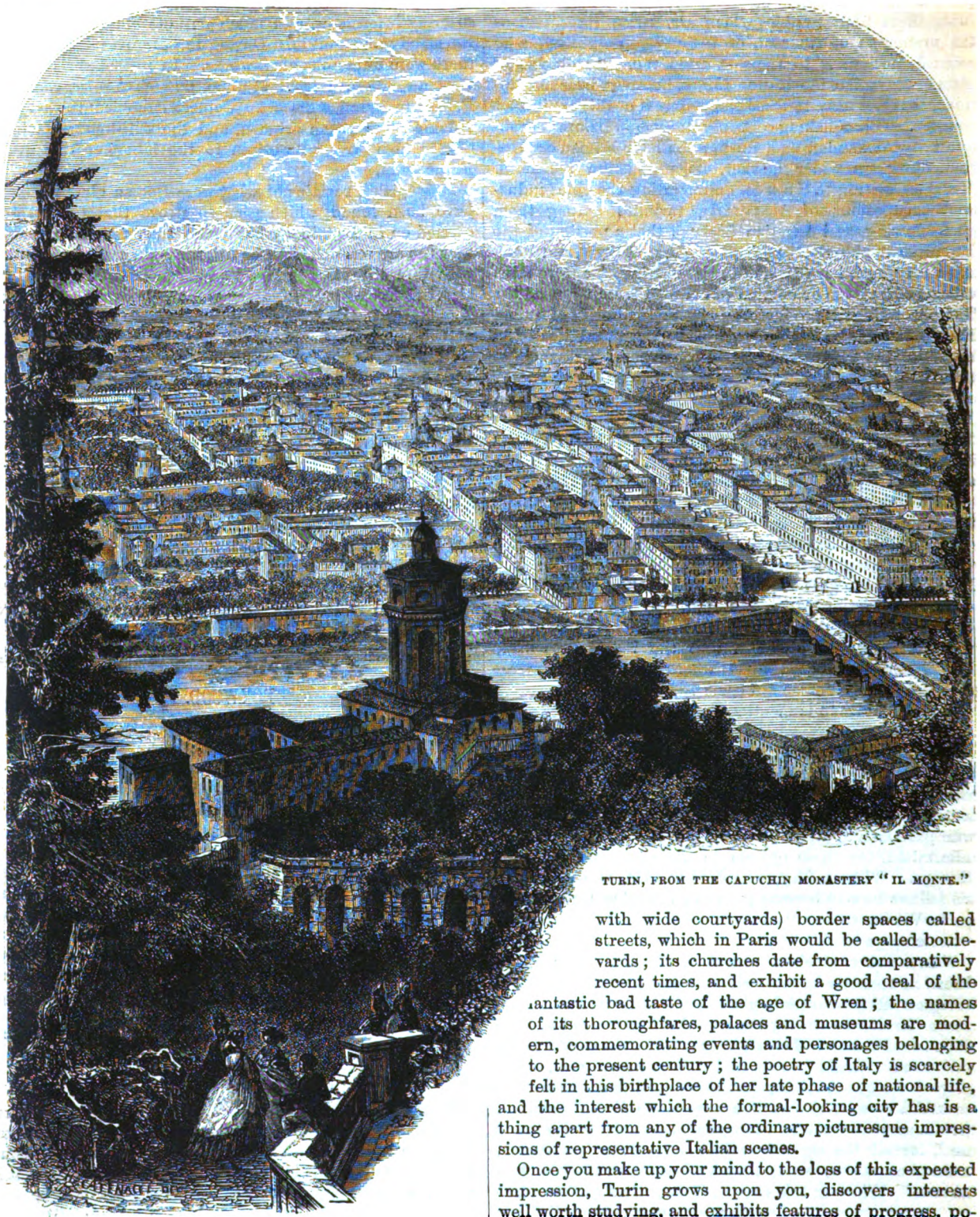
As to Bohemian glass, in 1600 it was even clearer than the Venetian glass, and its ruby red had no equal. Henry Schwanhard is believed to have been the first to have etched glass with fluoric acid, in 1670.

BOXWOOD.

THE best wood comes from Turkey, from the highest parts of the mountains of the Caucasus, which are thickly covered with boxwood forests. The wood from these regions is at once the richest both for quantity and quality. The Turkish wood, when neither stereo nor electro work is desired, throws off a greater number of impressions than wood obtained from other countries, and the lines can be clearer cut on it without any burring. It is requisite, in all cases where bolting is required, that the pieces of wood all be of the same age, *i. e.*, all off one tree, else the impressions turn out of different degrees of light and dark, or as termed "color." The logs are cut into rounds, and classed as "extra," "good" and "doubtful." Persian boxwood is used for commoner work; but it is soft and sappy in its nature.

POWER OF A GROWING TREE.

WALTON HALL, England, had, at one time, its own corn mill; and when this inconvenient necessity no longer existed, the millstone was laid in an orchard and forgotten. The diameter of this circular stone measured five feet and a half, while its depth averaged seven inches throughout. Its central hole had a diameter of eleven inches. By mere accident some bird or squirrel had dropped the fruit of the filbert tree through this hole on to the earth, and in 1812 the seedling was seen rising up through the unwonted channel. As its trunk gradually grew through this aperture and increased, its power to raise the ponderous mass of stone was speculated upon by many. Would the filbert-tree die in the attempt? Would it burst the millstone? Or would it lift it? In the end the little filbert-tree lifted the millstone, and in 1868 wore it like a crinoline around its trunk.



TURIN, FROM THE CAPUCHIN MONASTERY "IL MONTE."

TURIN.

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

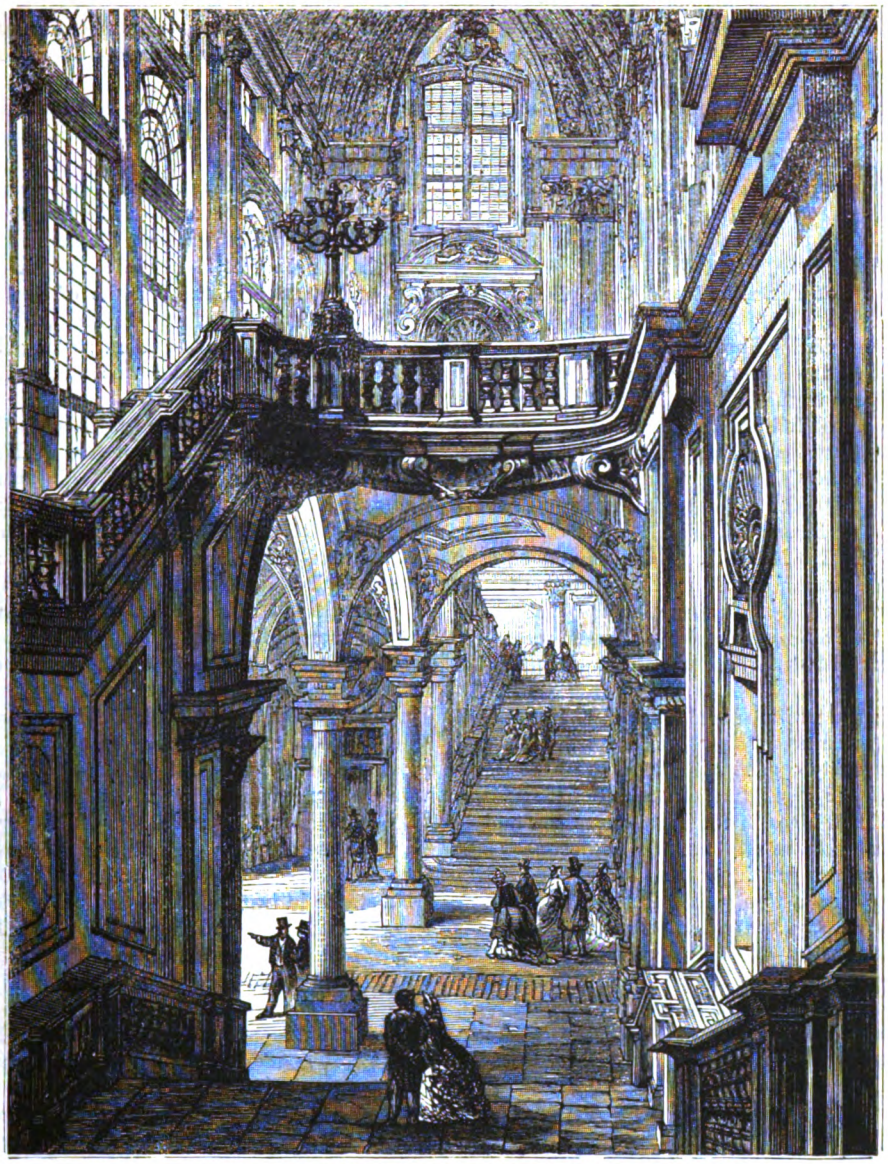
The first sight of Turin is disappointing. There is an impression of gloom and of monotony in its heavy, seventeenth-century buildings, and its regular, broad streets, reminding one of Philadelphia. Spite of its history, there is scarcely any outward sign of its being other than a modern city. Its blocks of houses (some of them hollow, with wide courtyards) border spaces called streets, which in Paris would be called boulevards; its churches date from comparatively recent times, and exhibit a good deal of the fantastic bad taste of the age of Wren; the names of its thoroughfares, palaces and museums are modern, commemorating events and personages belonging to the present century; the poetry of Italy is scarcely felt in this birthplace of her late phase of national life, and the interest which the formal-looking city has is a thing apart from any of the ordinary picturesque impressions of representative Italian scenes.

Once you make up your mind to the loss of this expected impression, Turin grows upon you, discovers interests well worth studying, and exhibits features of progress, political earnestness, gravity of national (or, rather, local) manners, appreciation of mental resources in themselves, unappended to conventional institutions—such as hospitals, churches or private palaces—and eagerness to copy the best municipal models of northern Europe.

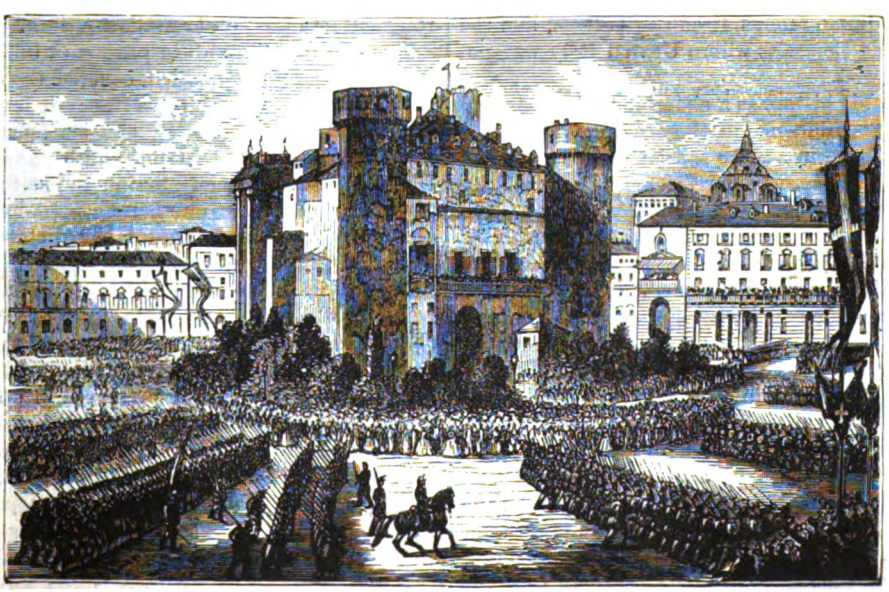
I reached the city on a Sunday, tired with travel, *en route* for the Alps, and amid a drenching rain, and my first impression was one of extreme dreariness; the more so, as the hotel windows looked out on a wide piazza, a stone wilderness, very imposing if filled with troops on parade,

or crowds, or a bonfire and illumination, but under other circumstances, certainly depressing. But, spite of its unpicturesqueness, Turin has much that is worth studying. Politically and educationally, she has much to boast of; for, though the galleries of paintings are inferior, the Royal Armory, the Arsenal with its Museum of Artillery, the School of Engineering, the Botanical Garden, the Natural History Museum, the Industrial Museum with its technological collection, and the Civic Museum with its uncommon collection of pre-historic relics, weapons, etc., point to a desire on the part of the city to go beyond the merely conventional and local requirements implied by the multiplication in every Italian town of picture and "antiquity" galleries.

A peculiar feature of Turin consists in her modern monuments, statues, etc., commemorative of recent events in Italian history. In other cities, life and history, at least as far as they are represented by monuments, seem to have stopped short at least a hundred and fifty years ago; nothing but the cheap homage of naming streets and squares after public men, or special dates and events, has been tendered recently to the development of national life. One of these modern monuments stands in striking contrast to the old castle and medieval fortress, the only feudal edifice in Turin, now foolishly called the Palazzo Madama, after a dowager duchess of Savoy who inhabited it in the last century; the piazza, however, bears the more appropriate name of Piazza Castello.



ENTRANCE TO THE MADAMA PALACE.



PALAZZO MADAMA, IN THE PIAZZA CASTELLO.

The "Monument to the Sardinian Army" was given by the City of Milan in 1859, and consists of a statue, in white marble, of a soldier defending a standard with his drawn sword; while on the pedestal, in relief, is a portrait representation

of the late King Victor Emmanuel, on horseback, at the head of his troops. The old castle, transformed from a fortress to a tower-house, then to a Senate Chamber (from 1848 to 1865), and since that to an asylum (or museum) for several "institutions," stands sturdily and cumbrously amid its modern surroundings, itself disguised on the west side by a marble façade that hides the towers once used for an observatory, and a double flight of steps in the incongruous style of the eighteenth century, but retaining two of its medieval towers on the east side. It dates from 1270, when William of Montferrat made himself master of Turin, and built this pile as a defense.

The statue of King Carlo-Alberto, the late King's father, by the same artist as the Army Monument, is one of the boasts of the entrance to the hall of the royal palace. The same King, typically called the first Liberal King of the House of Savoy, but really holding this post by as delusive a claim as that of Queen Elizabeth to be the first "Protestant" sovereign of England, is commemorated by a bronze statue by Marochetti, standing in the Piazza called by his name. He looks from his pedestal of four steps of Aberdeen granite upon four large figures of herculean soldiers in Sardinian uniform, while just above them are placed four allegorical female figures, meant respectively for Martyrdom, Freedom, Justice and Independence.

The Piazza Carignano, where stands the palace formerly of that name (now Parliament Palace), with its arcades and wide windows curiously ornamented with brick, contains another modern statue, significant of the national triumph and of the sway of new ideas in the fields of politics and of religion. It commemorates Gioberti, the philosopher and patriot—a priest whose writings have never been condemned by Rome, but whose political liberalism is undoubted and sincere. Cavour and Siccardi are each commemorated by monuments—the former in the Piazza Carlo Emanuele by a group, the work of Dupré of Florence; Italy, a conventional but beautiful figure presenting a civic crown to the minister (a portrait statue), who holds in his left hand a scroll bearing his own famous words—"A Free Church in a Free State." The pedestal (one begins to wish for a rock pedestal like Peter the Great's in St. Petersburg) is of the ordinary square shape, four figures at the corners representing Justice, Duty, Policy and Independence, and reliefs setting forth the triumphal return of the Sardinian troops from the Crimea, and the Session of the Paris Congress where United Italy was politically foreshadowed.

Cavour, besides his history as a champion of liberty and nationalism and his influence in the making of the new Italian fatherland, was, in a more special manner, the son of Turin, having been born in the Via Lagrange in 1810. The house is distinguished by a memorial tablet. His fifty years of life were fruitful of immense and vital changes, to which his personal influence largely contributed. Among all modern statesmen, except perhaps Gladstone, he was the most simply upright and the least self-seeking. He "made" Italy in a wider and nobler sense than Bismarck made Germany, for he carefully educated and fostered public opinion to a higher level—that of appreciation of, and subsequently of longing for, independence. He imposed no fantastic or autocratic whims as conditions of the benefits he conferred; his political insight was theoretic enough to look beyond local interests and jealousies in the adaptation of events to his plan for the future nation, while it was practical enough to know what immediate means to use to reconcile these interests and create an enthusiasm which should override them in the interests of the new ideal. Wise as well as patriotic, temperate in speech, moderate and constitutional in his schemes of government, solicitous rather to educate the people up to a wide patriotism than to precipitate them into a chaotic social revolution, according to Mazzini's ideal, he was the fit leader of a nation naturally apt to err on the side of passion.

The Siccardi Monument is of a less picturesque kind, being simply an obelisk seventy-five feet high, inscribed in lieu of hieroglyphics with the names of all the towns in the old kingdom of Sardinia that contributed to its erection and shared in the benefits of the decree abolishing ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Siccardi, the Minister of Justice, was chiefly instrumental in passing the law thus commemorated, and suggested this mode of national indorsement.

Again, another modern monument is the bronze statue, cast in Munich, by Balzico, of Count Massimo d'Azeglio, a statesman, writer, painter and diplomat, the monument dating from 1873; Brofferio and Cassini, the former a poet, the latter a lawyer (these men, honored with public monuments, were almost invariably, in their several lines, foremost champions of the national cause), have statues in the Citadel Garden; the local passion for dedicating marble memorials to great men has provided many mementoes of the past, the statues in some cases being more artistic than those mentioned above. The "Iron-headed" Duke of Savoy, Emmanuel Philibert, has one in bronze (the statue is modern, however, though the subject is almost medieval), with reliefs of the battle of St. Quentin, won by him against the French, as the general of Philip II. of Spain, in 1557; (readers of Motley's Dutch Republic will remember the gallantry of the Count of Egmont at that battle.) Duke Victor Amadeus (1637) has an equestrian statue in bronze, the horse being white marble, with two slaves in bronze lying below; and Pietro Micca, the *soldato minatore*, who at the sacrifice of his life saved the citadel of Turin in 1706 by springing a mine on the French grenadiers surreptitiously advancing to the gates, has a bronze monument, erected in 1864; while Lamarmora, the patriot general who died in the Crimea, has a statue nearly opposite, in the same odd, three-cornered Piazza. The bronze groups of Castor and Pollux, at the Palace gates, and several marble statues of the recent sovereigns in the hall and on the stairs of the Palace, are fine specimens of modern art, in a branch which Turin has patronized more than other Italian cities.

The new quarter, still in process of building, on the site of the former garden which covered the disused fortifications, contains, among other modern monuments, one to Cesare Balbo, the historian and statesman (George Ticknor's intimate friend in his youth), and one to the last Doge of Venice, Daniel Manin; the statue represents the Republic, holding in one hand a palm-branch and in the other a portrait medallion of her dictator and defender. The place, however, has its antiquities, if the tourist is willing to seek them out, and is not what corresponds to being violently pre-Raphaelite in art. Perhaps the most characteristic is the burial chapel of the old Dukes of Savoy, called the Chapel of the Most Holy Winding Sheet, from a linen cloth preserved in a kind of urn over the altar, and said to be the same that was wrapped round the body of our Lord after the crucifixion. The chapel is circular, built of dark brown marble, strongly contrasting with the white monuments, and is separated from the choir by a glass screen. Thirty-seven steps to the right of the high altar of the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist lead to this curious sepulchre, which forms, as it were, a kind of apse to the church, and is itself lighted by an

oddly-shaped dome. The family monuments are ornamented with white marble statues, life size, some recumbent, some upright, and a central door at the back communicates with the upper corridors of the Royal Palace, which are a public thoroughfare.

The other royal burial church, the Superga, standing on a hill above the city, with a glorious view of the Alps, is a handsome but cold building, with a pseudo-classic air, and, although the cemetery is *campo santo*, is also disappointing as to the intrinsic merits of its monuments. It has a special attraction as the burial-place of Silvio Pellico, the political prisoner, whose book, "My Prisons," has been translated into every civilized language, and of many of the other distinguished men of northern Italy, D'Azeglio and Gioberti included.

The finest view of all is from the Capuchin Monastery of Il Monte, on a steep hill to the north, looking over the Po, the two bridges, the conspicuous square tower of the synagogue, the highest building in the city*, the camp-like city (I take *camp* in the old Roman sense of a regular plan), the plain, with its semi-tropical crops of corn and rice, and the Alps, from Monte Rosa with its 15,000 to Monte Vigo with its 12,000 feet of snowy cliffs. The traces remain of the important fortifications of Il Monte, and paths over aqueduct-like causeways overgrown with shrubbery and vines add to its picturesqueness.

A contrast to this comparatively ancient place, is the string of brilliant stores under the arcades of the Via di Po, a broad modern boulevard leading to the Piazza Castello. The show rivals that of the hackneyed Rue de Rivoli, and is quite as attractive at night, with the addition of the flower-stalls, so plentiful all over Italian thoroughfares, and so charmingly imitated now by some New York corner-stalls.

The gorgeous Renaissance churches that abound in the city have the genuine Italian details of exuberant temporary ornamentation on festa days, miraculous images and shrines, etc. One of them, named "Corpus Domini," from a tradition of a miracle similar to that of Bolsena, is connected with the remembrance of the poet Alfieri, who, in 1753, was *Decurion* of Turin—that is, Commissioner of Public Works, and the philosopher Rousseau, who, in his early youth, being exiled from Geneva, was received into the Roman Catholic Church by one of the parish clergy of Corpus Domini. His subsequent profession of Calvinism when, thirty years later, he lived peaceably in his native town, was equally untrustworthy; but the spectacle of the Church in Italy in the eighteenth century was scarcely calculated to strengthen a faith not sustained by earnestness of character or protected by genuine fervor.

The tourist in Turin will scarcely care to remember the pictures and ordinary art collections in the galleries, which, for Italy, are decidedly inferior; but the scholar will appreciate the rare Aldine editions and the early Bobbio manuscripts in the University Library (Bobbio Monastery was an Irish colony of Columban monks, more learned, civilized and Christian than the Italians of their day, the seventh century), and the historical and genealogical works in the King's private library; while, except the antique collections of Rome and Naples, those of Turin in the line of Egyptology, Etruscan pottery and Roman inscriptions, are the best in Italy. The scientific collections of minerals, of antediluvian remains, fossils, and foreign botanical specimens, are well worth seeing; but Turin has a living museum near at hand, more curious than any inclosed within walls—*i. e.*, the valleys of the Waldenses, the descendants of the earliest known Protestants, who live now in peace and security, an obscure rural population, fostered by the State on account of their industrious, frugal, peaceable disposition, but a people whom the tide of progress has scarcely touched, and who constitute almost a living anachronism. The poverty and hard work of their pastors are exceptional, and, indeed, the simplicity of manners among all the Waldenses is remarkable, though a still more curious feature is the absence of that boorishness which often accompanies an otherwise blameless and primitive state of society. The Waldenses also have a church, or "temple," of their own in Turin, and are represented in the city by sundry trustworthy and economical merchants.

* This is to the left of the Royal or Zoological Gardens, and does not appear in the engraving.

GIVEN UP BY HIS FRIENDS.

IT was a settled thing that Inglestre Vane was to marry Miss Goulden, "the great heiress." Everybody expected it of him, and everybody expected it of her. How could it be otherwise? He was the handsomest, wealthiest, best bred, best read man in her circle, and she was—a great heiress.

It might, by some unbiased minds, be considered a drawback that Miss Goulden, though not exactly bad-looking, was not precisely agreeable; that her hair was red beyond the orthodox shade, and her temper slightly uncertain, verging, indeed, upon the savage at times, without apparent provocation.

The way in which her papa had made his money, too, being involved, as to the larger portion, in a cloud of mystery, might also be considered detrimental by a sensitive and delicate mind; but the persons entertaining and expressing these views were careful to do so in retirement, with proper shame at their own uncivilized condition and a fitting sense of being behind the age.

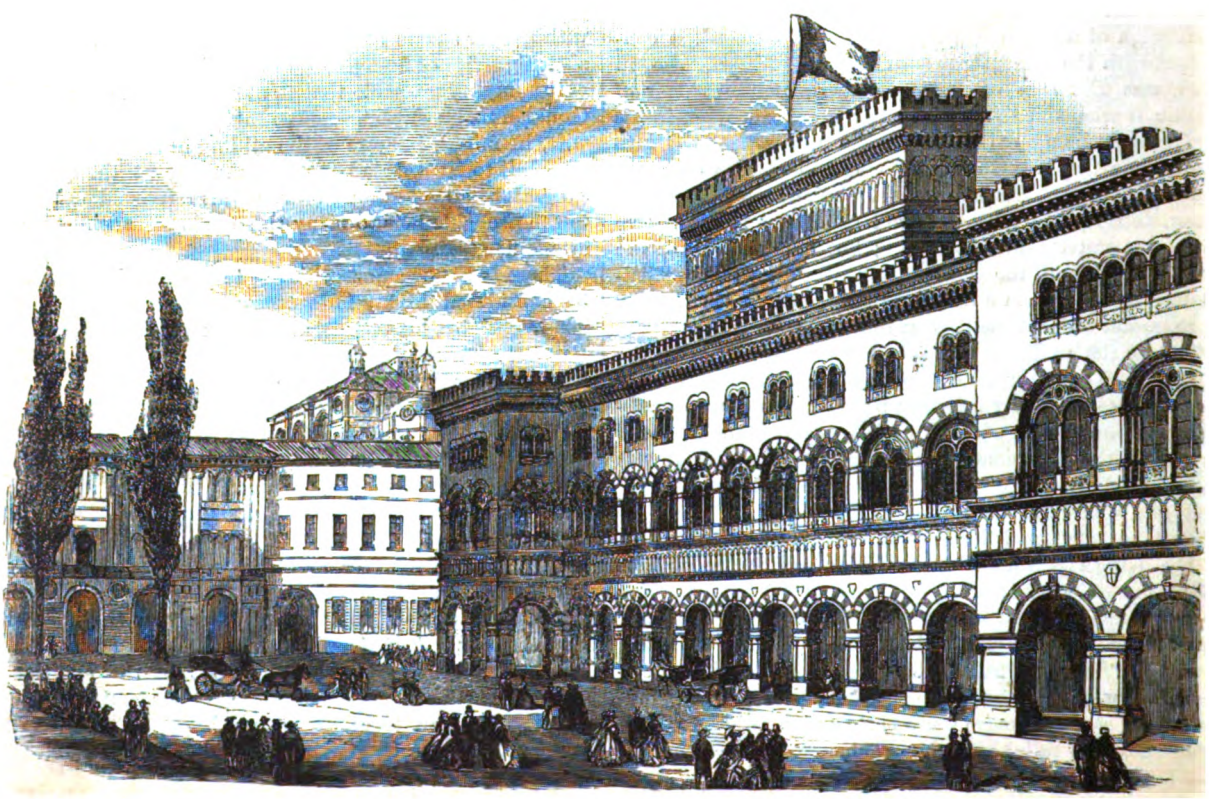
It is highly probable that if, at twenty-five, the rich Miss Goulden had been suggested to Inglestre Vane as a possible wife, he might, in spite of the gilding of the pill, have declared it to be a dose beyond him; but at thirty, rather *blasé*, and in debt—though that might be considered a trifle to the probable heir to many thousands—the thing looked altogether different.

There is honor among thieves, they say. Now, it would be considered highly indecorous to designate Inglestre's male associates, his *intimes*, as thieves; yet there was Gilbert Baynes, who won habitually upon principles unknown to the honester portion of the community; and Holmes Thiers, whose speculations verged upon the shadowy; and, most rapid of all the fast, Max Heldridge, who had been so fearfully smart in some of his dealings with his friends that they were ever after glad to avoid him, and banish the memory of that over-intelligent gentleman from their minds.

Now, Inglestre never gambled, never betted, and was honest. Perhaps he knew these little truths as to his intimates, perhaps not. Be that as it may, as the three belonged to our first families, and he encountered them frequently, the trio became a quartet by the addition of his constant presence; and, while Thiers and Heldridge usually paired off together, Gilbert Baynes and Inglestre, as a general rule, hunted in a couple in their immediate vicinity.

It was a sort of doubling of the Corsican Brothers or Damon and Pythias, and, in its fervor and fidelity, almost

PLACE VICTOR EMMANUEL, TURIN.— SEE PAGE 360.



PALACE CARIGNANO, OR PARLIAMENT PALACE, TURIN.

touching; for any one who might have presumed to annoy Gilbert or Inglestre, stood a very good chance of being bullied by Holmes and Max; and anybody who had quarreled with one of the group was likewise exposed to the agreeable prospect of being obliged to fight the whole four. There is nothing more beautiful than friendship.

To return to Inglestre. He sat, on a certain eventful Monday, alone in his bachelor rooms, dreamily eying the remains of a luxurious breakfast, and thinking—thinking of his boyhood, his dreams, his manhood and their nothingness, his aspirations and this marriage; and his very soul was sick.

My hero is not heroic. Far from it. He was, indeed, engaged in the mental operation of endeavoring to convince himself that he should be able to endure life as the husband of a tawny-haired woman of uncertain temper, the inducement to make the attempt being her fortune. He thought of his associates, and wondered how he had fallen among them. He thought of a dream-woman with pure eyes and a smile above mortality, who would persist in haunting him, and always beckoned to him with her hand upon her heart, a star of glory shining above her brow; a woman for whom he could die, to love whom would be a renewal of boyhood's dreams, and to wed her, heaven.

THE TITAN FOUNTAIN IN TURIN.

Then he thought of Miss Goulden, and his heart beat with a dull, painful throb.

But he took his hat and went out. He would go to see her. The girl had given him reason to believe that she loved him. He had, in a moment of recklessness, made a half-jesting speech which she had considered as a serious proposal; on the strength of it she had accepted him, and, furthermore, when Inglestre had hinted at the possibility that his father, now a widower, might form a second marriage, and his own inheritance become "small by degrees and beautifully less," Miss Goulden, in her most sentimental manner, had replied:

"Poverty with you were wealth!" and had added, "Besides, you know I am rich, Inglestre dear."

But one of the peculiarities in Miss Goulden's character was that beautiful uncertainty which caused her friends, admirers and dependents to be ever in a quiver of excitement as to whether they would be received with enthusiasm or indifference, welcome or contempt.

Chemin faisant, Inglestre met his father. Vane, *père*, was the remains of a former man of fashion about town, the ruin of former good looks, the wreck of former good repute. But he was rich, and there are women who marry such men.

Hugh Vane had discovered a poor beauty, with a manœuvring mother, an ambitious turn of mind, and a spirit over which visions of fashionable display held so powerful a sway as to lead her to see the old *roué* through a glittering mist, and accept an *inferno* because a stream of golden waters flowed around it.

"Inglestre, my boy, I am going to marry little Kendyer in a month or so. Come and see the execution, won't you?" laughed the old rake, with an attempt at jocoseness. "The pretty widow, Mrs. Bathern, thought she had caught me; won't she be furious! I suppose you don't mind turning to the law, or something of that sort? I won't forget you, my lad; you've always been a dutiful son. By-by!" and the parody on the Duke of Richelieu vanished amid a feeble rattle of difficult mirth.

The cold dew stood on Inglestre's brow. He knew he was a beggar. This was the crisis of his life. Should he tell Miss Goulden the horrid truth at once, or should he

hasten his marriage on before his father's could take place, and leave her to find it out afterward? To the honor of Inglestre Vane be it said, that this thought dwelt with him but a moment. Till the devil is annihilated, mortals will be tempted. He came out of the fire true gold. Darkness makes us prize light the more. Inglestre drew a long, hard breath.

"By heaven!" said he, "I'm heart-whole yet. I'll go to Corinna Goulden now, and if she is as good as her word, and true, I'll marry, her—ay, and love her, too. I might do worse, after all, than marry a woman who loves me—if her hair is red!"

Having uttered this humorous climax to his chivalrous determination, Inglestre took his way toward Miss Goulden's abode.

He found her in readiness for a ride on horseback at the park. She was alone, and engaged—as empty-headed women, whose hearts must contain a miniature bandbox as a centre, are often to be found—pondering over a fashion-plate. Should she go to Mrs. Von Schamasherall's in a blue-and-pearl, or would the new "moonlight-on-the-lake" silk be prettiest?

"Pray, Inglestre, which do you like me best in—blue or pink, or mauve or white? Do say, for my head aches with thinking."

"I have come to speak of something more serious than gewgaws, Corinna," replied Inglestre, with that sublime majesty peculiar to manhood when about to overwhelm the intellect of the weaker vessel with some astounding intelligence. "My father will marry Edda Kendyer in a month, and I am not worth a cent. Shall you be true to me?"

Corinna stared at her betrothed. He was "preposterously handsome"—so Max Heldridge, who envied him his fine proportions and Roman profile, was in the habit of declaring; but, the glamor of gold being gone, the Adonis became a mere man.

She answered him according to her calibre. She uttered a little giggle, and said:

"How odd of you, Inglestre, to burst upon one with such horrid news! Why, I want my money for myself. Of course I cannot marry you if you're poor—can I, ma?" said she, appealing to Mrs. Mereton Goulden, who entered at this moment, sweeping into the room.

"What is the matter? Marry him if he's poor? How funny!" replied the dowager Goulden, sailing forward with a vastness of flounce and furbelow that would have whelmed a woman of smaller size.

There they stood—the silly, tawny-haired, empty-headed, empty-hearted heiress, miraculously "got up" in a braided riding-habit and plumed hat, switching her skirt with her jeweled whip, her long hair falling, in its unmitigated red, to her waist; Inglestre, leaning with one elbow upon the mantelpiece, and looking at her with more irony in his now cold eye and on his curling lip than he had ever assumed before when gazing at a woman; and, walking rapidly toward them in her elaborate walking-dress, Mrs. Goulden, *mère*, with scorn in her by no means handsome eyes.

"Marry *my* daughter if you are poor! Pray, what has made you poor all of a sudden?"

Mrs. Goulden's speech, as a general rule, was easy rather than elegant. She had, indeed, originated in "parts unknown."

"His father's going to marry that pert Edda Kendyer, who thinks she's just as good as we are, because of her *family*," tittered the heiress.

"Of course you cannot have Corinna, then! Go to your room immediately, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Goulden, in a flurry, and assuming a tone of command which the instability of the heiress's temper caused her, as a general rule, to judiciously avoid.

"Corinna," said Inglestre, "I urge nothing. Perhaps it is as well; but what did you mean when you said that poverty with me were wealth?"

"Law! Mr. Vane, did you remember that? Why, girls always say those things. Good-by. I'll send back your presents, if you insist upon it—all but the blue-and-gold enamel dressing-case, which I really could not replace;" and as the parlor-door closed upon Corinna Goulden, and the hall-door upon Inglestre's ironically low bow to Mrs. Goulden, the heiress to Mereton Goulden's wealth and the long-reputed heir to that of Hugh Vane vanished as completely out of each other's inner lives as if they had never met.

And then things changed with Inglestre. Vane was a gentleman, and it was with a shudder of utter disgust at her vulgarity that he had turned from Corinna Goulden's door. But he had thought he had friends, and Max Heldridge, of whom, a month later, he requested the repayment of a loan, took that occasion to drop him. Holmes Thiers, who now saw no chance of garnering anything into his financial barn from the pocket of his former associate, cut him dead on the street, just as Mrs. Ermine's carriage swept by; and Gilbert Baynes, the former David of this Jonathan, turned his back upon him and stared with unnecessary fixedness into Ball & Black's window as Inglestre came up, looking rather seedy, poor fellow, his former man-servant having made a clean sweep, but holding out his hand with the bright, confident smile of old, which died away from his sensitive lips as Baynes turned from him.

Now, Inglestre was capable of friendship. Corinna Goulden's defection had by no means broken his heart. "Thank God!" he had muttered, as he left her house on the eventful morning of his dismissal. But, though he had often suspected that he was wasting his regard upon a worthless man, he had entertained that feeling for Baynes; and it was with an odd pain in the region where moral suffering is supposed to locate itself that he pursued his way to his lodgings.

His father now doled out a pitiable income to him, and Inglestre had begun the study of the law. The *man*, instead of being crushed out, was roused within him. He would conquer independence or die; and when the uncertainty of his father's character and of the receipt of sufficient means to enable him to continue the study of a profession came to be taken into consideration, the chance of starving was not so distant as might have been agreeable.

His lodgings were in a building principally devoted to "professional persons," as the janitor's wife was in the habit of saying. There dwelt within it at present a variety, however—Inglestre, another student at law, who was consumptive; a Russian blackleg, who had passed himself upon New York society as a millionaire, and who had his reasons for prizing retirement; two lady artists; an eccentric old gentleman, whom nobody knew; and—who the deuce was that miraculously pretty girl going up-stairs as Inglestre entered?

Who could she be? Inglestre followed, going to his own room. Ah! the vacant room between the two lady artists'. Must be an artist, then. Lost her key. There it is on the stair. Inglestre rushes to the key, picks it up, bows to pretty girl, hands it to her, sees that she is more than pretty—beautiful; gets bewildered, feels like falling at her feet on the spot; does not do so, however; beautiful creature opens her door, and vanishes, after thanking him,

leaving him in a dazed state, in which hazel eyes like starry night, brown hair like shadowed gold, and a face of the eclectic order of beauty, hovered confusedly before his charmed eyes.

What was this? Was life—life in its highest and best sense—surging back again, and making his heart throb with unutterable rapture? A wife!—a dear, dear wife, all his own!—a being upon whom none could have a claim—not even the fashionable world, not one save himself; a creature who would believe in a higher world as he did, though formerly—it seemed ages ago—a man of the world; a woman to hold his hand in death and be his comfort in declining life! Existence with her—ah, heaven! *with her!* a life of honor, and, if it need be, of toil; a *home!* a heart—such a life as should be a passport to the gates of life eternal, though unseen; love, trust, the blending of two hearts, so that even death should be powerless to separate them for ever, though it might rend them asunder for a time! Life! life!—that of the soul, *with her!* And Inglestre Vane, though never more sane, knelt at the door of the woman's room whom he had seen but once, and kissed the spot her hand had touched upon it.

He passed on to his own room then. It was next door to that of the Russian blackleg, a flat-nosed, pallid-faced, haughty-browed, evil-eyed man, whose smile was a lie, whose speech was a trick, and whose life was a cheat.

The next day Inglestre discovered that the being who had shone upon him was Zoe Ellis, "artist in miniature."

They met again and again, *by accident.*

Zoe Ellis was an orphan. The artists called her "Little Bohemia," because she was *petite*, and belonged to the art-world. She was refined and spirited. In better days, before the father, now dead, had lost all his vast wealth in one fatal sweep, there had been talk of marrying the exceptionally beautiful Zoe to a foreign nobleman. She had surveyed that gentleman calmly when brought forward for introduction, and said to her father that evening:

"I do not care to marry a nobleman; but if I must, let it be one who looks like a gentleman. Baron B—— does not. I prefer an American of our best blood."

Inglestre and Zoe met now no longer by accident. They would walk together or sit occasionally in the room of the elder of the lady artists, Mary Bertram, with whom Inglestre hastened to renew a former acquaintance, and through whom he obtained an introduction to Zoe.

The soul of the young girl became filled with a love as deep as that which was transforming the life of Inglestre, making the butterfly a bee, the idler a worker, the dreamer and man of fashion a student, ready for a useful and intellectual profession.

To waken the soul to a higher life is woman's mission. Inglestre and Zoe loved as the young love, but only the young who, though new to life, have suffered. Their roses had thorns, their light its shadows, their hope was chastened, their trust above earth.

They often talked of their marriage, which, it was agreed, should take place as soon as Inglestre was admitted to the bar. Meantime Zoe painted—painted the lovely women so often met with in America, the ideally beautiful children we sometimes see in our streets. She was prudish, if you will, and had no "gentlemen sitters."

One day a little event occurred which varied the monotony of a quiet existence. The eccentric old gentleman whom nobody knew fainted away at Zoe's door in the endeavor to reach his own rooms. The janitor's wife declared it was typhoid, the consumptive law-student pronounced it smallpox. Neither of them did more than escape the vicinity of danger. Zoe dragged the old man to her own lounge, brought him to consciousness—it had already partially returned when the learned opinions I have given were uttered—and during several days, when he had been transported to his own apartments, nursed the solitary and aged patient, who, in spite of his apparent age, was vigorous and rallied rapidly, and sought no other aid than the company of Mary Bertram in her visits.

"Because people who are not good might talk about me, Mary, and the poor old man, too, you know," said "Little Bohemia."

"By Jove!" said her patient to Inglestre at a later period, "they told that beautiful creature that it was smallpox, but she nursed me! Mark Mathers sees and hears—he sees and hears, old chap, even when he is in a swoon."

This was remarkable, certainly, though an after occurrence—— But I anticipate, and other matters claim our attention.

In Inglestre's room a wide crack yawned between the door and the wood-work around it, and that door was fastened so as to make Inglestre's apartment and that next it equally private. The latter was the room used by the Russ, but it suffered the voice to pass.

An odd conversation appeared to be going on there one quiet Winter evening. Inglestre had entered his own room noiselessly. The voices he heard were conversing in French. Vane recognized that of the Russian, which was very peculiar, *oily.* He had heard it on a former occasion when he had had the pleasure of lending a cool hundred to Holmes Thiers to enable him to continue the lively little game which that worthy and the Russian were playing.

"Evald Czerbatin, as I live!" murmured Inglestre. "Up to some rascality, of course."

The other voice was that of a Swiss valet, the *âme damnée* of the Russian, a scamp who looked like a clergyman, and habitually wore an "all flesh is grass" expression.

French was so familiar to Vane that every thread of the rascally plot which this beautifully assorted couple were weaving was fully intelligible to him.

"You will carry her to the carriage, you say, and I must follow. But how will you know when *la belle* is alone?" said the voice of Jerome, the valet.

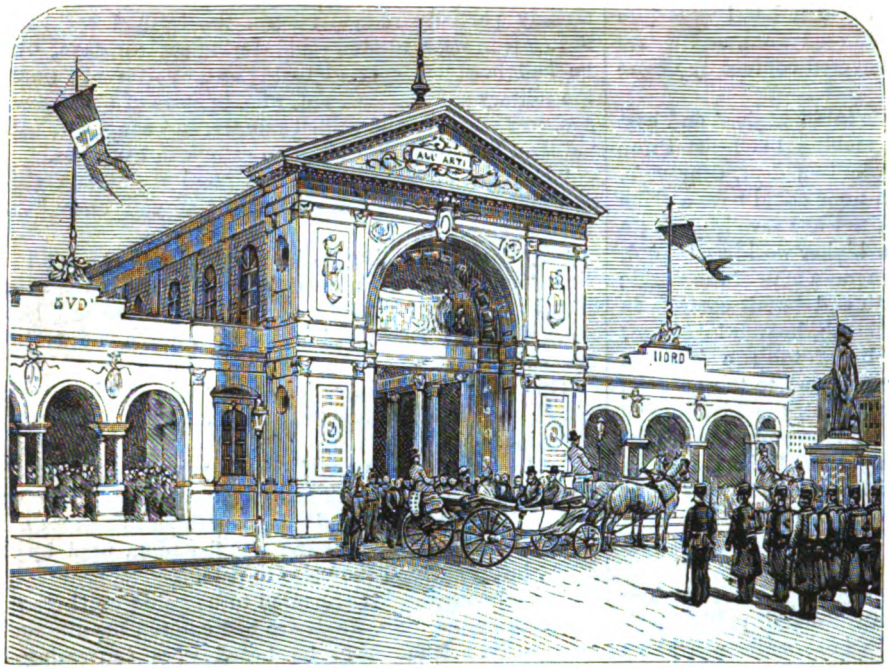
"You have made the hole through the plaster in the empty lumber-room above her own. You must apply your ear to the hole and listen. Whistle long and sharply. I will be near the door, *mon vieux*, and as you give the signal I will rush in," answered Czerbatin.

"If she screams or struggles?"

"With my hand over her mouth and my cloak around her form, it will be of little use for her to attempt either. Have the carriage ready—those horses will stand—before you mount to the garret. I can hold her and carry her without help."

"I believe you. She is slight, and you were not built like the Farnese Hercules for nothing, Monsieur le Comte. I have seen the Hercules in my travels. Oh! had I been built after the same pattern, I——"

"Reminiscences are dangerous," remarked the count, lowering his voice a little. "But my blood is roused. I feel young again—young! why should I not? I am scarcely forty, and the girl would make a Vesuvius of Mont Blanc. She threw the fragments of my note in my face, and told me that I insulted her because she was alone. All this was in the corridor, for her doorway no one passes, I observe. Insulted her because she was alone—that was cutting, though true," chuckled the Russ. "Such hazel eyes and such a face are not, however, to be found every day. I'd marry her to-morrow if I were not



INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION BUILDING, TURIN.—SEE PAGE 360.

ruined and obliged to propose to the red-headed heiress. Fancy being the legitimate proprietor of a Zoe! Drive straightway to Ivanoff's house as soon as we are in the carriage," added Czerbatin, after a pause. "My friend will be discreetly absent, and the doorway is quite dark—dark as that of this building. Nine is the hour—nine, remember—nine to-night."

The door closed upon this, as if the Russ went out of his apartment.

"Hazel eyes!" thought Inglestre. "Zoe!" he said, and his blood seemed to freeze.

But there was no time for inaction. One against two was bad. There must be a helper.

I have mentioned that the name of the eccentric old gentleman whom nobody knew was Mark Mathers.

Mark Mathers's principal object in life, since he had become wealthy, was to get away from two grasping, toadying, lying relations, who, as the queer old bachelor had become aware, would almost have sold his body to increase their inheritance from him, or buried him in a pine coffin to save a penny of that prize.

He had succeeded in dodging them since his return from Paris, where he had made a long stay, *au cinquième*, in a vast hotel, where he was convinced that there was still a possibility of his being pursued from New Hampshire by Aunt Becky and Uncle Timothy, ever anxious as to "dear Mark's health."

Inglestre and he had met and made acquaintance, and, the former not being a relative, they had sympathized. To him did Vane now repair. They held a long conversation, in which the Russian rascal and the Swiss scoundrel were not complimented.

Mark chuckled a good deal, and appeared to enjoy himself greatly, and at the last, even Inglestre laughed a little. Perhaps they discovered a joke in the matter.

The day waned. Nothing would be possible in Zoe's salvation from the Russ unless Vane could be near the young girl without alarming her.

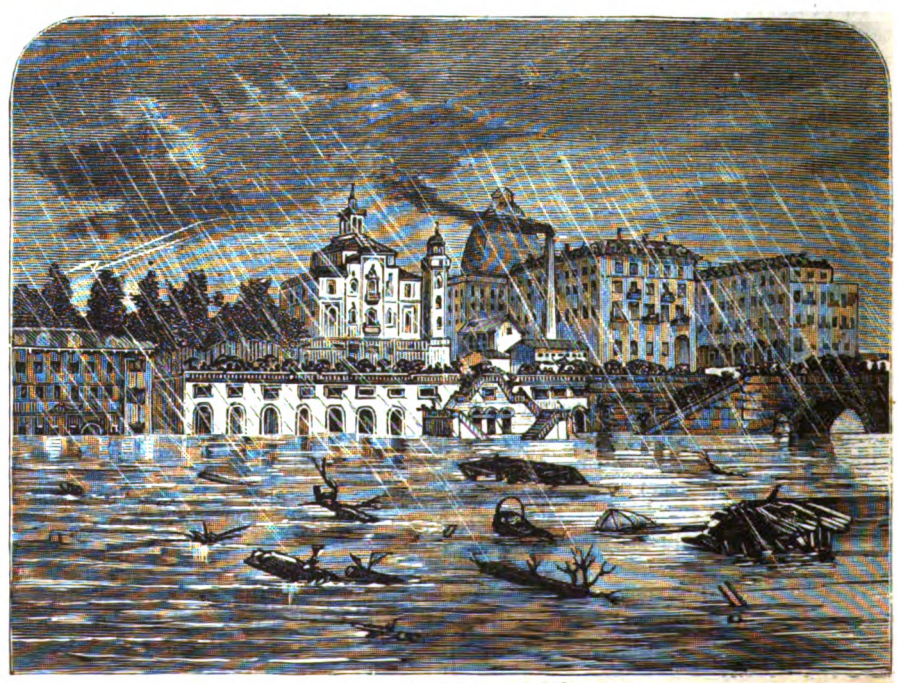
"Little Bohemia," meantime, was seated in her own small room, painting, as if for life, at a miniature of a child like a dream, a revelation. There are stars that fall, and it would seem from some faces that there are souls that wander back again from heaven to earth.

Nina Esthy, this blonde child, had one of those faces.

Inglestre knocked at Zoe's door. The orphan opened it. It was the first time that he had presented himself there, the meetings between himself and Zoe being in Mary Bertram's room, except when they wandered, on fine days, into the country.

Zoe looked offended; but when, behind Inglestre, she espied Mark Mathers, and saw how singularly grave his face looked, she perceived that there was something unusual to occasion such a change from the merry, waggish look that the old man wore whenever he succeeded in forgetting the existence of Aunt Becky and Uncle Timothy, and admitted Vane and the old gentleman.

The next moment the astonished girl, already at a loss to imagine why Inglestre and Mark had crept in, and why



INUNDATION AT TURIN IN 1880.

GIVEN UP BY HIS FRIENDS.—"MARK FIRED; BUT AS HE DID SO, THE DOOR OPENED TO ADMIT THE RUSS, WHO, AS HE FLEW TO SEIZE ZOE, MET A LOADED CANE."—SEE PAGE 363.

they placed their fingers on their lips to warn her to silence, beheld the old man, who was still agile, mount upon the table where she habitually placed her easel and brushes. The ceiling of Zoe's room was low, and Mathers was tall. It was not difficult for him to discover the spot where the hole in the plaster terminated. It had been skillfully made during absences on Zoe's part.

It was now five minutes to nine. It is just possible that Mathers, previous to entering Zoe's room, had reconnoitred.

The reader must now assume a position somewhat similar to that of Asmodeus, and must fancy the wall opened to have a picture, such as sometimes occurs on the stage. Above the heads of Mathers, Inglestre and Zoe, and with his ear to the hole in the flooring of the empty lumber-room, the Swiss valet, Jerome, lay upon the boards. Fancy the wall opening down and showing Zoe's door, and you will see outside it, where he had stolen up not many moments after it had closed upon Inglestre and Mathers, the rascally Czerbatin, on the watch like a wolf in his lair. Within the room, behind the door, with his arm around the waist of the trembling Zoe, was Inglestre. A sign from Mathers had warned the couple not to break their silence.

Mathers held a pistol so near to the perforation in the ceiling that to slip its mouth over it was the work of an instant. In Inglestre's right hand was a loaded cane.

At this instant a sharp whistle seemed to run along the floor above, while the sound indicated that Jerome's ear was still at the hole. Mark fired; but as he did so, the door opened to admit the Russ, who, however, as he flew to seize Zoe and fling the wide, black cloak he held over her head, met with some personal inconvenience, and, I imagine, physical pain, from the singular abruptness with which Inglestre's loaded cane descended upon his knee—it was intended for his head—as well as from the curious sensations which apprised the worthy absentee from a country that must have suffered by his absence, of the fact that this important part of his person was seriously damaged.

Two police officers now rushed in. It is just possible that the firing of the pistol had caused their appearance, though I keenly suspect Mark Mathers to have been accountable for it in point of fact.

Zoe fainted. The conduct of Inglestre while he held her was atrocious. The monster kissed her; he called her his life, and so forth; he mentioned several little matters which he had heretofore kept to himself, the principal one, upon which all the rest seemed to bear, being that she, Zoe, would soon be his "own dear wife," and that he "implored her to speak to him." This spoony condition he passed out of, however, to fly at the Russ as Zoe revived—that young lady not being accustomed to be kissed—and stigmatized him as a villain, a rascal, a scoundrel and a blackguard, which was not absolutely false, though not strictly polite.

The foreign person, however, was suffering so much personal distress as to affect his memory for the time being. Indeed, he forgot to fire a neat little pocket-pistol, with a diamond or so on the handle, that he was in the habit of showing off as having been presented to him by "a German princess of great beauty," after he had defended her from an Italian brigand and triumphantly saved her life, which shows there is such a thing as gratitude.

Jerome also could not be considered at this moment to be precisely happy. The pistol had been loaded with powder, as, Mathers afterward declared, Jerome was by no means prepared to die—an assertion beyond denial, as he had a little matter of murder and one or two robberies on his conscience previous to escaping from Toulon and entering the distinguished service of Count Evald Czerbatin. The impossibility of hearing, which remained with him to his last day, and seriously interfered with any further rascality, dated from the "concussion of the brain" that apparently prostrated him when the officers bore him away to an abode suited to those lofty tastes and refined aspirations for which his previous career had shown him to be so truly remarkable. His valuable health was afterward restored, though his nerves were a good deal jarred, which was a pity.

Let us be dramatic, though not sensational. There are very good plays in which there is nobody killed. Life is not all tragedy, you know.

A rumor ran through New York that a certain distinguished foreign nobleman, the beauty of whose exquisite "turnout" had attracted much attention of late at the park, had attempted to elope with a beautiful *artiste*—not *artist*—which left the inquiring mind in the dark as to whether it was an actress, a singer or a circus-rider—and that he had been foiled and incarcerated by an infuriated brother and guardian.

Names not being given, mystery involved the entire matter, and to such a degree that when the now crippled Russ made a lame proposal to Corinna Goulden, the story did not interfere with her acceptance of the hand of "that immensely wealthy Russian, you know, Count Evald Czerbatin."

Now, Corinna had offers—she certainly had offers—but she wished to marry good looks, being limited in that respect herself. To their credit be it spoken, there is a vast number of handsome, *poor* young Americans who will not marry merely passable red-haired women if they are rich. So that, as rank was next to beauty, and Count Evald Czerbatin to be had, he was taken.

Corinna Goulden, caught in this snare, leads an odd life. She dares not betray Czerbatin, for she would lose caste; so, on the strength of the very small vein of noble blood that really runs through his pedigree, she flourishes her title in the teeth of the New York *élite*, who tolerate her for her wealth, which bygone calamities and the vicissitudes of a somewhat too excitingly varied existence induce Czerbatin not to squander.

Reminiscences of Clichy, in France, and semi-starvation—when not lucky in gambling—in many other lands, have modified the views of that scion of nobility, and he behaves himself beautifully, except when the little peculiarities of a slightly variable temper led him to tear off his wife's jewels, with, perhaps, a small portion of her skin, when that lady stays too late at the ball, from which his present infirmity almost entirely excludes him.

Mark Mathers has given Zoe what he calls a dower; nor did he forget Mary Bertram when she married a certain sculptor. To Inglestre he has presented a house and superb furniture.

"Do you think I shall encourage you to cut the law, you scamp?" he demanded of Inglestre, on the occasion of the marriage. "Don't fret; I consider you and Zoe as my adopted children. You'll tolerate the old man with you, won't you, my dears? But, of all things, don't you admit Aunt Becky and Uncle Timothy—not while the breath is in my body, at all events."

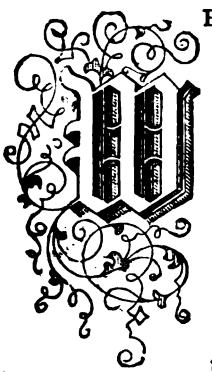
In Inglestre's home peace reigns. Nothing is lavish; everything is choice. He has one boy, a beautiful cherub, who is allowed his own way in a manner that would ruin a lad of less fine disposition.

"Your mother is so handsome, my boy," he will say to little Mark Inglestre—the boy has Mathers's name also—

"that I was obliged to call in the police to keep off her admirers before I could marry her myself."

Vane worships his wife, who does not take advantage of the fact to make either herself or him ridiculous. I mention this fact as a remarkable exception to the rule in such cases. They are happy. When he thinks of the past, amid the calm delights of a pure home—a home blessed by a woman who knows how to make a correct life anything but a dull one; when he thinks that their parting will be in trust, if death parts them—and they hope to die the same day, they say—that their meeting will be where there is no more parting for ever, and that they leave their son an honored name, while the lad gives priceless promise; when he thinks of what his life is with Zoe, and what it would have been with Corinna Goulden, Inglestre Vane blesses the day when he was *given up by his friends.*

THE MISTAKE OF MY LIFE.



WHAT was the mistake? Why, in plain words, it was for me (me, poor, Jack Johnson, with only fifteen hundred dollars a year out of my fagging, toilful clerkship) not to succeed in marrying Mrs. Horatio Mackenzie, as she still liked to call herself—a widow of, perhaps, forty, and with fully forty thousand for her yearly income. That was the mistake.

Oh, Luck, Fate, Fortune! whatever be the name of that mysterious power that "shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will," how I have vituperated, anathematized, scorned you, since that most miserable of events!

But lamentation was wholly useless. I had to bear it. I have been trying to bear it ever since.

I met Mrs. Mackenzie at the Elixir Springs during the two final weeks of August. Everybody was rushing to the Elixir Springs that year; why, it would need an Œdipus correctly to answer, except that they tasted like eggs whose first freshness is a memory of the past, and that three glasses of their water was enough to demoralize the most well-behaved of livers.

I had two weeks of vacation, and followed the general rush to these springs. At first it was rather stupid. Plenty of vulgarity, plenty of pretension, and a little refinement.

There was no use of my trying to mix with people, however, for I knew nobody, and nobody seemed even to observe the presence of humble me.

At last it happened that I encountered, one morning, upon the piazza of the mammoth hotel, an exceedingly jolly-looking fellow, with an exceedingly ugly-looking girl on his arm.

The jolly-looking fellow and I instantly grasped each other's hand, and showed many mutual signs of being delighted at the meeting.

"My dear Jack!" exclaims Harry Tallmann, "you're the last person I expected to see. Your bright face does me good. Let me present Mr. Johnson, Euphemia, my old friend, of whom I am sure you have often heard me speak. Jack, this is my sister, Euphemia."

Whereupon Harry disengages himself from the altogether unpleasing Miss Tallmann, who simpers profusely, and looks very much as though she would like to be talked to.

Of course I am compelled to launch myself into a little current of small talk, to which Miss Euphemia makes responses, now and then, that deserve at least to be called amiable. And I have just made the ungratifying discovery that she is about as stupid as she is homely, when I am rapidly called upon to make the second discovery that her brother Harry has rambled away from us.

Well, any society, I philosophically conclude, is better than none. Presently Euphemia and I are strolling up and down the piazza, side by side.

Conversation drags horribly. The ill-favored Euphemia can giggle "Yes," and titter "No," and simper "Do you really think so?" but she isn't capable of doing much else.

I begin to have very rancorous feelings, indeed, toward the absent Harry.

Suddenly I am rather surprised to see him in converse, at a short distance from ourselves, with a stately, imposing, stout female, of certainly forty, dressed in a sort of showy second-mourning.

The lady wears upon her august aquiline face a look of unconcealed satisfaction; Harry is talking with evident earnestness and volubility.

Euphemia gives a marked giggle, whilst her eyes follow mine. I look interrogative.

"Who is Harry's majestic charmer?" I presently ask.

"Mrs. Mackenzie," I am promptly informed; "Mrs. Horatio Mackenzie, she likes to have people call her, I believe."

"Harry seems to be enjoying himself," I state.

Another giggle.

"Yes. They've been quite intimate for several days past."

And now I suddenly recollect that I have not known Mr. Harry Tallmann for the past ten years or so without also knowing some of his pet theories, too. Among these there is one of a very pronounced character. If ever Mr. Tallmann marries, he has more than once confided to me that he means to marry for money, and (provided he can be so successful) for a great deal of money as well.

"Oh, yes," I immediately make haste to fib; "I have heard this Mrs. Mackenzie spoken of before now. She is—ahem!—rather rich, is she not, and"—this last is a somewhat audacious venture—"a widow?"

"Her husband died about two years ago, I think," announces Euphemia, "and everybody agrees in saying that he left her an income of forty thousand dollars a year."

"Indeed!" I try to look wholly uninterested. "Do you know her?"

"Oh, yes!"

Then follows more tiresome talk about nothing. At last, I make a daring pause not three feet from where Harry and Mrs. Mackenzie are standing. Then I take the bull by the horns, and address a direct appeal—so to phrase it—toward Euphemia's common politeness.

"By-the-by, Miss Tallmann, if it isn't too much trouble, will you have the kindness, at some time during the day, to—to present me to this Mrs. Mackenzie? I like her looks extremely."

Amiable Euphemia!

"Why, certainly, Mr. Johnson," is the prompt answer; "I shall be most happy to present you *now*. I know her quite well."

Harry just saves himself from the impertinence of an out-and-out frown as, a few moments later, he sees me formally presented to his companion.

Mrs. Mackenzie acknowledges the introduction with great graciousness. I strain every nerve to be agreeable, and completely ignore (like the wretch I am) the benevolent Euphemia, who still stands at my side.

Harry is evidently nonplussed at my cool assurance. Presently he finds the concealment of his chagrin altogether too hard a task, and, offering his arm to the complacent, sheep-like Euphemia, moves away with her.

A good hour passes after that, during which I level upon Mrs. Mackenzie the fullest broadsides of affability. It seems to me that the more I exert myself the more gracious she becomes. I have not talked with her ten minutes before I discover that she has one pet foible. She wishes to be thought girlish, and soft-mannered, and gentle; she shudders at the idea of being called masculine or impressive.

Of course I cannot help marveling at her willingness to believe that she could ever, under any circumstances, appear anything *except* masculine and impressive. But, notwithstanding this firm conviction of mine, I behave like the most hypocritical of caitiffs, and murmur something to the following mendacious effect:

"Whatever *can* have made you imagine, Mrs. Mackenzie, that your style was anything of that ridiculous sort? Indeed, where can greater sweetness and womanliness of manner be found, if——"

"Oh, I fear you are a dreadful compliment-monger," she interrupts, with a laugh, doubtless meant to be low and musical, but having, in reality, an Amazonian effect—like everything about the woman.

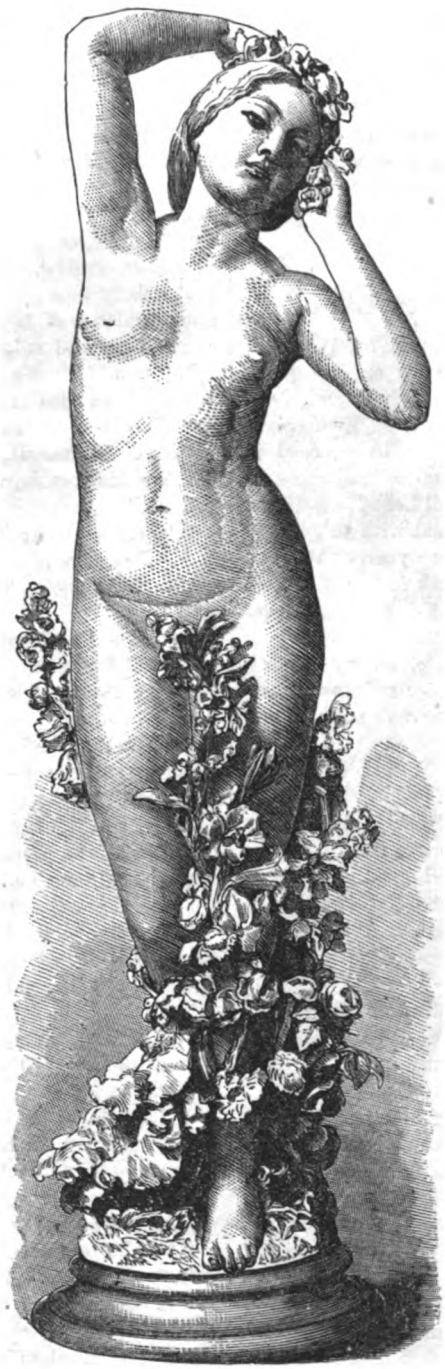
The next time I see Harry Tallmann, I cannot fail to observe his evident self-struggle in the matter of treating me with common civility. Harry has set himself to win the widow, if such a thing is remotely feasible. My sudden successful interference is, no doubt, giving him sensations toward me that are little else than cannibalistic. Never mind; I will persevere. What is Harry Tallmann's personal enmity, when weighed against forty thousand a year?

During the next week or so, we run a nearly even race, Harry and I, in our pursuit of the prosperous Mrs. Mackenzie's preference. Nor at the end of that time is the race yet decided, as regards who has proved winner.

Mrs. Mackenzie beams upon me, but she also beams upon Harry. There are moments when I almost feel my pockets bulging with bank-notes, so encouraging are her smiles and words; but hope leaps into such active life only to fade into something much less pronounced; for to-day, I seem the preferred one—to-morrow, it is Harry.

At last, the period of my departure from Elixir Springs has drawn noticeably near. I shall be needed most imperatively by my employers in New York on the first of September, and it is now the twenty-ninth of August. Can nothing be done to conduct—if one might so phrase it—events to an immediate yet telling crisis?

On the evening of the thirtieth I secure Mrs. Mackenzie for a moonlight stroll, and without daring to tread upon the sacred ground of an absolute proposal, it must, nevertheless, be admitted that I positively wallow in sentimentality.



SPRING.

That night I part with her, feeling certain that Harry Tallmann's chance is slim, indeed, compared with my own. Was not her behavior the soul of indulgence when I murmured so-and-so? Did she not look down and actually simper (in her bungling imitation of girlishness), when I ventured upon thus-and-thus?

Heavens! I can almost feel the wheels of my own carriage rolling beneath me. What an emancipation—what an amelioration—for poor Jack Johnson!

The thirty-first is my final day of effort. On the thirty-first I must either speak, and speak boldly, or for ever after hold my peace. To leave the field in Harry Tallmann's possession, with no decisive understanding between myself and Mrs. Mackenzie, will be openly to court an inevitable defeat.

As a special favor, owing to my approaching departure, I have been able, on the previous night, to engage Mrs. Mackenzie's exclusive companionship for the night following.

And never, as it turns out, was night more propitious for such an occupation as that to which I design dedicating it.

A full moon holds the great unclouded heaven; a light breeze wanders murmurously through the silvered foliage; the air has not a touch of chilliness, and yet is fresh as that of some early May evening.

I do it. No matter exactly how it is done, but I do it. There is no doubt at all that I make Mrs. Mackenzie a proposal of marriage.

She accepts me without much humming or hawing, to speak in a business-like way of so hallowed a subject.

After feeling certain that I am unchangeably and irrevocably accepted, I seem to take the rest of that walk on a succession of exceedingly comfortable thrones.

Just before we say good-by that night, for what is to be at least a week of separation (since my business imperatively demands that I shall leave early on the following morning), I ask my new *fiancée* a tender question regarding some token of remembrance which I propose sending up to her from the city.

"The ring I shall bring myself next Saturday," I softly whisper; "but I want to send you something between now and then. Pray suggest to me what the gift shall be."

An immense affectation of timid bashfulness on the part of my affianced.

"Anything you please," she ripples; "only let it be something quite simple and inexpensive."

Suddenly it crosses my mind that a few days ago she greatly admired a certain shawl worn by a certain very young lady in the hotel—a gossamer-like, voluminous garment, extremely youthful in character.

"Very well," I answer. "I will send you something that you are to wear, and that whilst you wear it, you are to think of me—something that is just suited to your style. I hope that you *will have it on*, my love, when we next meet."

Oh, unlucky words! I shiver to my very marrow as I recall and write them!

Arriving in town the next day, I immediately make search for a shawl similar to that which Mrs. Mackenzie has admired.

I at last succeed in finding such a shawl, purchase it, and give orders that it shall be sent to my boarding-place.

When I reach home that night, I find the bundle containing the shawl lying on my table. There is also another bundle, at which I glance, and as I do so, I discover that an envelope, addressed to myself, accompanies this latter package.

I open the envelope, and find its contents to be a bill; whereupon I look at the bundle, and mutter, annoyedly:

"Impertinent fellow! He promised to send them the day I started for the Springs. I shan't take them now—it's the only way to punish his bad faith."

That night I am so happy that I burn to celebrate my happiness in some fine, convivial way. My friend Peterkins has not yet heard the joyful tidings.

I pay Peterkins a visit, and quietly permit my bomb-shell of news to explode during our conversation. Poor Peterkins is monstrously amazed. He stares at me with great, saucer-like eyes for a while, and is speechless.

"Let us stroll to Delmonico's, Peterkins," I propose, "and eat some supper."

Whereupon my friend sighs a short, jealous little sigh. *My* future is to dine and sup *à la* Delmonico, he is probably thinking, as long as I live; whilst his must be connected with *cuisines* of a very inferior order. But presently he bursts forth in a very torrent of congratulations, and assures me that I am the luckiest fellow of his acquaintance.

Whilst he gives my hand a congratulatory wring, I make up my mind that we shall sup sumptuously, Peterkins and I. True, I have overdrawn my account more than a little of late; but how can that possibly matter to a man whom forty thousand a year are waiting to beatify?

Indeed, as it turns out, Peterkins and I sup "not wisely, but too well." It is nearly two o'clock when I must record that I stumbled upstairs horribly—befogged. "Befogged," in the sense in which I employ it, has a gentle originality that I think my least acute readers will not fail to discover.

THE MISTAKE OF MY LIFE.—"MRS. MACKENZIE ACKNOWLEDGED THE INTRODUCTION WITH GREAT GRACIOUSNESS."—SEE PAGE 371.

The next morning I awoke with a frightful headache, and in all the depths of physical (if not precisely moral) wretchedness. But I do not forget the bundle that is to be sent per express to Elixir Springs. Oh, no; I do not forget that. Would to heaven I *had* forgotten it!

Three days later I am appalled at receiving the following note, which I at once proceeded to read:

"ELIXIR SPRINGS, *September*, 187—.

"SIR: Your insult has been received, and is duly appreciated. You will please address any further communication which you may care about making me, to Mr. Henry Tallmann, a gentleman with whom I have just contracted an engagement of marriage, and whose wife I hope to become in the course of a few weeks.

"Yours, etc., KATHARINE MACKENZIE."

For fully five minutes after reading this extraordinary letter, I sit in my room staring at it, turned into stone by sheer amazement.

Presently a horrible light breaks in upon me. I stagger to my closet, and search about for a certain bundle. Where is it? Ah! I have it—here on the top shelf; doubtless it has been put there by the chambermaid, and so forgotten by me.

With quivering fingers I open that bundle, having

brought it forth from the closet. And presently I give a great cry, as Mrs. Mackenzie's shawl meets my sight!

I have sent the wrong bundle!

What did the other bundle contain? *It contained a pair of pantaloons!*

Ah, if only I had not taken that bacchanalian supper with Peterkins! That was the cause of it all; or, rather, the headache and bewilderment and wretchedness that followed it the next morning—these were the causes! Mrs. Horatio Mackenzie has been Mrs. Henry Tallmann for years and years. I am so horrified by the turn which events have taken, and so convinced that Harry has, all in a moment, as it were, found such an impregnable fortress of defense against me, that I yield to a sense of overwhelming defeat, and resign myself to the dreary realization of having committed—"The Mistake of My Life."

THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

By John G. Whittier.

To the God of all sure mercies let thy blessing rise to-day;
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the spoil away—
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars;
Last night, across my damp earth floor fell the pale gleam of stars;
In the coldness and the darkness, all through the long night-time,
My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by;
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow;
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there, the shrinking and the shame;
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:
"Why sit'st thou thus forlornly?" the wicked murmur said,
"Damp wall thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed?

"Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?
Where be the youths whose glances, the Summer Sabbath through,
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?

"Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra? Bethink thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm, bright hearth;
How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

"Not for thee the hearth fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken,
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken;
No first-fruits of the orchards within thy lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters braid.

"Oh, weak, deluded maiden! by crazy fancies led,
With wild and evil railers an evil path to tread;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound;
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired, with sackcloth bound:

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things Divine,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine;
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee!—a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave;
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!"

Oh, ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,
To feel, O helper of the weak, that Thou, indeed, wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas within Philippi's cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all His mercies! for the peace and love I felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt;
When "Get behind me, Satan!" was the language of my heart,
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray, cold morning; again the sunshine fell,
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;
The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and upward from the street
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I passed;
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
How, from every door and window, the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, and shame burned upon my cheek;
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak.
"O Lord! support thy handmaid; and from her soul cast out
The fear of man which brings a snare—the weakness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a clould in morning's breeze,
And a low, deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these:
"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving kindness whose power is over all."

We paused, at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;
The merchant ships lay idly there, in hard, clear lines on high
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains, with faces bronzed and old;
And on his horse, with Rawson, and his cruel clerk at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land;

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff and jeer;
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak!
Go, light the dark, cold hearthstones—go, turn the prison-lock
Of the poor hearts thou has hunted, thou wolf amid the flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-impurpled cheek the flush of anger spread;
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, "heed not her words so wild;
Her master speaks within her—the Devil owns his child!

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff, turning, said:
"Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker-maid?
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried:
"Speak out, my worthy seamen!" no voice or sign replied;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear—
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear."

A weight seemed lifted from my heart—a pitying friend was nigh—
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice so kind to me
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea:

"Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold—
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me, I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship, and crew, and cargo, than bear this child away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain! shame on their cruel laws!"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott, with weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and scorn;
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked in bitterness of soul,
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment roll.
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well released."

Loud was the cheer, which full and clear swept round the silent bay,
As with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go my way;
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

Oh, at that very hour the earth seemed changed beneath my eye;
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodland bay
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life, to him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his handmaid free;
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the poor is laid.

Sing, O my soul, rejoicing on evening's twilight calm,
Uplift the loud thanksgiving, pour forth the grateful psalm;
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints of old,
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priest and mighty men of wrong;
The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay his hand upon the strong.
Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour!
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and devour!

But let the humble one arise, the poor in heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save!

RUSSIAN STATE PRISONS.

STATE prisons in Russia being fortresses as well, application for admission to them has to be made to the Minister for War rather than to the Minister for Justice. This great official is pretty sure to resent the tourist's curiosity. He will probably tell him that neither Schlusselbourg nor the Fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul possess any real interest for the stranger; and if he yields at last to his importunity, he will take very good care that he penetrates but a very little way into the secrets they conceal. The commandant of the fortress, to whom the special order for admission is shown, will probably, on his part, evince no little reluctance to admit the privileged stranger—for it need scarcely be said that no ordinary tourist is thus honored. And no wonder. Could the stones of the vaulted passages which echo under our tread speak in articulate language, they would have a story to tell that might eclipse the romances that have gathered round the Bastile or the Tower.

When Custine visited the fortress of St. Petersburg in 1839, there were unfortunate wretches incarcerated in the dungeons hollowed out under the Neva who had been there since the days of the First Alexander.

Schlusselbourg was not always so called. When in the possession of the Swedes, it was named Notebourg, and was only reduced by the troops of Peter the Great after a week's bombardment and a desperate assault. The captors changed its name to Schlusselbourg, as being the key of Ingria and Finland. It is built on a shelving rock in the middle of the Lake Ladoga, which it entirely commands, so that its possessor must necessarily be master of the Neva and the capital. Its situation is one of the natural curiosities of Russia, and has naturally commended it to the Russian authorities at all times as a place of confinement for prisoners of the higher rank and consequence, whose safe custody is a matter of the utmost moment. To foreigners, it is best known as the prison-house of the unfortunate Ivan VI., and the scene of the crime of the Empresses Elizabeth and Catherine. Ivan Antonovitch, whose only crime was that the Empress Anne, twelve days before her death, had declared him heir to the throne, was, on the usurpation of Elizabeth, seized and confined, first in the fortress of Riga and then in Oranienburg. Thence he was brought for greater security to Schlusselbourg, where he was imprisoned in a subterranean vault, entirely deprived of daylight and air. When Peter III., shortly before his own dethronement and assassination, paid him a secret visit in his dungeon, and asked him what he wished for, he answered, "To have more air." The Emperor, touched by his moving complaint, planned a little circular palace in the court of the fortress, in the centre of which was to be a garden, so that the boy's craving for light and air should be in some way gratified. The idea, however, was never carried out, and subsequently it was used by Catherine as an accusation against Peter himself, and was made one pretext for his assassination.

When Peter visited Ivan, he was aged rather more than twenty years, and had never seen the light of day since he was fourteen months old. The Emperor, according to Baron Korf, who relates the interview, asked him several questions. Among others:

"Who are you?"

"I am the Emperor."

"Who put you into prison, then?"

"Vile, wicked people."

"Would you like to be Emperor again?"

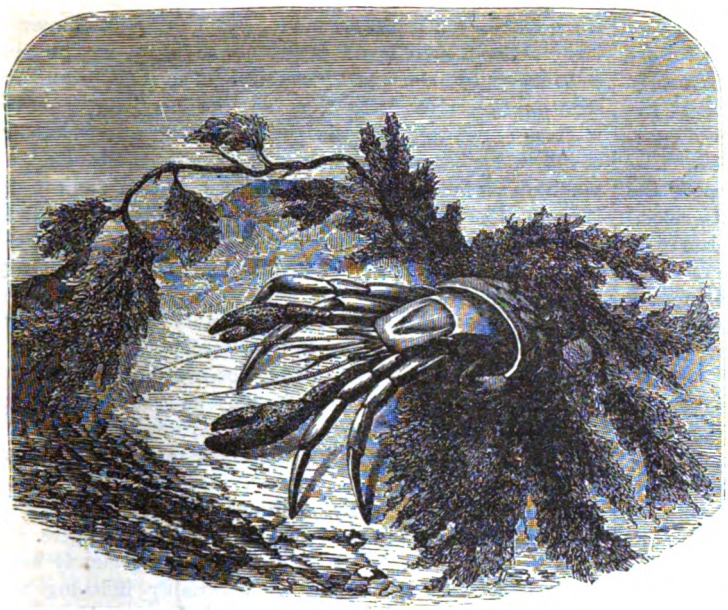
"Why not? I should then have fine clothes, and servants to wait on me."

"But what would you do if you were Emperor?"

"I would cut off the heads of all those who have wronged me."

The idea that a conspiracy might one day reverse the positions of Ivan and Catherine continually haunted the Empress; and the guard of Schlusselbourg were furnished with orders to put the boy to death if any attempt should be made to convey him away. This order was carried into effect when the conspirator Mirovitch forced his way into the dungeon. He was confronted with the bleeding body of the murdered prince.

THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.—"THE PRIEST LEANED O'ER THE SADDLE, WITH LAUGH AND SCOFF AND JEER."—SEE PAGE 374.



THE HERMIT-CRAB.

LODGERS AND BOARDERS IN LOWER LIFE.

By Andrew Wilson, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., Etc.

The character of the "parasite" is one which from classic times has been deservedly held up to ridicule and scorn by the universal consent of humanity. The cringing, dependent and fawning servitor, dancing attendance upon the heels of usually a tyrannical patron, constitutes a picture in favor of which no one may feel prepossessed; and the general idea of such a relationship is that of a contemptible alliance betwixt master and servitor, calculated to effect no good work upon their human surroundings. The term "parasite," as applied in lower life, whilst it possesses certain analogies with the human state so called, nevertheless exhibits a widely different aspect when its entire features are taken into consideration. The animal parasite, in the majority of cases, is unquestionably, like its human representative, a degraded creature. It will be found most frequently to have lost whatever independence it once possessed, and to have merged its existence in a slavish dependence on its host. In not a few cases, this dependence will be found to have proceeded so far, that the parasite has become stomachless and mouthless, and feeds itself, as best it may, on the fluids which its host elaborates for personal use. Thorough degradation may thus be said to follow the adoption of a parasitic life in cases where such an existence is best typified in the animal world.

But here the comparison of the human and the animal dependent may be lawfully said to end; and at this stage the differences begin, on the other hand, to be plainly apparent. The parasite in higher life is at the beck and call of his master, and is bound to respond to every whim and caprice of his owner. Not so the parasite in lower life, which exists usually as a source of irritation, and often as a cause of disease, to its uninviting, and it may be unconscious, host. The human dependent may, it is true, exist for his own ends, and may ultimately benefit himself through his despicable ways and through the petty meannesses of his life. But such advantage may be said to be the invariable rule of the parasite in lower life. The latter not only lodges, but boards, at the expense of its host. It obtains lodgment and food in the easiest fashion and in the cheapest manner. It is a persistent "bad lodger," which not only pays no rent, but may, in the course of its existence, benefit itself by the physical ruin of its benefactor. Sinbad's "Old Man of the Sea" was not a more persistent tenant on that hero's shoulders, than are most parasites on or within the bodies of their hosts. And, unfortunately, the latter may scarcely be shaken off, as was Sinbad's ancient burden; inasmuch as, when parasitism has become the way of life of a living organism, the law that "habit" becomes "a second nature" receives a new illustration, and the parasitic existence, once begun, tends to become the perpetual and normal life of the dependent being.

Thus much by way of comparison of a way of human existence with a curious pathway of animal life. Let us endeavor, in the next place, to gain some ideas of the structure and development of certain typical parasites, and thereafter seek briefly to discuss the probable origin and laws of parasitic life at large. In such a zoological ramble we may light upon facts which may not only "feed the curious" within us, but serve the higher mission of intellectual nurture, in providing food for thought and wise reflection.

Some simple cases of parasitism may first engage our attention, since these less complicated relations betwixt animals may serve perchance to show how the more complex associations have been acquired. Many cases are known to naturalists in which one animal attaches itself to, or merely associates itself with, another animal of widely different kind. Such association is not only of constant and invariable occurrence, but is, moreover, inexplicable, save perhaps on the idea of a chance companionship, which, under the influence of habit, has become a sworn friendship.

No better example of such association could be found than that of a certain species of sea-anemone (*Adamsia*

HERMIT-CRAB AND TUBE-WORMS.

palliata) which attaches itself to the shells in which hermit-crabs (*Pagurus Prideauxii*) ensconce themselves after the manner of their kind (Figs. 1, 2, 3). Invariably we find crab and anemone dwelling together; the former toiling along, house on his back, and his anemone-friend, securely posed on the house in turn, is carried about much as the accompanying illustration (Fig. 2) depicts a colony of tube-worms borne on the shell in which the crab resides. Between these "messmates," as they may be termed, the best of understandings appears to exist. Constant association, perpetuated from generation to generation, has perfected relations of a friendly character between crab and anemone. The crab has been seen to feed the anemone by aid of his long nippers, and to remove the anemone to a new and larger shell when, through his physical increase, a change of quarters was demanded.

Here there is association, which, if it may scarcely be termed beneficial in so far as the crab is concerned, nevertheless presents us with an instance where the parasite or anemone has contracted a persistent habit of attachment. Such a habit, pursued in other cases, may lead, as we shall see, to the beginning of true parasitism.

Of a more intimate kind, and more nearly approaching parasitism itself, is the relationship known to exist between such animals as sea-anemones and certain fishes, and between such mollusks as mussels and certain small crustaceans named "pea-crabs." Any visitor to the seaside who has touched the outspread tentacles of the sea-anemone, knows full well how quickly the animal retracts the feelers, and contracts its entire frame. The object of such sensitiveness is not far to seek. Since the prey of the anemone—consisting of crabs, whelks, and all unwary creatures which may stumble across its tentacles—is captured by the tentacles, and, primarily, through the warning which the property of sensation gives to the feelers of the animal, it would be therefore a perfectly just assertion to say that a sea-anemone is a highly sensitive animal, and that objects touching its tentacles are readily and quickly seized and engulfed within its sac-like body. But what may be said of the relationship between certain tropical sea-anemones of large size, and some small fishes, whose habitual dwelling-place appears to be the interior of the anemones' bodies, and which swim in and out of the mouths of their hosts at will? Nor is the case any the less surprising when we find it asserted on good authority that the anemone may contract its body, inclosing the fish, and thereafter expanding itself, allow its "messmate" to swim freely about, only to return again, however, to its strange but habitual dwelling-place. Considering the rapacity of ordinary anemone character, as illustrated by the seizure of food, how may the immunity of a fish which has ventured not merely into the lion's jaws, but into its very stomach, be accounted for? Once again we are forced to fall back upon the idea of "habit, use and wont," as inducing such an harmonious relationship. It might be suggested that the fish may benefit from the easy terms on which it may obtain food within the stomach-sac of the anemone. If this view be correct, then the case may truly be described as that of two "messmates"; but the details appear as strange and curious after this suggestion as before. Such a case may show how parasitic habits might be inaugurated in the case of an animal more likely to become wholly dependent on a host than the fish, since the partial dependence of a likely animal on the anemone might be replaced by a fuller and more complete life of ease and indulgence.

Somewhat resembling the preceding case is that of the "pea-crabs" (Fig. 4), those minute crustaceans which occur not merely within the shells and bodies of mussels, but are also found as lodgers within the breathing-chambers of the "sea-squirts," or Ascidians (Figs. 5 and 6). How or why these crustacean intruders are tolerated amongst the sensitive tissues of their hosts, is another mystery, inexplicable as to its origin, and equally mysterious in its continuance, save on the supposition that custom has habituated the mollusk or sea-squirt to the presence of its guests. Pliny of old, indeed, credited the pea-crab with the function of pinching its landlord, by way of warning him against the inroads of other and, perchance, less welcome intruders; but the suggestion does more credit to the classic naturalist's ingenuity than to his knowledge of animal psychology and relationships.

That the pea-crabs are most probably "lodgers" only, and not "boarders," within the sea-squirts at least, seems a likely idea, from the writer's own observation of the habits of these crustaceans. Pea-crabs may be seen to emerge at night from sea-squirts kept in an aquarium, to feed on the floor of the vessel or tank; the crabs retreating to their shelter on being alarmed with a rapidity which speaks volumes at once for their familiarity with their place of refuge and for sea-squirt tolerance with lively lodgers.

In these cases, a habit of association has clearly been contracted, with the result of invariably inducing the stated companionship of two animal forms, widely separated from each other in point of structure and rank in the zoological category. We may now proceed to note the details of some cases in which this association has developed into a still closer intimacy, and in which the limits and territory of true parasitism may be said to be attained.

Amongst the parasites that infest the human territory, and that of higher animals at large, the tapeworms are perhaps the best-known examples. These organisms inhabit, as their special sphere, the intestines of man and other warm-blooded animals—namely, quadrupeds and birds. They may attain a length of many feet; and when scientifically examined, each tapeworm is seen to consist of, firstly, a very minute "head," armed with hooklets and suckers for adhesion to the intestine; secondly, of a slender portion composed of imperfectly formed joints, the so-called "neck"; and, thirdly, of numerous flattened "joints," of oblong shape. It must be first noticed that the "joints" do not correspond to the joints or segments of an ordinary worm. In the tapeworm, indeed, each joint is really a semi-independent animal; and the whole worm, instead of being a single organism, is thus in reality a collection or colony of beings. The "head" is the most personal part, so to speak, of this compound organism, since the joints are produced from the head and neck by a veritable process of "budding." Each fresh joint appears to be produced between the head and the already formed segments. And as this process of growth may be said to proceed continuously during the lifetime of the organism, we may readily enough understand how the tapeworms may attain the length and dimensions they frequently exhibit.

The tapeworms have little to boast of in the way of structure and organization. The head contains the main masses of the nervous system, which send two nervous filaments backward through the joints, and two main tubes, or "water-vessels," run one down each side of the body. Each "joint" may be described as simply a receptacle for the development and production of eggs. In each joint we see the greatly branched ovary, or egg-producing structure, within which thousands of eggs—destined, under favorable circumstances, to produce as many tapeworms—are developed. Thus we clearly appreciate the almost unlimited fertility of these animals, when we

discover that the organism consists of many segments, each capable of producing its thousands of eggs; whilst each egg that undergoes full development is invested with the power of giving origin in turn to a tapeworm-organism composed, as before, of its hundreds of joints.

What is the life-history of such an organism? is a query which may best be answered through a study of its development. Liberated from the body of their host, the joints of the tapeworm, through their decay, disperse their minute eggs abroad. The eggs, to undergo development into tapeworms, require, however, to pass the first part of their existence in a different animal from that in which they are to reside as mature tapeworms—that is to say, the egg of the common tapeworm (*Tænia solium*), which inhabits the human digestive system, would come to nothing were it to be swallowed by man. For its due development, it requires to be first swallowed by a warm-blooded animal, as a first host—the animal in question being a pig. Swallowed by the pig, the egg of the tapeworm soon liberates from its covering a little "embryo" provided with six hooklets. This young tapeworm shows no disposition to develop the characteristic form of its parent within the pig, but at once proceeds to bore its way through the walls of the animal's stomach, and to take up its abode usually in the pig's muscles, or it may be in the liver, brain, or some other organ. Here it becomes a "resting-larva." It develops around its body a sac or bag containing fluid, and is now known as the *scolex*. Already we may perceive a minute head and neck, but no further traces of the mature tapeworm are to be seen. Here, also, it can attain to no further development. Its career within its pig-host ends thus; and if the pig should die a natural death, and be buried, the "resting-young" of the tapeworm would share the fate of disintegration, destruction and decay, which would, in the latter event, await the tissues of the pig. Let us imagine, however, that, instead of the unlooked-for and unusual contingency above noted, the pig's muscles are in due season converted into pork, and that man partakes of that commodity, especially in an uncooked or imperfectly prepared condition. Then, each "resting-tapeworm" within its sac, and derived from the muscles of the pig, receives a fresh start in life, and enters upon the concluding phases of development. For, when swallowed by man, the little sac is dissolved. By means of its hooklets, the resting-larva attaches itself to the lining membrane of the digestive system. Next ensues a process of budding. Joint after joint is duly produced; and the form of the mature tapeworm, with its eggs ready for development, as we at first beheld it, again appears in the round or cycle of development.

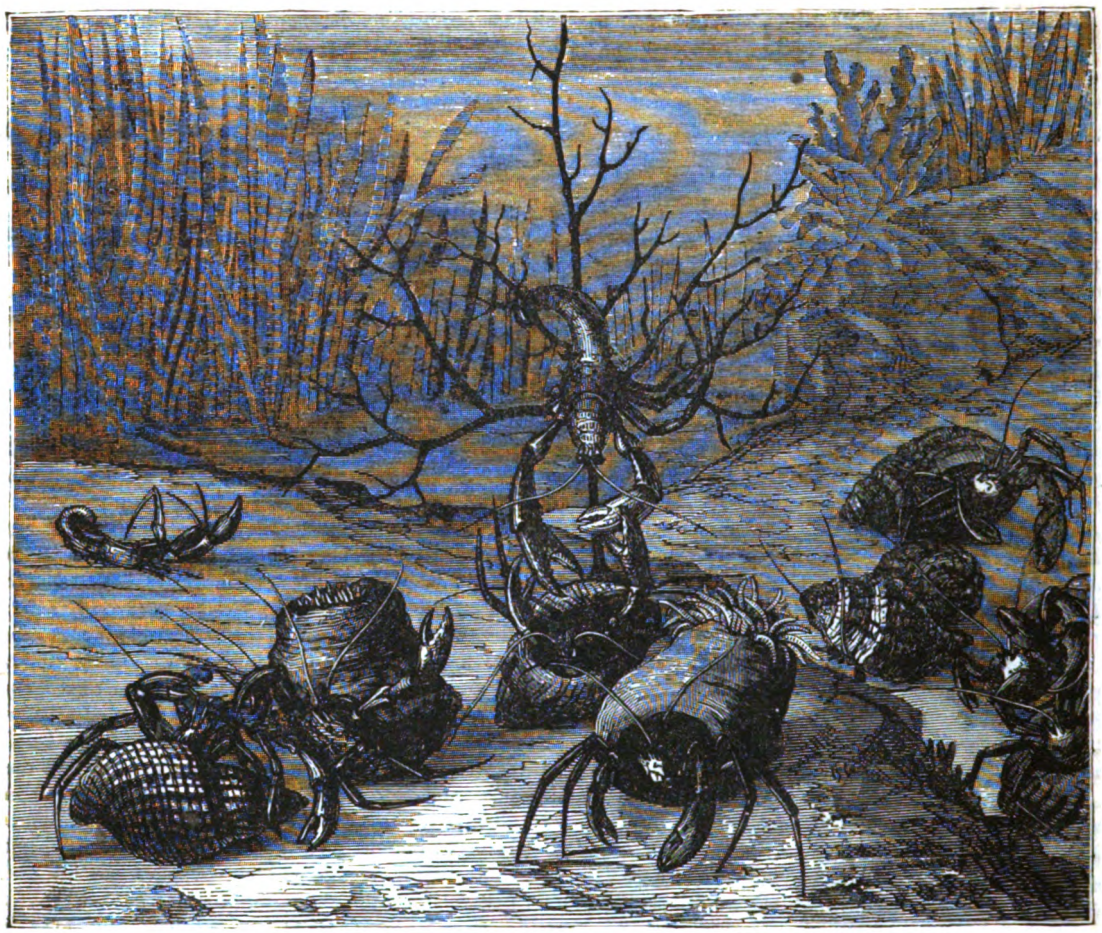
Such is the curious story of the development of these parasites. The main features of that biography consist in the remembrance of the facts that these animals possess two hosts, and that they do not attain full development in the animal which first harbors them. Thus, from the resting-larva of underdone or "measly" pork, man derives the common tapeworm. From underdone beef he may obtain another kind of tapeworm, the first stages of whose existence are thus spent within the economy of the ox. The young of the tapeworm commonly found in the dog and fox inhabit the liver of the rabbit; another parasite of the dog being obtained from the brain of the sheep. The cat obtains its parasite in the most natural fashion from the liver of the mouse or rat. And man, in turn, may act as a first host when he harbors in his liver the dreaded "hydatids," which are simply the immature young, or resting forms, of a tapeworm attaining maturity in the dog.

No more curious life-history than that of a species of tapeworm (*Tænia cucumerina*) can well be imagined—this parasite inhabiting the dog's digestive system. The resting-young of the tapeworm inhabit the body of the dog-louse—which is duly swallowed by the dog in the act of cleaning his coat—and there becomes the full-grown tapeworm. The eggs of this mature parasite are in turn swallowed by the dog-lice, and become the resting-young which are destined to repeat the history through which their progenitors have passed. Here there is seen parasitism within parasitism; and, to say the least, it would be a puzzling task to account for the origin of the somewhat complex relationship which has thus been developed betwixt the louse, the tapeworm, and the canine host, which protects the one and gives shelter to the other.

Equally interesting, and in some respects similar to the development of the tapeworms, is the history of the flukes (Fig. 7, A). Every one has heard of these flat-bodied "worms"—each comparable to a single joint of a tapeworm—which inhabit the bile-ducts and liver-tubes of the sheep, and produce those symptoms of emaciation and disease in that animal collectively known as the "rot." The eggs of the fluke escape into water, and give birth to young, or embryos (Fig. 7, B), which at first swim freely about. Soon the young fluke loses its locomotive powers, becomes a tadpole-like being, and enters the body of a fresh-water snail. There it remains quiescent, but undergoes changes which bring it nearer the condition of fluke. When the snail is swallowed by the sheep in the act of drinking—or it may be when the young flukes escape from the snail into water, and thus gain ready access to the sheep's economy—the final stage in development is duly brought about; and the young flukes, making their way to the liver of the animal, become perfect and mature beings.

Thus we see that, as in the tapeworms, so in the flukes, two hosts are required for the due development of these parasites; and it may not be amiss to remark in passing upon the fortunate nature—in so far as the higher animals or final "hosts" are concerned—of this arrangement. But for the thousand and one chances of destruction which await the eggs of these parasites, and for the chances which tell against their successful lodgment in their first hosts, and also against their successfully overcoming the difficulties of their complicated development, man's estate would be simply overrun with these organisms, and higher animal life at large might well fear rapid extermination.

Instructive and interesting also is the account of the development of the notorious *Trichina*, which is capable of causing grave symptoms or death by its attack. This parasite is a minute, thread-like worm, which, as it exists in the *muscles* of man, of the pig, or other animals, is immature and harmless. When the flesh of the pig, for example, containing these trichinæ—which lie coiled up each within a little "cyst" or bag—is eaten by man, a wondrous activity is exchanged for their previously inert condition. These parasites, set free within the human stomach, rapidly produce their young by thousands. These young are debarred by the laws of their development from attaining any further advance in life before passing a term of pupilage, so to speak, in the muscles. Hence arises the danger of trichina-visitation; and then comes the tug of war. For the rising generation of these parasites, produced in the stomach, now bore their way through the tissues to a resting-place in the muscles, and in the act of migrating cause pains and illness, often of a serious character. Once settled down in the muscles, all danger, however, is past. For each worm develops around itself a sac or bag, wherein it lies ensconced until



HERMIT-CRABS FIGHTING.

swallowed by another warm-blooded animal—an utterly unlikely fate in the case of man's muscles, the parasites of which will simply undergo degeneration, and be ultimately converted into so many specks of lime.

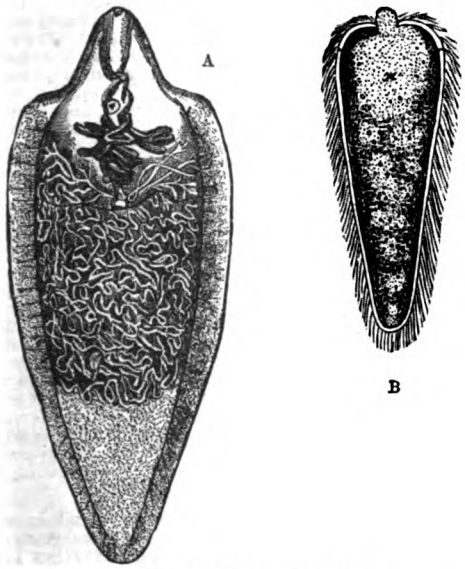
PEA-CRAB.

What are the lessons which a subject, that at first sight might be deemed of unsavory kind, seems well calculated to teach us concerning parasitism and its origin? Briefly summed up, we may say that, firstly, parasitic habits are certainly not of original nature, but have been acquired—in other words, the parasite was not always attached and helpless, but was once free and dissociated, and acquired its dependent habits in consequence of some alteration in its way of life which benefited its race. How may such a statement be supported? is a natural enough inquiry. I reply, by the consideration of the various graduated stages and modifications in parasitism, and by the life-history of parasites at large. We may trace every stage in the parasitic dependence, and in the degree of intimacy which exists betwixt hosts and lodgers. From the simple condition of mere lodgment and attachment (as in the case of the anemone and hermit-crab), to that of "messmates," or pure "lodgers," is an easy transition. The fishes living within the anemones, and the pea-crabs within mussels and sea-squirts, exemplify cases of the latter description. In these instances there is an association more intimate than that existing between the anemone and crab; and, although there is an independence of host and lodger, there are to be traced, nevertheless, the beginnings of truly parasitic habits. The tapeworms and their allies, as true parasites, illustrate beings which have undergone great modification of their parts and organs, and which, having gradually accommodated themselves to their surroundings, have become lodgers and boarders, feeding themselves at the expense of their hosts. But we gain still clearer ideas of the originally free and non-parasitic state of animal lodgers and boarders, if we

SOCIAL ASCIDIAN (*A. pedunculata*).

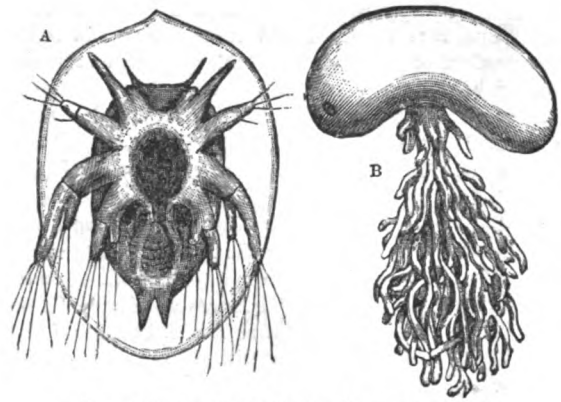
SIMPLE ASCIDIAN (*A. microcosmus.*)

consider the meaning of the free stages witnessed in their development. No better illustration in support of this latter idea, that their development affords a clew to the whole



DEVELOPMENT OF LIVER FLUKE.
A, Sexually mature (after Blanchard). B, Embryo (after Leuckart).

history of parasites, could be cited than that of the *Sacculina* (Fig. 8, B)—a low form of crustacean, and a kind of poor relation of crabs, shrimps and their allies. The sacculina exists as a bag-like growth on the bodies of hermit-crabs. It may be described as a bag of eggs and nothing more, attaching itself by root-like processes to its host, from whose tissues it absorbs its nourishment. From its structure as an adult sacculina, indeed, we could not guess its true nature, seeing that it possesses few or none of the ordinary belongings of the animal creation. But if we watch

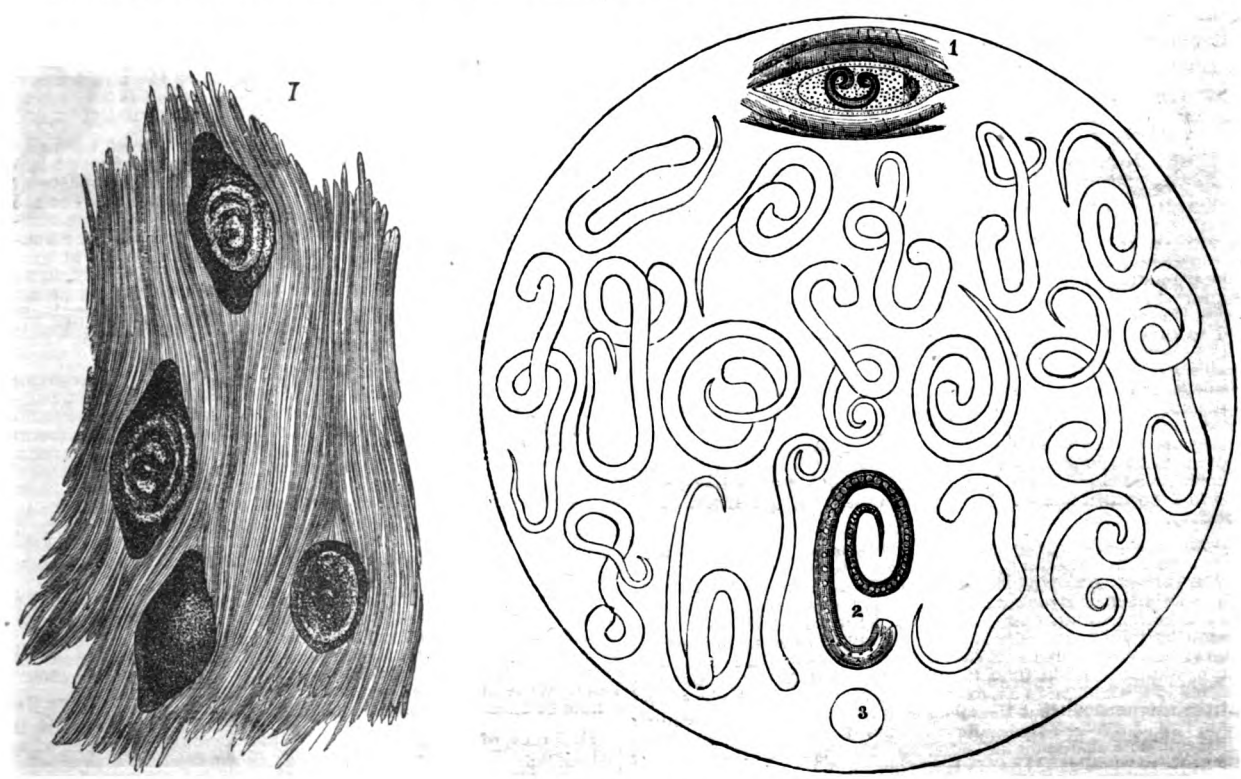


DEVELOPMENT OF SACCULINA (AFTER HAECKEL).
A, Larva ; B, Mature Animal.

the development of one of the many eggs this bag-like being contains, we may then hazard a guess as to its nature and concerning the history of its past.

Each sacculina-egg gives birth to an active little creature, named a *Nauplius* (Fig. 8, A). This little being possesses three pairs of legs or feet, an oval body, and a single or cyclopean eye. Soon the body becomes inclosed in a "shell"; the front pair of limbs increases at the expense of the others, which are cast off; whilst six pairs of swimming-feet are developed in their place. Ultimately, these little creatures attach themselves to their crab-hosts; the limbs drop off; the two front limbs remain developed, and become altered to form organs of adhesion to their hosts; and the body itself finally assumes the form of the sausage-shaped organism we see in the adult sacculina (Fig. 8, B).

Thus, if "development" may be trusted as a criterion of the history of the sacculina race, we may believe that at first these parasites were represented by free-swimming beings resembling the "Nauplius" (Fig. 8, A), which now appears at the first stage in their lives. And it may



TRICHINA SPIRALIS.

with equal justice be assumed, from the facts which nature reveals to us, that the fixed and rooted sacculina is itself a later product of development, and appears as the result of altered habits and of a changed way of life on the part of the original race. Such conclusions, though merely hypothetical, are not unsupported by the history of other animal forms. On the contrary, change and variation may be regarded as representing factors and means of normal kind in inducing alterations in the structure and habits of living beings. No one may doubt the existence and operation in the world of life of laws which direct animal and plant forms along the "grooves of change." Our difficulty lies, not in determining the existence of these laws, but in reaching the "law within the law," on which the degree and succession of changes depend. Such ideas that alteration and variation are natural actions of life, are the result of that wider study of living beings which has of late years been prosecuted. Of old, the "fixity" of species and the permanency of animal and plant forms was esteemed an axiom of biology.

Now, we know that the production of varieties and races is one of nature's statutory procedures, so to speak. We do not yet know, it is true, the limits of variation in different animals or plants; but experience shows us that these limits probably vary greatly in different species. The causes of variation are likewise still obscure, but amongst these causes we may rank the influence of surroundings and of changed environments as of the highest importance. One of many theoretical conclusions to which the subject of parasites may, therefore, lead, is that alteration and modification of the lives and structure of animals appear to be a normal occurrence in nature. Under the influence of new ways of life and of changed conditions, animals once free have become attached as parasites, and, from the possession of definite structure and organization, have become degraded, and have degenerated to the existing state of many parasitical forms. Change and modification are thus seen to be important features in ruling the destinies of living beings; and no better examples of this latter fact may be cited than those illustrating the manner in which the so-called "vicious circle" of parasite life is perpetually maintained.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE DEPHOSPHORIZATION OF IRON.—At the last annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute of England, a paper was read by Messrs. Thomas & Gilchrist on the elimination of phosphorus in the Bessemer converter, which elicited an animated discussion, extending over several days. The great object in view here is the removal of phosphorus from ordinary pig-iron, thereby fitting it for use in the manufacture of steel, special regard being had to Cleveland iron. The essence of Messrs. Thomas & Gilchrist's invention is the substitution of a basic lining for the ordinary gannister lining in the Bessemer converter. The lining consists of magnesian limestone, which, after a long course of experiment, the inventors found best suited to their purpose. Cold basic material is also added to the charge in the converter and during the blow. The result of some recent experiments shows that an excellent quality of steel can be produced, varying in temper from the mildest and softest to that of ordinary hardness for rails, the exact temper of metal required being produced with certainty.

DYNAMITE.—Major Magendie, R.A., has come to the conclusions, after numerous experiments, that frozen dynamite is considerably less sensitive to explosion by a blow than unfrozen dynamite; that cartridges of dynamite having small quantities of exuded nitro-glycerine within them are decidedly more sensitive to explosion by a blow than cartridges in which there is no such exudation; that frozen dynamite is much more susceptible to explosion by simple ignition than the unfrozen; that frozen dynamite is much less sensitive to explosion by the impact of a bullet than unfrozen dynamite; that the danger attending the mere breaking in two of a frozen dynamite cartridge does not seem to be of the formidable character indicated by the Austrian regulations; and that frozen nitro-glycerine is not susceptible of detonation by detonators of the same strength as those with which the detonation of unfrozen nitro-glycerine may be readily and certainly effected.

A NEW skating surface called "crystal ice" has been invented by Dr. Calantarients of Scarborough. Considering that after all ice is merely a crystalline substance, says *Nature*, and that there is merely a lack of substances which are crystalline at ordinary temperatures, Dr. Calantarients experimented with a variety of salts, and after a time succeeded in making a mixture, consisting mainly of carbonate and sulphate of soda, which, when laid as a floor by his plan, can be skated on with the ordinary ice skates: the resistance to the surface is just equal to that of ice; it looks like ice, and, indeed, when it has been skated on and get "cut up" a little, the deception is quite astonishing. The surface can at any time be made smooth again by steaming with an apparatus for the purpose, and the floor itself, when once laid, will last for several years. It is interesting to observe that the mixture of salts used contains about sixty per cent. of water of crystallization, so that after all the floor consists chiefly of solidified water.

CLEVELAND STEEL.—The Northeastern Railway Company, of England, has sent a large order to the Cleveland district for steel rails, to be made according to the new process of dephosphorization recently invented. The importance of the new invention is scarcely second to that of the Bessemer steel process. For the manufacture of a ton of iron according to the old method, six tons of coal were required: to make a ton of Cleveland steel on the new principle it is said that three tons, or one-half as much as heretofore, are sufficient. In England 50,000,000 tons of coal are annually required in the manufacture of iron. It will be seen that the saving of fuel in the new process is enormous, but that is not the only advantage, as by the dephosphorization converter the vast deposits of ore in the Cleveland district, hitherto neglected, can now be made available. In the United States, where good iron ore is abundant, the dephosphorization is of less account, but the saving of fuel is of equal value in both countries.

A FOSSIL FOREST.—An interesting discovery has been made at Edge Lane Quarry, Oldham, England. The quarrymen, in the course of their excavations, have come upon what has been described as a fossil forest. The trees number about twelve, and some of them are two feet in diameter. They are in good preservation. The roots can be seen interlacing the rock, and the fronds of the ferns are to be found imprinted on every piece of stone. The discovery has excited much interest in geological circles round Manchester, and the "forest" has been visited by a large number of persons. The trees belong to the middle coal-measure period, although it has been regarded as somewhat remarkable that no coal has been discovered near them. The coal is found about two hundred and fifty yards beneath. Professor Boyd-Dawkins, of Owens' College, has visited the quarry, and declares that there is not such another sight in Europe.

THE NEW CALEDONIA NICKEL.—The important ores from New Caledonia now constitute the chief raw material for the French nickel industry. The rock is a beautiful green-colored hydrosilicate of nickel, free from sulphur and arsenic, and poor in cobalt and copper. The nickel obtained from it is therefore very pure. The best method of treating this ore is even yet undetermined. Garnier, at Marseilles, reduces the ore very much in the same manner as is done with iron in a blast furnace. He thus secures a crude pig, from which the pure metal is afterward obtained. Christofle, on the contrary, has recourse to the wet way. He dissolves the ore in hydrochloric acid, precipitates the nickel as oxalate, and obtains the metal by fusion. Both methods are open to criticism, and will doubtless be improved in the course of time.

PHOSPHORIC ACID IN BEER.—If equal volumes of beer and nitric acid are boiled together, and a small quantity of molybdate of ammonia be added, the characteristic yellow precipitate of phosphoric acid will immediately make its appearance. For the quantitative determination of the phosphoric acid in beer, a decimal solution of acetate of uranium is recommended. One hundred cubic centimetres of fresh beer treated with acetate of uranium at once yield a voluminous dirty yellow precipitate. Analysis of the best Munich beer yielded the following contents of phosphoric acid: Winter beer, per liter, 0.5 grains phosphoric acid; Summer beer, per liter, 0.6 grains phosphoric acid; double beer, per liter, 0.9 grains phosphoric acid.

AMERICAN TIN PLATES.—As there is no duty on pig-tin coming into the United States, and as skilled labor in almost every department of manufacture can now be secured here at about the same cost as for similar workmanship abroad, there is no good reason why America should not be able to fairly compete with foreign makers of tin plates. The process of manufacture has scarcely advanced beyond what was known one hundred years ago, and we may readily believe that American enterprise and ingenuity will before long suggest labor-saving machinery, which will both reduce the cost and improve the quality. It is certainly remarkable that no tin ore has thus far been discovered in the United States.

NORMAL COMPOSITION OF MILK.—According to C. Marchaud (Bled. Centr., 1872, pp. 769–770), the usual composition of human milk is as follows: butter, 36.8; lactose, 71.1; protein, 17; salts, 2.04; and water, 873 parts per thousand. When the amount of butter rises to above 52 parts, the milk is injurious to the child. The quantity of protein, which is much less than in cow's milk, cannot be exceeded without ill effects.

H. MILLS, of Binghampton, N. Y., lost a valuable piece of wire last Spring. The winds recently blew down the limb of a tree in his yard, and an oriole's nest was found suspended to it by the wire. It was wrapped round and round the limb as though a man had done it.

SOME ladies have captured a family of decorative crabs, and half-hours pass rapidly by in watching their erratic movements. The plan is to take the crab and treat him to a hard scouring with a nail-brush until he is perfectly clean, then place him in a jar where there is a quantity of seaweed. As soon as he feels the bottom he seizes a bit of weeds, bites it off, and places it to his mouth, covering it with some sticky substances; this done, he raises it over his back and presses the end upon his shell, and there it sticks, ultimately growing. This process is kept up until the crab is completely covered, and he is satisfied that he has completed the change he contemplated—that is, making himself resemble a moss-covered rock, so that he may elude the sharks and rays that are wont to devour him.

IN one of his recent lectures in London, Dr. Erasmus Wilson exhibited the photograph of a woman thirty-eight years old, and five feet five inches high, whose tresses, when she stood erect, enveloped her entire form in a golden vail, and trailed several inches on the ground. The longest flores measured six feet three and one half inches. Thirty inches is the mean length for females, and three feet is considered a very remarkable length. This instance is exceeded, however, by two American women—one whose hair measures seven feet six inches, and another, the wife of a druggist in Philadelphia, whose luxuriant *chevelure* is almost as long, and so thick that when seated upon a chair she can completely cover herself with it.

LORD RAYLEIGH showed a curious experiment in color-combinations to the Physical Society, when he produced a yellow liquid by mixing a blue solution of litmus with a red solution of bichromate of potash. We recollect a kindred experiment which is even more curious, namely, the production of white by the mixture of crimson and green. An aqueous solution of cuprous chloride and a solution of rosaniline acetate in amylic alcohol are placed in a bottle in certain relative quantities. The crimson solution floats upon the green solution. But when shaken up together both colors disappear, and the mixture is simply a turbid grayish white.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.—In regard to the successful work of Mr. Hannay, of Glasgow, in producing perfect artificial diamonds, it may be well to bear in mind the similar investigation carried on by Desprets, the noted French chemist. Some authorities allege that the results obtained by Desprets were in advance of those reached by Mr. Hannay, yet the former, at the conclusion of five years of labor, made the frank acknowledgment that he had not found the diamond proper, although he had obtained crystals of pure carbon possessing all the characteristics of the coveted prize.

NUTRITIVE VALUE OF GRASS AT VARIOUS STAGES OF GROWTH.—E. Von Wolff and others cut grass three times in the early Summer, in the years 1874 and 1877; the first cutting took place about the middle of May, the second at the beginning and the third at the end of June. The second cutting appeared to give the best results in the case of animals experimented upon, namely, sheep and horses; and, as a rule, it was found that more nitrogenous matter was excreted by the latter than by the former.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

THE man who was stage-struck had the driver arrested.

THE society lady never sheds tears. She knows enough to keep her powder dry.

THERE are few things which are cheaper than talk, unless a lawyer does the talking.

YOUNG women often keep their lovers by tears. "Yes," said Grumwig, "love, like beef, is preserved by brine."

AN old lady says she hears every day of civil engineers, and wonders if there is no one to say a civil word for conductors.

"I'M no physician, but I've heard that iron in the blood is good," said Macbeth, as he jabbed his dagger into King Duncan.

"THE darkey's hour is just before the dawn," remarked Sambo when he started out before daybreak to steal a young chicken for breakfast.

A CINCINNATI child tied crape to the door-knob to see if the carriages would come to take them out riding, as they did the family across the street.

HEZ, on being told that Bunyan stands at the head of allegorical writers, sagely remarked that he had always thought bunions were confined to the feet.

A MAN is always wanting some one to tell him how handsome he looks. A woman, on the other hand, will simply stand before a glass and see for herself.

SEA-BATHING is scarcely ever indulged in by the Russian ladies, on account of the jealousy felt by the nobility against permitting any familiarity with the serf.

THIS simple medical advice for curing a pimple is given by the *Rockland Courier*: "First hold the pimple over a slow fire until it comes to a boil, then 'bust' it."

"WELL, Pat, Jim didn't quite kill you with the brickbat, did he?" "No; but I wish he had." "Why so?" "So that I could have seen him hung, the villain!"

"JOHN, how many times have I told you always to eat bread with your meat?" "Papa, how many times have you told me never to do two things at a time?"

WHY is a cow's tail like the letter F? Because it's the end of beef. Here's another quite as bad: Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

"THE most difficult man to please that I ever saw," said old Judge Dakin, "was my friend Colonel ——, who didn't wish to be lied about, and couldn't bear to have the truth told of him."

AN old philosopher said: "When I was a boy I wanted some taffy, but it cost a shilling, and I hadn't one. When I was a man I had a shilling, but then I didn't want any taffy."

A MARINE opera troupe, on a floating opera house, will tie up at Coney Island and play "Pinafore" there, even if they are obliged to sink for it. This is probably a job put up by a rival watering-place.

"WHAT are you holding your hands over the stove in that way for? The weather isn't cold," said a father to his son; who answered: "I ain't trying to heat the weather, pa; I'm warming my hands."

THIS is the season of the year when the small boy goeth to the barber, and winketh at him and saith, "Cut off the ends of my hair." And behold, the barber cutteth off the hair and leaveth the ends.

"I DON'T mean to reflect on your honesty," said one man to another, after speaking harshly of his character. "No, I should think not; you are not polished enough to reflect on anything," was the reply.

PROFESSOR.—"What is the fundamental condition of existence?" *Student.*—"Time." *Professor.*—"How do you explain that?" *Student.*—"Very easily. How can a person exist if he hasn't time for it?"

HER mother said the little creature lived on love, but one month after marriage, when the grocery bill came in, he saw that he had made the greatest oversight of his life by not ascertaining what that particular love was for.

MADAME, who is very fat, asks her husband in what character she shall attend the masquerade. "As a captive balloon," he said. "How must I dress that character?" "Simply by tying a string to your foot," answered the brute.

WHAT surprised Noah more than aught else was that he received no application for free passes. And what astonished the public after the flood was that the veteran navigator never tried to get up a complimentary benefit for himself.

LAWYER C. (entering the office of his friend, Dr. M., and speaking in a hoarse whisper): "Fred, I've got such a cold this morning that I can't speak the truth." *Dr. M.*: "Well, I'm glad that it's nothing that will interfere with your business."

THE *Engineer*, in discoursing upon good times and bad, has struck upon the fertile suggestion that "trade is good when much money is being spent upon new industrial enterprises; trade is bad when little money is being spent on such enterprises."

THE custom of married men shooting their wives and then committing suicide is becoming alarmingly prevalent. The practice is not to be commended, but nevertheless it is cheaper than taking out an insurance policy for the benefit of the widow.

WAITER—"Do you wish to be called in the morning, sir?" *Guest*—"Yes, sir." *Waiter*—"When will you be called, sir?" *Guest*—"That depends on how I feel in the morning. I am very tired now. I'll ring for you when I shall desire to be called."

A LECTURER was explaining to a little girl how a lobster cast his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he: "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."

WHEN young John Stubbs asked his father to buy him a bicycle, the old farmer handed him a sickle, saying:

"John, if you'll faithfully use this common sickle,
Always keeping as cool as an icicle,
You can by-and-by buy your own bicycle."

WHEN the census-taker, wishing to compliment, said to a citizen, "Ah, sir, you've a wife of a hundred!" the lady grabbed a rolling-pin and sailed in on him, saying: "You villain! I told you I was only twenty-five. Don't you dare to put it down as one hundred!"

I know he's a bachelor, a horrid grumpy thing,
A nasty, spiteful, cross-grained, ugly fright!
I wish, John, that such callers to your wife you would not bring;
You know as well as I do it's not right.
Why do I think him single? Why? Oh, John I'll have a fit.
Did you not hear, you stupid, you? He called dear baby "It."

PROF. GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM, advertised in another page, is the most popular system of self-teaching Penmanship ever published. It has now reached a sale of over one hundred and twenty thousand, and the demand for it is still increasing.

THE MORNING KISS.

654,
1139

THE COQUETTE.
From the Painting by Palmarole.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

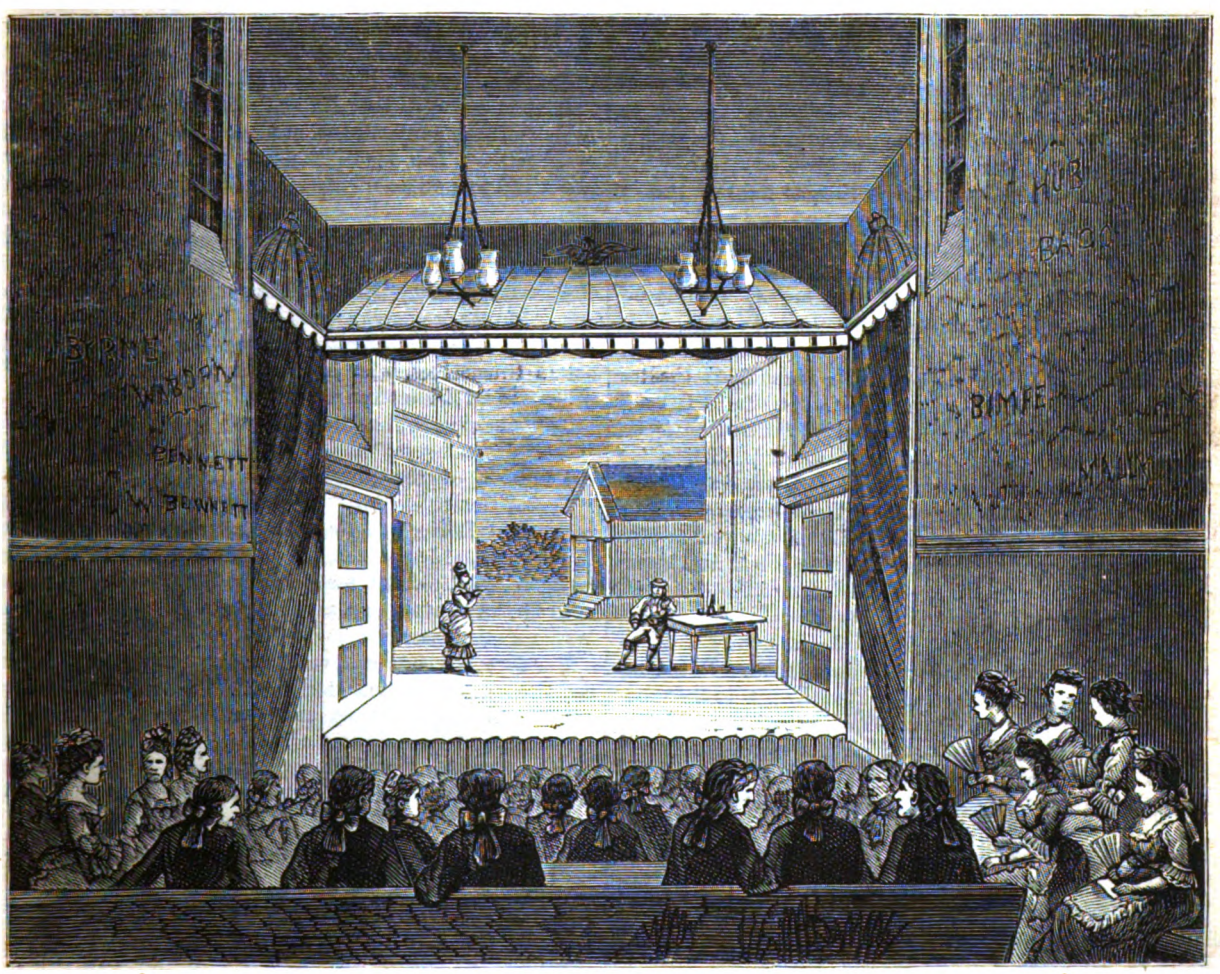
VOL. X.— No. 4. OCTOBER, 1880. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

THE THEATRES OF NEW YORK.

BY J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

NOTHING can more strikingly show the growth of this great City of New York, and the rapid strides by which it has advanced, until it begins to cover the whole of the island, at the foot of which it was for a long time but a tiny dot—nothing can show more clearly this mighty increase in the size of the city than to trace the track of the theatre as it has been thrust forward out of its solitary resting-place in John Street one hundred years ago, and driven onward and upward, until to-day it is scattered here and there over the face of the city, as high up even as Central Park, long thought to be the uttermost limit of human habitation on this our Island of Manhattan.

The drama is not yet old among us, but it has already seen theatre after theatre go down into destruction, sometimes firing the torch itself, more often merely making way for the march of commerce. Although the drama came to us a stranger scarce a century ago, it was soon subject to our laws, and made obeisance to our customs moving on or giving up at the beck of business. And feeling akin to sadness comes over one who is fond of the



INTERIOR OF THE JOHN STREET THEATRE, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

stage in looking down the long list of theatres which have been and which are not. It is hard not to mourn the death of many a theatre which had bravely borne its part among us, lightening the sorrows of man and scattering broadcast the seeds of jollity and laughter.

It was about the middle of the last century that the first dramatic performance took place in America. As to the place and time where and when it was, there is much discussion and disagreement. It may have been as early as 1733, here in New York; or in 1736, at Williamsburg, in Virginia; it may have been as late as 1750, at Philadelphia, or Boston, or New York. The earlier dates are involved in doubt and conjecture. But abundant record exists of a company of actors from Philadelphia, which arrived in New York in February, 1750, and remained here until July, 1751. The city contained then barely ten thousand inhabitants, and the company must have had some merit to have held together so long a time in so small a town.

It made its first appearance probably March 5th, 1750, in "Richard III., wrote originally by Shakespeare, and altered by Colley Cibber, Esqr." Mr. Ireland, in his valuable and voluminous "Records of the New York Stage," identifies the place where they performed with the present numbers 64 and 66 Nassau Street, on the east side, between John and Maiden Lane. Here there then stood a building containing a room convenient for their purpose—to use the phrase of the *New York Gazette revived in the Weekly Postboy*, when announcing their arrival. It was turned into a church in 1758 by a congregation of German colonists, who, seven years later, built on the same site an edifice which remained standing until 1810.

For a year after this company disbanded, New York remained without dramatic entertainment. In 1753 arrived Hallam's company, the first full and efficient dramatic troupe which came to this country. It was quite equal to the leading English provincial companies of the time. Its originator was William Hallam, a brother of Admiral Hallam, and the manager of the theatre in Goodman's Fields, from which Garrick had stepped to Drury Lane. His brother, Lewis Hallam, was the head of the company, at once its manager and its leading actor. For a year Hallam and his companions had been acting in Virginia, and then came to New York, bearing letters of recommendation from Governor Dinwiddie. They opened on September 17th, 1753, in the new and commodious theatre which they had caused to be erected on the site of the old one, with Sir Richard Steele's comedy of "The Conscious Lovers," and the ballad farce of "Damon and Phillida."

Chief among the actors was Mr. Rigby, who must have been skilled both in the exercise of his profession and in the teaching of it, for Hallam's son, Lewis, a boy of twelve when the company first appeared in New York, and afterward the foremost actor in America, declared that he owed much to Mr. Rigby's instruction.

After six months in New York the company went to Philadelphia, where the elder Hallam died. Not long afterward his widow married Mr. Douglass, who then became the head of the enterprise. When he brought the company back to New York, in 1758, the Nassau Street Theatre had become a church. He at once built another on Cruger's Wharf, which, after much doubt and delay, he obtained permission to open, and the first performance, the "Jane Shore" of Nicholas Rowe, took place December 28th, 1758.

During its wanderings the company had somewhat altered, but its nucleus was ever the same. Mrs. Hallam, now Mrs. Douglass, was the leading lady; her husband played important parts; and her son, Lewis Hallam, was rapidly approaching his majority as a man and as an actor.

The Cruger's Wharf Theatre, like all the other early American theatres, was but a slight and flimsy structure, and as soon as the season closed it was torn down. In 1761 Mr. Douglass erected another in Beekman Street, on the southwest side, just below Nassau. This theatre, the third erected in the city, was but little longer lived than its predecessor. The Stamp Act troubles broke out, and the ferment which resulted finally in the explosion of the Revolution began about this time. "The republicans of New York in 1764," says William Dunlap, in his "History of the American Theatre," "whether remembering the predilection of the actors for monarchy, or from other causes, determined to overthrow the playhouse." An old gentleman who, as a boy, had taken part in the destruction of the theatre, told Dunlap that a crowd collected and "set on the boys to commence the work, which, once begun, found hands enough to aid in it."

New York did not long remain without a theatre; and the fourth home of the dramatic muse in Manhattan was destined to a life far longer and far more glorious than its merely temporary predecessors.

On December 7th, 1767, three years after the wanton destruction of the Beekman Street Theatre, its successor was opened in John Street, on the northern side, near Broadway, in the rear of the lots now known as 17, 19 and 21. "It was principally of wood; an unsightly object, painted red. . . . It was about sixty feet back from the street, having a covered way of rough wooden material from the pavement to the doors. . . . Two rows of boxes, with a pit and gallery, could accommodate all the play-going people of that time," says Dunlap, "and yield the sharers eight hundred dollars when full, at the usual prices. The stage was of good dimensions"—equal to the Haymarket in London.

It must be noted that Hallam's troupe—then called the American Company, was what would now be called a commonwealth. The leading actors were owners, sharing profit and loss alike. This system obtained in England in Shakespeare's time—he was a sharer in the Globe; it obtained in France in Molière's day—the company of which he was the head was a joint-stock one; and it obtains in France to-day—the Comédie Française, the direct descendant of Molière's company and the foremost theatre of the world, is a commonwealth, managed in great part by the actors themselves, who have each a share in the yearly profits, in addition to an annual salary.

The opening bill of the John Street Theatre was the "Beaux' Stratagem," and Garrick's farce, "Lethe." At the bottom of the playbill was the traditional British "Vivant Rex et Regina." A few weeks later, it bears the request: "Ladies will please to send their servants to keep their places, at four o'clock." And from four in the afternoon to six, the front seats in the boxes were fully filled with blacks of every age, awaiting the arrival of their masters and mistresses.

For several years, and with varying success, the American Company occupied the John Street Theatre, making excursions now and then as far north as Albany, and as far south as Philadelphia and Charleston. But troublous times were at hand, and drew rapidly near. Burning questions and crying sins soon left the people little time for mock mirth or mock murder, and the actors began to feel the force of the old mazarinade:

> "Comédiens, c'est un mauvais temps,
> La Tragédie est par les champs."

The first Continental Congress met, and on October 24th, 1774, it recommended a suspension of all public amusement, discountenancing and discouraging all extravagance

and dissipation, including "gaming, cockfighting, exhibitions of shows, plays and other expensive diversions and entertainments."

Dunlap declares that this resolution of the Congress was conveyed to Douglass in a letter from the President, Peyton Randolph, and the committee of New York gave him like notice. He had but just reinforced his company with new recruits from England, and was preparing to open the theatre for the Winter season, but he knew the recommendation of the Congress would be binding on the theatre, and he bowed to the inevitable, taking the American Company to the West Indies, where it remained for ten years.

But, although abandoned by its lawful occupants, the John Street Theatre did not remain empty all through the Revolutionary War. When the city fell into the hands of the army of King George, certain of his officers opened it as the Theatre Royal, giving occasional performances for charitable objects. Major André was one of the actors, and the principal scene-painter. Dunlap saw certain of their performances, and thought them very good for amateurs.

Dr. Francis describes one peculiarity of these times—the application to well-known persons of characters of the successive plays enacted by the amateurs. "The Busy Body" was applied to Dr. Atwood; "Laugh and Grow Fat" to Paymaster Mortier, a man of extraordinary leanness; and "The Wheel of Fortune" to General Gage, who first came to America in 1756 as a captain, and returned again in 1775 as commander-in-chief of the British forces. Another of his Majesty's generals, Burgoyne, was an approved dramatist, who followed his "Maid of the Oaks," played in England in 1775, with an *à propos* "Blockade of Boston," acted in Boston by British amateurs in the midst of the events it tried to satirize.

This "Blockade of Boston" was, as well as I can make out, the third play written in America, and the second play both written and acted here—the first, it may be as well to say, having been the "Mercenary Match" of Barnaby Biddle, acted by Yale students, under the supervision of Dr. Styles, the president of the college. Of course a mere *ad captandum* trifle like the "Blockade of Boston" never got itself acted in New York; and it is not, to the best of my knowledge, even in existence now.

But it was not long after the Revolution was accomplished and its results secured, that Burgoyne appeared before the playgoers of New York as a playwright. Not one but three of his plays—"The Maid of the Oaks," "The Heiress," and "Richard Cœur de Lion," were brought out in this city shortly after the conclusion of peace, and remained favorites here for years, in spite of their author's ignominious career in this country.

After the Revolution, the John Street Theatre was for thirteen years the only or the leading theatre of the city. Lewis Hallam opened it August 24th, 1785, with a weak cast, strengthened greatly the following Fall, when the old American Company returned in force. Hallam had associated Henry with him in the management; and Wignell, who had arrived from England in 1774, formed with them a trio of dramatic ability which had not till then been visible on the American stage. The playbills bore at their foot, "Vivat Respublica"—an Americanizing of British institutions most characteristic of the times. On April 16th, 1787, there was here performed "The Contrast," written by Royal Tyler, afterward Chief-Justice of Vermont, and the first American five-act comedy performed by professional actors. Two years later, on September 7th, 1789, the earliest of the innumerable plays of William Dunlap received its first performance. A few years after, the author became at first joint owner in the theatre, and finally sole manager, continuing the company bravely along the lines laid down by its founder. And with the name of Dunlap, the history of the American stage of that time is indissolubly connected. But this paper is not a history of the American stage—it aims only at giving sketches of the theatres of New York; and all seeking further knowledge of the first American dramatist may be referred to his own invaluable "History of the American Theatre."

The theatre in John Street was the home of the drama in this city for nearly thirty years, and it was not until the end of its eventful life drew nigh that it met with any opposition. In 1797 Wignell brought on his fine company from Philadelphia, for whose accommodation a circus, not long before opened in Greenwich Street, had been hastily turned into a Summer theatre; but in a short time the John Street Theatre was again left alone. Its end, however, was approaching. On January 13th, 1798, occurred the last performance within its walls. The stage then took the first of its many moves up-town. The journey was not long—scarcely more than around the corner; in fact, it was only from John Street to Park Row, about two hundred feet above Ann Street. The lots on which stood this fifth theatre erected in New York are now known as Nos. 21, 23 and 25 Park Row. The old house in John Street was shortly afterward pulled down.

The New Theatre, as it was at first called, or the Park Theatre, as it was afterward known, was opened on the evening of January 29th, 1798, with "As You Like It" as the principal play. For fifty years thereafter its stage was ever filled with the bustle and echoes and the shadows of comedy and tragedy and farce. For the greater part of that time it was the foremost theatre in America. Architecturally, it was the best designed and the best built of the theatres until then erected in this country; externally plain, it was harmoniously proportioned and internally well arranged for both hearing and seeing. Its plans were prepared by Isambart Brunel, the French engineer, afterward the builder of the Thames Tunnel. It cost over $130,000, which seemed a far larger sum of money in the last century than it does in this. Its first lessees were William Dunlap and John Hodgkinson. Its receipts on the opening night were $1,263. The prices were: boxes, 8 shillings; pit, 6 shillings; and gallery, 4 shillings.

It is hard to shut the career of the Park Theatre into a paragraph. For half a century its history is the history of the American stage. All that was best in the drama, in all its forms and phases, took its turn upon the boards of the Park. Lewis Hallam, whose father half a hundred years before had led the first band of actors from England to America, was a member of the opening company. Soon Cooper joined it—Thomas A. Cooper, the pupil of Holcroft and Godwin, and for nearly forty years the foremost actor in America. Born under the English flag, he was, when he returned to England, treated as an American. The friend of English radicals in his youth, he passed his old age peacefully in the shadow of our Custom House, his daughter having married President Tyler's son. Here also acted George Barrett and his wife, for many years two of the most popular of our actors. Here, in 1806, Mr. Poe, the father of Edgar A. Poe, made his first appearance in New York; his wife, as Miss Arnold, had acted, in 1797, at the John Street Theatre. But, with all these and many more attractions, and in spite of the frequent success of his own many skillful plays, original and adapted from the French and German, Dunlap, who had become sole manager, at last, after fighting bravely, failed.

After an interval, Cooper, who had often charmed the

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

audiences of this theatre, became its manager. He remodeled the interior, enlarging the number of seats to 1,600 in the three tiers of boxes, and 1,100 in the pit and gallery. Mr. Ireland thinks this assertion exaggerated, especially as the largest receipts recorded, at the regular prices, were $1,878. But of the hitherto unparalleled magnificence with which Cooper had decorated the theatre there is no doubt whatever. "The boxes, glittering in blue and white and gold, with crimson drapery at top, new and superb glass chandeliers, gorgeous mirrors"—these and other improvements too numerous, doubtless, to mention, were to be seen when Mr. Cooper opened the house with Garrick's alteration of Wycherley's "The Country Girl," on the evening of September 9th, 1807. The career of the theatre, thus newly decked, was as glorious as it had been before. Here, on January 24th, 1809, Master Payne made his first appearance on a public stage with abundant success; afterward known, both here and in England, as the "Young American Roscius"—emulating the now forgotten fame of Master Betty. He is best remembered to-day as the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

And here, on the evening of November 21st, 1810, in the play of "Richard III.," was first seen on the American stage the finest actor yet seen in this country; an actor whose equal, in certain parts, has not been seen since; an actor whose success was instantaneous and immense; an actor who gave to this city the final fire of his genius, and who left us all that is mortal of him—for he lies buried in St. Paul's churchyard, where, amid the busiest hum of traffic, a stone's throw only from the site of the theatre of his triumphs, stands a marble shaft, inscribed with the name of George Frederick Cooke.

The next few years saw Cooke followed across the water by many a star of the English theatrical firmament. T. G. Holman came first, with his daught r, who, as Mrs. Gilbert, was for many years one of the leading actresses of America. Incledon, the singer, came next—in 1817. And one year later, September 7th, 1818, saw the first appearance here of James Wallack, who, thirty years later, was to give his name to the first comedy house of the country, and to give a good example to all other managers throughout the land by the discretion, taste and skill

THOMAS A. COOPER, EARLY NEW YORK MANAGER.

EDWARD SIMPSON, MANAGER OF THE OLD PARK THEATRE.

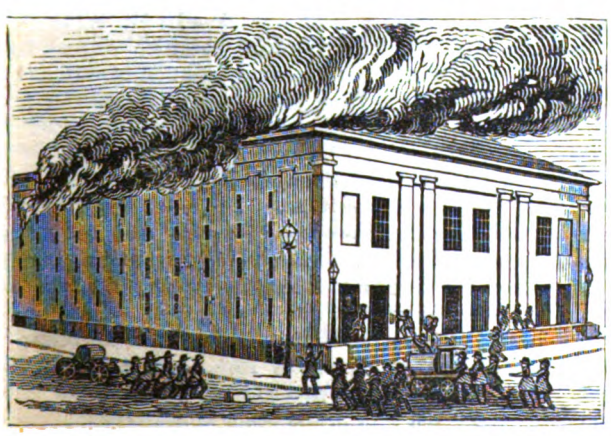
which he then displayed, and which his son has inherited from him.

Eighteen months later, May 25th, 1820, a short time after a performance of Major M. M. Noah's "Siege of Tripoli," for the benefit of the author, the theatre took fire, and was totally destroyed. It must not be supposed that during all these years the Park Theatre had been wholly without rivals; but they had, in general, been insignificant, and unworthy of notice. Among them was a little theatre in Anthony Street, which had been at one time known as the Pavilion, and which was now at once opened by the managers of the Park. And here, November 29th, 1820, Edmund Kean made his first appearance in America, playing a most successful engagement.

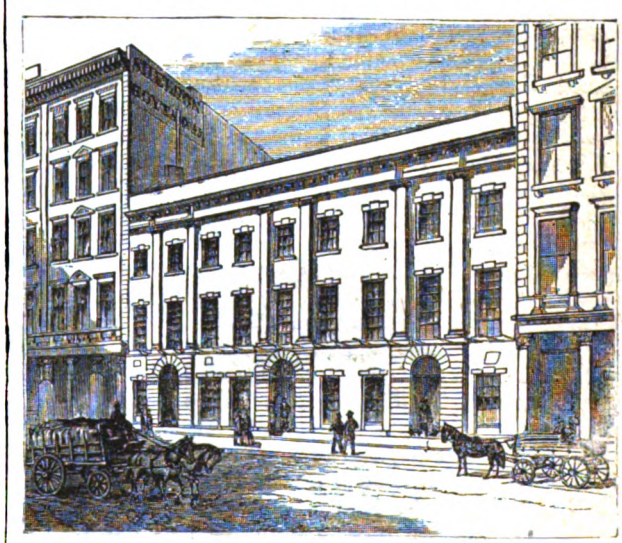
THE OLD PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK, FROM AN EARLY WOODCUT.

The rebuilding of the Park Theatre was completed in 1821, and on September 1st it opened its doors with the play of "Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are," and a poetical prologue by Charles Sprague—who, like his British fellow-craftsman, Rogers, was a banker. The house held 2,500; there were, as before, three tiers of boxes; the width of the proscenium arch was forty-five feet, and the stage was seventy feet deep. The owners of the theatre, Messrs. Astor and Beekman, had finally given the lease to Messrs. Price and Simpson, the former lessees, and thus the new Park Theatre inherited the traditions and the triumphs of the old. And to these the new theatre speedily added new triumphs of its own.

On October 5th, 1821, Junius Brutus Booth, whom Mr. Ireland calls "the little lunatic giant of the stage," made his first appearance in America, as *Richard III.*, the same part in which Cooke had won his first success here—the part in which Booth dared the rivalry of both Cooke and Kean. A year later, Charles Matthews, the elder, was first seen in the "Road to Ruin." In 1825 the Park Theatre saw the first American attempt at regular Italian opera. The impresario was Signor Garcia; the prima donna singing *Rosina*, in the "Barbiere de Seviglia"—the first opera attempted—was his daughter, afterward known to Europe and to fame as Madame Malibran. Two of the great operatic artists of this century have tried their infant talents in America—Malibran and Patti. Signora Garcia married M. Malibran here, in 1826, and retired from the stage; but she returned shortly, on her husband's failing in business. Acting at the Park Theatre with great success, she sang on Sunday at Grace Church, attracting as large and as enchanted an audience in the sacred as in the secular edifice.



BURNING OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE, FROM A CONTEMPORANEOUS WOODCUT.



PALMO'S OPERA HOUSE, CHAMBERS STREET, SUBSEQUENTLY BURTON'S THEATRE.

Within a few months the first appearance of Italian opera was followed by the first appearance of two of the foremost native representatives of comedy and of tragedy—J. H. Hackett and Edwin Forrest. And the latter was very shortly followed by his friend and future enemy, W. C. Macready.

For more than twenty-five years the Park had reigned supreme, not always alone, but always above competition. A circus or a cheap theatre now and then put in an appearance, but rarely for long. Toward the end of the first quarter of this century one of these cheap theatres, called the Chatham, from its situation, began to improve, and to become a serious rival of its elder brother. Wallack and Booth both played on its boards, and at times it presented a play as well as the Park might have done.

In 1826 a more formidable rival arose. The doors of the New York Theatre, better known to this generation as the Bowery Theatre, were thrown open on the evening of October 23d, with the "Road to Ruin"—a title of ill-omen, pointing to the future bankruptcy of the manager and burning of the theatre. It was the largest house in the country, seating about 3,000 people. Its owners meant to make it the first theatre of the city, and to that end it was lavishly adorned and decorated. Mr. Forrest played an early engagement at the Bowery; and, enticed by an offer of $500 a night coming just after her husband's bankruptcy, Mme. Malibran here first attempted a character in English Opera—that of *Count Belino* in the "Devil's Bridge"; from which, oddly enough, says Mr. Ireland, "all the music was cut, except the songs incidental to her part." And in this same first season of the Bowery Theatre, Madame Céleste made her first appearance in America. In 1828 the Bowery was burnt, and within ninety days rebuilt and reopened to the public. It was again burned and rebuilt in 1848, and after many vicissitudes, was entirely rebuilt a year ago, and reopened as a German theatre, under the name of the Thalia.

Another theatre, the Lafayette, was in the year also burnt. New York was beginning to be large enough for a variety of theatres, and the destruction of the Lafayette left the Park, the Bowery, the Chatham, and one or two other smaller and temporary theatres—including a little one called the Sans-Souci in Niblo's Garden, at the corner of Broadway and Prince Street.

Nor is the increase in the number of theatres alone a proof of the growth of the city. This can also be seen in the scattering and pushing upward of the places of amusement. From John Street to the Park was but a pace; but from the Park to Chatham Street and to the Bowery was something of a stride, and it was the first of a long series of long strides. Every new theatre was further and further from the first resting-place of the drama on our island.

In 1831, the Richmond Hill Theatre was opened at the southeast corner of Varick and Charlton Streets, once the country-seat of Aaron Burr. A year later the Chatham Theatre became the Chatham Chapel—just as the old John Street Theatre was succeeded by a church. In spite of the growth of the city, its rapid extension and its great increase in population, it was not yet ready to support so many places of amusement. Indeed, it is to be noted that a large and growing city always has more theatres than it needs. This is true of New York to-day. If two or three of the least advantageously situated and least well-built theatres were burnt or torn down, there would still remain a plenty for the needs of our amusement-seekers. And nowadays, in the struggle for existence, the theatres have got themselves classified, each sticking for the most part to the work it can do best. This is as it should be. Forty years ago nothing of the sort was known. All styles of amusement were attempted everywhere.

It was at the Richmond Hill Theatre that the Montressor Italian Opera Troupe appeared. And the Bowery, although never regarded as the equal of the Park, was always striving to be so regarded. It played tragedy, and tragedy to the best of its ability, at times and for a while rivaling the elder house. But the Park generally had the best company, and it got most of the best stars. It was the Park Theatre which, in 1832, brought out Mr. Charles Kemble and Miss Fanny Kemble, whose success was instantaneous and complete, and only equaled later by Fanny Ellsler's and Jenny Lind's. The year after, Mr. Tyrone Power put in an appearance at the Park Theatre. And it was at the Bowery, on September 12th, 1836, that Miss Charlotte Cushman came first before a New York audience; and ten days after, the Bowery Theatre again burnt down, only to be rebuilt two years later. And it was at the Park, just three months to a day after Miss Cushman's first performance at the Bowery, that Miss Ellen Tree first acted in America.

A number of theatres, large and small, opened from time to time with varying success. There was a little Franklin Theatre in Chatham Street; there was an Italian Opera House at the corner of Leonard and Church Streets, which shortly became the National Theatre, but was never successful under any name whatever, until, in 1837, Mr. Wallack took it, and gave the first real blow to the supremacy of the Park. The company he gathered there was the finest which had ever been seen in New York. And in the same year was built and opened the Olympic, at No. 444 Broadway, a theatre which afterward, in the hands of Mitchell, was to become the most mirth-provoking in the city.

Three years later, the Richmond Hill Theatre faded out of sight as the Tivoli Gardens. It is curious to note how conservative the stage is, and how a name survives after the thing has ceased to exist. We have had an Olympic until lately, and we have a Tivoli now, although the sites of their former namesakes have long been covered with stores. The Olympic was nearly as far up Broadway as Niblo's, then really a garden, and almost out of town. The next theatre faced the Park, but at some distance; it was Palmo's Opera House, in Chambers Street, and its site is now occupied by the American News Company.

The venture following this was entirely abnormal, and contrary to the current of the times: it was the opening of Castle Garden as a theatre, in June, 1847; in after days it was to be the scene of Jenny Lind's great success. In this same year another attempt was made to rival the Park. The Broadway Theatre was built, on the east side of that thoroughfare, between Pearl and Worth Streets, but it did not succeed, and after a dozen years' struggle it was torn down.

The real rival of the Park, the successful rival, and the cause of the decline and death of the Park, was the Palmo Opera House, which, in 1848, was taken by Mr. W. E. Burton, and opened by him as Burton's Theatre. At first, fate failed to smile, but at last the dramatization of "Dombey & Son," by Mr. John Brougham, brought fame and fortune to the house, and for years both smiled upon it steadily.

Another Italian Opera House had been erected by subscription the year before in Astor Place—still further and further was the drama pushed up-town. And not many years after was this opera house and the surrounding streets the scene of the bloodiest riot in this country of which the stage has been the cause.

Just as Mr. Burton had conquered success for himself, the Park Theatre, on December 16th, 1848, took fire and was burnt to the ground, never to be rebuilt. And thus was broken the last link in the chain which stretched back for nearly a century; thus perished the last vestige of the old American Company, and of the theatre with which it

had so long been connected. But if the line was thus broken—if the old dynasty was thus deposed, a new ruler had arisen, ready to carry on the government. Before the destruction of the Park, it had been slowly falling behind. Mr. Burton stood ready to take the sceptre, even before the Park was ready to lay it down. And the sceptre, when it fell from the hands of Mr. Burton, was taken by Mr. Wallack, who passed it to his son; and he holds it firmly to this day.

And with the destruction of the Park—a destruction which is, indeed, an era in the history of the New York stage—the theatres began to classify themselves, to abandon the desire to do everything, and to seek what best suited their situation and their immediate customers. The Bowery and the National became—what the former has been within the memory of even young men—the home of the purely sensational and domestic drama; akin to the transpontine theatres of London. The virtuous working-girl struggles with the villainous employer; the moral young man happens in at the nick of time, and he floors the villainous employer and marries the virtuous working-girl, and all goes well; and the curtain comes down to the plaudits of the gallery—for there is no place of amusement in the city where moral platitudes meet with so hearty a response as at the Bowery, nor is villainy ever worse punished, nor is goodness ever more justly triumphant, than in the regular Bowery play.

Not very different from the Bowery play was the class of drama performed in the "lecture room" of Barnum's Museum. From 1850 until the burning of the building at the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, in 1865, a series of "moral" plays of all kinds was therein exhibited. It was at the National that Mr. G. L. Aiken, in 1853, produced his adaptation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with G. L. Fox, C. K. Fox, and their sister, Mrs. G. C. Howard, in the cast. It ran over two hundred times—a run quite double that of any preceding play in this city. And after a lapse of a quarter of a century the piece is not yet to be played out. It seems to have got a new lease of life from the jubilee singers and other musical accompaniments which it has now been discovered to be capable of carrying.

Its only rival in attractive power was at first not a play but a part—*Mose*, the New York fireman, whom Mr. Chanfrau first personated, in 1848, making so instantaneous and emphatic a success that he was soon playing the part twice the same night in New York, and again a third time in New Jersey. The part was everything, the play mattered little, and in the course of five years, while the popularity of *Mose* endured, he was exhibited everywhere and under all circumstances—in California, in China even, and nearer at home "in a Muss."

As the Olympic Theatre—Mitchell's, the immortal *Crummles's*—fell slowly into the background, Mr. John Brougham—than whom no one was more fit—opened a theatre in Broadway, just below Broome Street, under the name of Brougham's Lyceum, designing to give a performance akin in style to the London Olympic when under the management of Madame Vestris, one of whose company the actor-author-manager had been. It was opened with an occasional rigmarole called "Brougham & Co.," on December 23d, 1850. In occasional pieces of this kind it especially excelled. Best of all was the ever-memorable "Row at the Lyceum," in which Mrs. Vernon as *Mrs. Vernon* carried off the honors of the evening. But less than two years after Mr. Brougham opened the theatre he surrendered its management to Mr. J. W. Wallack, remaining in the company, with which, up to his recent lamentable death, he was frequently connected.

Mr. Wallack brought to the theatre skill in management, prestige as an actor, and the talents of himself and his sons—one of whom, Mr. John Lester Wallack, in time inherited his prestige, his talent, his skill and his position as manager. Burton had, as we have seen, fallen heir to some part of the precedence of the Park Theatre, but in a short time Mr. Wallack swept by him, surpassing and superseding. "The hand of a master," says the historian of our stage, "was visible in every production, and the taste, elegance and propriety displayed about the whole establishment gave it a position never hitherto enjoyed in New York, except at the old Park Theatre."

For ten years Mr. Wallack managed the Lyceum with success, then the upward march of pressing commerce carried him nearly a mile further up-town. In 1862 he opened a new Wallack's Theatre at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street, which, in 1864, at his death, passed to his son. It is not too much to say that the influence for good of Wallack's Theatre upon the stage can scarcely be over-estimated. It is the one theatre of the country where actors are taught to act; it is the one theatre in the country where the traditions—often ignorantly sneered at—are preserved and applied; it is the one theatre where the comedies of another time than ours are regularly revived—their performance, although differing at times in merit, is always sufficient, and often remarkable.

Within the next few years the mortality among the down-town theatres was heavy. Burton had abandoned the Chambers Street Theatre, which was soon used for United States Court-rooms, and in 1856 followed Mr. Wallack up-town, taking a theatre in Broadway, just opposite Bond Street, which had been but recently built, and was afterward to be known as the Winter Garden Theatre. The Broadway Theatre, in Broadway near Worth Street, was torn down in 1859; its name was given to Wallack's Lyceum when Mr. Wallack moved up-town. After this theatre, too, was torn down, the title was bestowed for a while on a theatre altered from a church, opposite to the New York Hotel; it was afterward conferred on a theatre at the corner of Thirtieth Street, which had been previously known as Wood's and Banvard's Museum, and is now called Daly's New Theatre; in course of time it will doubtless designate a place of amusement in Broadway, somewhere up near the Park, when that public playground has become as central as its name.

The Astor Place Opera House and Castle Garden having been abandoned, the present Academy of Music, in 1854, was built in Fourteenth Street, at the corner of Irving Place, but a short distance from Wallack's, and for some time Fourteenth Street seemed likely to be the uttermost limit of theatrical geography.

Broadway retained its popularity as a main thoroughfare for playhouses, which began to be strung along its sides at irregular intervals. Laura Keene's New Theatre, at Nos. 622 and 624 Broadway, was opened in 1856; later, it was known as the Olympic, the little theatre at No. 444 which had borne that name having given it up, to be known only by its number, until its destruction by fire in 1866. The great triumph of Laura Keene's was "Our American Cousin," produced in 1858, with Mr. Joseph Jefferson as *Asa Trenchard*, and Mr. Sothern as *Lord Dundreary*; its success had been unequaled but by "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The Olympic, having outlived its usefulness, was torn down the past Summer. The Bowery was joined, in 1859, by a New Bowery, burnt in 1866. Barnum's has been burnt twice, once on the corner of Ann Street, once again further up, at the Chinese Buildings, near Prince Street. The Winter Garden has been burnt, so has a little theatre opposite Waverley Place, from which it took its name, and once

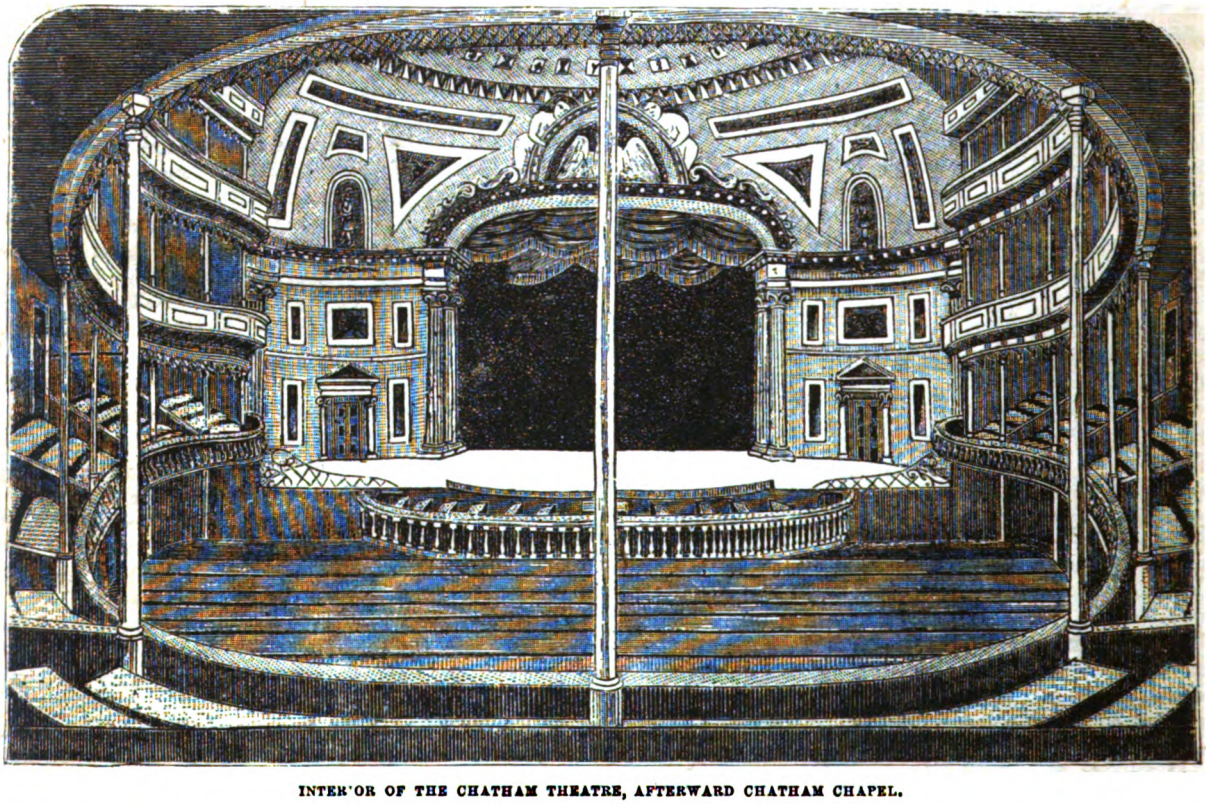
known as Hope Chapel. The Academy of Music has been burnt and rebuilt. Indeed, it seems as though the drama in America had undergone the ordeal by fire, and if it be not purified, certainly it is not for want of a furnace. The list of theatres burnt is a long one and a sad one, even when there was no loss of life.

In 1864, Mr. Booth played a series of his parts at the Winter Garden Theatre, and, after a Summer of preparation, he produced there, on November 21st, the tragedy of "Hamlet," with a studied and skillful splendor which—together with his own remarkable personation of the sad, mad prince—achieved for the play a run of one hundred nights, until then unequaled, but since accomplished by Mr. Henry Irving in London, a city of four times the population New York then had. "Hamlet" was followed, in 1866, by "Richelieu," and in 1867 by "The Merchant of Venice," all presented with equal beauty of adornment and lavishness of expense. But on March 23d, 1867, the theatre was burnt, never to be rebuilt.

Deprived thus of a resting-place in this city, Mr. Booth determined on a house of his own, and on February 3d, 1869, with the play of "Romeo and Juliet," he opened Booth's Theatre. This building, the best in America for its purpose, and the most beautiful, stands on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, and, although Mr. Booth is no longer its manager, it has for now nearly ten years been the foremost theatre in the country for the presentation of lofty tragedy, the larger romantic dramas, and spectacles erected around a worthy play.

For several years prior to the opening of Booth's, the theatre which had been erected in Niblo's Garden, succeeding the smaller house we have already mentioned, had been given up to unworthy shows, glittering, gaudy and meaningless. The "Black Crook," produced there, achieved an extraordinary success. It was followed by other spectacles similar, but with less or no success. Taking a cue from Niblo's, the Olympic brought out a panto-mime, "Humpty Dumpty," illustrated by the genius—for it could scarcely be called else—of the late G. L. Fox as *Clown*. Both theatres felt the full effect of over-abundant success—both languished, and to-day both have dropped out of the list of theatres about which the intelligent part of the public cares at all. Booth's Theatre, by nearly always spending its strength on work of real value held its own, although errors in management resulted in the bankruptcy of Mr. Booth. But the good work of the theatre lived after Mr. Booth left it, and leavened even the dull dough which has been shown there now and then since his departure.

Rivaling in a coarser way with Booth's Theatre, is the Grand Opera House, built in the same street as Booth's, but two blocks further west, at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. The misplaced name has lain heavily on the house. Opera, grand and petty, Italian, German and French, has been tried, and so has almost everything else, with but one result—failure. For a few years past it seems to have found its real mission—to present plays and players who have won success elsewhere to large audiences at low prices.



INTERIOR OF THE CHATHAM THEATRE, AFTERWARD CHATHAM CHAPEL.

In 1868 Mr. Brougham opened another theatre—a very pretty little house, in Twenty-fourth Street, just back of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It soon changed hands, and after a while Mr. Augustin Daly became its manager. He called it the Fifth Avenue Theatre, engaged a strong company, and produced standard comedies in generous rivalry with Mr. Wallack. But he soon pre-empted a claim for himself, and in a short time his theatre became generally known for its performance of highly-wrought domestic drama, called "emotional," and taken for the most part from the French. In 1873, Mr. Daly was burnt out, and a few months later he built and opened another theatre under the same name in Twenty-eighth Street, near Broadway. It is to be noted that, in spite of its name, the Fifth Avenue Theatre was never in Fifth Avenue.

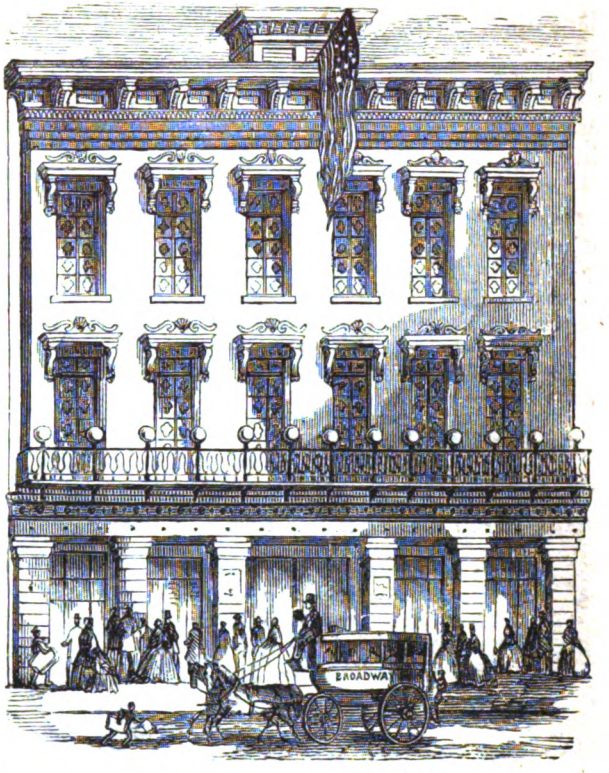
Notwithstanding Mr. Daly's industry, his enterprise and his lavishness—because, possibly, of this last—he was forced finally to give up the lease, and the beautiful and commodious theatre he erected is now in the hands of the ubiquitous Mr. Haverly.

Mr. Daly, having discovered anew the French drama, was not allowed to occupy it alone. A theatre in Fourteenth Street, east of Broadway, and facing Union Square, from which it took its name, after having been used for a year as a variety show, was opened as a comedy house, and has since then enjoyed an almost uninterrupted prosperity. Although it has produced a few English and American plays, the Union Square Theatre has relied mainly on the French dramatists, and not without reason, as the long runs of "Agnes," "The Two Orphans" and "A Celebrated Case" attest.

Two other theatres, both younger and smaller, demand attention. One is the Standard, opened as the Eagle; it is in Sixth Avenue, near Thirty-third Street; it has been a "variety show," but, like the Union Square, it has experienced a change of heart, and is now devoted to more elevating entertainments. Under the skillful direction of Mr. William Henderson, a veteran manager, it has won a pronounced and deserved success. The other is called the Park—because it is between Union and Madison Parks; it is in Broadway, near Twenty-first Street. It has devoted itself to farcial comedy, more especially of American making.

The Windsor Theatre, in the Bowery, almost opposite the old Bowery Theatre, was formerly known as the Stadt Theatre, and devoted to German opera and drama. In Fourteenth Street, behind the Academy of Music, and forming part of Tammany Hall, is the little Germania Theatre, occupied by an admirable German company of comedians and comic opera-singers. A theatre for French comedy and opera was built in Fourteenth Street, just west of Sixth Avenue, but it never succeeded, and after various vicissitudes it became known as the Lyceum Theatre. It is now called Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre.

The Madison Square Theatre, erected within the past year on the site of the original Fifth Avenue Theatre in Twenty-fourth Street, is noteworthy as the outcome of some of the peculiar ideas in theatrical construction entertained by Mr. Steele Mackaye, its manager. It has a double stage, so arranged by a system of pulleys, cables and counterpoises, that one stage may descend into a vault excavated beneath, while the other takes its place. This renders it possible to reduce the intervals between the acts to less than five minutes. This house is chiefly devoted to modern society plays.



BROADWAY THEATRE, ABOUT 1855.

And these—with a few minstrel halls and variety shows, and an occasional circus and a Summer-garden or two—these are the places of amusement where the busy New Yorkers, and their wives and their children, and the strangers within their gates, seek rest and recreation after the toiling and the moiling of the day. There are theatres here for all tastes, and as our taste improves our theatre will improve with us, mirroring for us with what exactness it may our fancies and foibles and freaks, and setting us, as best it knows how, an example and a model for us to follow, if we are so minded.

BOWERY THEATRE.

CLEANLINESS AND HEALTH.—Not only does the health of mankind depend much upon their cleanliness, but cleanliness is one of the principles of activity, their internal satisfaction, and even, in certain respects, their morality. Uncleanly villages and huts are the favorite abodes of idleness, degradation, bad faith, theft, and all the vices. A want of cleanliness injures not only the purity of the body, but that of the soul itself.

ROBIN AND I: A RUSTIC SONG.

By Fanny Forrester.

Down in the meadow, where the red clover
Sheds its sweet fragrance to coax the wild bee,
Soon as the heat of the noonday is over,
Blithe as young children, contented and free—
Cheered like the birds with the fine Summer weather,
Charmed with the blue of the earth-arching sky,
Weaving bright fancies, we saunter together,
Happy, how happy! dear Robin and I!

Laughing, he twines me a garland of daisies,
Pink-lipped and dewy, to wear in my hair;
Warm grows my cheek, for he whispers fond praises,
While his brown fingers stray lovingly there.
Dearest of fancies! his true heart rejoices,
Not in the wildflowers that round our feet lie;
Not in the birds that with shrill little voices
Sing till we chide them, dear Robin and I!

No; 'tis the thought that when cold winds are blowing,
Scaring the song-birds and chilling the flowers,
Pure and unchanging our love shall be glowing,
Cheering our lives in their dreariest hours.
Slyly he slips a wee ring on my finger—
Goldfinch and throstle, still fluttering nigh,
Ask one another how long we shall linger,
Talking sweet secrets, dear Robin and I!

Clearly the brooklet, that through the green cresses
Giddy with joyfulness dances along,
Shows us the shimmer of daisy-bound tresses,
Mingles *two* names in its fairy-like song;
While the soft breezes, so gentle, so loving,
Steal through the flowers with a tremulous sigh;
Round the gay heads of the buttercups roving,
Seeming to whisper, "Dear Robin and I!"

"Dearest!" I murmur, with tenderest pity,
"Scorning the jewels that spangle the field,
Thousands are seeking for wealth in the city,
While the rich treasures that nature doth yield,
Far from the toiling, the dust and the shadow,
Live their sweet lives out, then wither and die."
Ah, in the Summertime rove we the meadow,
Rich beyond measure, dear Robin and I!

When the round moon rises stately and brightly,
Tipping with silver the mountains afar,
O'er the pale green of the grass gleaming whitely,
Hand-locked we watch for the first blinking star.
Far in the village bright tapers are burning,
Guiding us home, when we whisper "Good-by";
Then in the hush of the evening returning,
Happy, how happy! dear Robin and I!

"A FEW FRIENDS AND A LITTLE MUSIC."

When Music, heavenly maid! was young, she had poetry written to her, and pretty things said, as had many a young woman before her; and, like many a woman, she has lived to that age when fewer pretty things are said, but when a substantial friendship has taken the place of a fugitive love. Music now has become a part of the business of life; no profession is more sure to succeed than that of the music-teacher; no room is so crowded as that of the concert; no good opera fails; the performer on almost any instrument, if he plays well, can make a living; and, what is better, the musical artist is received with respect and confidence in society. Time was when "Frenchman" and "Fiddler" were terms of reproach. They are so no longer.

But if music, which is indeed one of the passions, like love and joy and hatred, is enjoyed by one-half the human race, from the little boy or the negro who follows the military band down the street, up to the German who sits listening to inextricable musical ideas making their slow way through a maze of discords, half lost in a mathematical calculation, and partly curious to see the thing out of the jungle, so it is a source of misery to the other half, who have a love of music in its simpler, but no love of it in its more complicated, forms.

Probably the heroic sufferings of many a person who has gone to a classical concert because he thought he must, and who has been bored and wearied beyond measure, would melt Polyhymnia herself, could she hear them told. But patience is always rewarded, for the musicians would become lenient and play a bit of Cherubini, and nymphs and fairies would seem to come out against the background of a dreary symphony, and Arcadia would dawn for the patient listener; or some sweet strain of Mozart or Carl Von Weber, whom anybody could understand, would steal across his senses, and the seeker after classical music would be encouraged, and think that it was not so dreadful, after all.

But what torture to the lover of real melody, the man who has no theoretical knowledge of music, and no cultivation of what is now called classical music, is the playing of some great German "Musc. Doct." who is as dry as dust, and who disdains melody as a poor, weak tribute to the senses! There should be a hospital for husbands and fathers who have to go with highly cultivated wives and daughters to hear such—

> "And silence like a poultice came
> To heal the wounds of sound,"

for they suffer greatly, and not always silently. As music has such powers of boredom in it, it becomes the giver of musical parties to bear this in mind, and to diligently and studiously compose a programme for a musical party which shall bore nobody.

There is no doubt that a well-arranged musical party, with the atmosphere cool, the seats comfortable, the light tempered, the women well-dressed and beautiful to look at, and the pianoforte solo left out by particular request, is the most enjoyable of all the forms of modern entertainment.

The pianoforte solo is apt to be trying, for it is necessarily long, and, in these days, necessarily erudite. Rubinstein, and such as he (if there are any), and two or three female pianists, and Max Vogritch, do not tire one—neither does Mills; but how many difficult piano pieces have we all heard, when we have echoed Dr. Johnson's prayer: "It is difficult! Would to God it were impossible!"

The piano, being a limited instrument at best, and monotonous and poor after brass, is perhaps the most tiresome, as it is the most common, of all the forms of musical tyranny unless admirably played. It is like plain cooking, nothing if not perfect, then incomparable. Therefore, the hostess is advised to administer piano very sparingly—a dashing duet, or a very taking piece, or a very soft, gentle and short composition, making you wish to hear more—these may all be indulged in moderation, but not too much erudite piano.

The vocal music must be very graciously bestowed, not too much Italian bravura imperfectly done. We who have heard Jenny Lind and Nilsson and Patti, Titiens and Gerster, are somewhat fastidious about our bravuras, and we do not like counterfeits. The American, especially the New York, amateur, is a very good one, and we are apt to be pleased, but sometimes we are very much constrained to say we are when we are not.

French romances and English ballads are always delightful. How one welcomes the old English ballad! It is as refreshing as a shower on a hot, dry afternoon. The roses of conversation blossom after it; it is the gift of heaven. Men and women singers should cultivate the English and Scotch ballad. Antoinette Sterling had but to sing the "Three Fishers," or "Caller Herrin'," to make every human soul happy within the sound of her voice; and Miss Cary, at crowded Saratoga, sent every one away with pleasant tears in their eyes as she sang "The Last Rose of Summer," or "Auld Robin Grey."

It is a rollicking, delightful pleasure to hear the old Jacobite relics, and there is no better piece of poetry or music than "Here's a Health to King Charles." Such plaintive strains as "Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True," awaken echoes to which every ear listens; they are the echoes from another world—perhaps that spirit one which we like to think is not far off from the one in which we live and move and have our being. All of Moore's songs are good, and not too hackneyed now.

A clever remark of an English singer, that Dickens, by putting into Dick Swiveller's mouth certain lines of popular ballads, such as "My Love is Like the Red, Red Rose," had killed off many poor ballads, and some good ones, is very true; it absolutely drove out of fashion such charming songs as "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and "My Soul is Dark," "Take Hence the Bowl, though Beaming," "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes," and many others, until Madame Patey and Edith Wynne and Santley reintroduced them to us in that delightful company—badly managed and too little patronized—who visited us three Winters ago.

Comic songs should never be sung by a woman, or very rarely. Such nonsense as "Katy's Letter" is poor, very poor. But a man may sometimes sing a comic song, particularly of the modern negro minstrelsy, or Sam Cowell, or burlesque school, for under these aliases come to us very much good music. The airs of some of these songs are exquisite, and one or two are Beethoven and Mozart slightly disguised; some are from that fine old well of Dr. Arne, Handel and Haydn, and the early English composers. There is a song in the Beggar's Opera—"Cease Your Funning"—which is delightful, and now used as a comic song.

But for parlor music to a cultivated audience, there is, of course, no end of choice. There are many clever amateurs, and much possibility of having a quintet of strings, which is very enjoyable. The violoncello, now so fashionable, is well played by a dozen persons in one musical society; there are any number of good violinists; the pianists are innumerable; a few play the oboe, that beautiful reed, and a few touch the zither, cyther, zitter or zittern, as you choose to spell that lovely Alpine harp, which seems to have brought away with it the solitude and loneliness and charm of the mountains.

So that the hostess who would give a musical party has an *embarras de richesse*. Her great danger is in giving too much. Little enough, should be her motto, and a vivid alternation from grave to gay, from lively to serene, should be the musical bill of fare.

One word as to crowded rooms. They are very bad for music. One lady going up to the piano to sing, stumbled over a fine reproduction in bronze of the "Dying Gladiator." "Oh!" said she, quickly—

> "There are my young Barbèdiennes all at play,
> And here is their dashing mother."

Perhaps Barbèdienne had never been so wittily quoted before, in all his clever, inconvenient bronze groups; but in spite of the opportunity to make a double pun, one would rather not tumble over the "Dying Gladiator." An empty music-room would be the most agreeable of all adjuncts to a house; curtains, statuary, pictures, heavy carpets, are bad for sound. Even the statue of Orpheus may keep away the cadenza which we are waiting for. Those who give musical parties conscientiously, will push all the heavy pieces out of the room; but who can empty at a glance one of our modern parlors? Artistic litter is very charming for all the arts but music, but that asks a fair field and no favor.

The fights amongst musical people, the jealousies and the difficulties of making most harmonious people harmonize, is too old a story to be reproduced here. There is no such exquisite envy; no accomplishment which seems so to sour the temper, as the pursuit of that most tranquilizing and sweetest of all the soothers of melancholy since David played on the harp to Saul! Mario was jealous of Grisi: it is said that he could not bear to hear her applauded.

> "Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed—
> Sad proof of thy distrustful state!
> Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
> And now it courted Love, and now it called on Hate!"

Of course, the devoted soul who aspires to form a musical club, or to give a musical party, has had to meet these contradictory elements more than once. The soprano will not give one song if the contralto is to have two; Miss Polyhymnia will not sing, if that dreadful Miss Euterpe is to be of the party; Mr. Apollo has a cold, and Mr. Orpheus is out of town, or will be—all this happens after they have all accepted, and, what is worse, after the guests have accepted. There is dear useful Miss Clio—she will sing or play for ever; but everybody has heard her, and nobody wants to hear her again. At seven o'clock everybody has quarreled, refused, and is angry; at eight, the hostess tears her hair, "recoils at the sound herself has made," and vows never to give another musical party. At nine, every musician comes, in perfectly good voice, and the party goes off superbly. Hostess is congratulated, and goes to bed at two, to dream distractedly of Collins's "Ode to the Passions."

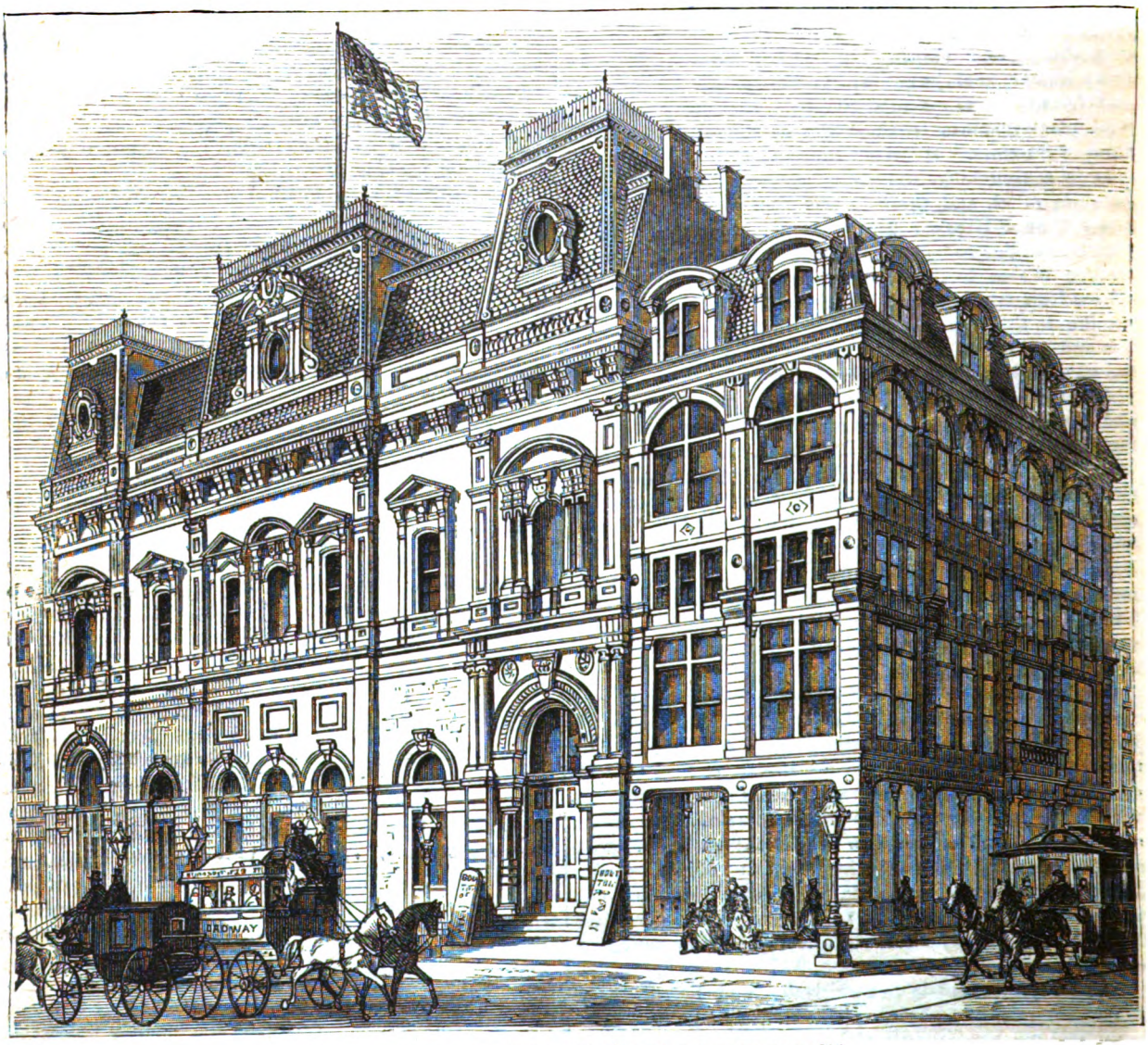
There have been very admirable musical parties given in New York. One lady filled her rooms with the Philharmonic Society, and produced a symphony written by her son. Many a trembling *débutante* who now fills a crowded opera house, and one who fills a throne (Miss Henzler), have sung first in some *salon* crowded with fashion—a more severe ordeal than the public concert-room. The artists have all served their turn at the private musical party. Brignoli has sung "Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by" more charmingly in parlors than in concert-rooms. Then the glee clubs—how often have they conduced to the delight of the private party! An old English glee club, with four voices (and Mr. Beard one of them), is the perfection of that kind of singing.

The well-known Mendelssohn Glee Club has such fame and name, that it is unnecessary to speak of it. But once, perhaps, have they sung in a private parlor, and then for the Dean of Westminster at Mr. Cyrus Field's. But Mr.

Field's hospitality is so princely that his house almost ceases to be a private house.

To one thing the hostess who would give a musical party must confine herself: she must have a seat for everybody. Nothing can be so terrible as to play *cavalier seul*—everybody seated and one poor wretch standing, whilst a remorseless performer is singing or playing against time.

Room, coolness, good music judiciously selected, a seat for everybody, and, as we have said, not too much music, and appropriate intervals for conversation; a good supper afterward (for music, like other intellectual and sensuous pleasures, such as going to see a good play, makes one very hungry), and you have the best possible way of spending an evening—"A few friends and a little music."



THE THEATRES OF NEW YORK.—BOOTH'S THEATRE.—SEE PAGE 385.

GLOVES.

Skins with the hair on were frequently used in the Middle Ages, as, according to the passage of Musonius quoted by Casaubon, they had been by the ancients. They are frequently mentioned as having been worn by husbandmen in England. Casaubon notes the circumstance that the rustics of his day made use of gloves. There is nothing in that passage to show that he was speaking of England; he may very possibly have seen it in France. In England, at any rate, "the Monastery of Bury allowed its servants twopence apiece for glove-silver in Autumn" (Pegge Missc. Car.), and at a later date, in Laneham's account of the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, 1575, the rural bridegroom had "a payr of harvest gloves as a sign of good husbandry." Upon the coronation of Petrarch at Rome as the "prince of poets," gloves of otter-skin were put on his hands, the satirical explanation being given that the poet, like the otter, lives by rapine. The modern ladies' glove of four-and-twenty has had its prototype, for in the fourteenth century the nobility of France began to wear gloves reaching to the elbow. These gloves were, at times, like the more familiar stockings, which they must have much resembled, used as purses. Notwithstanding their length, it was always looked upon as decorous for the laity to take off their gloves in church, where ecclesiastics alone might wear them. The custom still obtains in the Church of England at the Sacrament, though it is plain that it had not arisen in this connection in the first instance, since in the Roman ritual the communicant does not

handle the consecrated wafer. It was, perhaps, regarded as a proof and symbol of clean hands, for to this day persons sworn in law courts are compelled to remove their gloves. There is, probably, too, some relation between this feeling and a curious Saxon law, which forbade the judges to wear gloves while sitting on the bench. The gloves of the judges were, like those of the bishops, a mark of their rank. The portraits of the judges, painted by order of the Corporation of London, in the reign of Charles II., and hanging in the courts at Guildhall, represent them with fringed and embroidered gloves. It was probably not in reference to the judges that a cant term for a bribe was "a pair of gloves." When Sir Thomas More was Chancellor, he happened to determine a cause in favor of a lady named Croaker, who displayed her gratitude by sending him a New Year's gift with forty angels in them. Sir Thomas returned the money with the following letter: "Mistress: Since it were against good manners to refuse your New Year's gift, I am content to take your gloves, but as for the lining, I utterly refuse it."

MY NARROW ESCAPE.—"'HERE! HI, CERVANTES!' I SHOUTED TO THE OLD RASCAL IN FRONT WHO WAS TO TAKE CHARGE OF ME. BUT HE WAS SO INTERESTED IN THE PURSUIT THAT HE TOOK NO NOTICE OF ME."

MY NARROW ESCAPE.

MORNING in Mexico—bright, glorious, inspiring morning in a land of flowers, sunshine, delicious breezes, open plains, and wondrous woods teeming with strange life, and where, on rising with the sun, the air seemed as inebriating as so much champagne.

I was there on a half-naturalist, half-hunting expedition, and a more invigorating, delightful time I never spent than at the hacienda of my friend, John Smith, or, as his *savaneros* called him, Don Juan Smiddi.

He had been out in Mexico, leading the free life of a grazier and savage farmer for ten years; he spoke Spanish like a native, and, with his black mustache, closely cropped black hair, pointed beard and swarthy face, he would have passed for the best don amongst them.

"And do you really like the life?" I said to him.

"Like it, my dear boy! Why, I'm a king here. What are my troubles? Trifles about the stock—squabbles amongst my men, upon which I deliver judgment. While, as to my advantages, what are they not? I should have died of consumption at home, a poor man; here I am sound as a roach; money comes as fast as I want it, and, in place of a narrow, beggarly, tattling civilization, I have freedom and the joys of this half-barbaric life. You have been here now two months. What do you say to it?"

"That I want to stop," I said, merrily.

And I staid.

There was a hunt in progress—a hunt for a simarron—and I wanted to go and join in.

Now, as I had never heard of a simarron before, I shall take it for granted that you never heard of such a creature till I mentioned it here, and I shall proceed to explain what it is.

At a hacienda like my friend's, situated amongst wild pampas and adjoining the primeval forest, where you could gallop for miles and still be on the land he considered as appertaining to him, one of the principal elements of wealth consists of cattle.

MY NARROW ESCAPE.—"ONE POOR FELLOW'S LASSO CAUGHT THE SIMARRON BY ONE HORN. HE WAS DRAGGED OUT OF THE SADDLE BY THE ANIMAL'S RUSH, AND ONE ARM WAS BROKEN."

These animals partake to a certain extent of the nature of the country, and have a decided tendency to wildness; but the cows, bulls, calves, and the generality of the oxen, are pretty well managed by the *savaneros*—men who are almost always in the saddle, tiring out half a dozen horses a day sometimes in their long gallops to fetch up errant herds, or to lasso and drive in beasts for the butcher's knife, at the corral of the hacienda or farm.

It is a hard life, that of the *savanero;* but he is free and happy. He has to face the savage attacks of fierce members of the herd, falls from his horse, injuries from savage beasts, bites from tarantulas and snakes, and to tend the wounds received by the herd he watches; but his greatest difficulty is with the simarrons.

Every now and then an ox, which has been brought up to the corral for turning into beef, tallow and leather, turns savage, breaks away, and, wise from his experience of what is intended for him, runs wild, and goes in for a life in the woods. Now, this wild ox, which becomes intensely savage, even as it grows active, swift and beautiful in its muscular proportions, is called a "simarron."

A cattle-grazier looks upon the escape of one of these beasts a serious loss—not so much from the intrinsic value of the one ox, but on account of its being the thin end of the wedge for what might be very serious from other animals being so badly watched that they might follow its example; so, when it is known that there is a simarron in the forest, the owner of the hacienda gives his men strict orders to lasso or shoot the beast; and if this is not done soon, in consequence of its fierceness and cunning, the final word is given, and it is this:

"No more beef will be served out to the men—they must kill the simarron, and cut him up."

Of course, this means first catch your wild ox—and a general hunt follows.

It was to this hunt I was going on the beautiful morning I have named. Smith said I had better not go, when I told him my wishes the night before.

"It is madness," he said. "No one can stand it but a man who has grown into his saddle."

"Oh, I can ride," I said.

"Yes, but that is not all," he said. "These simarrons are regular demons of cunning and strength. You see one, and if he does not charge you, he dashes right at the forest behind him, apparently at a great curtain of leaves. He knows his place, and away he disappears; the leaves close behind him, and he is gone. He can gallop through the wood; but it would take you an hour, sword in hand, to cut yourself a way even through the leaves that bar the way."

"I'll risk all that," I said, "for the sake of the adventure."

"Very well," he said, smiling; "go, and I'll give you half an hour. At the end of that time, you'll have had enough of it."

"We will see," I said, laughing.

"We will," he said. "You had better follow Cervantes—he is the oldest and most trustworthy of the men, and I dare say he will try to protect you, as well as give you a good view of the hunt. What are you going to ride?"

"Black Don," I said.

"No, no, old fellow," he replied. "He is too good and too handsome for the purpose. You'll bring him back with his flanks torn with thorns, if not with horns, and his eyes cut out. Take one of my old *savaneros*."

I agreed, and at five o'clock that morning the *patio* was all astir with the mounted men, laughing, chatting, and eager for the hunt, while those who had to stay looked doleful and discontented.

I heard the clattering of hoofs as I went out, and one of the men brought me a miserable-looking little steed. His knees were chipped, his tail ragged, and his coat none of the best; but after I had been on his back half an hour, I found he was a horse of good blood and mettle, while he had the training and sagacity which enabled him to avoid at full gallop the various dangerous obstacles in a place bristling with fallen trunks. He was also wonderfully sure-footed in rocky places, and could change from a gallop to a walk with great rapidity.

Altogether, I found that I was mistaken in rashly judging the qualities of my steed, so I would not venture to say anything about it to Cervantes.

He was a great, gaunt, Spanish half-breed, dry, gray-haired and angular, and moved in jerks, like an automaton. He put me greatly in mind of Don Quixote. A cup of coffee made us friends, and at last with a cheer we set off.

By six o'clock we had entered the virgin forest, a sombre, strangely oppressive place. The tracks of animals had grown more scarce, and disappeared.

Cervantes, however, seemed to know his way, and led the train of horsemen steadily on, vowing by all the saints that he would bring back the simarron, dead or alive.

Every man carried his strong lasso of green hide, and had at his belt the inevitable machete, that strong half-breed between a knife and a sword, who had had a relative once that was a butcher's chopper.

For there no man thought of stirring without his machete, which was in frequent requisition for cutting the longer creepers and brushwood that intercepted our way.

Some of the men carried a gun, while those who were not so armed had their ordinary herdsman's pricker or lance, mounted at the end with a keen, long spear-blade, used upon such occasions, and a thrust from which would be fatal to any animal.

These spears, I heard, were of excellent temper and elasticity, and were for the most part forged by the native blacksmiths out of barrel-stakes.

I can't say much for the guns which my companions carried. They looked as if they dated back to the days of the conquest of Mexico, and to me they seemed as if they ought rather to have been in the collection of an antiquary than in the hands of the poor people, whom they were bound to kill some day or other.

About seven o'clock there was a short council held, and then the party separated, leaving Cervantes and me together.

"I say, old fellow," I said, "you must go a little easier now. I'm not up to this bush-hacking. I can't go on cutting these lianos and things. My arm aches so now, that I shall never be able to take aim."

Cervantes answered not a word, but went on sawing away at the creepers that impeded his progress, while I was lying flat on the back of my horse, going down its side, creeping under it—doing, in short, a kind of monkey-gymnastic series of feats—to avoid being knocked off by branches hanging in wild vines, or torn to death by thorny creepers; for, no matter what took place, or how rough was the dense undergrowth, on went my horse, following closely the one before him.

After about twenty minutes of these exhibitions of circus-riding without a circus, I began to think very seriously of what John Smith had said, and I gave up, dead beat.

My legs were torn, my loins bruised, my ribs crushed, my cartridge-belt was half dragged off, my clothes ragged, and I felt full of thorns and bits of dead stick.

As for my stirrups, I could feel them no longer; the perspiration ran down my face and off my hands.

"Here!—hi, Cervantes!" I shouted to the old rascal in front, who was to take charge of me.

But he was so interested in the pursuit that he took no notice of me.

For, just then, the forest began to echo with the wild cries of his companions; and, with all the old hunter's instinct aroused in him, he hurried on, and in five minutes I was left alone.

"Hang the simarron!" I gasped.

And, as there was just room, I got off my horse and fastened his bridle to a branch, for he wanted to follow my guide's example, and to leave me alone.

"Oh, for a good drink of water!" I cried, as I regretted coming without a gourd slung at my side.

What was I to do? Parched as I was, I felt that I must drink or faint; so I began to look about me till, on the left, it appeared to me that the undergrowth looked greener—a sure sign of the neighborhood of water.

What I wanted to find was one of the chasms or cracks

in the rocky earth, which occur frequently in these latitudes, and at the bottom of which there is generally a stream.

"Come along!" I cried to my horse; and, unfastening his bridle, I led him with one hand, while I advanced slowly, keeping my machete going to cut down the creepers and bushes, without doing which I could not have advanced an inch.

Now, you kind friends who have never traveled, just pause for a moment, and listen to this arborescent mathematical sum, and then you will have some idea of what I had to encounter.

Take ten square yards of the toughest and oldest blackberry-bramble thicket, and multiply it by a twenty-year-old quickset hedge. Next, square the product. Cube it. Add ten thousand tubs of aloes. Multiply by eight million cacti. And the product will be something like this virgin forest.

As I expected, I arrived soon at the edge of a little cañon, whose further side was not many yards away; but how deep this crack in the soil was I could not tell, for the dense vegetation.

It seemed to me very evident that my guide had been manœuvring so as to get to the head of this cañon, where there would be probably a good spot for a shot; but he had gone, and all I knew of the whereabouts of him and his companions was a distant shout now and then.

I wished I had followed him, because then I could have sat down and rested, and perhaps got a shot at the game as well.

Perhaps there would be time now, but I could do nothing until I had had some water.

At my feet was this ravine, with its precipitous sides; so, hunting about, I found a lump of rock nearly covered with leaf-soil, and digging it out with my machete, after being nearly hung up three or four times by my gun, which was slung over my shoulder, I replaced my great hunting-knife in its sheath, and carried the stone to the edge of the ravine.

Crash—rush—splash!

The stone forced its way through the dense undergrowth as I threw it out into the middle, and evidently it fell into the water about a hundred feet or so below where I stood.

"Stop here, old boy," I said to my horse, as I saw that he was well secured; and then, going once more to the edge, I prepared to descend.

"A nice place for jaguars, serpents, centipedes and unclean beasts of all descriptions!" I thought, as I picked out a likely spot; and then, clinging to the branches, bushes and creepers, I began to descend.

Great trees grew from the sides, regular forest monarchs; and every minute, as I slowly crept down the great green chimney I made for myself, some great, snag-like, old, half-dead bough would seem to stick itself straight out on purpose to hook the strap of my gun, and stop my further progress.

I should think this happened a dozen times; but I would not part from so valuable a companion, and down I kept on, slipping and climbing slowly, sending little, vicious-looking snakes and lizards scuffling off, till I got about eighteen feet from the water, when I was so thoroughly hitched by a short dead bough sticking from a huge trunk, as I clung to a liana, that I was glad to slip out of the sling, leave the gun hanging, and slide down the rest of the way, thanking my stars that I had not broken my neck in the attempt. There ran a beautiful, clear rill of water at my feet; and, stooping, I drank heartily and long, scaring a lovely little green frog as I did so.

Then, rising, I was admiring the beauty of the green, palm-like plants in the cool, gloomy, shady place, and it seemed to me that the best thing I could do was to walk slowly up the bed of the little rivulet to the head, instead of climbing up the steep side of the cañon.

I had made up my mind to this, and climbed up a step or two to get my gun, when I heard a savage roar, and directly afterward a splendid beast came into sight, galloping down the bed of the stream at a headlong pace, with part of a lasso twisted round one of its short, sharp-curved horns.

"No gun!" I groaned, as the beast gave a jerk at me with its head, which brought a horn within a few inches of my waistband, and then it was gone.

I had scarcely got my breath, which was taken away by the suddenness of the attack, when I heard the stones rattle in the bed of the stream, and the savage-looking beast galloped back.

It stopped short opposite to me, lowered its head and shook it, looking at me alternately with each of its fiery eyes, while its glossy flanks heaved, its tail lashed the air, and with one hoof it pawed and tore up the stones and water.

I was standing, holding on with one arm to the rock, and I regret to say that I had not presence of mind enough to draw my machete, and try to do the matador work of the bull-fighter. All I could do was to stand still watching my fierce enemy, expecting each moment that it would dash forward and bury its horns in my chest.

I believe there were only a few moments' suspense, but it seemed like an hour before there came, plainly heard from above, the shouts of the savaneros; when the animal threw up its head, snorted, and, turning, dashed away down the leafy tunnel formed by the trees arching over the stream, and was gone.

I gave a sigh of relief, and then felt mad with myself for being such a pitiful huntsman as to leave my gun.

So, giving up the idea of going up the stream, partly because I must climb up to get my gun, and partly because I heard my companions overhead, I began to climb, got my gun, slung it with some difficulty across my shoulder, and then, at the end of a minute, got it off again, for it kept on catching the trees and arresting my progress in this really thorny and difficult climb.

When at last, after endless slips and scratchings, I got within thirty feet of the top, I had to stop, for I could get no further without walking like a fly; and I was about to descend, and try to get to the top by going up the stream, when I heard voices, and, on shouting, Cervantes answered:

"Hallo!" he said; "how did you get there?"

"Never mind," I said, sulkily, as I peered up at his grim face looking over the edge of the precipice—"never mind how I got here. How am I to get out?"

For answer he shouted to some of his companions, and then lowered down his lasso.

"Hold tight," he said.

And I did, and was ignominiously hauled out by half a dozen men, to mount my horse, scratched, tired, bruised, and worried by the worst temper I was ever in.

My sourness was not greater than that of my companions, especially that of one poor fellow, who had thrown his lasso, catching the simarron by one horn, when the lasso broke, but not until its owner was dragged out of the saddle by the animal's rush, and one arm was broken.

We had a dreary ride back. Don Juan, as they called him, bullied the whole party, and laughed at me, saying:

"I told you so."

But I was not beaten. I went that same afternoon and found Cervantes.

MY NARROW ESCAPE.—"I HEARD A SAVAGE ROAR, AND DIRECTLY AFTERWARD A SPLENDID BEAST CAME INTO SIGHT, GALLOPING DOWN THE BED OF THE STREAM AT A HEADLONG PACE."

"Could you find the place where that beast sleeps at night?" I said.

"Yes," he replied; "but what's the good of that?"

"I'll show you," I said. "You and I will go and shoot him to-night."

I set to with my preparations, getting an old frying-pan, in which I mixed some resin and cotton refuse. To the handle I tied a forked stick, arranging it with stakes and stumps, so that the pan would hang behind me from my shoulders at about a couple of feet distance, leaving my hands at liberty for the use of my gun.

Cervantes grinned, but he was ready at the appointed time, and we rode through the darkness to a more open part of the wood, where we arrived at the end of a three hours' journey.

I was horribly tired, but I did not show it; and Cervantes having announced that we were within a hundred yards of an opening where he believed the simarron would be found, we alighted, secured our horses, saw that our guns were ready, and then, going softly on, we crept close to the opening, when I made my final preparations.

"What are you going to do, master?" said Cervantes.

"Light the resin," I said, "and shoot the simarron when he comes forward, out of curiosity, to see the meaning of the blaze."

"Good!" said my guide, with a grunt of complacency; and then, striking a match, I set fire to my cotton and resin, the contents of the pan blazed up, and, with it slung behind my back, I walked forward, seeing well all that was before me without being dazzled by the flame.

The place was eighty or ninety yards across, and Cervantes and I went cautiously on, step by step, watching the trees lit up by the blaze, and the black shadows it cast, ever silent and watchful till we were nearly across, when, disappointed, disheartened and worn out, I exclaimed, in a tone of disgust:

"I say, old fellow, he isn't here!"

As I spoke, something big seemed to bounce up just at my feet.

I knew it was the great brute we were in search of; but his appearance was so sudden, and took me so thoroughly by surprise, that back I went, stumbled over a tuft of shrub and nearly lost my balance, while I gave the pan such a jerk that a drop of the hot, sputtering, burning resin fell on to my bare neck, making me forget wild bull, gun, everything, in my agony, as I dashed the burning resin down.

As I recovered somewhat, I knew my chance was gone, for the simarron had made a dash off to the left, and I felt savage enough to punch my own head, when bang! went Cervantes's gun, and I saw the great beast totter and fall, sufficient blaze arising from the overthrown pan to light up the whole scene.

I had not fired the shot, which was disappointing; but my turn came, for, stunned but not killed by the shot, the simarron rose and charged straight at me, the fire shining full on his broad front and short, black horns, between which I sent a bullet with such effect that the huge beast went down on his knees, turned a complete somersault, and rolled over motionless.

Cervantes gave a loud cheer, while I, with my machete, delivered the *coup de grâce*, in case any life should be remaining in the huge body; after which we sat upon it contentedly, after lighting our pipes and piling wood over the blazing pan to keep up a fire; for our duty was to watch, for the rest of the night, to preserve our trophy from the jaguars that two or three times made night hideous with their howls; and, had we not been there to scare them with the fire, doubtless they would have had some of the primest, gamiest beef I ever ate for their supper.

As it was, we sat till morning, the old fellow telling me plenty of hunting stories; and then he fetched a party of the *savaneros*, who skinned, dressed, cut up and took home the beast in triumph.

And beef was plentiful for the next few days.

According to the last census, there were in 1876 rather more than 300,000 European residents in Algeria, of whom about 92,000 were of Spanish nationality. It is estimated that the population is now 350,000.

Beds and pillows made of fresh roses were common both with the early Romans and Greeks.

MY NARROW ESCAPE.—"I FELT SAVAGE ENOUGH TO PUNCH MY OWN HEAD, WHEN BANG! WENT CERVANTES'S GUN, AND I SAW THE GREAT BEAST TOTTER AND FALL."

AT BOUVIER'S.—"I BREAKFAST FOR ONE FRANC TWENTY-FIVE CENTIMES."

MY FOUR BREAKFASTS IN THE PALAIS ROYAL.

By N. Robinson.

On my return from Oberammergau in June last, I struck Paris the Glittering, and put up at the Grand Continental. My bedroom window gave upon the Gardens of the Tuileries, all glowing in dazzling ribbon borders of the most vivid flowers, and the luminous greens of well-cared-for shrubs—all dappled with coquettishly capped, pertly aproned nurses, waited upon by giant *cuirassiers*, or dwarf linesmen, while the exquisitely gotten-up children added bits of moving color, making the *ensemble* a veritable thing of beauty.

But if my eyes quaffed of this goblet of color, they were perforce condemned to drain to the bitter dregs the sight of the grim, gaunt, haggard and blackened ruins of the Tuileries; which, like a bird of ill-omen, perch over the glittering boulevard and blooming gardens. On the 20th of May, 1871, the Communists, aware of their desperate position and the impending capture of the city by the Government troops, determined at one of their secret meetings to wreak their revenge by setting on fire all the principal public buildings. The order which they issued for the purpose, signed by Delescluze, Dombrouski, Endes and other ringleaders, professed to emanate from the "Committee of Public Safety." Several of these documents, still extant, show the fearfully comprehensive and

systematic character of this diabolical scheme, which also embraced many private dwellings, as being "suspected houses." The prelude to the appalling scene which ensued, consisted in placing combustibles steeped in petroleum and barrels of gunpowder in the buildings condemned to destruction. The Tuileries was one of the first subjected to these ominous preliminaries. It was set on fire at a number of different places on the 22d and 23d of May, after the Versailles troops had forced an entrance into the city, but before they had gained an entrance into the palace. The conflagration soon assumed the most terrible dimensions, and all attempts to extinguish it were fruitless. The whole of the west side of the palace, or Pavilion de l'Horloge, facing the Gardens of the Tuileries, and the Pavilion de Marsan on the north side, next to the Rue de Rivoli, were speedily reduced to a gigantic heap of smoldering ruins. Part of the Pavilion de l'Horloge, near the clock, was blown up on the 23d of May, at 7 P.M. The clock, however, continued to strike the quarters as usual until 12:30, when it succumbed to the flames.

From out of my bedroom window I could not but gaze upon the gaunt ruins; but my eyes instinctively reverted to the nurserymaids, and the warriors, and the children, and the flowers, where they remained riveted while I performed the weary work of personal titivation, and the donning of stereotyped garments.

In Europe I never breakfast at my hotel unless the weather be of such a nature as to forbid pedestrianism. It is refreshing to get into the morning air—be it ever so warm, or ever so cold; and the walk to the restaurant, with its kaleidoscopic sights, especially in a big city, amply repays. I do not attempt to deny the luxury of descending to a bright, cheery breakfast-room in one's own home, where the mutton-chop comes up singing that song so sweet to the ears of a man who loves his stomach wisely but not too well; where the tea *is* tea, and the cream has run the gauntlet from the cow to the ewer in safety; where the dry toast is delightfully chippy; where the newspaper is crisp—to attempt to deny that this sort of thing is not absolutely perfect, would be as daring and hopeless a task as that undertaken by Leonidas in defending Thermopylæ.

But this class of breakfast is reserved for the man of fifty, who has made his money—the man who can write his check for $50,000 without blanching, and who slips into Delmonico's down-town for his luncheon, consisting of a pint of "extra dry" and a *pâté de foie gras* sandwich. This is not for me, nor, as Mrs. Sairy Gamp would playfully add, "the likes o' me," either—so I do the best I can, trusting to luck for the cooking and a stern admonition regarding the absolute necessity of a red-hot plate.

With this little digression, I shall now proceed to relate my breakfast experiences of June last in the Palais Royal. I give day and date and circumstance—I give the names of the restaurants, their bills of fare, and the cost. The readers of the POPULAR MONTHLY who intend visiting Paris next season, would do well to make a note of these, my experiences; and should they elect to follow in my footsteps, there is nothing that I know of to prevent them, provided, as Biddy Muldoon, my laundress, says, they "have the manes." They may do better. I sincerely trust that such may prove to be the case. If they do, a letter addressed to the office of this popular periodical will find me.

What is the Palais Royal? I shall reply to this, my own question, by giving a brief summary of its strange, eventful history, as I turn out of the Rue de Rivoli into the Place Rue Royale, having on my left the celebrated Théâtre Français, of which Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt was until lately the bright particular star.

In 1629-34 Cardinal Richelieu erected a palace for himself opposite the Louvre, and named it the "Palais Cardinal." After his death it was occupied by Anne of Austria, the widow of Louis XIII., with her two sons, Louis XIV. and Philip of Orleans, then in their minority. Since that time the building has been called the "Palais Royal." Louis XIV. presented the palace to his brother, Duke Philip of Orleans, whose second wife, Elizabeth Charlotte, Princess of the Bavarian Palatinate, wrote a number of exceedingly curious letters to her German relations with reference to the Court of Louis XIV. The princess, to whom her husband's Court was distasteful, occupied separate apartments in the palace. Her son, Philip of Orleans, who was regent during the minority of Louis XV., afterward indulged here in those disgraceful orgies which put all modern debauchery to the blush. The Palais Royal remained in possession of the Orleans family. Philip Egalité, who was beheaded in 1793, grandson of the Regent, led a scarcely less riotous and extravagant life than his grandfather. In order to replenish his exhausted coffers, he caused the garden to be surrounded with houses, still existing in their original form, which he let for commercial purposes, and thus materially improved his revenues.

Many of the upper apartments of these buildings were formerly devoted to gambling, while the *cafés* on the ground floors became a favorite rendezvous of democrats and malcontents. It was here that Camille Desmoulins, one of the most vehement Republican ringleaders, called the populace to arms on July 12th, 1789; and from here he led the way to the Bastille, which was captured on the 14th of July. The building was now called the "Palais Egalité," and subsequently, when Napoleon assembled the Tribunate here in 1801-7, the "Palais du Tribunat." In 1815, during the "Hundred Days," after Napoleon's return from Elba, and when he had all Europe in a quake, it was the residence of Lucien Bonaparte. On the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, the Orleans family regained possession of the Palais Royal, and it was occupied by Louis Philippe down to the end of 1830.

On the 24th of July, 1848, the mob made a complete wreck of the royal apartments. Somebody wrote in large characters, "Respect the Pictures"; but despite this, most of them were destroyed. To convey an idea of the wreckage, I may mention that the broken glass and porcelain collected in the palace and sold by auction on the 14th of July, 1850, weighed upward of twenty-five tons. After this the building was styled the "Palais National"; but Napoleon III. restored its original name, and assigned the south wing, opposite the Louvre, to Prince Jerome Napoleon, some time King of Westphalia. After his death it was occupied by his son.

It was on the 22d of May, 1871, that the Communists set the Palais Royal on fire, their object being to destroy the apartments of Prince Napoleon. The south wing, including most of the buildings in the Cour d' Honneur, with the exception of the southwest corner, where is situated the Théâtre Français, was licked up by the flames. The palace has since been completely restored, and the apartments are now used by the *Conseil d'État.*

The ground floors, or arcades, of the square of buildings inclosing the garden of the Palais Royal, are chiefly occupied by jewelry stores, and shops for the sale of *objets de luxe.* The display of precious stones in, *par exemple,* Tixier's, absolutely dazzles the eyes; diamonds of the purest water, all of exceptional size and lustre; rubies like drops of blood; pearls such as Cleopatra might have melted for that remarkable $250,000 cocktail given to Mark Antony—all displayed in so thoroughly an artistic manner

as to cause a gaping crowd to pause in unfeigned admiration. Then take Prevost's for flowers, the windows a superb bouquet, a rainbow of gorgeous blossoms from every clime under the sun. Here and there are bric-à-brac shops, and as for cheap and "Brummagem" ornaments, the stores and arcades flash with them.

At one time the shops in the Palais Royal were the best in Paris; now, with one or two exceptions, they take second and third rank, those of the boulevards surpassing them "all round."

The arcades, or *galeries*, are admirable lounging-places. Far from the madding crowd, one quietly gazes at the glittering displays in the windows, and since every article flaunts its price, and as occasionally a very piquant sales-lady, such as Yorick encountered in that "Sentimental Journey," pops out with a destructive courtesy, and a dynamitic smile, to inquire if she can in any way assist monsieur or madame, a lounge in the Palais Royal, especially after a good breakfast, is about as delightful a mode of killing a couple of hours as *I* wot of.

The rents are exceedingly high, and for a store one could not whip a cat in, a bandbox of a place, the proprietor, with a shrug suggestive of the depths of destitution and despair, informed me that he paid $800 per annum.

The most showy portion of the Palais Royal is the handsome Galerie d'Orleans, on the south side—a lofty arcade, 320 feet in length and 106 feet in width, roofed with glass, paved with marble and flanked with stores. The east side of the square is called the Galerie de Valois, the west the Galerie de Montpensier, and the north the Galerie de Beaujolais. The first floors of most of the houses—in fact, in 95 per cent. of them—are used as restaurants, and the Café de Rotonde, on the north side, pays 40,000 francs per annum for the privilege of placing chairs in the garden for the use of its guests.

The garden inclosed by the buildings of the Palais Royal is 250 yards long and 110 yards broad; but to call it a garden is a misnomer, since it is but a gravel flat, with two large beds of flowers and a patch of grass, bounded by a quadruple row of scraggy elms and limes. In the centre is a circular basin of water, twenty-two yards in diameter, near which a military band generally plays on Summer evenings. The garden is embellished with bronze copies of the Apollo Belvedere and the Diana of Versailles, and several statues in white marble—Youth Bathing, Boy Struggling with Goat, Ulysses on the Seashore, and Nymph Bitten by a Serpent. At the south end of the garden is a small cannon, which, at noon precisely, is fired by means of a burning-glass.

At night the garden presents a very brilliant appearance, for in addition to the 200 lamps of the arcades, the stores blaze with light, and an electric "white-blue" acts like tropical moonlight, producing effects and shadows such as would drive Van Schendel crazy with delight.

I have said my say, and now to breakfast number one. After I had gazed with unutterable longing at a "rough-ribbed and golden-crested watermelon" in Chevet's window—it was to this same establishment that Talleyrand sent for fish when giving a little dinner to Louis Philippe—I said to myself, "Shall I go in for an expensive meal, or a cheap one?"

My appetite—it was twelve o'clock—howled "Expensive!"

"Suppose," said Prudence, in that bland, suggestive way so peculiar to herself, "that you try a cheap breakfast to-day, and to-morrow take a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at any price you like?"

"Agreed," said I, and I commenced to cast about for a restaurant where the noon meal was dispensed at a fixed price. I was in the Galerie de Valois, and when about half-way down the arcade I noticed, in effective gold letters on a black ground, Bouvier's "*Déjeuner à prix fixe, vin compris*, 1*f*. 25*c*."

"Aha!" I chuckled, "this is low enough with a vengeance. One franc twenty-five centimes! Not quite twenty-five cents—not a quarter of an almighty dollar! Here shall I build up the inner man!"

I ascended two flights of cheaply-carpeted stairs, the walls paneled with mirrors. At the top of the landing a young lady was engaged in knitting. Scarcely deigning to look at me, although I posed a little, she shoved a dinner ticket across a green baize-covered table. "Merci, monsieur!" she exclaimed, in a colorless way, as I passed on, minus 1f. 25c., ticket in hand.

A clatter of conversation, a perfect hailstorm, burst on my ears as I entered the *salon*. This apartment was roomy, high-ceilinged and mirrored. The tables were long, and very narrow, the chairs cane-bottomed, and built so as to withstand wear and tear. The table-linen was very coarse, the napkins of the same quality; the table appointments showy, but substantial. The waiters were greasy and perspiring.

Every seat was occupied, but a very plump lady in black, who presided at a desk, a pen behind her ear, and to whom my waiter "reported" in a loud voice, as he passed, asked me to wait a moment. I waited, and was promoted to the chair made vacant by a thin, prim, elderly female, who carried a reticule of the year 1, and an old-fashioned purse.

The bill of fare was politely presented to me by a young gentleman with a very mottled face—a raw lad, fresh from the provinces, who had just given his order. I had a choice of one *hors d'œuvre* and two *plats*, with one dessert. The wine was half a bottle of *vin ordinaire*.

I had my choice, in *hors d'œuvres*, of sardines, radishes; in *plats*, of tête de veau, fritters, veal sauté petit pois, "rosbif" with carrots, vol-au-vent financière, roast veal with cresses, etc., etc. For dessert I could have either raspberries or strawberries.

Somewhat puzzled by this embarrassment of riches, I addressed myself to the youthful provincial, who instantly came to my aid.

"If it's good value for your money you seek, monsieur, follow my example," he cried. "I am a clerk; I come from Auternois, near Bordeaux; my income is very modest. I have tried every restaurant all round, and I find this is the best and cheapest for my money. Now, monsieur, for *hors d'œuvre* take a sardine with bread-and-butter; for your *plat* take beefsteak with potatoes—by this means you will secure meat and vegetables; and for your second *plat* order salad. You will get as much salad as will do for two. Don't touch the raspberries, but choose strawberries for dessert—they are larger and less watery."

Following this young gentleman's lead, I ordered a sardine, with a piece of coarse bread and a pat of butter, followed by a coarse beefsteak, small but thick, surrounded by fried potatoes, cut very thin. Then came a great white bowl filled with salad, which I dressed myself from the cruet. The salad was crisp and good. Strawberries, covered with white powdered sugar, completed the *déjeuner*, which I washed down with the half-bottle of wine—shall I desecrate the word by using it in reference to the thin, acrid *petit rouge?* Shall I—— Hold! What could I expect for one franc twenty-five centimes, including wine!

The guests at this breakfast were of the poorer bourgeoise class, the women being in the proportion of about four to six. The men were neat, but somewhat seedy, and it was pretty evident to me that to the company a franc meant a franc, full-fledged. Another peculiarity struck me about

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—"I BREAKFAST FOR TWO FRANCS."

the place—namely, that everybody was alone; there were no parties, not even a couple. As each person passed out, he or she bowed low to the lady presiding at the desk, and not a few reserved a copper for the tin box.

"I'll do better to-morrow," thought I, as, dropping a piece of ten centimes into a little tin box, placed very much *en evidence*, for the waiters, I strolled out into the arcade.

As a set-off against this breakfast, I dined with a friend who knows the ropes, at the Café Anglais, which, as everybody is aware, is the very Cathedral of Gastronomy. Although the golden rule of the Café Anglais is simplicity, mine host ordered the complex dish known as *carpe à la Chambord*. What a harmonious mystery of kidney, truffles, cocks' combs, mussels, shrimps and oysters! After this poem of a *plat*, with which we consumed a bottle of Chateau d'Yquem, we had ducklings *non saignés*. The *maître d'hôtel*, knowing his client, carved the little darlings, and carefully removing the livers before our eyes, steeped them in a delicious decoction composed of lemon-juice, Jamaica pepper, the blood of the precious victims, and the gravy. I merely make mention of these tidbits *en passant*.

The following noon found me again 'neath the arcades of the Palais Royal. I was about to turn into Véfour's, that most celebrated of Palais Royal restaurants, known to old fogies as the *Trois Frères*, but the idea suddenly struck me that I would arrive at a Véfour breakfast by slow degrees, and gradually ascend the scale through other restaurants.

Adopting this happy thought, I entered the Café de Paris, for I read, "Breakfast, 2 francs, wine included," in gorgeous characters upon a glittering signboard, which

leant against the wall in a half-indolent fashion, and as though it were engaged in picking its teeth after the two-franc *déjeuner*. I mounted one flight of stairs, encountered a knitting lady, passed in my check, and entered an apartment similar in almost every respect to that in which I had breakfasted on the previous day. The napery was finer, and the bill of fare extended in the direction of a cup of coffee.

Without jotting down what I *might* have had for my two francs, I will state what I *did* have. Of the *hors d'œuvre*, I chose a sardine with bread-and-butter. I followed this up with a goodly-sized cut of fillet-of-beef, garnished with mushrooms. For a second *plat*, I ordered *choufleur au gratin*—cauliflower with grated cheese over it—and my dessert consisted of green almonds. I polished off the small bottle cf wine, and a cup of very excellent coffee.

The company was of the bourgeoise class, and whole families breakfasted here, from the grandmother to the three-year-old. The waiters seemed to be on the best of terms with the *habitués*, and, though frigidly polite to me, were eager with their accustomed guests.

I dined that evening at Brébant's, on Ostend oysters, a thick soup, a brill, a *filet au Madère*, a truffled partridge with St. Germain peas, and a *bombe à la Vanille*. We had Chateau Margeaux and Grau Lazore.

I shall mention no more of these dinners, lest I should *now* experience some of the pangs endured by the notable Dr. Tanner.

The third morning beheld me in the Palais Royal, casting about with a view to improving my *déjeuner* of the previous noon. I resolved upon expending three francs, and the Restaurant Valois marked me for its own. Here I

RESTAURANT VALOIS.—"I BREAKFAST FOR THREE FRANCS."

got the value of my money in gilding alone, while shrubs placed at convenient distances lent a finished, if not a banqueting, appearance to the tables. Two ladies of faultless toilet and imposing mien presided at a railed-in desk, while a third took charge of the fruits for the dessert and the distribution of cognac and sugar.

Here was the middle-class Parisian, with his wife and child and mother-in-law; here was the subaltern officer, with his *innamorata;* here was the *flâneur*, the idler, dawdling over his ten-centime paper and his abominably tobaccoed cigarette. The English element was not wanting, and the Stars and Stripes flaunted vigorously.

I had choice of three *plats*, in addition to two *hors d'œuvres* and two desserts. I selected the following *menu*, and I may add that every dish was good of its kind:

Shrimps. Radishes.
Poulet St. Croix.
Omelette aux Truffes.
Artichokes. Asparagus.
Strawberries. Cherries.

The wine was a perceptible shade better.

"Once more unto the breach!" I cried, as I strolled, on the fourth morning, into the Palais Royal. There was a swagger about me—I felt it—I couldn't help it. No one can enter the arcades of the Palais, intent upon breakfasting at Véfour's, without, as billiard-players say, "putting on side." I took a turn right round the garden, casting glances of contempt upon all the notices announcing cheap breakfasts. I stopped at Chevet's to gloat over the delicacies exhibited in the window; I passed down the Galerie, and entered that, at the end of which the magic word "Véfour," in gold letters upon a single sheet of plate glass, backed by the daintiest of lace curtains, greets you with a smile. I approached it gleefully, paused for one half-second, in order to permit a couple of cheap swells who were engaged in the violent use of toothpicks, after, perhaps, a one-twenty-five *déjeuner*, to see me enter, and then I plunged in.

I elected to breakfast on the ground floor, in a charming little apartment prinked out in white-and-gold, and all lace and flowers, and ferns and mirrors. The furniture was upholstered in ruby velvet, and the service was silver. Waiters, noiseless and agile as panthers, flitted gently about. A superintendent who might, on account of his superb appearance, have claimed kinsmanship with a Condé, approached me as if I was a sovereign seated upon a throne. All around were ladies in toilets by Worth, and cavaliers who, later on, would adorn the Bois in "shrieking" turnouts, and, still later, the windows of the Jockey Club on the Mouton. Everything breathed of voluptuous refinement, from the *menu*-card in its æsthetic silver case, to the perfumed water, served in glasses of the iridescence of Idalium.

"This is *your* element, old man," I said, approvingly, to myself. "Here, *indeed*, you are at home."

This was my *déjeuner chez* Véfour:

Truite Sautée Meunière.
Pigeon à la Crapaudière.
Filet Braisé, with Stuffed Tomatoes and Mushrooms.
Omelette aux Parmesan.
Œufs Brouillés aux Truffes.
Asparagus.
Crème Mousonière.
Cherries. Green Almonds.

My wine was Mouton-Rothschild.

My *déjeuner* cost me twenty-seven francs, without wine—but it was worth the money. I would do it again. Was I not at peace with all mankind, as, after this *déjeuner*, cooked to the apple of the eye of perfection, I strolled for a "good hour by Shrewsbury clock" in the arcades of the Palais Royal?

INSTABILITY.

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead:
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what is once possest.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

MINNIE'S TRIUMPH.

Chapter I.

"REALLY, Minnie, I do wish you would try to be a little more sociable—you are so quiet that every one remarks upon it. People will soon really believe that you are unhappy—that I abuse you, perhaps."

And George Marshall frowned as he spoke these words to his young wife.

"What nonsense, George! I was always quiet."

"I am sure you are always lively and full of fun when we spend a quiet evening at your mother's, or when we remain at home—that is to say, if we have no visitors."

"Because I am happy then." And she laid her head upon his shoulder. "You know I never did care to go out. I never enjoy all these balls and parties."

"Don't, Minnie—it is undignified." And he pushed her away. "I should like to know what you do enjoy. You must not allow these morbid and gloomy feelings to grow upon you. It will sour and embitter our lives."

"I do not think it just to call me morbid or gloomy, or *any one* who can take such real comfort, such perfect happiness in her home—in the company of her husband. I have always heard it was the sign of a healthy mind."

"Well, I repeat, when I take you out, I should like to

see you try to make yourself agreeable, and not go off in a corner. Look at Mrs. Winsome. Why can't you be a little more like her? She always looks bright and happy. In fact, she is the life of the company."

"I will beg to remind you that it is well known Mrs. Winsome keeps her smiles, and all that gayety which charms you so, for the world. At home she is die-away and ill-tempered. But I suppose you would appreciate a wife like that."

"There is moderation in everything. I certainly do not appreciate one who acts as though she had not got two ideas in her head. With all Mrs. Winsome's faults, her husband has no reason to be ashamed of her."

"Am I to understand from that, you are ashamed of me?" and Minnie's face flushed crimson.

"Well, I must confess, it is not very gratifying to know my friends think I have married little better than an idiot; and what makes me more angry is the knowledge that you are in every way superior to her, if you would only try to make yourself agreeable. Another thing is rather annoying—to see Mrs. Winsome always dressed so handsomely—always in the latest style, while you have worn that one dress at least half a dozen times; and yet I know her husband does not make as much money as I do. The fact is, she is a good manager."

"If I am so stupid, it is a pity you married me. I wish I was home with mamma."

And Minnie could restrain herself no longer. She covered her face with her hands, and cried as though her heart was broken.

George felt he had been unkind, and putting his arm around her, he tried to soothe her; but his words had made too deep an impression upon Minnie's sensitive nature to be so soon forgotten. She did not tell him, as many would, to go away; but she did not return his fond caresses.

The truth was, although George Marshall loved his wife fondly, he was too gay and thoughtless to fully appreciate her virtues. He, like many others, labored under the delusion that we were placed in this world for the express purpose of enjoying ourselves, and believed in doing so to the fullest extent, while he was still young. Being a great favorite, there was rarely an evening but what he had an invitation for himself and wife to either a ball, party or some amusement. This kind of life he enjoyed. He thought *one quiet evening a week*, passed at home, was enough.

Minnie took a very different view of things. She thought pleasure in moderation was decidedly good; but her idea was one evening a week for excitement, and the others spent quietly at home. She thought it was really wicked, at least for persons in their circumstances, to carry it to a greater excess—not only a waste of time, but an utter disregard of health. Besides, she felt they could not afford it; and she had made up her mind, if possible, to awaken her husband to the fact ere it was too late, for she saw the love of excitement was growing upon him.

The next morning she was cold and indifferent; although she saw he was rather irritable, she took no notice whatever of it. When he arose from the table to go, she took up the paper and began to read.

In a moment he returned with his hat and coat on, ready to start. He was annoyed at her strange conduct. He had been accustomed to have her stand by his side every morning and kiss him half a dozen times before he went. This new freak was anything but pleasant, and he could not understand it. So he said, in rather a sharp tone: "Well, how much longer am I to be kept waiting this morning?"

"Why, I am not detaining you, George!"

"Don't you intend kissing me good-by, then?"

"I have no objections; but I really do not think Mrs. Winsome wastes kisses upon her husband."

He felt the rebuke, but did not answer; but stooping, kissed her. She returned it, though not in her usual affectionate way. This was not lost upon her husband; but he thought it best to take no notice, hoping the cloud would pass away before dinner-time.

When George Marshall had gone, the affectionate little wife arose, and clasping her hands tightly together, exclaimed:

"Oh, dear, it was hard to let him go with that one cold kiss; but still he deserved it. I must teach him a lesson, and one he shall not forget, for our future happiness is at stake."

Minnie then went up-stairs and took the baby from the girl; it was as much as she could do to keep from having a good fit of crying; but she had made up her mind to be brave, so she pressed her little darling to her heart, and tried to forget, by rattling all sorts of pretty baby-talk, as all fond mothers do.

She dressed the baby, then herself, and left word with Mary to have dinner at the usual time, and to tell Mr. Marshall she should not be home until evening.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Marshall was astonished when the message was delivered, and scarcely worth saying that he was decidedly angry; still, he was determined she should not know it. He would appear to take it as a matter of course.

So when he returned in the evening, he tried to act as usual, but it was not as easy as he supposed; and Minnie, who understood human nature well, and could read her husband like a book, saw plainly that he was anything but pleased.

As for Minnie, she was too busy to greet him with her usual kiss, and when he sat down and rested his head upon his hands, instead of going and putting her arms around his neck, and, with loving words, frightening the ugly blues away, she merely said:

"Come, George—supper is ready, and we must hurry, for I promised Mrs. Winsome we would go to the theatre to-night."

Minnie could scarcely help laughing at the look of astonishment which her husband gave her. Then he said:

"Indeed! you seem to be improving."

"I am. I have been taking a few lessons from your charming friend, Mrs. Winsome. She is a delightful companion. I knew you would be delighted to go with her this evening."

"Well, to tell the truth, I feel rather tired to-night; but as you promised, I will go."

"Oh, no! don't go on my account. If you feel tired you had better remain at home. Mrs. Winsome said if you did not care about going I could go with her."

You might have knocked him over with a feather at that speech from the lips of his loving Minnie. It is needless to say he went.

She dressed herself with the greatest care, and looked as pretty as a picture.

Just as they were ready, Mr. and Mrs. Winsome came; and before he knew what he was about he found Mrs. Winsome waiting for him to offer her his arm. Minnie and Mr. Winsome had gone off together.

At one time he would have been pleased, but now he was actually annoyed, and before he arrived at the theatre he was disgusted at the frivolous tone of Mrs. Winsome's conversation.

MY FOUR BREAKFASTS AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.—AT VÉFOUR'S—"I BREAKFAST FOR TWENTY-SEVEN FRANCS.—SEE PAGE 401."

Chapter II.

It was a difficult part for our tender-hearted little heroine; nevertheless, she played it well. She was not very strong, and, therefore, it was no wonder she felt tired after spending the two last evenings out. At one time she would have got up to see her dear George off, no matter how tired she felt, but now, as she was taking the character of a Mrs. Winsome, she thought she would play it thoroughly; so she told her husband she felt tired, and, therefore, would not get up yet—that Mary would attend to him. Then she added:

"You know that Mrs. Winsome never gets up until about ten. She thinks it is nonsense to see her husband off; she says they do not appreciate it, and I think she is right."

So saying, Minnie turned over leisurely, as though to take another snooze.

Mr. Marshall did not like this indifference at all; but, as he had so often said he wished she was a little more like the charming Mrs. Winsome, what could he say? He was obliged to swallow the mortification and his breakfast in silence.

No sooner had he gone than Minnie jumped up, and hurried, so as to make up for lost time. All the morning she was as busy as a little bee; but as the time drew near for her husband to come home she took a novel and began to read. This was another surprise for our friend George Marshall; but he was still silent.

Just as he was going out again, Minnie called him back.

"George, I want to see you about something very important."

His heart was up in his throat. He hoped she wanted a good-by kiss, and, perhaps, to lay her head upon his breast and ask him to call her his loving little wife again.

"Well?" he said, in a faltering voice.

"I wanted to remind you to be home early to-night; for I have made up my mind to go to that surprise party."

"But, my dear, it is fancy dress."

"I am well aware of that, and what is more, well prepared; for I went with Mrs. Winsome yesterday and selected my dress."

Minnie did look lovely as the pretty flower-girl, and when she came into the room where her husband was waiting, and looked up saucily into his face, and said, "Buy some flowers, sir?" he could not help giving her a kiss.

But still he wished she was his affectionate little wife again, and he was just going to tell her so, when she very coldly said:

"Be careful! There, that will do; you will disarrange my hair."

It was evident there were many others besides her husband who admired her that evening, by the undivided attention she received; in fact, she was so continually surrounded, that at last Mr. Marshall was obliged to acknowledge to himself that he felt actually jealous; and the best part of the joke was, that Minnie, though apparently almost unconscious of her husband's presence, was, nevertheless, watching him narrowly; therefore, the fact was not lost upon her.

MINNIE'S TRIUMPH.—"WHEN SHE CAME INTO THE ROOM WHERE HER HUSBAND WAS WAITING, AND SAID, 'BUY SOME FLOWERS, SIR?' HE COULD NOT HELP GIVING HER A KISS."

It would be impossible to tell the many things Minnie did, and the many surprises our poor friend Marshall had.

One evening, when he returned home, he found her lying upon a sofa, and naturally asked what was the matter.

"Oh, I am half dead, I am so tired! Mrs. Winsome and I have been out shopping all day; and, oh, George! I have bought the most lovely new silk dresses, and hat and cloak and ribbons and laces!"

"But, my dear, where did you get the money from?"

"Why, I told them to send the bill in to you—that is the way Mrs. Winsome does. They are all in the latest style, too—so superb!"

"Dash that woman!" thought Mr. Marshall, and turned upon his heel, not in the best temper possible.

Minnie did not look as neat and tidy as she used to do, but after supper she went up to dress, and when he asked her why she dressed then, she said:

"As we were not going out this evening I thought I would get Mr. and Mrs. Winsome to come, it is so dull and stupid alone; anything to kill time, you know."

This was too much—they had not spent a quiet evening together for so long, that he would have given the world for a few of those hours when she sat upon her little stool at his feet, and her head on his knee. Alas, could this be his Minnie? So changed!

The next morning he put on a clean shirt, and found there was no button on the neck; he took another — there was one off the wrist.

"Why, my dear, how is this? There are no buttons on my shirts; it is the first time such a thing has happened since our marriage."

"There, now, George, do not be unreasonable; I can't do everything; I have no time to see to your shirts."

When our hero went to his drawer for a clean pair of socks, he found about half a dozen pairs with large holes in. Almost exasperated, he exclaimed:

"Really, Minnie, this is going a little too far. There was a time when you were not above mending my clothes; then you thought it a pleasure."

"Yes, that was when I was foolish. Mrs. Winsome never mends her husband's clothes; she says it is not a wife's place."

"I wish you would never mention that woman's name in my presence. I hate and despise her!"

And George Marshall ground his teeth in rage.

"Times have changed. You were once one of the loudest in her praise."

"For heaven's sake, don't remind me of the time when I was a fool!"

"And don't you remember when you wished I was like her? I think I have been a very apt scholar, George—don't you?"

"A little too apt to please me."

And with something like an oath, George Marshall left the room.

Minnie buried her head under the bedclothes to keep from laughing.

Marshall did not feel very happy all day; he could not help thinking of the great change in his wife, and he felt he had himself to thank for it. When she had been as good and affectionate as it was possible to be, he had not appreciated her—in fact, had only found fault. Now, he would have given the world for some of those loving kisses and fond caresses which at one time she lavished upon him; now she never condescended to give him one.

He returned in the evening, weary and low-spirited. He longed for her sympathy, for a quiet evening with her, and he made up his mind he would remain at home and enjoy one, for the first time since that fatal quarrel; but, alas! the first words that greeted his ears were:

"Oh, George, we shall not be obliged to mope home this evening, after all; for I have bought two tickets for a concert!"

Poor fellow! he was so disappointed, he could make no answer.

"You do not seem over-pleased?"

"No; I do not care about going out this evening; I do not feel well enough."

"That is provoking! But I suppose you will go to bed early, and I can go with Mr. and Mrs. Winsome; I would not have you go out on my account."

Marshall did not say anything, for he hoped Minnie would change her mind; but he was mistaken, for after tea she went up to dress, and when they called for her, she merely came in and told him she was sorry he could not go, and started off in the best spirits.

Then it was George Marshall felt the treasure he had lost; how weary, how lonely, how miserable he was! He could have cried, as he thought how he had taught her to love pleasure and frivolity; and now—oh, what would he not give to have his quiet little Minnie back! He was so depressed in spirits, so sick at heart, that he laid his head upon his hands and sobbed aloud:

"Oh, Minnie, Minnie, forgive me!—love me, once more!"

A gentle hand smoothed his hair back, and a fond kiss was pressed upon his brow. He raised his head, and there stood Minnie, with the old, loving smile upon her face.

"Minnie, my own darling! do you still love me?" And he clasped her in his arms.

But she drew back, and in a cold tone that chilled him, said:

"Stop, stop! this is going a little too far—it is *undignified!* Mrs. Winsome would not allow it."

"For God's sake, Minnie, trifle with me no longer, unless you wish to break my heart! Oh, darling, if you knew how I have suffered, you would forgive me—you would feel you had had your revenge. Can't you forget and forgive, darling, and be once more the loving little wife you were?"

And he looked up so imploringly at her, that Minnie's heart could withstand it no longer, and she threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Oh, George! do you really love your silly little Minnie best?"

"You were not silly, darling. I was the foolish one, not to appreciate your virtues; I was blind, but I am wiser now, and love you ten thousand times more. Only say that you forgive me, Minnie."

"I do forgive you, with all my heart, dearest; but tell me, where are you the happiest—at a ball, a party, the theatre or opera?"

"Ah, Minnie, I have found the truth of what you have so often said—real happiness is found only at home!"

"Then you will not be angry if I do say I do not enjoy parties, and want to stay at home with you—will you, George?"

"Angry, darling? No; you have taught me a lesson I shall never forget. Be once more my loving wife, and I shall never want to leave our home."

"And will you promise never to ask me to take lessons from Mrs. Winsome again?" And Minnie looked up with a mischievous smile.

"Oh, Minnie, if you knew how I despise that woman, and how I hate myself for ever insulting my dear, good little wife by asking her to be more like her! How could I ever be such a blind fool? But, thanks to you, my eyes are at last open!" And George drew her closer to him.

George had never felt happier than at that moment, as he looked down upon that sweet face, and saw those pretty blue eyes beaming so full of love.

He kept his word; from that time they passed their evenings at home. He often told Minnie he had never before known what real happiness was; and he never ceased to thank her for having played her part so well.

Five years have passed, and it would be hard to find a happier family. George Marshall's chief delight is in the company of his dear Minnie, and sporting with the three little rosy-cheeked children who make up their family.

THE CEDAR-BIRD.

The cedar-bird is sometimes called the "waxwing," on account of the secondary quills being tipped with small, wax-like appendages of a bright vermilion color. This particularity it shares in common with the Bohemian chatterer, a larger bird, found both in Europe and America, whereas the cedar-bird is found only in North America.

These appendages are considered by Wilson as useful to the bird, in preventing the feathers from being worn out in the continual fluttering indulged in by their owners among the thick branches and stiff foliage of the cedar, and are sometimes found on the tail as well as the wings. The plumage is extremely soft and fine in texture. A pointed, upright crest, rising from the head, gives character and expression, which are wanting in the sober though pleasing color and somewhat heavy shape.

This bird can scarcely be called a song-bird, for, although by a strange misnomer the name chatterer is applied to it, the *Ampelis Americana* is almost voiceless. Neither is it remarkable for any great power of wing or swiftness of flight, nor has it any special brilliancy of plumage, or particular intelligence; one, and only one,

accomplishment distinguishes it from the "common herd" of feathered bipeds: it can eat more strawberries, cherries, persimmons, whortleberries, blackberries, raspberries and berries of any and every kind, than any bird of its size on the continent.

So intent is the cedar-bird in pursuit of a livelihood, so enterprising in his efforts to satisfy the demands of an insatiable appetite, that, as has been intimated, the dreadful scarecrow itself, in all the terrors of fluttering rags and outstretched arms, is entirely disregarded.

Only the cruel shotgun is an effectual defense against his ravages, and as the cedar-birds during the cherry season are only good to eat and be eaten, there is, perhaps, more to be said in favor of using such defense in their case than in that of most of their feathered brethren.

The gullet is capable of great distension, and, "indeed," says Wilson, "it is no wonder that this gluttonous bird, with such a mass of food almost continually in its throat, should want both the inclination and powers for vocal melody, that which would seem to belong to those only of less gross and voracious habits."

The cedar-bird is the most dilatory of our native birds in nesting; not until the last of the first or the commencement of the second week in June does it begin to build, and the young are not hatched until the end of that month. The nest is roomy, built of dry grass, in a cedar or fruit-tree, generally at about twice the height of a tall man from the ground, and contains, at the proper season, three or four bluish-gray eggs, marked with dark spots. The young are first fed on spiders, larvæ and small insects, and afterward on fruit. Indeed, it may be said of this bird, that the amount of fruit it destroys is out of all proportion to the small number of insects it rids us of.

Being of comparatively insignificant use to mankind, and a selfish, greedy, silent bird at best, it meets small mercy at the hands of the farmers.

Its very uselessness is, however, in a measure, its protection, since few would think it worth their while to pursue it, and a real sportsman seldom wastes powder and shot upon birds that do not amply repay him for his time and exertions.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

CLEOPATRA! one of the most bewitching of the sex—a lady who ruled rulers with a nod; who made her *début* in a roll of carpet, and who ended life's fitful fever through the assistance of an asp.

> "——In her we read
> Of those great spirits who went down like suns,
> And left upon the mountain-tops of death
> A light that made them lovely."

More like the glittering pageantry of romance than the record of actual existence; more resembling the magnificent scenery of a theatrical representation than a distinct historical picture—the life of Cleopatra, a vision short, but grandly consistent from its beginning to its end, passes before the mind's eye. Transitory, indeed, as splendid, leaving behind it no grand results, no improvement nor aggrandizement of nations, no substantial memento, it is still more like the pictured paraphernalia of an empty drama, or the untasted banquet of a dream, in that, almost mythical—save to the student's eye—it is gone, with scarcely a trace to prove it ever existed. The woman who, in the pursuit of her own unjustifiable policy, is believed to have murdered her own young brother, and who scrupled not to ask, as a final favor of her lover Antony, the death-warrant of her only sister—she who was so devoid of feminine feeling as to have a prisoner (though condemned already) brought into her presence, to test the effects of flowers poisoned by her own hands—would possess no more claim to our interest than she does to our respect, did not the grandeur of the mind which could plan, and the consummate art and tact which turned nature's advantages to execute such schemes of ambitious diplomacy, fill us with amazement and a species of admiration.

Her face was, if not perfectly beautiful, at least so pleasing as to excite the admiration of the most casual beholder; but her manner was the acme of graceful fascination, and constituted her most marvelous gift. She possessed the rare power of adapting herself with innate tact to the sentiments and temper of those with whom she conversed, not alone to the point of influencing them while in her actual company, but to that of leaving upon the mind, when she was no longer present, just the impression she desired. Of excellent natural development, her powers had been sufficiently cultivated to render her, even if deprived of personal attraction, a most agreeable companion. An accomplished linguist, speaking to perfection ten different tongues—she is said to have been the only sovereign of Egypt who could understand the languages of all her subjects—she was no novice in Greek literature, and studied the philosophy of that country with success; a voice combining power with sweetness, and brilliantly fitted for song, completed her qualifications.

She never appeared in public without the most gorgeous retinue, nor wore other than the most brilliant costumes. So far did she carry her arrogance, as to assume the habiliments and head-dress of the sacred Egyptian deity, Isis, and was thus represented by her coins and statues. After subduing Cæsar by her charms, she resolved upon subjugating Marc Antony. No expense nor consideration was spared to render her appearance before him as effective as possible. Attended by a retinue gorgeously appareled, and having with her a profusion of splendid presents, she set out to meet him, proceeding through Syria toward Asia Minor. She reached the Cydnus, to launch a freight upon its liquid bosom unrivaled in the annals of magnificence and triumph. The galley which bore the beautiful Egyptian Princess was a marvel of superb ornament, radiant with gold, the cordage of silk, the sails purple. Meanwhile, surrounded by her attendants, their mistress reclined upon deck beneath an awning, and boys, dressed as cupids, "stood fanning with their painted wings the winds that played about her face."

> "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
> Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
> Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
> The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
> Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
> The water which they beat to follow faster,
> As amorous of their strokes."

Cleopatra was at this time twenty-five—the very acme of her loveliness. History tells us how Antony fell—how

> "Marc Antony,
> With a fine scorn, did toss the world away
> For Cleopatra's eyes."

It was at one of the feasts subsequent to this meeting, that the Queen presented Antony with the "beverage of pearl"—so celebrated by poet and painter. This act of Cleopatra's reckless improvising was the result of a wager between herself and Antony, that she would preside at a banquet of which the cost of one single dish should exceed the whole outlay of his series of *fêtes*. The wager was

accepted. This done, Cleopatra ordered a single cup of vinegar to be placed before her; and, when the curiosity of those around her was excited to the highest point, she took from her ears two pearls, the smallest of which was valued at what would be about $250,000 of our money, and, dissolving it in the acid, drank it to the health of Antony. The second was about to follow its companion, when Plancus, the umpire, saved its sacrifice by declaring that Antony had lost the wager. This pearl, afterward divided, formed the earrings for the celebrated statue of Venus, placed by Agrippa in the Pantheon at Rome.

With his last breath, Marc Antony called for a cup of wine, wherein he pledged his ever-worshiped idol. And Cleopatra, in but a little while, received the poisoned asp in a basket of figs.

And this was Cleopatra, who gave her name to the obelisk which is now part of the assets of Uncle Sam, and will probably remain in the schedule until Macaulay's New Zealander, after having had his fill of the ruins of St. Paul's, will come over here, to find everything "booming."

And now for the obelisk.

At one period of his reign, probably toward the close, Thothmes III., the great monarch of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty, whose power extended from the confines of India to the islands of the Mediterranean and to the limits of equatorial Africa, erected several obelisks, to evince the greatness of his power or the depth of his piety, at Thebes and Heliopolis. Heliopolis is known in the Egyptian texts as the city *par excellence* of obelisks, and the sole survivor still erect, which dates from the twelfth dynasty, shows they adorned the shrine of the god Tum. With the series of obelisks of Thothmes III., it is not within the limits of this article to deal; and it now becomes the question of the obelisks of Alexandria, two of which—one erect, the other fallen—formerly remained on the site of the ancient port. The fallen one was removed to England in 1877, and erected on the Thames Embankment.

Since the date of the revival of learning, the obelisks of Alexandria had attracted the notice of students and travelers. During the sixteenth century, Pierre du Balon, Thevenot, Le Brun, Radzivil, Evesham, Sandys and Pietre de la Valle mention these obelisks, as the Arab Edrizi had done in the middle of the twelfth century. At the commencement of the eighteenth century Paul Lucas saw these obelisks; Le Maire, Dominique Jauna, the Baron de Tott, Van Egmont, Hevman, Pococke and Savary had visited them; but the traveler who best described them was Norden, who gave a minute description. They existed then amid the ruins of an edifice made of marble, granite and verd antique, supposed to be either the palace of Alexander, an edifice erected by the Ptolemies, or the palace of Cæsar. The obelisks popularly attributed to Cleopatra, and called her needles, were, however, not erected by Cleopatra, but in the reign of Augustus, in his seventh year, B.C. 24–23, reckoning the first Egyptian year, B.C. 30, in which Cleopatra died. This appears from the inscription found by Mr. Dixon on the bronze cap or scorpion placed under the erect obelisk, four of which supported it upon its base. They had been already seen, but not perfectly recognized, by the Baron de Tott. The four sides of the obelisk nearly faced to the points of the compass, and, from the construction of the pavement, the lines discovered by Mr. Dixon show that they have been used as gnomons.

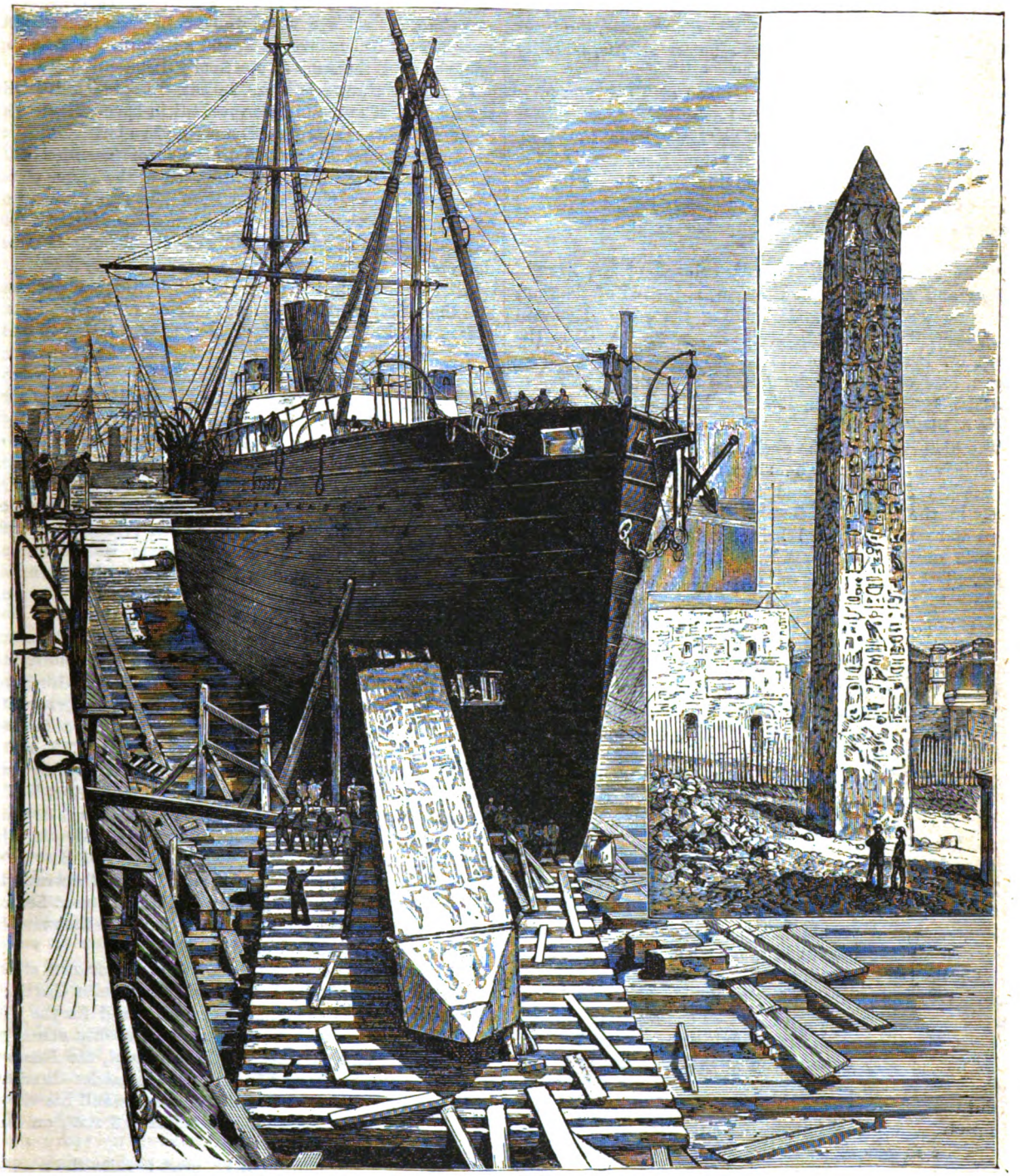
THE CEDAR-BIRD.— SEE PAGE 410.

A concave dial, also, with Greek ciphers, not earlier than Augustus, was found at the base of one of the Alexandria obelisks, and presented, in 1852, by Mr. J. Scott Tucker, to the British Museum. There is some discrepancy between the inscriptions on the north and west sides as given by Norden and others. It seems that these two sides, which are turned toward the Mediterranean, have suffered considerably by sea air. The inscriptions on the most perfect sides have been repeatedly published by Kircher in the "Description de l'Egypte," and Champollion in his "Monuments." The most complete copy, however, is that supplied in Burton's "Experts," pl. lif., which gives the four sides, and has been collated with the others.

The pyramidion on the first side has the following representation: On the right side is Thothmes III., represented as a sphinx, seated on a pylon or pedestal, the same as forms the so-called standard, facing to the right. In both hands he holds a jar of wine, and the inscription on

the pedestal calls him "the powerful bull crowned in the City of Western Thebes, the son of the Sun, Tahutimes" (Thothmes), and in the area is "makes a gift of wine." Before him is the god Ra, Helios, or the Sun, hawk-headed, wearing a disk, seated on a throne, holding a dog-headed sceptre in his right hand and an emblem of life in his left.

Each side of this obelisk is decorated with three perpendicular lines of hieroglyphs, the central one on each side being that of Thothmes III., who first set up the obelisk at Heliopolis. The side lines, those to the right and left, were added by Rameses II., of the nineteenth dynasty, the supposed Sesostris, but how or when does not appear—



THE "DESSOUG" DISCHARGING HER CARGO. THE OBELISK AT ALEXANDRIA.

Ra faces to the left hand. Above their heads is "Haremakhu (Harmachis, a form of Horus, or the sun on the horizon), the great god, lord of the heaven," which is followed by, "He (Harmachis) gives all life to the good god, the lord of the two countries, Mekpheperra (Thothmes III)."

probably they were placed upon it before it was erected; and the monument may have been left unfinished at the death of Thothmes III., and completed long after by his successor, or the lateral lines may have been placed on the monument long after its erection, and when upright, by placing a scaffolding round it on which the masons stood

and worked. "The Horus, the powerful bull, crowned in Western Thebes, the lord of the diadems, whose kingdom is as extensive as the Sun's in heaven. Tum, the lord of Heliopolis, the sun of his race, he has caused him to be born. Tahutimes (Thothmes III). They (the gods) made him a great abode in their own beauty, knowing what should be, that he should make his dominion extend as the Sun for ages, the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Men-kheper-ra (Thothmes III.), beloved of Tum, the great god, and his circle of the gods, giver of all life, stability and power like the Sun for ever."

"The Horus, the powerful bull, son of Kheper (a form of Ra), the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Usermara, approved of the Sun, the golden hawk, rich in years, greatest of the powerful, son of the Sun, Remessu (II.), beloved of Amen, he has proceeded from the body (of the Sun) to take the diadems, to be the sole lord, the lord of the two countries, Usermara, approved of the Sun, glory of Tum, like the Sun."

"The Horus, the mighty bull, beloved of Ra, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Usermar, approved of the Sun, Sun produced by the gods holding the world, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, beloved . . . never was done the like . . . Heliopolis, he has set up his memorial before Azum, lord of the two countries, Usermara, approved of the Sun, son (of the Sun, Ramessu II., beloved of Amen), giver of life."

The history of how the obelisk came to our shores shall be briefly narrated: The steamer *Dessoug* sailed from Alexandria June 12th, and left Gibraltar on the 25th. Early in the month of October, 1877, the first practical steps were taken toward bringing to America the great historic obelisk of Alexandria, known as "Cleopatra's Needle." Mr. John Dixon, of London, was then transporting to London the prostrate obelisk of Alexandria, which now stands on the new Thames Embankment in that city. Through his friend, Mr. Louis Sterne—an American engineer long resident in England, and then on a visit to this country—Mr. Dixon, about the end of September, 1877, informed the editor of the *World* that the then Khédive of Egypt, Ismaïl Pasha, had intimated to Mr. Dixon his wish to present the United States the standing obelisk of Alexandria, and Mr. Dixon expressed a desire to ascertain whether the authorities of New York would defray the expense of conveying it to America. That expense Mr. Dixon roughly estimated at about £20,000 sterling, or $100,000.

The suggestion was at once taken up by the editor of the *World*, and by him communicated to Mr. Henry G. Stebbins, then a member of the Park Commission, who promised his co-operation in the work of giving effect to it. On the 7th of October, 1877, the *World* announced the fact that upon proper application the obelisk could doubtless be secured for New York, and on the morning of October 8th, Mr. Charles Storrs offered, through the *Tribune*, to be one of fifty persons who should contribute $2,000 each to secure the monument.

But the project was too important to be left at the mercy of a protracted financial negotiation, through the press, with the public in general; and the editor of the *World*, therefore, after communicating by cable with Mr. Dixon, called upon Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, who promptly agreed to defray the estimated expense of taking the obelisk down and bringing it to the New World. After some further negotiations, the sum of £15,000, or $75,000, was finally fixed upon as adequate, and an agreement was entered into by the gentlemen referred to with Mr. Dixon on that basis. The project was then laid before the Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, who at once directed Mr. Farman, Consul-General of the United States in Egypt, to take the necessary steps for securing the obelisk from the Khédive.

Meanwhile, the sister obelisk, during its voyage to England, had met with serious misadventures. The float containing it had been cut adrift by the convoying steamer during a gale in the Bay of Biscay, recovered by another vessel, and taken into a Spanish port. Mr. Dixon in this way was put to serious, and by him unexpected, expenses, as a claim for salvage upon the obelisk was made by the vessel which had recovered it, and a lawsuit had to be conducted before the subject was finally disposed of.

In view of these mishaps, Mr. Dixon became a little disturbed as to the possibilities involved in his still more serious undertaking in connection with the obelisk intended for America. He finally asked for a reconsideration of the agreement entered into, and proposed to the editor of the *World* that a new undertaking should be made, for a sum sufficient to cover what he regarded, no doubt justly, as the additional risks developed by his experience with the London obelisk.

After mature consideration the proposition was declined, and the editor of the *World* was empowered by the liberal citizen who had assumed the cost of the operation to make any arrangement he might see fit with any American engineer who could be found to undertake it.

Several propositions were made and considered for doing this; but, while the subject was still under deliberation, Lieutenant-Commander H. H. Gorringe, in command of the United States steamer *Gettysburg*, returned to this country from a long surveying service in the waters of the Levant, having made a special personal study of the position of the obelisk. Immediately upon his return, he sought an interview with the Secretary of State, who, becoming satisfied that he had mastered the question of the removal in all its details, referred him, with the strongest recommendations, to the editor of the *World*.

After a careful examination of the plans and drawings submitted by him, the work of removing the obelisk was formally committed to Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, and an agreement made with him on the same basis with that originally accepted by Mr. Dixon. He set about his enterprise at once, and on the 24th of August, 1879, sailed in the *Britannic* for Liverpool and Alexandria, having previously superintended the construction, at Trenton, N. J., of some new and extremely ingenious machinery, devised by himself, to be used in taking down and shipping the monolith. At the request of the Secretary of State, the Naval Department granted a special leave of absence to Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe and to Lieutenant Seaton Schroeder, who accompanied him, to navigate the vessel in which the obelisk should be shipped.

Thanks to the unfortunate condition of our own steam marine, it was found by Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe to be impossible to obtain an American vessel for the service, excepting at ruinous rates, and the obelisk comes to us, therefore, on a steamer of English build, the *Dessoug*, which was purchased by Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe in Egypt, and altered and modified there to suit his views. In this vessel he sailed from Alexandria at 2 P.M., on Saturday, June 12th.

The gigantic framework to be used to raise the obelisk from its vertical position, throw it into a horizontal position, and carry it down to the vessel which was to bring it to its new site, was shipped for Liverpool on board the Guion steamer *Nevada*, October 7th, 1879. The total weight of the construction is 128,000 pounds. When the *Nevada* reached Liverpool, the construction material was transhipped to Alexandria.

The machinery was constructed by the general contract-

ors in Trenton. Mr. Charles Roebling drew all the designs and arranged all the details of the construction.

The first thing to be done on reaching the site, was to incase the monolith in a case made of two-inch oak planking, which was bound at intervals of three feet with strong iron bands. This done, the obelisk was guyed at the top from four points, like the mast of a vessel, so that there should be no possibility of its falling over. The centre of gravity had been calculated to be at a point twenty-six feet above the base; here were placed trunnions on either side, which were bolted across the sides by eight one-and-three-quarters-inch iron and four two-inch steel bolts. The weight of each trunnion and plate is 1,250 pounds, making them together one and one-quarter tons. The metal used in the casting is of the best quality, a sample taken from the same heat having broken at a tensile strength of 2,900 pounds to the square inch. It is seldom that such excellent metal has been obtained. The next operation was to quarry out four six-inch channel-ways through the base of the obelisk and to insert "I" beams, which were to assist in raising it from the foundation.

The foundations for the tower were next constructed. They consisted of two platforms, one on each side, of three-inch oak planking, each six feet wide and twenty-four feet long. On top of these were set four oak sticks, twelve by eighteen, firmly bolted together. The iron work of the towers was built on top of the preliminary foundation. This consisted of one wrought-iron tower placed on either side of the monolith. Each tower was made of six twelve-inch heavy wrought-iron "I" beams, spreading out at the base to a distance of twenty-one feet, and converging at the top to within five feet. The beams at their base rested on four heavy "I" beams, and were securely riveted to the platform by means of plates and knees. Placed on top of these posts were caps, each five feet long and thirty inches wide, which were also secured by means of plates and knees. The posts were braced from top to bottom by angle and channel irons, making the towers perfectly rigid. Placed on the top of the caps and securely bolted to the tower proper, were cast-iron journals, which weigh 3,700 pounds each, forming the grooves for the trunnions to work in. A six-inch rib is cast on the bottom of each of the trunnions, and in these ribs there are four two-inch holes. Through each of these holes one-and-three-quarter-inch iron rods were inserted, connecting with similar rods from the six-inch "I" beams running through the base by means of right and left thread turn-buckles, which were used to raise the obelisk from its foundation and throw the weight on the trunnions. The foundation was then removed, and the obelisk was left hanging free. On account of the stone having an unknown factor of safety when supported at its centre of gravity or at either end, it was deemed advisable to strengthen the stone by means of one-and-three-quarter-inch wire-rope stays, which were run over a frame nine feet high, resting on the trunnion which was intended to be uppermost when the stone was in a horizontal position, to either end of the obelisk. The stays relieved each end by some twenty-five tons, thus preventing any possibility of the stone cracking at its centre of gravity. Having taken every precaution, and the obelisk having been brought into a free position, it was easily turned.

When the obelisk was placed in a horizontal position, Captain Gorringe next proceeded to build two piles of beams placed crosswise. As soon as they reached the requisite height, jacks were used to lift the obelisk out of its trunnion bearings and block it up. All the construction was then taken away, and foot by foot the obelisk was lowered to the ground by reducing the piles, first from one side and then from the other. Once on the ground, the obelisk was incased in an iron cradle, which consists of a parabolic truss on each side, connected by means of heavy channel floor-beams and braces. To the floor-beams two heavy channel bars were riveted, and corresponding channels were laid on the ground to form the train for the obelisk to move on, which was accomplished by inserting eight-inch cannon-balls into the grooves formed by the channel bars. The track was laid sixty feet ahead of the cradles, so that, as the stone was pushed along, the track behind was taken up and placed in the front. The castings of the iron work were made by the Phœnix Iron-works Company, of Trenton, and the carpentering work was done abroad.

The description of the obelisk, as used by Mr. Roebling to make his calculation, is as follows: Sixty-seven feet two inches high, eight feet two and a half inches by six feet nine and three-quarter inches wide at base, five feet two inches by five feet wide at the top. Substance, granite; centre of gravity distant from base, twenty-six feet; surrounding (character of) soil—sand. The same structure, with very little difference in the manipulation, will be used to erect the obelisk in New York.

The obelisk was slowly and successfully lowered nearly to the level of the sea, by removing one at a time the planks that supported it. The gigantic iron framework used in raising the obelisk and carrying it down to the vessel was constructed by Roebling Sons, of Trenton, N. J. The total weight of the machinery was 128,000 pounds.

The obelisk was twenty feet from the shore. Digging in the sand to the level of the water, the workmen constructed a pontoon, and lowered the obelisk upon a cribwork built upon the boat. Meanwhile the *Dessoug* had been placed in a dry-dock. The pontoon was launched on ways, and floated to the dry-dock opposite the bow of the steamship. Then a hole was cut in the starboard bow of the *Dessoug*, thirty feet in length and twelve in height, and somewhat below the water-line. The cribwork on which the obelisk rested was just high enough to bring the obelisk level with the line on which it was intended to be moved into the ship. A track was then constructed of channel iron bars. The obelisk rested on the flat side of two lines of channel iron, and two corresponding lines were laid from the pontoon to the ship. Between these bars, in the grooves, iron cannon-balls were placed, and when all things were ready it was an easy matter to roll the great shaft into the hull of the steamer, swing it into its place, and shore it securely in position.

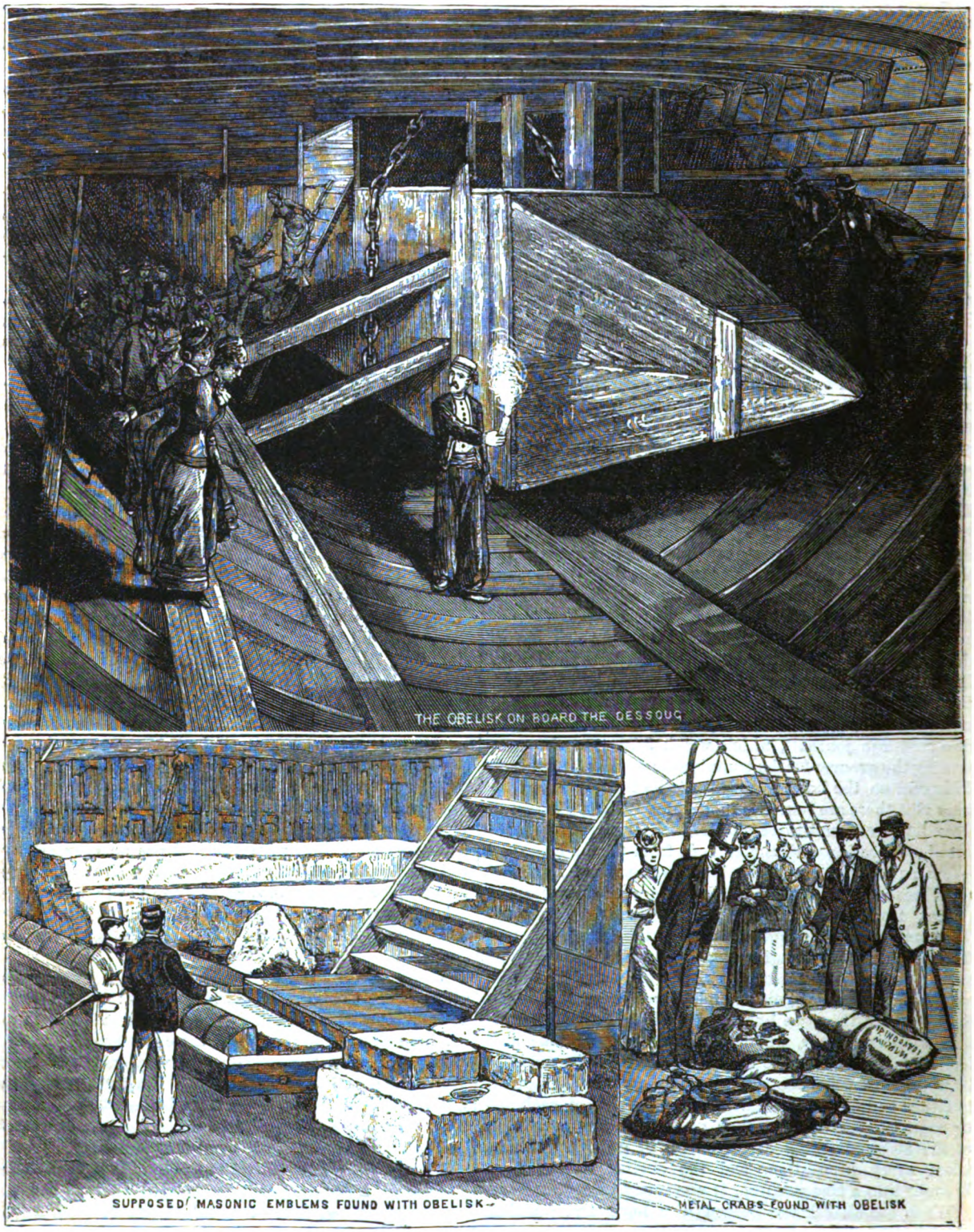
The voyage of the *Dessoug* was interrupted only by one accident—a broken shaft. This, fortunately, was easily replaced.

While at Gibraltar, the vessel was visited by persons of all classes. Commander Gorringe says: "Lord Napier, the Governor-General of Gibraltar, and his staff, and nearly all the ladies of the garrison, came on board. They all went down into the hold—not a very easy task for the ladies—and examined the obelisk. Lord Ripon, who was at Gibraltar on his way home from India, also called on us. They all seemed surprised that we had been so successful, and were very hearty in their congratulations."

The obelisk will be set up in Central Park, near the new Museum. A dry-dock will be located as near the point where the obelisk is to be raised as possible—somewhere about Eightieth Street. The bow of the *Dessoug* will be opened as it was opened before, the channel irons and cannon-balls will be brought into use, and the obelisk rolled from its place upon a pontoon or dock. Then a roadway will be prepared of heavy planks placed lengthwise on sleepers, and it can be drawn gradually, by the use of a steam-winch, to its place in the Central Park. The same

machinery used in raising it at Alexandria will be brought into requisition here.

We may congratulate ourselves upon the acquisition of the obelisk. It will prove the Mecca of many a pilgrimage from our far distant colleges, and the incentive to riper scholarship. No earnest student can stand before Cleopatra's Needle without inwardly reverting to the period when Egypt was a centre of refined civilization, and when the Ptolemies and Pharaohs represented the æstheticism and culture of the world. The student will pause and think, and return to his college full of the yearning thirst begotten of the mere tasting at the fountain. The hieroglyphics, now a sealed book save to a few, will become open to the many, and Egyptology will take a first rank.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—THE OBELISK ON BOARD THE "DESSOUG." SUPPOSED MASONIC EMBLEMS FOUND WITH OBELISK. METAL CRABS FOUND WITH OBELISK.

THE TUTOR'S STORY.—"SOMETHING FLASHED; A BULLET HISSED; I SCREAMED AND RAN OUT; BUT WHEN I REACHED THE SPOT, THE DUKE HAD FLED, AND DOCTOR JORGENSEN LAY BLEEDING, PALE, BUT A SMILE ON HIS LIPS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE PERJURED TRYST.

Sweet the hour when lovers meet;
Sweet—since love itself is sweet—
In the starlit silence deep,
When the well-known tryst they keep.
Summer breezes o'er them sweep,
Throbs the earth beneath their tread;
Flowers, that since sundown have lain
Languid, petal-closed and dead,
Blossom into life again;
Scarce the ghost of any sound
Stirs the aromatic air;
Heaven above and love around—
Love abounding everywhere;
But that love must true love be,
Nature's benison to see.

A festal blaze in yon windows glows,
The clash of music awakes the night,
And the glare of a myriad torches throws
On the lake outside a glimmer of light.
Faster and faster the hours speed by;
Swifter and swifter the dance whirls on;
She thinks, "Oh, when shall I see him nigh?
Oh, when will he come, my own, my own!"
Little she heeds the festival,
Held in her father's lofty hall;
As one who dreams she takes her part
In revelry, from which her heart
A thousand anxious thoughts remove,
Fix'd upon him, her love, her love.
Clear to her mental eye his face,
Yet vacant still that long-kept place.

Unseen she steals from the hall away,
Down the terraced walk she bends her feet,
To where she met him but yesterday—
To where they long have been wont to meet.
Her tale of love to the night she pours,
To the night she breathes her prayer:
"Why tarries my darling these weary hours?"
But hark! what murmur that stirs the air?
A rustle of robes, a footfall near;
A sound, a voice; "What is it I hear?
Great heaven! 'tis he! Can I see aright?"
She shrinks back into the gloom of night,
Like a wounded life, and stifles the cry
Of her fond heart's deep agony,
Listing the while the passionate oath
Foresworn of her lover's perjured troth.

That false fair woman, the thief of her love
Low-brow'd, with the locks of gold,
She sees close prest in his fond caress,
His treacherous arms enfold.
Though her eyes with grief are dim,
Still she sees, hears, only him.
But within that bosom fair
Reign stern anguish and despair.
"Still, my heart!" she whispers; "still
For a moment!" Soon she will
To the hall wend back her way,
Nor will those who see her say
That her woman's heart is broken
By the sight of treachery's token.
But her lover soon may prove
Woman's hate and woman's love
Briefest intervals remove.

THE TUTOR'S STORY.

It was Nathalie who found him, and she was as proud of it as if she had discovered a new planet swimming about in the blue ether.

Mamma had advertised, once in Paris, again at Geneva, and still again at Heidelberg. They came in crowds, poor souls, plethoric with accomplishments, impecunious, in worn garments, and with an air of gentlemanhood which smote us to our hearts; for when did gentility and poverty sort well together?

It was a mercy mamma was not alone—she would assuredly have engaged them all, it so hurt her gentle heart to say "No," and even the Van Arman fortune could not have supported a regiment of tutors.

"What shall I do?" cried the little mother, the color flitting in and out her fair cheeks.

"Tell them, one and all, you will write," cried Nathalie. "Pen and ink mediate so feelingly between one's feelings and hard necessity. And let me select him. I fancy I shall know him when I see him."

So mamma waited serenely, and Nathalie's blue eyes dwelt steadily upon the applicants, and each poor fellow bowed himself out, with a little bud of hope warm at his heart, which, alas! was destined to perish unopened. For Nathalie was hard to suit.

Meantime the boys ran wild.

"Really, Nathalie, you are unreasonable!" I said, in vexed remonstrance.

"Our boys have peculiar characters," replied Nathalie.

"Nonsense! They're just a pair of hoydenish youngsters, who need a little wholesome curbing and hard work. Captain Warwick says——"

"When Captain Warwick has boys of his own," interrupted Nathalie, serenely, "it will be quite proper for him to consult you as to managing them. In the meantime, *I* am not engaged, and when the boys trouble you, send them to me."

And all unconsciously she turned her handsome head to look at her drawing in a good light, and the *pose* was so superb that I forgot my vexation.

"I wonder when you will be engaged?" I cried, impulsively.

Nathalie smiled. Then a sweet, dreamy look grew in her eyes, and in five minutes I was completely forgotten.

"What hero will she choose?" I said to myself, softly going away. "The man doesn't live who is good enough for her."

The days went on and on, as the days do go when one is happy in foreign travel. To be young, and to have a lover, are conditions fit for as much bliss as our weak mortal hearts can bear; but to go about sight-seeing with one's lover, to explore all manner of picturesque places in company, to see with the eyes and feel with the hearts of both—ah! you stay-at-home maidens, there is nothing so divine under heaven as this!

At last, one morning came when we must again strike our tents. The boys were uproarious with joy.

"It's so slow at Heidelberg!" quoth Tom.

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed mamma, her delicate ear offended; and then she sighed. I knew she was sighing for the tutor.

"Captain Warwick says——" I began.

Our *garçon* interrupted:

"If madame pleases, there is a gentleman in waiting."

Just then Nathalie came running in. Her cheeks were as rose-colored as her ribbons, her blue eyes more luminous.

"He is come!" she cried, in an excited whisper. "I have been looking at him from the conservatory. Oh, mamma, engage him at once!"

"Indeed I will!" said mamma, with a look of relief, and she passed with alacrity into the reception-room.

"Who is he? How did he look? Describe him!"

"Describe Apollo!" echoed Nathalie, indignantly. "Wait till you see him."

We had not to wait long. In about twenty minutes mamma sent for us all to the parlor. I remember a man of noble figure, fair, hazel-eyed, a face framed in a cloud of blonde hair and beard, which matched each other, tint for tint.

Of course he was a gentleman, and he knew—heavens! what was there he did not know? Not that he paraded or asserted himself—he was charmingly modest; but it came out in answer to mamma's questions. He knew Latin and Greek, and spoke all the European languages—I dare say Congo and Sanscrit, also. He was an enthusiastic student of the natural sciences, and rode, fenced, swam, shot—in short, was such a model of manly accomplishments, that mamma's eyes shone with pleasure at securing him.

When he took leave, it was under an engagement to accompany us the next day to Vienna.

"A Dane!" said Louis, when he was gone.

"Name of Jorgensen," said Tom—"Dr. Jorgensen."

"He's a pearl among tutors," said Nathalie, sweetly.

I meditated.

"I don't doubt he is wonderfully accomplished," I said, at last; "but I don't call him an Apollo. Captain Warwick——"

Nathalie turned, and walked out of the room as stately as a queen.

"I only hope he will prove to be all he appears," said mamma, fervently.

Let me hasten to say that he did. In a month, mamma would have mortgaged her fortune to keep him. The boys adored him. Captain Warwick declared him a good fellow, and I loved him like a brother. Indeed, my noble captain was pleased to be jealous. Very absurd, too.

"He is as insensible to women as if we were all marble statues," I declared, vehemently.

"I knew a fellow once who fell in love with a marble statue," said Captain Warwick, with a melancholy air.

I ignored this totally irrelevant suggestion.

"He is even indifferent to Nathalie's wonderful attractions; and of course if he can't fall in love with her, he can't with anybody."

"I don't quite see that," said my captain. "I'm not spoony on Nathalie myself. She's cold."

"But so sweet! Don't you think so, Basil?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"So is ice-cream."

"And that's precisely Dr. Jorgensen's style. I wonder if he *is* a bachelor? But mamma says as long as he treats all ladies with that superb indifference, we have no right to speculate, much less inquire."

But, privately, mamma said to me:

"I *should* like to know a little more about our charming doctor. For you know I look on Nathalie as engaged, and if I knew there was even a microscopic chance of his falling in love with Nathalie, I might give him a hint."

"Oh, mamma!" I cried, alarmed, "pray do nothing of the kind. He is ice and iron where women are concerned. I am sure of it."

I was sure of it. Dr. Jorgensen did not act in the least like Captain Warwick. If I asked him to mend my pencil, he did it like a machine. Once, as we admired a sunset, Nathalie's light muslin swept across his knees. He frowned, and brushed it away impatiently. The air and action were unmistakable. If he had felt the slightest tenderness for her, I reasoned, he could not so have treated the smallest of her dainty belongings.

It angered me. Did not Nathalie yearly send away lovers by the score? What right had this man to go about with a petrified heart? I longed to punish him. It came about *à propos* of a novel we were discussing.

"Allow me to know," I said, saucily. "Your knowledge of love must be purely speculative, Dr. Jorgensen?"

"Purely speculative!" he repeated, dryly.

What a singular pallor had crept over his face! I was seized with a devouring curiosity.

"Is it, or is it not?" I cried. "You are a most tantalizing riddle, Mr. Tutor."

A ghost of a smile dawned on his face.

"You would know more of the poor teacher? Very well. You shall, and that soon. It will be best," he murmured, with such a pitiful look that I stole away, remorseful and awed.

I dared not tell what I had done. Mamma would have thought the Van Arman name for ever disgraced by the display of such a vulgar curiosity, and Nathalie—I should not have liked to encounter the blaze of scorn in those limpid azure eyes.

So I waited in fear and trembling, and with a half-defined apprehension that something astounding was about to happen.

At last, one evening mamma had entertained a few friends, and when the carriages had rolled away, we sat together in the balcony, and talked over our departed guests.

Some of the most accomplished foreigners resident in Vienna had graced our *salon*; lovely and charming women had ornamented the scene. Among them had been the Countess Amalia. Now, all the world of Vienna knows the Countess Amalia. Nice people in our dear old Puritan city would lift their patrician eyes in amazement if they knew that Mrs. Van Arman had invited her. But in Vienna what would you? The count was immensely rich, the countess was unspeakably charming. Besides, her friends all say that there were extenuating circumstances. Her first husband is described as a man of iron, hard, inflexible, unlovesome.

"And did that justify the Countess Amalia in dishonoring his name, and abandoning his home and children?"

The tone was low and intense. Turning toward Dr. Jorgensen, we were startled at the pallor of his face.

"Why, no, my dear doctor. Who can justify a woman in such a course?"

But mamma faltered. She could not defend her beautiful acquaintance, and yet her heart was so soft.

"Madame—dear madame!" said the tutor, his voice fairly quivering with excitement, "you know not what a proud, adoring husband suffers in such a case."

"But," said mamma, desperately, "the Countess Amalia's husband was not an adoring one. Duke Drensen himself told me——"

A groan that curdled our blood checked this speech.

"My God! that fiend—that monster here? Oh, God! and yet thy heavens smile!"

We were all terribly startled—mamma was white as death. We all remembered then that Dr. Jorgensen had not met the duke, being by chance out when that gentleman called. And the acquaintance was only three weeks old—old enough, however, for our Vienna friends to smile when the duke made his graceful obeisance to Mrs. Van Arman. A man just past the prime of life, stately, handsome, cordial, with great *bonhomie*, and of a charming gallantry. We liked the duke, and did not everybody fall in love with our pretty mamma?

How white she was now!

"Dr. Jorgensen, you pain me. The duke is my friend."

"Your friend! Pardon me, madame! *Your* friend!"

His face was a sight to behold. Scorn and contempt

fought there for the mastery. Great drops of sweat broke out on his forehead. He wiped them away with a shaking hand. It was too awful.

Mamma began to cry. Nathalie had stood aside, pale and trembling, but now she went softly up to the tutor, touched his arm gently, and uttered a word or two.

It wrought upon him like a spell. Passion died, and sorrow—hopeless sorrow, succeeded.

"Forgive me, dear friends—forgive me! You think me mad—violent. But you do not know how I have suffered. Hear me, and then pity me—for you will pity me. I know your hearts—so sweet, so good, so tender."

He sank down in a *fauteuil*. His aspect was that of a man worn out by pain. It was Nathalie who sang for him, pressed it upon him, received his look of adoring gratitude, and turned away to hide the tremulous blushes that made her beautiful as Aurora.

And then, in the hushed night, we heard the tutor's story.

He spoke with pale face and bent head, and in a low, sorrow-worn voice. I saw Nathalie's eyes burning with an intense azure light, and her attitude of absorbed attention had more in it than grace.

"Is it possible she cares for this man?" I thought, and then the foolish fancy fled, abashed, as she looked up and smiled, with her candid sweetness.

"Twelve years ago," said the tutor, "there lived in the village of Toro a doctor named Uhlik Jorgensen."

Just a slight quiver of the eyelids showed how Nathalie was listening to the story of the tutor's life

THE PERJURED TRYST.—SEE PAGE 418.

"He was the son of honest, poor parents, who, however, were well-born, and who, with that divine parental love which God puts into the hearts of good men and women, had worked hard and fared meagrely to give their son an education that should place him above the necessity of grinding manual toil. The lad had a taste for study. He applied himself diligently, and cherished no expensive habits, so that when the time came to lay his good parents under the green hillocks, where they should rest in holy sleep, he was the owner of a neat house in Toro, and earning an income which sufficed for the modest wants of his wife—whom he adored—and himself.

"To be sure, he must work hard—rise at midnight and fight his way through blinding snows to the sick-bed, watch vigilantly all the chill, white night, and struggle home in the gray morning. But his wife met him there. The simple breakfast was sweet to him, because she had prepared it. He never could be grateful enough to her for coming to his humble home, for she was lovely and fair enough to shine and reign in palaces.

"But the good Lutheran pastor, her father, had taught her that true happiness does not consist in wealth or rank, and the simple Dr. Jorgensen believed she had learned the lesson well. Did not her soft eyes smile up at him when he came home from a long night's work? Did she not come and put her tender hands in his, and lean her slight weight upon his strong arms? Poor fool! he did not know the heart of woman.

THE EMPIRE OF ANNAM.—A TIGER HUNT.—SEE PAGE 423.

"A few years sped away. A child was born to them, and died. Times grew hard. When the doctor took his wife out in his little pony-cart, he saw her gaze longingly at the silk dresses and elegant furs of some ladies who dashed past them. He scowled, and cursed the fate that made him poor.

"They took another turn, and came again face to face with the lordly wealth. A gentleman lolling among the cushions gazed at the doctor's beautiful wife with a bold stare of admiration.

"'That is Duke Drensen and the ladies of his family,' she said, with pink, blushing cheeks.

"'A coarse-looking man,' he said.

"'Ah! but the daughter is pretty, and the poor countess—how pale she looks! I heard that he had come home to the Castle Damebrog for her health. Will they ask us to come and see them, do you think?'

"'It is altogether unlikely,' said Dr. Jorgensen.

"The face of the beautiful creature at his side clouded, and his heart grew tender. After all, poor child, she was young enough to enjoy society and the admiration she was sure to attract. Why should he wrap himself up in his pride, and hold aloof?

"'I will pay my respects to the duke, my dear Elise, if you desire it.'

"'Oh, will you! Dear Uhlik, you are so good. There will be dinners and balls at the castle, and—it is so dull at home.'

"So dull at home! He went about with an aching heart that day, but he called on the duke. The duke returned the call, curbed his admiration in the doctor's presence, was respectful and courteous, and urged them to visit the castle. Led by the longing in his wife's eyes, Dr. Jorgensen accepted.

"The first visit led on to more, till it became almost a daily habit for Dr. Jorgensen and his wife to dine at the castle. If they failed to go, the duke's carriage came for them, and when they presented themselves, they were met by affectionate reproaches.

"What irked the doctor most was the fact that this hospitality eked out the miserable living which was all he could earn. But how could he see his beautiful wife sit down to black bread while game and a hundred delicacies waited for her on the duke's table? And Elise was so happy all that Summer, and more beautiful than ever. And as for him, he worshiped her more wildly than before. For the sickness that impended might take her from him, and this awful responsibility made her tenfold more dear.

"But the sickness came, and left her safe, and the proud mother of two lovely twin boys. Now they petted her more than ever at the castle. The duke declared that he should charge himself with the education of the twins.

"That Autumn the duke's daughter married, and went to reside at Copenhagen. In the early Winter the countess died. Now more than ever the duke claimed their society. They almost lived at the castle—going thither every morning, and returning late in the evening. Sometimes when they returned to their small cottage, Elise would look around, and sigh.

"'Do you covet the castle and its splendor?' the doctor would say, with a pang.

"'No, for I have you. But I do wish, Uhlik, you could get rich!'

"It got to haunt him day and night—how to achieve this wish of his wife's. At last, one day in Spring, a letter came to him. It offered him a professorship in a medical college in Hamburg.

"Elise's beautiful eyes glowed.

"'Now, my husband, is the golden opportunity! You must go at once to the examination."

"So in haste he got himself ready, embraced Elise, and started. He had never been separated from her before since their marriage, and he will carry down into the darkness of the grave the picture of her as she stood, her baby boys clinging to her hands, the Spring sun shining on her hair, and on her fair, pink cheeks.

"Let me hasten to the end.

"He went to Hamburg, was examined, accepted, promised a salary that was wealth to him, and hurried back to Toro with the news. He found his house shut up. His wife was then at the castle. He hastened thither. On the way he met Waldemar, the overseer of the estate. The fellow leered at him.

"'So my lord and your lady are off pleasuring.'

"In a minute the doctor had him by the throat.

"'What do you mean?' he shouted.

"'Mean? Why, that Duke Drensen and Mrs. Jorgensen went up to Copenhagen three days since!'

"'Great God!'

"The man stared at him compassionately.

"'Don't take it to heart so, doctor. We all thought 'twould turn out so; but a light woman is best got rid of.'

"The doctor staggered back. He did not know what he did. They brought out his boys, and he took them home.

"Three days more of agony he waited. The children cried for mamma and bread. The night of the third day he saw the splendid carriage of the duke flash by. He hurried to the castle. The servants had orders not to admit him. He demanded his wife. A note was brought from the duke saying that his wife would not return to him, that she was weary of poverty and work, and would remain at the castle.

"Then his reason broke down. He fell ill of a raging fever. When, after weeks of illness, he came to himself, the duke had gone, and taken Elise with him, to Italy.

"The miserable man lived on in a torpid, half-conscious state. That Autumn a pestilence swept away his two boys. He broke up his home, and became a world-wanderer. At last he sat down by your happy fireside, sweet madame—at last he thought he could forget his woes. But the duke's name is spoken, and all the old ghosts start up and gibber at him."

A silence fell.

"The woman—the unhappy woman?" whispered mamma.

"She died in Italy, too late repentant, and praying for the husband and children she had forsaken."

His head was dropped forward. He was worn out with the recital. We all stole softly out, and left him with his grief. Nathalie spoke first.

"Mamma!" with blazing eyes, "you must never receive the duke here again!"

"Oh, but, my dear, I must," cried mamma, perplexed and distressed; "for, do you know, he proposed to me today, and he is coming to-morrow for an answer!"

A blank amazement kept us all silent.

Duke Drensen came the next morning. What he thought of his rejection—where success had seemed so hopeful—I do not know. Mamma said afterward that there was an awful scene.

I peeped through the Venetian blind, and saw him stride angrily across the garden. Then I almost cried out, for who should step from one of the arbors but Dr. Jorgensen!

The duke whitened. His hand went to his breast-pocket.

"Fool!" said the doctor, with a smile of scorn. "Keep your wretched life, but swear to me to leave Vienna, or I will brand you as a coward and a villain in all the club-houses of the city."

The duke's face crimsoned with anger. He swore a bitter oath, and then the two men grappled. I saw Dr. Jorgensen snatch the duke's cane, and then the blows fell sharp and fast for the space of three minutes, till the pliant stick dropped from his hand in shreds.

"There! coward! bully! seducer! Though you have royal blood in your veins, I have beaten you like a dog—go!"

Oh, the unutterable contempt and loathing in the tone! Something flashed—a bullet hissed! I screamed and ran out; but when I reached the spot, the duke had fled, and Dr. Jorgensen lay bleeding, pale, but a smile on his lips.

Where did Nathalie come from? Here she was on the ground, stanching the blood with her white handkerchief, and crying through her tears:

"Not unto death, oh God! not unto death!"

He put up one arm, and drew her face down to his lips.

"For the first time in many years I have desired to live, oh, my darling! Please God, I will."

They came and carried him in. He did live; and when next he came out, it was only to go to the nearest church, where Nathalie, looking almost too beautiful, gave herself to him for ever.

And so his sad life had a compensation. Such perfect wedded happiness may well sometimes round a youth of sorrow.

THE EMPIRE OF ANNAM,

AND THE FRENCH COLONY OF COCHIN CHINA.

While England has been building up her power in Hindostan, France has secured a foothold in Further India, and has been steadily increasing her influence, although little notice is taken of it, and in our current news of the day there is seldom allusion made to it.

Annam lies between 8° 45′ and 23° 22′ north latitude, and 105° to 109° east longitude. It consists of a strip of country 965 miles in length, and varying from 415 to 60 miles in width; area about 98,000 square miles, or a little more than half the size of France.

The kingdom is divided into two principal parts—the fifteen provinces of Tonquin in the northern and ten other provinces in the southern latitudes, with a population of some twelve or thirteen million, ten million of whom belong to the Tonquin provinces.

In 234 B.C., this territory was conquered by the Chinese, who held possession of it for about five hundred years, when they ceased to govern it. It was infested, rather than governed, by wild hordes until 1406. China reconquered the country in 1406, but abandoned it again in 1428. In 1471 Cochin China was completely subjected by Tonquin, but in 1553 threw off the yoke, and until 1748 was governed by both a nominal and real sovereign, the latter of whom was a military commander and a regent. The nominal sovereigns then obtained the mastery, and ruled in the midst of anarchy till 1774, when, in the reign of Caungshung, the revolution of Yinyac and his brothers overturned their power. Bishop Adran, a French missionary, the tutor of the late King's son, obtained for him the alliance of Louis XVI.; and, with the aid of a few of his countrymen, was the main cause of the restoration of his pupil Gia-long to the ancestral throne, which he mounted in 1802.

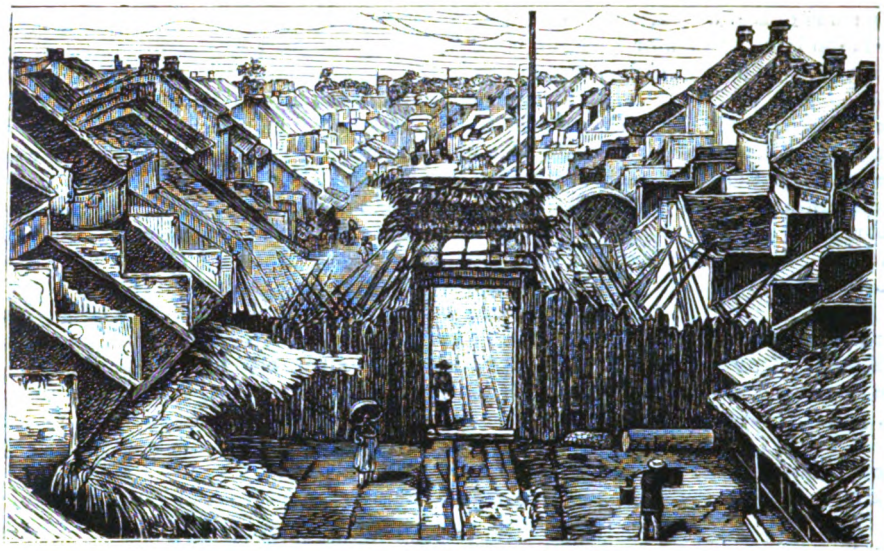
Civilization then made a great stride. Public improvements were commenced; the coasts were surveyed, and trade promoted. But Gia-long died in 1819, and an illegitimate son was invested in 1821 by the Court of Pekin with the Empire of Tonquin and Cochin China.

French influence was not confined to missionary work. Just before the French Revolution, the Government of Louis XVI. occupied and fortified some of the coast towns of Lower Cochin China, which were more or less successful in extending their power, until they finally, in 1860, entirely conquered Saigon, which was made the capital of a new French colony. The territory of this colony comprises the three provinces of Dongnai, Bien-hoa and Saigon—equal in size to about a tenth part of France. It includes the lower portion of Cambodia. The French were primarily moved to this occupation by the persecutions which existed against the Christians, of whom there were in Cochin China about 400,000.

The present King of Annam received his crown through the intrigues of the mandarins, who wrested it from his elder brother. His Majesty Tu Duc is a miserable nonentity. He lives among his wives and certain grand mandarins. The chief aims of his useless life are the chase, attending sacrifices, and shutting himself up at certain seasons in the palace which contains the monuments of his ancestors. Although from long custom all the common people hide themselves from the presence of royalty and the great kneel in his path with downcast eyes, Tu Duc knows nothing of the government of his country, whose etiquette has rendered him at once the most slavish and ignorant person in his dominions. Still he is master of the lives of all his subjects, and his first minister trembles before him, giving way to his every caprice. Nevertheless, he is politically but the instrument of his mandarins—a very different monarch from Gia-long. He is not at all stately in his bearing, and does not put on half the airs of his mandarins, who assume the most ridiculous attitudes while moving among the common people. These scatter on the approach of their superiors, with a pretense of great respect; but no sooner have their excellencies disappeared, than a laugh is raised at their expense. The Annamites are a nation of sycophants. They are obsequious to strangers, but make merry at their expense behind their backs.

The language and dress of these people are derived from China. The language is monosyllabic, with no inflexions. They can sound the *b*, *d* and *r*, which the Chinese cannot pronounce. Their literature is Chinese, but their only books appear to be on medicine and the works of Confucius. They are an extremely superstitious people, are Buddhists, and perpetually offer sacrifices for relief from the cholera and other scourges. At such times the poorer classes, who live principally on rice, have an opportunity to get a good meal, for the food offerings are consumed by them at the close of the mummeries.

King Tu Duc has an army at Hué of about six thousand men, and there are probably altogether no more than fifty thousand men-at-arms in the entire kingdom. There are also about eight hundred elephants. All the men are liable to serve, and the age at which they are chosen is about eighteen. They must then serve until age or infirmity compels them to quit the army. At the end of the first three years they are furloughed for a like period, and receive grants of land to till for the support of their families. They are described as strong, hardy-looking men, clothed in scarlet woolens, sometimes trimmed with blue or yellow, wearing a conical helmet of wicker-work. During the latter part of the last century the French supplied them with 10,000 stand of arms, and their discipline and mode



STREET AND GATE, SAIGON.

The climate of Annam is not healthy, but although the ordinary European would probably not be equal to field labor, he might safely direct agricultural pursuits; and it is to be regretted that European enterprise should not already be more active in a field which promises remunerative results. The rivers and canals are safe, and being navigable, produce can be carried cheaply and easily. Rice is the principal article of culture in Annam, and there are six different sorts grown. Maize, cotton, yams, sweet potatoes, pulse and fruit are the other chief objects of cultivation.

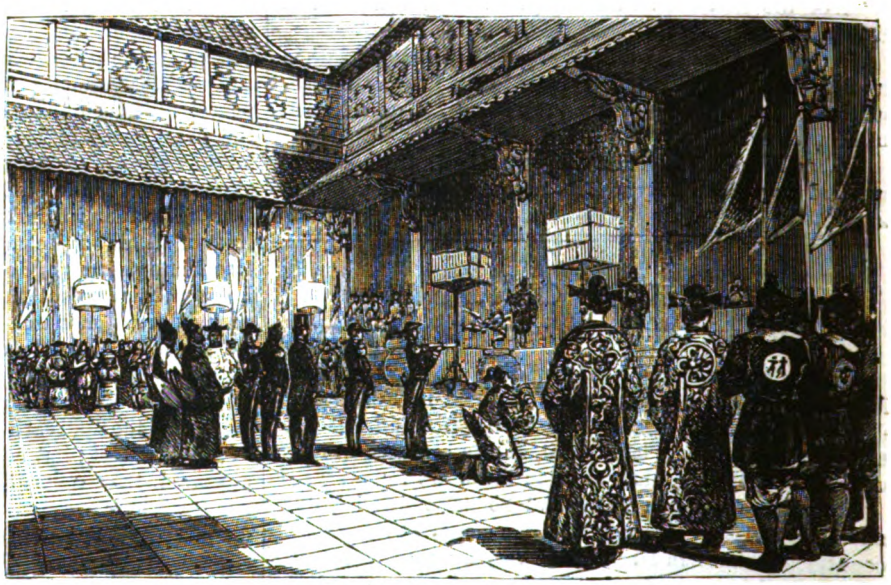
The coast is sometimes visited by violent tempests, which in one way are beneficial to the people. The air is purged of its malarial properties, and the deluge of rain which accompanies the windstorm washes away impurities which the apathy of the people permits to accumulate. However, they dread these visitations, and are so alarmed that they can scarcely find courage to save themselves and their goods.

Raw silk is largely produced in Tonquin, but European skill is needed in properly tilling the ground. Women are the principal field-laborers, and are very poorly paid, wretched creatures.

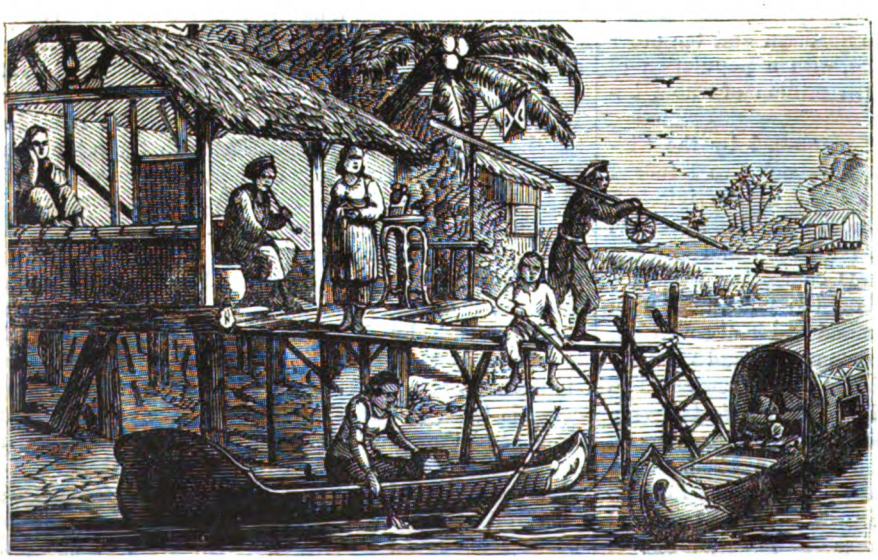
The buffalo is domesticated,

of warfare is a close copy of the European.

The navy is insignificant, but Tu Duc has lately been presented by the French Government with some fine vessels, of which the people are not a little proud. Their ideas of navigation are not thorough, and they have been glad to take lessons from the French, of whom, however, they are very jealous, and they would not be disinclined to give them a great deal of trouble if they dared. The mandarins are especially jealous and two-faced. As for the King, he is too indolent and apathetic, and too much governed by his ministers, to have much feeling in the matter.

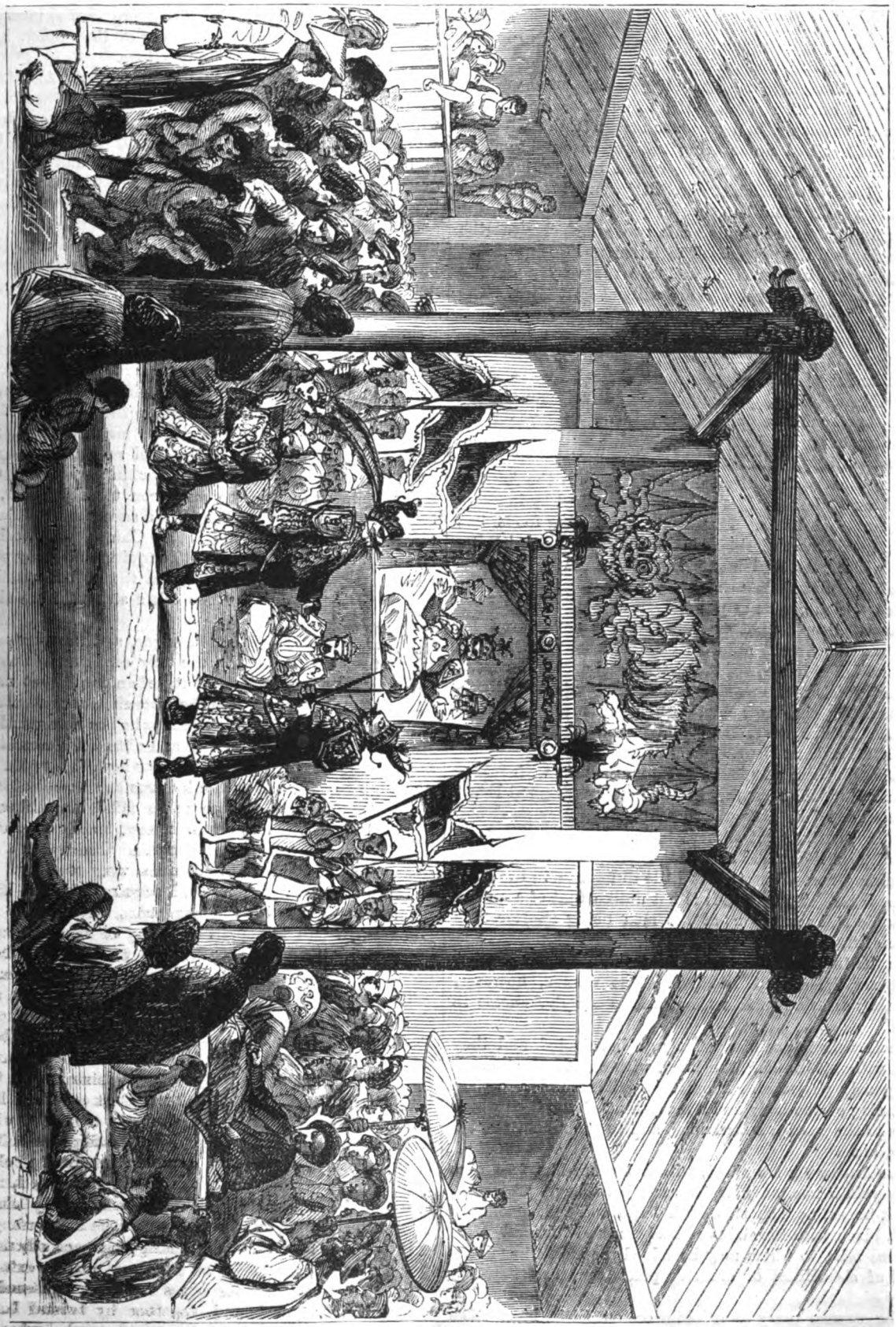


AN AUDIENCE WITH THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM.



A NATIVE HUT, ANNAM.

and useful in agriculture; the ox is small, and of a reddish-brown hue, but beef is not a popular food. Sheep are scarce, and of poor kind. Goats abound. The hog (Chinese breed) is a favorite animal, and of a very fine kind. At Hué (the capital) hogs are generally stall fed, and are not allowed to roam at large. Poultry is abundant, and game-cocks are trained for fighting. The horses are poor and few in number.



A THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION IN ANNAM TO OBTAIN RAIN.

The diet of the people would disgust European taste, for, although rice and fish with vegetables are their chief food, rats, mice, worms, putrid meats and entrails frequently form a pot-pourri. The King and nobility are addicted to elephant's flesh, of which none others are permitted to partake.

A European traveler amusingly describes a *tête-à-tête* dinner with a mandarin whose dishes were as doubtful as his manners, although in a most ludicrous way he attempted to copy his guest's actions. His hair (*chignon*) and forehead were enveloped in a gorgeous turban fresh from Tonquin; his feet had no covering but immense red sandals, and over his ordinary blouse he wore a blue tunic. The cuffs and collar of his shirt were filthy, and his nails vied with them in dirt and length.

The Annamites are divided into two grand classes—the mandarins and the people. The latter are registered and unregistered. The unregistered are the very poor who can pay no tithes—those who are without habitation. The registered nominate and elect the members of the municipal council. The mandarins are those who hold the higher offices, and actually govern the council. The principal mandarins are the mayor, the chief magistrate and the comptrollers. But mayor, magistrate, councilmen and the people have one thing in common—dirt. His honor the mayor scratches his body furiously with nails longer and dirtier than those which belong to the people.

Skin diseases are universal; but rarely do the Annamites resort to the remedies which are furnished by indigenous plants and herbs. Marshy plains, heating foods, bad water, insufficient clothing in Winter, wretched habitations where men and beasts herd in common, and little regard to cleanliness—together tend to produce the disease, which gives the population a most unsavory appearance. Soap is not unknown, but is never used for purposes of personal ablution. In seacoast villages they dare not bathe for fear of the sharks, and avoid the rivers, which they claim are poisonous. Their ablutions are therefore limited; and their chief occupation is in the chase of parasites, which cover their bodies and swarm in their long and handsome hair.

Although these people are by no means nice with regard to their food, the resources of the country for good living are excellent. Both river and sea-fish are very good and abundant, costing but a mere trifle. Eggs are always to be had, and vegetables of all kinds are procurable.

A stranger would note but little difference in the dress of the sexes. The costume is not unlike that of a priest, the tunic and pantaloons of the men being shorter than those of the women.

On the turban which covers the head, not unlike a *toupé*, is placed the conical headgear. The women, however, generally wear a round hat, not unlike a *gryère* cheese in form.

Their walk is peculiar. They go barefooted, and they strut without bending the knee, with chest and stomach pompously projected. From this gait results a certain balancing of the body and a movement of the hips which gives to the women a lascivious, and to the men a pretentious, air.

The Annamites are short, with a lozenze-like face of a dirty-yellow hue, angular features, jaws large, projecting cheek-bones, nose short, mouth large and red, disclosing teeth black with the stains of *betel arec* and tobacco. This *tout ensemble*, to which may be added the most utter disregard of cleanliness of dress or person, presents a pretty sorry picture.

The women carry their children on their hips. The heads of these little ones are kept shaved until they arrive at adolescence. The young men seldom show signs of a beard until they are thirty, and their faces are sad and ghastly. Their eyes are rounder and smaller than those of the Chinese. The men seldom exceed five feet three inches in stature, which is below the ordinary standard of the Malays and Siamese. They are quite muscular. Some travelers have reported many of the women handsome, and with rather fair complexions.

Opinions vary as to the intelligence of the Annamites, but they have been generally described as rather bright, without possessing originality or invention, yet exhibiting a great aptitude for imitation. Finlaysen declares them to be sprightly, animated, good-natured, and altogether destitute of the solemn reserve of the Chinese; always laughing and chattering, volatile, capricious and changeable, vain, and endowed with considerable national pride. They have never been accused of ferocity, and are affable, kind and attentive to strangers. And the lower orders are not rapacious, although a despotic, illiberal and avaricious Government has unquestionably made all within the influence of the Court the most arrant thieves. In their manners and behavior they are polite, but ceremonious.

The people are made up of several races: 1, the Cochin Chinese and Tonquinese, who are similar in person, and most of their habits and customs, to the Chinese; 2, the Cambodians, in physical qualities, manners, etc., more resembling the Siamese; 3, the Moi race, inhabiting the mountainous country between Cochin China and Cambodia, believed by some to have been the aborigines, said to be black like the Caffres, and in a savage state. Besides the native races, there are 25,000 Chinese who work the mines and trade in metals in Tonquin, and many others who are settled in the commercial towns, but mostly in the northern provinces. The other strangers are chiefly Malays.

The mandarins are full of intrigue, and are ever on the watch to share spoils. In the Bay of Tourane floats an old steamship, once the property of an intelligent native, who became interpreter to the French Government. He is now ruined, imprisoned—perhaps he has been murdered. He quitted the French service and obtained a commission to purchase at Hong Kong ships for his Majesty Tu Duc. Although he returned with a hideous assortment of hulks, the experiment was a success; he filled his coffers, and turned his attention to pastures new, finally obtaining a valuable mining territory at Tonquin. He bought a small steamship, and in time became very wealthy. The European tastes which he had acquired forbade his intimate association with the mandarins, and since he made no offer to share his spoils with any of them, he was denounced by them and condemned to death. If he was not at once deprived of life, it was for political reasons.

The Cochin Chinese are said to understand the art of shipbuilding better than any others. The construction would not disgrace European manufacturers, but the material is rude. They are built from five to one hundred tons burden, but principally between sixteen and thirty tons, sharp at either end, and the deck one-third longer than the keel. Their bottoms mostly consist of wicker-work, covered on the outside by a coating, one-half inch thick, of *galgal*, a close and durable mixture of pitch, oil, lime, etc. The sides and deck are bound together with cross-bulkheads, and as the larger vessels usually belong to a joint stock company of merchants, there are as many separate holds as owners. The fishing-boats and others, fifty feet in length, are made of five long planks, extending from stem to stern, their edges mortised, tightened with wooden pins, and bound together by twisted bamboo fibres. At each end they are raised much higher, and

painted, gilded and ornamented with figures of dragons and serpents. They often carry a covered cabin, built like a house upon the deck; from one to three sails of matting, which, in the northern provinces, are often square, and more like those of Europe; a wooden anchor with one fluke; shrouds and cables of rattan.

A visit to the main street of a principal village is thus described: As the stranger entered, the children fled from him in alarm, uttering piercing cries. The dogs barked, the women sought hiding-places, and soon not one was to be seen. As for the men, they stared with curious eyes at the stranger, and became convulsed with laughter as soon as he had passed on. Even the buffaloes bellowed as they fixed their large eyes on him, and seemed as if they, also, were about to tramp away in alarm, although these very animals had the reputation of being ferocious.

Arrived at the market-place, the visitor saw about a hundred men and women surrounded by wicker-baskets containing provisions. As he stopped before a booth, some of those individuals who are found all over the world, and who act as touters, mediums and interpreters, gesticulating, proffered their services, and when the question of price arose they became noisy and disputative with the merchants. He was glad to pay them a trifle and get away. The young women fled from their stalls or booths as he drew near; the matrons hid their faces, being jealous of disclosing their features to the stranger. As for the old dames, they threw "Billingsgate" at the guides and ignored the would-be purchaser.

When we have seen one Annamite dwelling—if we except the very poor ones—we have seen all. It is not unlike a pagoda, wooden, with a veranda, and more or less ornamented in quaint fashion, according to the means of the owner, in some instances faïence being used to embellish the outer walls; and from a distance the effect is quite pretty.

The traveler was permitted to inspect the principal dwelling, which he found comfortable and unique. He was not permitted to enter the apartments assigned to the women.

It must not, however, be imagined that the women of Annam are all modest or retiring, or that they are guarded with anything like the strictness and jealousy which characterize most Eastern nations. Bigamy is common amongst them. Young girls and women yield their persons indiscriminately to men until they are married. Before that time they are at liberty to do as they please, and do not lose the respect of their fellows.

The mandarins are surprised when the traveler refuses to accept a temporary wife, and they consider that they are only hospitable in introducing him to young girls who are not remarkable for bashfulness; indeed, according to some travelers, the advances of the fair sex are positively embarrassing.

Hué, which is the residence of the King, is also the abiding-place of the ambassadors from other countries. A visit to Hué is thus described: "There is only one great way through the province—that of Tourane—to Hué, and it always presents an animated aspect. In the middle of the road is a footway, paved with bricks. Here there is a busy march of merchants, carrying bales suspended from long bamboos which rest on their shoulders. Fine elephants move along with majestic gait; babies—fine ones, too—in plenty are met, riding on their mothers' hips. They cry loudly as the barbarian approaches, and the politeness with which the mandarins and storekeepers make way, proves that a foreigner is quite a novelty in the streets of Hué."

A house at Hué, the best to be found there, can be bought for $600; but the natives are rapacious enough, and by one year's rental to a foreigner, frequently get back the price they originally paid for the dwelling.

Women are bought and sold at Hué, and over parts of Annam. The ordinary price paid is about $30, while a beauty may be had for $60. However, these fair dames are pretty expensive acquisitions.

There are gardens at Hué which are delightful retreats; here flourish the orange and the lemon-trees. The *cay-ban*, or umbrella-tree, affords a delightful shade to the weary wayfarer. In these gardens many of the rich natives have placed little monuments in memory of their ancestors, in the form, many of them, of small pagodas, wherein are placed tables on which objects of silver and cardboard are arranged, many of them like children's toys. For instance, a mandarin will be represented with his horse, or his boat and his umbrellas; and the vanity of the people causes them to augment the number of their ancestors' possessions. The poor are content to place a little wooden altar beneath one of the beautiful trees.

It is amusing to note the manner in which the Chinese portion of the population treat the Annamites, to whom they consider themselves vastly superior. Even an ordinary Chinese cook will address a mandarin in tones most supercilious. "In fact," says a traveler, "I would not have dared to address the mandarin in tones as rough and abrupt as did my own Chinese hired man." So much for caste. On the other hand, the mandarins are sometimes very insolent to foreigners, one of whom tells us how he was refused justice by two men acting as magistrates. It seems that a servant of the traveler had been abused by an Annamite, a sturdy fellow, who also threatened any who interfered. On the arrival of the mandarins who had been sent for, they made light of the crime, and refused to have the rascal punished. Losing all patience, the foreigner turned on the principal mandarin and cried, "Look you here, sir! I have long enough put up with your insolence, and I could cause your punishment by writing to my minister, or your superiors. However, I shall do neither of these things; I intend to handle you fellows myself." Then he added, with assumed ferocity, "Have you a sword?" Then he turned to his servant and bade him bring his own. At the sight of this weapon, the mandarin turned all colors. The others seized him by the arm, and held the point of the sword in close proximity to the mandarin's nose, saying, "You will find it a little more uncomfortable very soon, my friend."

At this the terrified mandarin exclaimed that he had no sword—that he did not like such a settlement of the difficulty; and ended by promising to give the culprit a proper punishment for his criminal assault.

The witty Frenchman who tells this story adds: "They are a bad lot, these mandarins: but, *parbleu! 'le sabre de mon père'* is by no means a bad instrument with which to compel them to be reasonable and well-behaved."

Distinguished persons, military and others, in Annam, are not decorated with the medal or the ribbon; but they carry on their dress certain embroidered Chinese characters. But medals are given to strangers, of gold or silver, according to their rank.

The audience-chamber of the First Minister at Hué is as plain and unpretending as the simplest New England schoolhouse. He sits, tailor-fashion, on a plain wooden bench, and administers justice. He has his pipe and his coffee, and beside him, at a polite distance, sit the interpreters. Opposite him, on an equally plain bench, sits the individual who is admitted to audience. On each side are about a hundred well-armed guards, powerful and fierce-visaged. The minister wore a plain garment of fine silk. He is of middle age, tall, very thin, and his features

ELEPHANT MILITARY DRILL UNDER THE WALLS OF HUÉ.

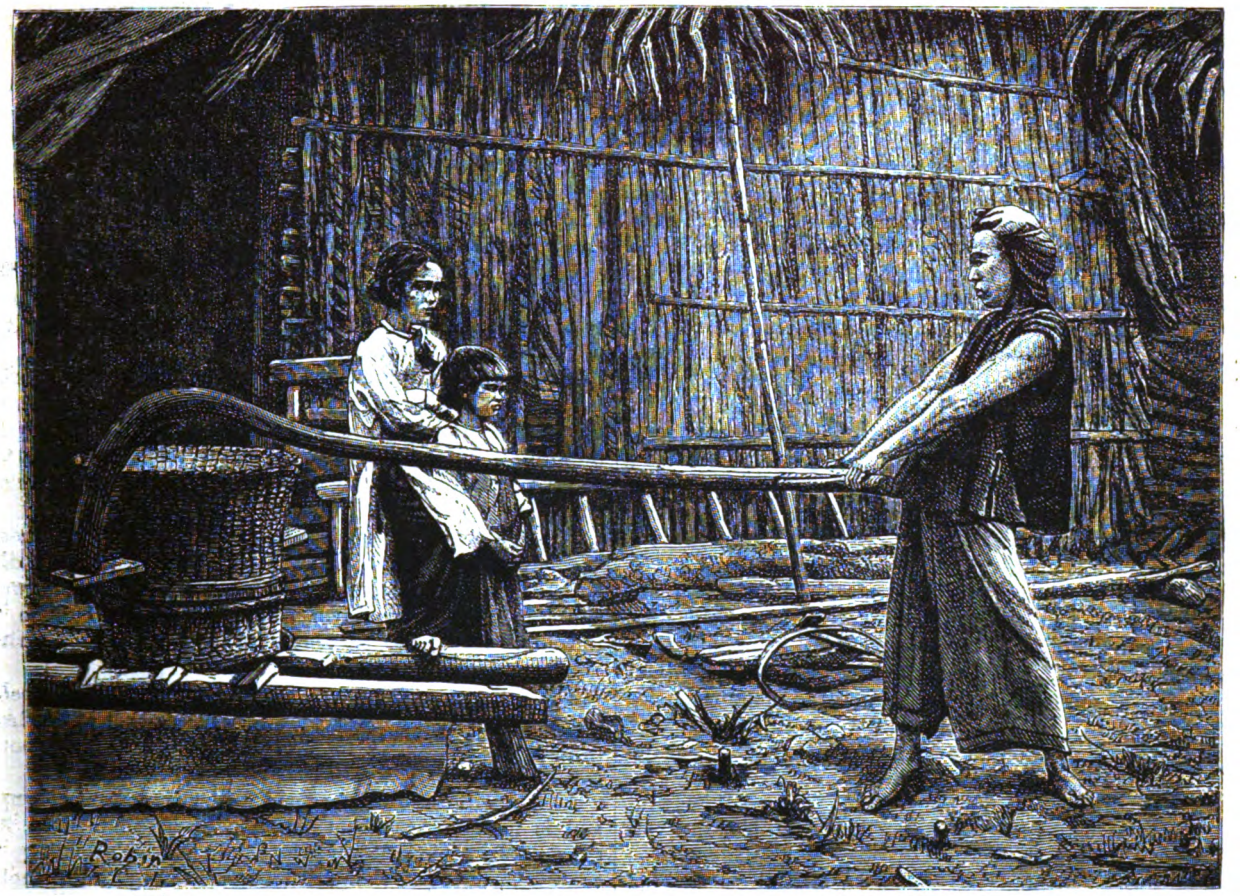
are not at all agreeable. His hair and beard are rough and sparse. When he is not laughing vulgarly and boisterously, he always wears an unpleasant, mocking smile. His manners, like those of all Annamites, are disgustingly coarse. Having taken off his shoes, he sits on his dirty feet, with their nails over an inch in length, which grate unpleasantly against each other. It is not, it may well be imagined, a pleasant thing to accept from his filthy fingers the cigar which he habitually offers.

One of the greatest public demonstrations, and most de-

A MOI, OR SAVAGE OF BATRUC.

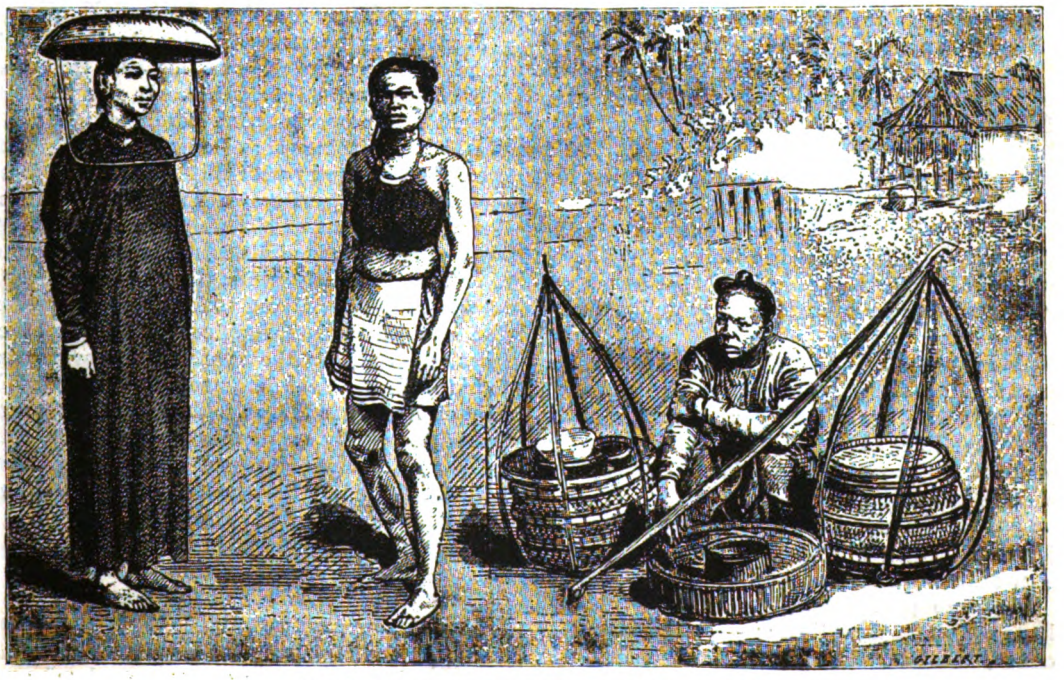
A MANDARIN.

A WELL-TO-DO CITIZEN.



AN ANNAMITE RICE MILL.

lighting royalty, is the exercises of the elephants (useful in war times) under the walls of Hué, the capital. From the guns of the citadel proceeds a deafening roar, and the plain beneath the walls, which is the field of manœuvre, is enveloped in clouds of smoke. Suddenly the noise ceases, and as the smoke curls away, huge forms stand out in bold relief. They are the elephants, twenty in number. A few are of gigantic size, and ferocious. One in particular is so wicked and dreaded, that he is secured by chains as strong as those which are used to anchor a



ANNAMITE WOMEN OF THE UPPER AND LOWER ORDERS.

man-of-war. Mounted on their backs are soldiers of Annam, who carry lances and small flags. Troops of soldiers, in stage costume, follow at the heels of the animals and excite them. They advance in two lines against immense palisades, defended by manikins, life-size, armed with pikes and wooden guns. Behind these immense dolls stand real soldiers, who fire real guns into the air, and then hasten to a place of safety; for the elephants are rushing forward, making the ground tremble beneath their heavy tread. On they come, tearing down the palisades and with fury casting the manikins into the air. What with the smoke, the fusilade, and the cries and shouts, it is almost overpowering, though intensely ludicrous. As soon as the fun is over, they pick up the killed and wounded—manikins.

In the Province of Hué, beyond a place called Batruc, the *Mois*, savage or wild men, exist in large numbers. They go almost nude, and always carry with them long pipes and poisoned arrows; some have rough musical instruments, with which they produce monotonous airs. Batouc is not a pleasant country, winds and rains prevailing, but there is excellent sport to be had in hunting the wild bulls, which are of large size. Their heads are small, and surmounted by gigantic horns, not infrequently nine feet in length. They do not attack man until they are interfered with, and are more furious when alone than when in company with the herd. But the greatest danger to be found in hunting these wild bulls is an attack by the tigers, which abound, and great care is needful, or the hunter will fall a victim to his love of sport.

It is a very difficult operation to kill one of these wild bulls. They sometimes escape altogether, literally riddled with large bullets.

The burial ceremonies of persons of distinction at Hué are very imposing. At every few steps the cortège stops at a signal given by the priest. The *palanquin* containing the body is borne by a large number of men, some thirty or forty. The priest strikes a couple of small sticks together, and the action is repeated by some of the attendants; then the pall-bearers set down the coffin, the priest recites a prayer, and the gongs and tom-toms are vigorously beaten, although scarcely drowning by their noise the cries of those who are hired to "weep at the ceremony." They are arrayed in white, and surround the relatives of the deceased; others are engaged to carry the mementoes which are to be left at the grave. The journey by land is very short, since the dead are ordered to be conveyed to their last resting-place in the water. This is owing to the prevalence of cholera at certain seasons, and such sanitary precautions are quite necessary.

The pleasure barges of the King are, externally, rather plain, but are fitted up handsomely within. They have a heavy stern and a long narrow prow. The barges are propelled by rowers, who use an oar not very unlike that of the Turkish boatmen.

The people of Annam are fond of music, theatrical performances and all kinds of sport and amusement. The instruments in vogue are gongs, drums, violins, flutes, and guitars. But their tones are noisy and harsh. The more discordant the sounds the greater is the applause which the musicians receive.

They are fond of the games of shuttlecock and football. They train cocks and quails to fight, and are great jugglers.

The upper classes delight in elephant, tiger and buffalo hunting. They are passionately fond of fireworks, and spend a large portion of their time at cards and dice.

The ordinary theatres are very plain, being mere sheds, built by the soldiers, and hung around with cotton stuff; the interior is divided into three compartments, raised two or three feet from the ground. The musicians crouch on one side of the stage. The ordinary public are admitted to a sort of pit, while the better class have reserved seats on an elevated platform. The performers are of both sexes. There is no entrance price, but gratuities are thrown on the stage, and are received by the actors with great delight. The music which accompanies a ridiculous performance is deafening and inharmonious, and the monotony of the entire performance is not relieved by the graceful movements of female dancers.

According to the French official budget in 1877, the King of Annam does not draw from Annam (the French colony) over 1,000,000 francs per annum, yet it has a budget of about 14,000,000 francs.

The principal importations are metals, tea, textile fabrics (especially English cottons), wines, spirits, refined sugars, opium, porcelain, faïence, and European and Chinese pottery, oil, flour, charcoal, Chinese medicines, preserves, tobacco, perfumery, clothing of all kinds, books and Parisian novelties.

The exports comprise rice, fish, dried and salted, dried vegetables, cotton, raw sugar, skins, raw silk, pepper, oil, lard, areca-nuts, cocoanuts, tobacco, indigo, feathers, wax and honey, cardamom, ivory, tortoise-shell, etc. Rice is the chief export; 350,000 tons were exported in 1876, principally to Hong Kong.

The imports and exports are pretty equally balanced, but the value of the first somewhat exceeds that of the last named, representing a total of 160,000,000 francs (about $30,000,000).

Annam will doubtless become a very important colony, and is to-day attracting thousands of Frenchmen to its shores. In some quarters of India some little anxiety is expressed, owing to the position now held by the French, especially since they have recognized the sovereign of Cambodia as independent, while he is really dependent on Siam, which is at enmity with the Burmese provinces of India.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

His Life in this Country—Curiosities of Bonaparte Park.

Joseph Bonaparte was known in this country as the Count de Survelliers, taking his title from the name of one of his estates in France. It was in 1816 that he bought the property about Bordentown, N. J., one tract of which is now known as Bonaparte Park. Evidently he came to this country with full pockets. It is within the memory of living witnesses how he made the money fly during his fifteen or sixteen years' residence at Bordentown—the elegance of his furniture and surroundings, the abundance of costly wines, the splendor of the banquets he was constantly giving to distinguished personages, his fine equipages, his magnificent collection of costly pictures and statuary, the extensive improvements he made to his lands, and the large retinue of servants he always kept on hand, in addition to the extensive force of laborers he had constantly employed on his grounds.

The park alone contained about one thousand acres, and, in addition to this, he had ten farms, all in the immediate neighborhood of Bordentown. He had a number of fine yachts and pleasure boats that always lay at anchor out on the Delaware, immediately underneath the bluff that marks the terminus of the north side of the park. Not content with his nearness to the river, he had a large and beautiful lake made in the lower end of his park, where in Summer there was always on hand a number of small pleasure boats. In Winter, when the lake would

freeze over, he would throw his gates open and invite the young folks of Bordentown to come in and skate. When the sport would be at its height, Joseph and his family would come down and amuse themselves by looking on. A favorite pastime of the ex-King on these occasions would be to roll oranges and coins down on the ice and watch the skaters scamper for them.

For a long time the only immediate member of Joseph Bonaparte's family who was with him in his exile was his daughter, Princess Zenaide, who married her cousin, Charles Bonaparte, a son of Lucien. A residence for this daughter and her husband was built on the lower end of the park, some hundred rods from the residence of Joseph himself. It is still standing, as it was left by them. After several years, Joseph's second daughter joined her father and sister in America. His wife, Queen Julia, never did, however. Several times she undertook to set out to join him from Italy, where she was living, but ill-health invariably prevented, the physicians counseling her against it.

Joseph was a most popular man with people of all classes. In the Winter his house was always thronged with guests. Among these were many of the most prominent men in the country of that day. Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton and many other shining lights in the political firmament were entertained by the ex-King at his Bordentown home at different times. Henry Clay left a cane there, which is in the possession of one of the old inhabitants of Bordentown to this day. Nor was it only among the statesmen and wise men of the country Joseph Bonaparte found his companions. He was intimate with many of the old families up in New Jersey, as well as with Stephen Girard and all the people of prominence in Philadelphia. Before taking possession of his Bordentown property, Joseph had resided in Philadelphia, in a house on the west side of Ninth Street, between Spruce and Locust. Afterward, with his daughter and her husband, he occupied one of Stephen Girard's houses, on the site of which the Bingham House now stands. It was here the Princess Zenaide's first child was born.

An amusing incident is related of Joseph and Stephen Girard. Joseph expressed a desire to purchase the ground between Eleventh and Twelfth and Chestnut and Market Streets, owned by Stephen Girard, and as yet unoccupied by buildings. At a dinner given by Girard to the ex-King one day, Joseph broached the subject, and offered to pay Girard any fair price he would ask.

"What will you give?" said Girard.

"I'll tell you," said Joseph. "I will cover the block from Eleventh to Twelfth and from Chestnut to Market Streets with silver half-dollars."

"Yes, Monsieur le Count," said Girard, after a moment's reflection—"if you will stand them up edgeways."

The bargain was not closed.

Of his manner of receiving and entertaining guests at Bonaparte Park much has been said, and many people are living to this day who were young then and who will always remember the occasion of their visit to Bonaparte.

Joseph's death in Italy, surrounded by his family, is a matter of history. Go to Bonaparte Park now, and you find all the evidences of its former splendor. Here are the crumbling brick walls of the underground passages. As to what these passages were for, there has been some diversity of opinion. Those most in a position to know, however, will tell you that they were constructed by Joseph as so many avenues of escape in case of attempted assassination. Of this he was more fearful than many of his chroniclers have dared to tell. His bedchamber was entered by a door moved by a secret spring. Outside this door, it is said, a watchman was always stationed during the night. The underground passages ran from Joseph's house to the residence of his daughter, and also to the servants' quarters. In addition to these there was a long one running from the daughter's house to the bluff overlooking the river, the entrance to which may be still seen, though the passage itself has fallen in in many places and filled up. There is no account of any attempt to explore these passages.

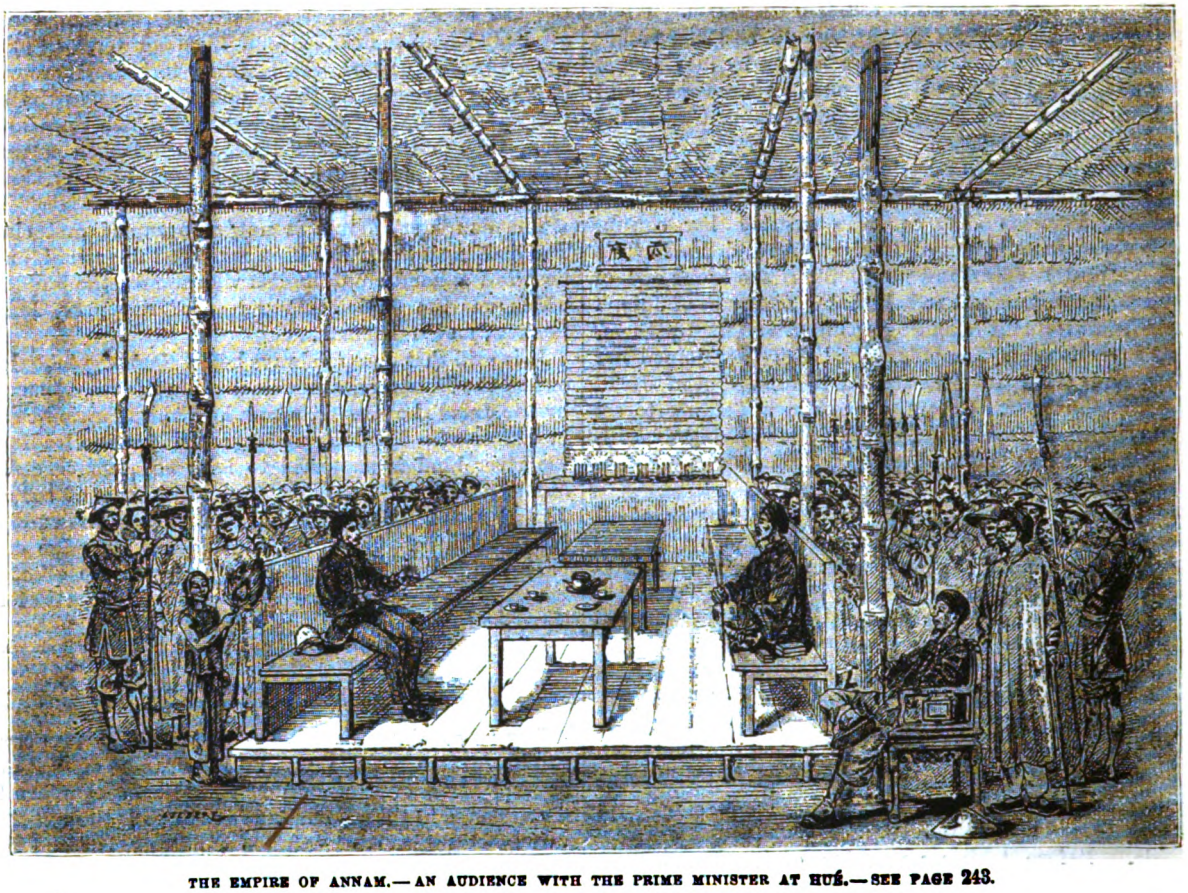
The daughter's house is now unoccupied and closed. The ex-King's house has been razed to the ground, and in its stead a handsome English villa stands, the builder of which was the subsequent owner of the park, Thomas Beckett, an Englishman.

It is said that Joseph always had a fleet of yachts lying out on the Delaware, available for him in case of surprise by the dreaded assassins, whom he always fancied himself in danger of. The long underground passage leading to the river bluff is supposed to have been constructed by him as a means of reaching his boats in case of surprise. The place is full of interesting reminders of the ex-King's residence there. The forest which skirts the edge of the park has been planted with an eye to artistic effect and beauty. As a place of residence no more beautiful spot could be found.

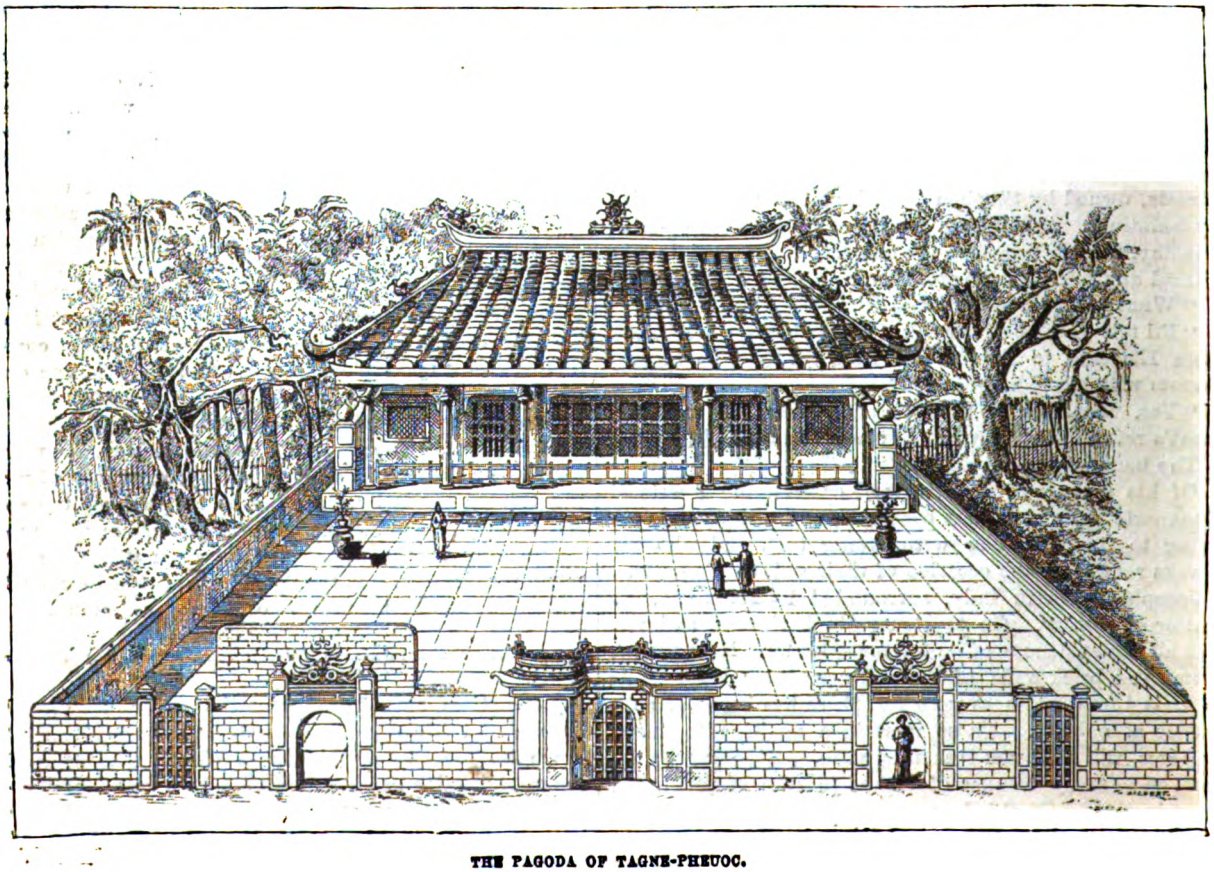
ON SHAKING HANDS.

Let us consider the value of our digital arrangements with reference to the venerable custom of "shaking hands." The classification is numerically significant of the varieties in the act itself. First, there is the one-finger variety—significant of extreme condescension and high-mightiness. When an exalted individual permits you his forefinger, he distinctly says, semaphorically, that you must not presume on the slightest familiarity. You are in the presence of Augustus, and the delicate little ceremony is intended to impress you with the important fact. Then there is the two-finger variety. This is condescension also, but of a milder type. It is leavened with a touch of kindness. Still, you must not presume. This variety is much affected by aged parsons and other venerable bygones to their parishioners and dependents, old uncles to their nephews and nieces, and so on. The three-fingered sort adds another increment of favor, condescension having almost vanished, but not quite. Much, however, depends upon the vitality of the touch. If alive and conscious, it may be almost friendly. If flabby, trust it not. Talking of flabby hand-shaking seems slightly contradictory, for no possible shake, not to say shock, can come out of such a salute. In perfection, the flabby sort consists of all four fingers laid flatly together, and held forth with about the same amount of significance as the paw of a rabbit or the fin of a sea-dog. The correct way of meeting this variety is by accepting it in precisely the same style. Two flat four-fingered fins thus meeting each must be thrilling in the extreme. But when this flat sort is moreover clammy, it is the very abyss of cold-blooded formality, absolutely insulting, not to say sickening, in its very touch.

The entire diamond product of the world during the first quarter of this century is estimated at about $20,000,000. Since the discovery of the South African diamond-fields, the market value has been affected to a considerable degree, and these precious gems will be comparatively cheap, if the findings continue to enlarge. In 1878, $15,423,000 worth were taken, and last year nearly $18,500,000.



THE EMPIRE OF ANNAM.—AN AUDIENCE WITH THE PRIME MINISTER AT HUÉ.—SEE PAGE 243.



THE PAGODA OF TAGNE-PHEUOC.

LOVING AND BEING LOVED.—"SUDDENLY SOME ONE TOUCHED HER HAND. 'ADELINE!' AT THE TONE SHE STARTED UP IN TERROR."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE

By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

O flower of all wind-flowers and sea-flowers,
Made lovelier by love of the sea
Than thy golden own field-flowers or tree-flowers,
Like foam of the sea-facing tree!
No foot but the sea-mew's there settles
On the spike of thine antler-like horns,
With snow-colored spray for thy petals,
Black rocks for thy thorns.

Was it here, in the waste of his waters,
That the lordly North Wind, when his love
On the fairest of many kings' daughters
Bore down for a spoil from above,
Chose forth of all farthest far islands
As a haven to harbor her head,
Of all lowlands on earth and all highlands,
His bride-worthy bed?

Or, haply, my sea-flower, he found thee
Made fast as with anchors to land,
And broke, that his waves might be round thee,
Thy fetters like rivets of sand?
And afar by the blast of him drifted
Thy blossom of beauty was borne,
As a lark by the heart in her lifted
To mix with the morn?

By what rapture of rage, by what vision
Of a heavenlier heaven than above,
Was he moved to devise thy division
From the land as a rest for his love?
As a nest when his wings would remeasure
The ways where of old they would be,
As a bride-bed up-built for his pleasure
By sea-rock and sea?

LOVING AND BEING LOVED.

Chapter I.

"DON'T think her handsome; there's something peculiar in her style, I admit. That's the charm with all you fellows; but she is decidedly *not* handsome."

There was an outcry from half a dozen different voices:

"What do you object to?"

"First, her eyes; they seem to dare you not to love her. I should never venture within range of them, for all that would remain to speak of my whereabouts would be my empty clothing, with a hat on the top of it."

"A wide-awake?" queried one.

"You all seem to forget," exclaimed a young voice, indignantly, "that you are speaking somewhat lightly of a most virtuous wife."

As might naturally be expected, this speech was greeted by those around with derisive laughter.

One of the fashionable clubs of London!

Reader, just fancy the favorite star of the hour, whether man or woman, being handled there! Tarnished, indeed, must be the brightest reputation after that.

While the conversation still continued in the same bantering tone—for the poor woman was cut up, heart, body, and even the spirit intruded upon, in all its sacred thought—a fresh comer appeared.

Now, this club is in one of the noisiest thoroughfares at the West End, and as the party were at the open window chatting, no one heard his light tread until he stood beside—amongst them.

"Hollo! why, where did you spring from?"

"What, Rus Templar!"

"What, old boy!"

These were the varied exclamations, as all shook the newcomer warmly by the hand.

"I have been ten minutes behind you all, and have heard nothing but 'she—she—she.' May a fellow who has been living out of the world the last year, inquire who the admirable she is?"

The newcomer had the weary look of a man sick of himself and all besides.

"A Mrs. Kenyerd," answered one.

A start, a sudden shiver passed over his strong frame, and then all became still.

"What a deuce of a climate! If a fellow walks fast, and then stands still a moment, he's chilled from head to foot. What was it you said, Middleton?"

"Why, what a *blasé* you are!" exclaimed the one appealed to, smiling. "We are talking of such a creature as the world never before produced, and Nature trampled on the mold when she came forth, so you ne'er will see the like again—Mrs. Kenyerd, the Member's wife."

At this moment the youth who had spoken in defense of the lady hastily left the room.

"Who is that?" inquired Templar, looking after him.

"That's young Laurence; he's in the Guards, and the last entrapment of this same Mrs. Kenyerd; and, very conveniently, a *protégé* of her husband."

"You *must* have met her somewhere, Templar?" surmised one of the listeners. "She's a bride of last year. Kenyerd picked her up when abroad."

"Oh, ay!" responded Templar, as if suddenly aroused to some recollection. "I met her in the Pyramids; I was poor, but Kenyerd was rich; and they went out fishing for crocodiles on the banks of the Nile, and, charmed by his prowess—some ill-natured people said by his wealth—she accepted him, and a crocodile, writhing on his hook, was witness to the contract. It was thought ominous for Kenyerd; he'd caught a troublesome customer!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Middleton, "our tale has an illustration—look!"

There stood, some yards distant, a well-appointed brougham, and from the window looked forth a face. Prejudiced must have been the man who would not have called that face lovely.

The skin was soft and delicately fair, colorless, yet rose-tinted, showing the rich young life within. Hair of the richest, darkest chestnut; black until you saw black beside it, and then the richer tint came forth, waving over a brow of intellect and thought; and then the eyes, those deep-set eyes of the richest, purest hazel, the long-fringed lashes, the small, delicate nose, and lips, full, red and pouting, when the short upper one permitted them to meet. Now they wore parted, and a smile, if a little sad, yet one of the sweetest and most witching, played over the lovely face as it leant from that brougham-window to greet young Laurence.

That fair creation was Mrs. Kenyerd, the M. P.'s wife.

"She's a bride, you say?" uttered Templar.

"Why, I thought you knew her?" said one.

"No, I jested; I never saw Mrs. Kenyerd in my life."

Middleton looked up curiously in his friend's face, leaning against the window-frame, out of sight from without, and yet so intently gazing upon the occupant of the brougham and her companion. The small hand peeped from that brougham to shake Laurence's extended palm, and then the owner of it drew back in a corner of her carriage as it drove off.

Half an hour had elapsed, and Rus Templar had left the

club. Some one looked behind him and said, mysteriously:

"Who *is* Rus Templar? How did he become so suddenly wealthy? I remember him, some two years since, merely a poor captain in the Lancers, living on his pay, or a trifle more."

"Well, some old fellow named Janson, never heard of out of his country, died suddenly, and left large estates to this Templar; and then this millionaire was an Israelite, so they say, and Templar's odd name, Ahasuerus, makes the link between them, in my opinion, beyond a doubt."

Rus Templar was really the only son of a quiet country gentleman. He entered the army to be a real soldier, and such he was. To the astonishment of all, he one day sold out.

Three years after he reappeared amid his old circle, heir to an immense fortune, left him by a stranger to him—old Janson—so he said. Thus poor Captain Templar became the fashion.

Chapter II.

It was a beautiful boudoir wherein Mrs. Kenyerd sat—now looking across the expanse of park before her, and then dropping her eyes listlessly on the clustering flowers in her balcony, amidst which a soft, white finger strayed, to break off a withering leaf or stem; but her thoughts were not in her acts. The woman was herself naturally and exquisitely beautiful.

The lock of the door stirred; a footman entered with a card; his mistress's small hand trembled as she took it.

"Where is——"

She paused, and the man said:

"The gentleman is here."

Behind him stood Rus Templar.

"Pardon my intrusion, madam," he said, advancing; "but the purport of my visit is important."

Mrs. Kenyerd waved him toward the chair. He was, in outward seeming, perfectly at ease; he drew off his gloves, threw them in his hat, and placing that on a small table beside him, passed a hand through his abundant curls.

"Captain Templar!" she exclaimed, starting up; "in heaven's name, why are you here? What has been the motive of this visit? If Kenyerd should enter!"

And the terrified woman pressed her hands wildly to her brow.

"Don't alarm yourself, madam," he answered, looking at her with a smile of perfect ease; "Mr. Kenyerd is on a committee at his club that will detain him some time, and thence he will go to the House. I have made myself master of these facts; we are safe. Pray be seated. I wish to speak seriously," and he dropped into a chair facing the couch on which she had sunk. "Mrs. Kenyerd," he said, in a clear, sonorous tone, "I have called, simply because I love and honor your sex. I came—just to implore you not to desecrate so fair a creation as yourself by acts unworthy an honest woman. I should not have credited mere scandal; but on my return yesterday from abroad I found you the common talk of the clubs; and I, from the window of one, witnessed your more than friendly meeting with 'the last man entrapped,' as the victim was styled."

"Young Laurence!" she exclaimed. "What! even his name brought in question! and heaven knows how good my thought has been in accepting his friendship!"

There was something painfully deprecating in the tone of her voice.

"Where," she asked, suddenly, "is Gabriella?"

"With me, of course."

"Oh! I so long to see her. Will she not sometimes come to see me?"

"No!" he answered, sternly; "Gabriella would not come."

"God help me!"

"This is a splendid cage," said Rus Templar. "I remember a beautiful picture I saw once, Mrs. Kenyerd. It was only a simple cottage; but in it dwelt a fair young creature. She was, indeed, loved. The one, too, who sat beside her was young—loving—she might have loved him, too! Not one prematurely old, like me, on whose once raven locks sorrow and thought have traced their signmanual. Well, to complete that sketch: while those two sat there, beneath a chair, to which his back was turned, crept a serpent. They say the timid bird is easily fascinated by that creature's eye; but 'twas not its eye which captivated the attention of that fair young girl—'twas its gold——"

"Hold!" cried Mrs. Kenyerd, rising up and standing before the man; "'tis false! That serpent was not gold—'twas a woman who again destroyed a paradise—the serpent was infidelity!"

"We need not journey to India to find idols; what a god the veriest block of wood becomes when 'tis gilded! What a fool a man must be who flings a creature like yourself on the stream of London life, to minister to his vanity by her notoriety!"

"Captain Templar!" exclaimed the woman, "if you came here to insult me, the act is one which, in another, you would be the first to term cowardly."

"Adeline, I came to save. Listen to me."

There was a strange tenderness in the voice, as if that familiar name had called up gentler thoughts.

"We may not meet soon again. I would——"

At that moment a thundering knock resounded through the house. A short scream burst from Mrs. Kenyerd.

"My husband!" burst from her pale lips.

"No," said Rus Templar, rising, unmoved. "It is some visitor. You must conceal me!"

"You—you!" she cried, losing all self-control. "It is madness; you must go—fly—anywhere!"

At that instant the door hastily opened, and a girl, in the dress of an upper servant, rushed in.

"Captain Templar!" cried the girl, "for God's sake do not stand there; you will ruin my mistress. Some one is coming up-stairs who would proclaim your being here all over London."

"What! you still here?" he exclaimed, gazing at the girl. "You, Lewis, still with your mistress?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the girl, impatiently.

A moment after, Rus Templar coolly entered the next room and closed the door after him.

"My sweet Mrs. Kenyerd!" cried the visitor, hastily running up to that lady, "what *is* the matter? Dear soul, how very pale she is! Mrs. Lewis, what *is* the cause of your lady's illness? Any alarm? No trouble, I hope?"

"My mistress often faints, ma'am," answered Lewis, briefly.

"Oh, my dear young friend!—how very distre——"

"Distressing," Miss Straggles was going to say, but in looking down to try and read Mrs. Kenyerd's eyes, as Lewis had averted hers, she saw a black kid glove on the carpet. It was too large for her. And it couldn't be her husband's, either. *He* was not in sables. Whose could it be?

Miss Straggles was a would-be Dorcas, and this morning she had called ostensibly to engage Mrs. Kenyerd's sympathies in the project of clothing the London poor.

In the roving of Mrs. Kenyerd's beautiful eyes, they at

last dropped on the floor, and she saw the glove, and, by a glance, warned Lewis, who was then oblivious.

Lewis, with the most innocent manner in the world, exclaimed, as she raised it:

"Law, ma'am, if master hasn't dropped his glove!"

Miss Straggles could not control a little short cough, which perished, cut off by a noise in the adjoining room.

Perhaps she would not have noticed the noise, but for the evident emotion of both mistress and maid. For some moments there was perfect silence in the adjoining apartment, and Mrs. Kenyerd grew calmer—when, lo! at the French window she beheld, with surprise and horror, the tall, commanding form of Rus Templar.

Raising his hat, he said:

"Perhaps, ladies, you take me for a burglar."

In vain Lewis stepped forward to take the card and hand it to her mistress. Good-natured Miss Straggles took it, and, handing it to Mrs. Kenyerd, read:

"Captain Templar,
"Lakelands."

"If, sir," said Mrs. Kenyerd, with an appearance of calmness, "you will be good enough to step in, as your appearance thus on my balcony must seem strange to passers-by, my servant will show you out."

Rus Templar stared. A sarcasm rose to his lip; the coolness of that woman amazed him.

"Lewis, ring the bell," Mrs. Kenyerd said at last, in a low tone, to conceal her deep emotion. The footman appeared.

"Open the door for Captain Templar," was her command.

The door closed on Rus Templar, who had merely bowed as he passed out.

"A most extraordinary and impertinent intrusion," uttered Mrs. Kenyerd, with seeming indignation, as the door closed, and mechanically she tore his card into small pieces and flung them into a fancy waste-basket beneath the table.

THE RACCOON.— SEE PAGE 443.

"I beg pardon, ladies, for this singular and apparently unwarrantable intrusion; but the facts are simply these: The house next door is vacant, and I have some idea of becoming a tenant. Passing out on the balcony, by some unexpected current of air, the window closed upon me, and without shattering the glass, I could not have re-entered. I heard voices here, and, I fear, have committed a great breach of etiquette in walking over the separation between the two balconies to ask permission to descend to the street through your house."

Mrs. Kenyerd uttered something perfectly inaudible.

Miss Straggles said not a word, but, with distended eyes, she noticed that this utter stranger had but one glove, and that a black kid one. She wondered who he was, and, as if to gratify her, the odd visitor drew out his card-case and said, smiling:

Chapter III.

There was a ball that night at St. James's Hall, a select ball for the Chinese missions. Miss Straggles was there, and Rus Templar and Mrs. Kenyerd.

WOMEN AT AN ARABIC FOUNTAIN, JERUSALEM.— SEE PAGE 443.

Through the masses Miss Straggles made her way until she discovered Mrs. Kenyerd sitting beside her husband.

"My dear Mrs. Kenyerd, I am indeed charmed to see you looking as lovely as if nothing had alarmed you to-day. And how do *you* do, Mr. Kenyerd?"

"What alarmed you to-day, my love?" asked Kenyerd.

"A mere trifle; pray don't speak of it."

"But *I* will speak of it," Miss Straggles said, playfully flirting an ivory fan of the year one. "Such another impertinent intrusion from your balcony might have a serious effect."

"Good heavens! you alarm me, madam! Adeline, what was it?"

"Never mind, now," she uttered, in a low, trembling tone; "I will tell you when we return."

"Naughty child!" cried the not-to-be-silenced Miss Straggles, "to conceal your annoyances and insults from so dear a husband as I know yours is. And, my dear, but for your balcony, you never would have been so insulted as you were; and I am much mistaken if that Captain Templar is a man to be so easily beaten."

"Captain Templar!" exclaimed the husband, in a tone as stony as his eye and face. "Do you mean to assert, Miss Straggles, that Captain Templar strode from the adjoining balcony to mine? Pray explain the matter to me, madam?"

"I will explain all when we return," was the reply. "At present," she added, "I am engaged to dance, and here comes my partner."

In the twinkling of an eye Kenyerd was an altered man. With suavity and gentleness he bade "his love" go and amuse herself.

The dance over, Mrs. Kenyerd glided to a quiet corner beneath the galleries, while her cavalier went to bring her an ice.

She sat, leaning back her head, with closed eyes and parted lips. Had not the lip quivered and the nostril dilated, that lovely face would have looked like a statue's. A tear crept from beneath her eyelid, and stole softly down her cheek—only one. Suddenly some one touched her hand.

"Adeline!"

At the tone she started up in terror.

"Pardon me," said Rus Templar, "but I have forgiven you all, and, in forgiving, wish to forget everything but the name I once called you."

"Forgiven!" she uttered, breathlessly, half stretching forth a hand as if to touch his. "You cannot forgive without hating and despising me, Templar; for if you have all to pardon which you deem, I am the most worthless wretch upon earth."

She stood before him as if awaiting one word which would have bowed her to his knee, but he did not speak it.

"Adeline, I forgive you," he repeated. "I came to say that Gabriella fled on discovering that I had met you."

"Gone?"

"Yes."

"Then you do not know where she is?"

"Oh, no, no!"

Their eyes met.

"For heaven's sake, do not leave me thus in suspense! Let me know where she is; remember all she and I were to each other, and how well I love her still."

"I know not, Adeline. Where can I see you?"

"To-morrow, at twelve, I will be in the Botanical Gardens," she hurriedly whispered.

"I am delighted to see you so much better, Mrs. Kenyerd," said her partner, who returned with an ice.

"Now you are in protecting hands, I wish you a good evening, Mrs. Kenyerd," said Rus, bowing.

An hour afterward, while Rus was leaning against the wall, his head turned toward Mrs. Kenyerd, a hand was gently laid on his arm, as if to attract his attention. He turned quickly, to find, to his utter amazement, young Laurence beside him.

"Captain Templar, I believe?" he said, with something gentle in the tone, as if addressing one unknown, but much respected. "Pardon me," continued young Laurence, "but I have something of importance to communicate. Your ward, Miss Gabriella Lorn, is now at the Knightsbridge Barracks, under my protection. To-night, about nine o'clock, I discovered her on the bridge in Kensington Gardens, about committing suicide. I saw instantly that she was a lady, and persuaded her to abandon her purpose and intrust herself to my care. Knowing neither her name nor her address, I had no alternative but to take her to my room in the barracks, and place her in charge of one of the orderlies' wives. Before I came away I succeeded in learning her name, and I now come to you."

Chapter IV.

Long before twelve o'clock, Rus Templar was in the Botanical Gardens. He still hoped that he might prove her less base than now he thought her. Thus he rambled about, yet never losing sight of the entrance. At last a dress fluttered in the distance.

Mrs. Kenyerd's steps were as slow as usual, and she came direct to the spot. She was far calmer than Rus when they met, and yet her question was uttered with much anxiety.

"Have you discovered her?" she cried.

"Yes," he replied; "I am happy to set your mind at rest, as I fear I sadly troubled it last night."

"You must feel, Captain Templar, how uneasy her disappearance would make me, knowing, as I do, her impetuous temper."

"She certainly possesses that," he said; adding, "but then, she makes much forgiven by her warmth of heart and noble principles."

"May I ask where she is?" Mrs. Kenyerd said, anxiously.

"She had sought the protection of young Laurence, of the Guards."

He was not prepared for the strange effect of this communication upon her.

"With Laurence?—there is but one, is there?—Kenyon Laurence, I mean," she articulated.

"What!" he continued, "will no one affection ever content you? Well, you do not love me—you do not love Kenyerd; *that* was ambition, he was richer than I, then—but now it *is* love, love in all its uncontrollable nature."

"As heaven hears me," she exclaimed, wildly gazing up in his face, "I am an injured woman! I do not love Laurence, as you think. I love Kenyerd from gratitude. I never loved, truly loved, but you, and never shall."

"Then, Adeline, why——"

"Why did I forsake you? Because—the proofs—Eva——"

"You still persist in that folly, Adeline?" he said. Then, with a sudden change of manner, he went on: "I came here resolved to tell you all. I feel that we cannot exist as we have of late. You shall now know what your own impetuosity alone has hitherto made a mystery to you—Eva Falconer was my mother's daughter by a secret marriage!"

Mrs. Kenyerd covered her face with her hands, and bowed herself down, until at last she knelt before that man who was looking down with so much deep pity.

"Oh, forgive me!" she cried, clasping her trembling hands together, and raising her streaming eyes to his; "forgive me!—my punishment is great. I may have deserved it, but my affection drove me mad!"

"Let us go," he said, hastily rising, as if in fear of him-

self. "I have never, by one evil thought, wronged you, You are married to another. We must meet no more, unless chance wills it, for I love you still, Adeline. You have other ties, other affections; I, none but what duty imposes."

She trembled so violently, and appeared so thoroughly overwhelmed by emotion, that instinctively Rus drew her arm beneath his own, and held it there enclasped. Thus they reached the gate in perfect silence—neither had uttered a word.

A moment they hesitated—their eyes met, and when those beseeching ones were raised to his, all resolution vanished.

"Let there be peace between us, Adeline," he said.

She bowed her head to conceal her tears.

"Adeline, may heaven bless you, dearest!"

What a look that was through her streaming tears! and then she bent her head again, and those trembling lips pressed his hand.

Rus stood for some moments with his arms crossed, listening to the rolling wheels of the carriage which bore away one who so much influenced his destiny in all things. He had not gone in sight of the servants, and was, therefore, not aware that, besides them, another was awaiting her return outside the inclosure—a gentleman, who sat quietly in the carriage, and, before they could do so, opened the door. It was Kenyerd!

"I saw your carriage waiting," he said, "and stepped into it. Since when do you leave it at so great a distance and come through the inclosure?'

With perfect coolness he threw up her thick vail.

"You do not usually wear one of these things," he continued, looking in her face. "You will suffocate. You have been weeping, too; pray lean back and compose yourself."

Obedient as an infant, she did as he bade her.

"Most incomprehensible beings all women are, yourself especially so, madam!" he said.

"It is high time that I should now clearly make myself understood by you," he said again. "Do you consider it a pleasant thing for me to bear all the sneers which must necessarily fall upon me from your conduct with Templar? I bear all the world's comments about Laurence, because I know it is at fault; but, by heavens, madam, I will not do so with another!"

"Oh, for mercy's sake, for pity's sake, cease!" she wildly exclaimed, at last. "Now, too late, I know all. That girl, Eva, was his sister!"

There was so much of human agony in this speech, that, involuntarily, a shudder passed over Kenyerd's frame; her horror chilled him.

"Woman!" he cried, "you are now my respected wife—the envy of many in position; but, by heavens, if these sentimental meetings with that fellow do not cease, I will cast you off, and let the world then trample you as it will!"

"But my motive," she uttered—"I only wanted to know something of Gabriella——"

"What is she to me, or you, now?" he replied. "You are my wife, and if that title is not by you respected, not you alone, but another, too, shall feel and understand what a husband's just revenge is!"

Chapter V.

Three months later, one June morning, Mrs. Kenyerd sat alone in her boudoir. The lovely face was very pale, and dark rings encircled the large, soft eyes. It needed not a second glance to tell that this woman's life was unhappy; but the world was no wiser to-day than it was three months ago; the mystery that hung about her was still unsolved, and likely to remain so, to all appearances.

A name was brought up—that of Miss Straggles. For some reason, Mrs. Kenyerd consented to receive this woman. Perhaps she wished to learn something of the movements of the great world, in which she had not mingled for the past two months. She had been ill—very ill, and was as yet unable to receive even the few callers who remained in town so late in the season.

"My dear Mrs. Kenyerd, I was so grieved to hear of your illness! I have called several times. To-day I thought it might cheer you to hear some of the news, so I dropped in for a few minutes."

Miss Straggles had secured the attention she coveted, and took her seat complacently, just where the light would enable her to study Mrs. Kenyerd's face.

"I suppose," she began, "you have heard of the approaching marriage?"

"No, no."

"Then I must tell you all about it. You have met, of course, Captain Templar's beautiful ward, Miss Gabriella Lorn?"

Mrs. Kenyerd bowed, but did not speak, and Miss Straggles continued:

"London was astonished, one morning, by an announcement in the *Court Journal*, that 'Miss Lorn's presentation to her Majesty having occurred by mistake, it would be considered as not having taken place.' There had been plenty of people who before had commented on Miss Lorn's residence with Captain Templar, and now another story was raked up. It appears that the foolish young creature had some quarrel or other with her guardian, and left the house, unknown to him. The next day Mr. Kenyon Laurence brought her back. As she had spent the night at the barracks, she was, of course, compromised when this came out. Mr. Laurence, being a man of honor, offered his hand to Miss Lorn as the only reparation in his power, and they are to be married to-morrow at Lakelands. They are all there now."

Surely Mrs. Kenyerd summoned more than physical power to her aid; for when Miss Straggles pronounced these last words, over her brow, eye, cheek, lip—all, came that gray look which is, in most instances, the certain precursor of syncope. Miss Straggles reached out her hands in affright, but the suffering woman seemed to see them not. She rose slowly to her feet, and walked from the room. In the passage she met Lewis, and then her whole manner changed. She caught her by the arm, and gasped, rather than said:

"Don't lose a moment. It has come! It has come! Order the carriage! Quick, Lewis, and come with me. God grant that I am not too late!"

The woman listened, and without a word of remonstrance followed her mistress into her bedroom.

"You will change your dress, Mrs. Kenyerd?"

"Yes; and while I do so, you order the carriage. I must not lose a moment. I will leave a note for Mr. Kenyerd; and I am strong—yes, very strong. Go, Lewis!"

Half an hour afterward, Mrs. Kenyerd and her maid left her husband's house, without even acquainting Miss Straggles with the fact. They had forgotten to do so.

* * * * * * *

It was the morning of the wedding at Lakelands. They came to dress the bride, but she looked at the clock, and said:

"Not yet; I wish to be alone longer."

She was a girl of peculiar beauty—pale as marble; thick, heavy hair clustered over the dark, strongly-marked brows.

It was thrown back in a mass, simply because the working brain could not have borne the weight on the forehead; for those large, full, dark-gray eyes, with long black fringes, spoke of so much wild passion and excitement! She was unquestionably handsome, but she startled you. She might be loved with passion, never with attachment.

"I wish to be alone," she repeated; and Mrs. Page, the elderly widow of an officer, engaged as her companion, said, smiling:

"You must not keep your lover waiting, my dear."

HYMN TO THE SEA.—"THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS LOOKS ON THEE, OVER A HUNDRED HILLS." SEE PAGE 447.

"Need I again tell you that this is a sacrifice?" cried Gabriella Lorn, impatiently; "that I do not love Mr. Laurence, neither does he love me."

"Strange girl!" muttered Mrs. Page, as she left the room.

Alone, the bride sat down to think.

"She—she," muttered the dark spirit within her—"she is the cause of all! It is she who infatuates him. If it were not for her, he would love me; he would not urge me to this marriage. Oh, Rus, Rus, how little you know how I love you! But you shall grieve for me. I have it here, my best friend," she hoarsely uttered, pressing a hand on her bosom; "that which will lay their *happy* bride dying before them—not too quick a death, for I will speak before I die, and leave them memory!" and she laughed.

What, with thoughts like these—words like these in her mind, must have been her feelings as she laid aside her loose morning-dress, and, with perfect composure, commenced replacing it, unassisted, by the rich one displayed on her bed! Rus Templar stood, pale and haggard, in the drawing-room, already dressed for the ceremony, in which he was to play the part of father.

In a few moments Kenyon Laurence entered, not wearing the aspect of a joyful bridegroom; with him came Mrs. Page, and then Gabriella, calm, pale, yet not more so than was habitual.

"I am ready now," she said, with perfect composure, and she glanced around the room.

There was a complete silence in that strange assembly, broken by a shriek the most wild and piercing that lip ever breathed.

It came from Gabriella, who stared wildly from the window an instant. Then, turning round like one quite mad, she exclaimed:

"She has come—she! Oh! whither shall I fly? Save me!"

A moment more, and the door was thrown open. Mrs. Kenyerd stood on the threshold.

"I forbid this marriage!" she cried. "Gabriella Marra, Kenyon Laurence is your brother and mine."

"'Tis false!" shrieked Gabriella, seizing Mrs. Kenyerd's arm. "False to him," she pointed to Rus, "false to your husband, you now invent this odious tale to drive me mad! Foster Marra," she continued, hurriedly, "died; you know he did, woman—you yourself told me so—and now you invent this fearful thing, that, looking down the abyss on which I stood, my brain may turn, and my trembling footsteps whirl me down!"

"Gabriella," Mrs. Kenyerd answered, sadly, but solemnly, "bless heaven to-day, which has saved you from

THE GORGE OF THE TUNKINI, PERU.—SEE PAGE 443.

that fearful, though unwitting, sin; for, by the great heaven which sees us, he is our brother!"

Gabriella saw Rus Templar's look, as his eye never once quitted Mrs. Kenyerd's face. Stricken in the feeling nearest her heart, hopeless as it was, disappointed in the self-sacrifice she had premeditated, her heart, bursting its bounds in bitterness of anguish, sent forth its stream of life from those pale lips.

A shuddering cry broke from Mrs. Kenyerd, as she folded her arms round the girl's sinking form.

"Gabriella," she sobbed, "I love you—I have always loved you!" and she tried to staunch the blood that welled forth with her every breath.

"Back, back! bid her not touch me!" shrieked the dying girl; "she is the cause of all."

Rus gently unwound the arms of the weeping Adeline, who knelt beside her sister. She sank, as he did so, almost in a crouching posture.

Rus looked at her, but he had a first duty to the dying, however erring and vindictive. He turned to Gabriella, and then that head lay calm and tranquil on his bosom.

"Bow low," she whispered—"lower," and his head rested close to her lips; for every fresh gush from the quivering vein weakened her visibly, yet how could he restrain her? "I will tell you. I know I am dying, or I could not say it. I love you. I have loved you ever since you were divorced from her. I had a right, then."

When this sad and most painful confession fell from her lips, Rus, that man so severely tried, laid his head down on the hand he held, and groaned. All the madness of this weak mortal being passed before him—the suicide twice contemplated, and the first time prevented by her own, though unknown, brother.

The dying girl now lay with closed eyes, nestled more closely to Rus Templar's bosom, just articulating "I am so very, very happy!" and thus her spirit passed gently away.

Where were her love and her hate then? Memories.

Adeline looked on her dead sister. She was too much shocked to weep or move; she seemed frozen by thoughts.

How doubly desolate she felt in that chamber of death! She looked up. Laurence's eyes were sadly fixed upon her working face. Had he read her thoughts? Their eyes met, his arms opened, and Adeline flung herself on his bosom.

"Foster, my brother!" she cried in agony, bursting into passionate weeping.

"My poor sister—my Adeline, I will love you!" was his reply, as he strained her to his breast.

Slowly and sadly the bridal carriages drove away, and there was sadness in that house of mourning.

Chapter VI.

Lakelands was empty, but before the three who met on that wedding-morn separated, Kenyon Laurence, or Foster Marra—for that was his real name—knew the history of his life.

"You do not remember, Foster," said Adeline, "your home before you left it. A month after, a child's body was found in the river, and we thought it was yours, for it was so disfigured that it was impossible to recognize it with any certainty, but the height was yours, and the color of the hair. We mourned for you, and believed you dead. After that, life at home became almost insupportable, for our stepfather's only wish was to drive us from it. When Captain Templar came into the neighborhood, and was so good as to love me" (here the lovely woman spoke with unfeigned humility), "I thought God had at last resolved to recompense me for all my sufferings. I married him, and we went to France, taking Gabriella with us. I cannot tell you how happy we were, for I loved him, Foster, with a love that shall live for ever. We had but few friends, and one of these was Mr. Kenyerd. My great sin was jealousy, and this man saw it. Captain Templar had a half-sister, a lovely creature, but insane; and as she was so, and the daughter of his mother by a secret marriage, the fact of her existence was hidden from the world by the wish of Rus's parents. A few months after our marriage they both died, and Rus wished to bring the poor girl to me, hoping that, in time, she might recover.

"One day he left our happy home to fetch her, but he did not tell me his errand. Oh, if he had, all this misery might have been avoided! When he was gone, Mr. Kenyerd came to me, told me that he respected me too much to see me deceived, and declared that he had positive proof of my husband's infidelity. 'Even now,' he said, 'he has gone to visit a young girl who loves him, and who believes him unmarried.'

"I would not believe it at first, Foster; I refused to listen to him; but he said, 'If you wish to follow your husband, and prove the truth of my assertions, you have only to do so. When you are satisfied, if you do not wish to return to this house, come to Paris, and I will procure a divorce.' He then gave me his address; for, though an Englishman, he lived most of the time in Paris.

"I was mad, I think, then. Gabriella remonstrated with me, but I would not be deterred from my purpose. I followed my husband to Touro, and inquired for him at the address to which he had directed me to write.

"I entered his rooms unannounced, and saw, standing in the centre of the apartment, my husband, supporting in his arms a young and beautiful girl, whose eyes were raised in loving confidence to his. With one wild shriek I turned and fled; but in that moment my husband had recognized me. All his efforts to discover me were unavailing. I fled at once to Paris, and a few days after, Mr. Kenyerd, at my desire, instituted a suit of divorce against Captain Templar.

"About this time the House was discussing the question of a new law of divorce, to which Mr. Kenyerd gave his most strenuous support. With deep anxiety he watched every clause, every motion; and what did I know or dream of the meshes which were closing around me?

"At last the law was passed, and the divorce was granted. Of course, Captain Templar had discovered my place of residence long before this, but I would not see him, and he gave up at last.

"Just before the decision, I went to London. The money I had with me was exhausted, and when I applied to Mr. Kenyerd to help me in my endeavors to support myself, he asked me to be his wife. Then, for the first time, did I suspect that he had a motive in unmasking my husband; but I—blind fool that I was—was grateful to him for what I thought his well-meant endeavors, and married him; but, oh! Foster, my heart was breaking for Rus; and, although I believed him so guilty, on my wedding morn I would have been glad to be a servant in his house.

"After my marriage with Mr. Kenyerd, you returned from a journey, as you know. When I saw you, I felt an unalterable conviction that you were my brother, Foster Marra, for you had scarcely altered since your childhood. I had told Mr. Kenyerd my family history, and now I expressed my belief to him. He had adopted you from the streets, he said, and certain circumstances confirmed me in my suspicions; but for some reason he made me promise

solemnly that I would not inform you of our relationship. I gave the promise, Foster, because he made me believe that it was for your good. After that, I was not quite desolate. I had idolized you as a child. Now you were my sole comfort.

"And how cruelly the world misjudged me!—the world, which alternately petted me, because I was Kenyerd's wife, and sneered at me, because I was of unknown parentage and beautiful. Three months ago I learned from Captain Templar's own lips that Eva Falconer, now dead, was his sister. He had forgiven me, and he still loves me. That knowledge shall uphold me in the years to come. To-day, we part for ever."

We may add a fact, which Mrs. Kenyerd did not know, and consequently could not communicate. If Kenyon Laurence had been made aware of his relationship to his patron's wife, he would immediately have investigated the real facts of the case, and exposed Mr. Kenyerd's villainy, for it can be called nothing else, since he knew Eva Falconer to be Rus Templar's sister.

Lakelands was empty. Its owner could not endure England while the woman he loved was there, and they might meet any day.

Adeline had taken up the heavy, self-imposed burden—she was paying the penalty which all must pay who act rashly or unadvisedly.

But one sentence greeted her wherever she appeared:

"Consumption—any one can see that her days are numbered."

Madeira, Egypt—every possible spot was prescribed, but Mr. Kenyerd had chained his eagle to a rock, and it was dying with looking upward and pining for the freedom of heaven's dome.

* * * * * * *

Time passed. Two persons were wandering in the park at Lakelands, now Foster Marra's home, just as a Christmas sun was setting.

"Adeline, my darling, you know that old Janson, who left me my fortune, did so under the impression that the true heir, Foster Marra, his discarded daughter's child, was dead. You know that I am a poor man now; and that, by Mr. Kenyerd's will, if you marry again, you become a pauper."

"Not one, Rus, but rich in *your* love. Go—you call yourself poor—go, and when the year has passed away, come back and say, 'The little cottage where we lived and loved is ready—all is ready.'"

"And you?" he interrupted.

"I!" she cried, flinging herself on his bosom, and bursting into tears—"I! Oh, Rus, lover of my heart! Better a crust with you, than millions with another—better the light of your eyes, than any jeweled coronet! Oh, blessed indeed it is, thus, as now I feel, as now I know myself—Loving, and Being Loved!"

THE RACCOON.

The raccoon is an animal about the size of a large fox, and an inhabitant of Canada and other parts of America. It derives its name, *lotor*, from the habit it is said to possess of washing its food before eating it. Its skin is very valuable, and is much sought after by hunters, who pride themselves on their skill in shooting this active and wary animal.

There is a story related of a hunter who was so excellent a marksman that, when he entered a wood, the 'coons came down of their own accord, knowing that escape was impossible; but we must class this tale with the account of the man who could grin the bark off gum-trees, and the swift Indian who could run so fast round a tree that he sometimes caught sight of his own back.

The food of the raccoon is principally small animals and insects. Oysters are also a very favorite article of its diet. It bites off the hinge of the oyster, and scrapes out the animal in fragments with its paws. Like a squirrel when eating a nut, the raccoon usually holds its food between its fore-paws pressed together, and sits upon its hind-quarters while it eats. Poultry are very favorite objects of its attack, and it is said to be as destructive in a farmyard as any fox, for it only devours the heads of the murdered fowls. Like the fox, it prowls by night.

When taken young, it is easily tamed, but very frequently becomes blind soon after its capture. This effect is supposed to be produced by the sensitive state of its eyes, which are only intended to be used by night; but, as it is frequently awakened by daylight during captivity, it suffers so much from the unwonted glare, that its eyes gradually lose their sight.

It has been mentioned that the name in general use among the hunters is "'coon," a word which strangely contrasts with its ancient Mexican name of cioatlamacazque.

ARABIC FOUNTAIN AT JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem has been so often laid waste by the desolating hand of war, it has been so frequently completely demolished, that little remains on the surface to trace the grandeur of the races that ruled there from the day when God withheld the light of His countenance from His ungrateful people. The early Jewish structures have all disappeared; no marks remain of Assyrian or Egyptian conquest; even its Roman characteristics disappeared in its total ruin under Titus. Its present impress is Mohammedan and Turkish, rather than Saracen.

The graceful architecture of the latter, of which Granada will always occur to the mind as the most pleasing type, seldom meets the eye at Jerusalem.

A photograph of an Arabic fountain at Jerusalem shows, however, that they still preserve some monuments of considerable beauty.

The women are not out of keeping with the scenes they revive—the early Bible accounts of the heroines of the race, the Rachels proceeding in their simple yet graceful dress, bearing on the head the water-jar; the jeweled bracelets and armlets removing the suspicion of poverty which the bare feet would suggest.

THE GORGE OF THE TUNKINI, PERU.

Beyond the rapids of Tunkini the river grows narrow, and flows between two dykes of basalt. The summits of these formations are thickly covered with vegetation, which, extending and intertwining from one to the other, has formed, at an elevation of thirty feet, a dome of verdure impenetrable to the sun's rays.

It was some time before our eyes, dazzled by the external light, became accustomed to the verdant obscurity of this gorge, the most fantastic work of nature we had encountered

When, after enjoying the general effect, we made a more particular investigation, that which, at first sight, was only a simple surprise, assumed a wonderful and magic aspect, which filled us with admiration.

The gorge was about a quarter of a mile in length and fifty feet wide, and terminated in a luminous point, like a distant star. The walls were indented with vertical

channels which served as the beds of streamlets formed on the heights, which fell into the river with a gentle trickling. We counted on our way some twenty-three of these pretty waterfalls.

In the irregular spaces between the channels there was sometimes a compact group of columns, and anon a solitary column. The incessant dripping of the foliage, the drops of rain, and the tears of the dew, during innumerable centuries, had hollowed out and engraved the basalt, and produced the most charming freaks of architecture, the most fantastic arabesques, the most delicious designs for ornamentation, that the imagination could ever conceive, or the chisel execute.

All these caprices of natural art, these flowers, these leaves, and these branches of stone, formed by an invisible artist, seemed, in the deep shadows, to participate in the motions of the real foliage, and to swing to and fro with them.

While we were passing through this gorge, whose fairy-like wonders seemed more like the dimness of a dream than the glare of reality, we were tempted, like Abou-Hassan, the caliph of fiction, to bite our fingers to make sure that we were really awake. The danger that surrounded us was the actual reality, which brought us back from the heaven of sylphs and peris, and kept us in the land of human beings.

The river, furious on account of its captivity between these two walls of basalt, but concentrating its fury in the

LITTLE LUCY AT THE OLD WELL.

THE ESCAPE OF CASANOVA DE SEINGALT FROM THE PIOMBI, VENICE.

depths of its bed, rumbled heavily, so that the bottoms of our boats shook beneath our feet. Our sensations were as much those of fear as of enthusiasm—they were like those fits of hysterics in which laughter is mingled with tears. Soon the rapid current redoubled its swiftness; the parallel sculptures on the two walls seemed to mingle. The brilliant point, which served us for a lighthouse, and toward which our eyes were strained, grew larger and larger, and became an open portico upon the chasm. With the swiftness of an arrow, our boat rushed out of the darkness of the gorge, and passed the *Punca*, the gate of Tunkini—a recess between two hills—and launched suddenly into an immense space inundated with air and with sunshine. The Cordilleras remained for ever behind us, and we entered the lowlands of South America.

This sudden passage from darkness to light, this transmission from a narrow strait to a space without limits, had a very peculiar effect upon us. The glare of the water was like the glittering of a sabre in the sun, dazzling us and compelling us to close our eyes.

This sensation was followed by astonishment, mingled with admiration, to which the idea of being for ever free from cascades and rapids added the sweetest repose and the most intense satisfaction.

THE ESCAPE OF CASANOVA DE SEINGALT FROM THE PIOMBI, VENICE.

Casanova de Seingalt, for some petty misdemeanor, was sent to that terrible Venetian prison, "I Piombi." The cells opened on a kind of garret, full of odds and ends, old documents, furniture, etc.; and while the cells were cleansed every day, the prisoners had a few moments' walk here. One day Casanova spied an iron bolt about twenty inches long, and a bit of marble, which he secured, and then set to work to rub the iron till he had pointed it.

As he was led up he had observed the floor below, and felt sure that the room directly under his was a sort of office not occupied by night. Into this he resolved to make his way. By feigning a terrible cough, he got them to stop sweeping his room.

But there was another difficulty. His cell was almost constantly dark—only a few hours a day was it possible to read. A lamp became of the utmost necessity. By great ingenuity he got oil and flint and matches, and managed to make a lamp that served his purpose.

With his rude tool, lying flat on the floor, he cut through the two-inch planks that formed his floor, but was met by a bed of small bits of marble laid in cement, and called in Venice *terrazzo marmorin*. On this his tool made no impression, but pouring in vinegar that he had for salad, he at last got through it.

While at work at his hole on the 25th of June, naked on the floor, with his lamp beside him, to his terror he heard the bolt of the outer door slide. He had just time

THE ESCAPE OF CASANOVA DE SEINGALT.—"FATHER BALBI DROPPED INTO HIS ARMS."

to cram all into the hole and throw himself on his bed, when the jailer entered with a new prisoner. The smell of the lamp nearly betrayed him, but it only caused the jailer to send them both into the garret while he swept out the cell.

The new-comer was, of course, not to be trusted; and for the week or more that he was confined in Casanova's cell, that prisoner had to suspend his labors.

When he was again condemned to solitude, or, rather, permitted to enjoy his solitude, he proceeded with his labor, and cut through the last plank so nearly that it would require only a slight pressure to force it through. Having made a small hole, to reconnoitre the room below, he found that the board crossed a beam on the ceiling just where he had cut it, compelling him to begin his labors again in order to widen the opening, for what was left at the side of the beam would not allow him to pass.

While he was now exulting in the liberty which he believed to be within his reach, his jailer entered.

"Ah, Casanova!" he exclaimed, "you are in luck, and I congratulate you. I am ordered to remove you from this wretched dungeon to a bright, cheerful cell, with two windows overlooking half Venice."

Under other circumstances, this would have been joyful tidings indeed. It was, however, like sentence of death. He tried to avoid it, but in vain. He was taken to the other cell, which he found cheerful, indeed, but in which he sat down to prepare for the coming storm.

Before long the jailer rushed in, furious.

"Give me the ax you used to cut the floor!"

Casanova pretended not to understand him, and at last said, in despair:

"If you annoy me, I will say that you gave me the tools, and that I handed them back to you."

His singular tool was really concealed on his chair, and escaped the diligent search now made.

After a few days, Lorenzo, his jailer, finding that if the affair became known, he would lose his place, and perhaps his head, as Casanova's accomplice, begged him to be silent in regard to it, and, without informing the authorities, had the damage repaired. To ingratiate himself with his prisoner, he now brought him books. They came from another cell, and soon enabled Casanova to open a correspondence with Father Balbi and Count Andrew Asquini, confined elsewhere.

He at last managed to send to Balbi the rude instrument that had served him so well, and Balbi managed to open a way through into Casanova's cell, covering the hole with a religious print. Just as they were in hopes of making at least an attempt at escape, Casanova was again favored with a companion, who, to his consternation, proved to be a Government spy, his remissness or treachery in a late case having consigned him to the dungeons to which he had sent so many.

How to manage his new and dangerous guest Casanova did not know. To wait day after day was intolerable; to trust him was madness. Finding, however, that the ex-spy was superstitious to the last degree, Casanova made him believe that an angel was coming to liberate them, and that he had prayed that he too should enjoy this heaven-sent freedom, but that the angel would not aid him unless he gave up his degrading business, and promised, under pain of death, never again to help man to cruelly imprison his fellow-man.

Having managed to obtain a large folio Bible, he hid his tool in it, and sent it to Father Balbi, who finally effected an opening while the State Inquisitors were away, and while all the keepers were making merry. Then aiding his accomplice, they removed the last plank, and Balbi slipped down into his arms with their great weapon and a pair of scissors.

Casanova then climbed up again, and went to work on the worm-eaten floor of the garret, and made a way to the lead covering. The others had meanwhile torn up all that they could find to make ropes. As soon as it was dark, they cut through the lead, and commenced a perilous journey over the roof, Seingalt leading, and, for part of the way, drawing Balbi. After much fruitless exploring, they came upon a kind of cupola, near which workmen had been employed with a ladder. They broke the window carefully, and by the ladder reached the floor, although once, the ladder slipping, nearly carried off the roof. They found themselves in a part devoted to the archives, and here Casanova, certain of his safety from interruption, took a short sleep, which he needed to recruit his strength. Starting again, they made their way from room to room till they reached the Ducal Chancery, and, cutting out a panel of the door, were at last free, although Casanova was terribly torn by the rough edges.

Putting on clothes they had brought, they descended the Giant Staircase and reached the canal, where they luckily found a gondolier, who conveyed them to Mestre. Here Casanova engaged post-horses to take them to Treviso, but Balbi caused an almost fatal delay by going into a large *café* for refreshments.

Having reached Treviso, they separated, Balbi taking the easier route, and Casanova a rugged mountain path, going for refreshment to the house of the very officer engaged in hot pursuit of him. After a series of adventures he reached the frontier, and crossing it, was free from Venetian authority, and safe at Borgo de Val, where he found his comrade Balbi. They had effected one of the few recorded escapes from the terrible Piombi of Venice.

ANTIQUITY OF THE SPANISH MERINO.

THE Romans wore nothing but woolen goods. They had no cotton; they had a little linen, which was worn as a material of luxury; they had no silk. They cultivated the sheep with care, and some of their richest possessions were in these animals. But there was one breed of sheep which they cultivated more particularly, and by that system of selection which Darwin speaks of as the source of perfected forms of our domestic animals. It was called Tarentine sheep, from Tarentum, a city of Greek origin, situated at the head of the Tarentine Gulf.

The fleece of this sheep was of exceeding fineness; it was of great delicacy, and the prices paid for it were enormous. The sheep were clothed in cold weather to keep them warm, and the result was that they were very tender, and their wool was very fine. They were a product of Greek civilization transmitted down to the Romans.

Columella, the great Roman agriculturist, says that his uncle, residing in Spain, crossed some of the fine Tarentine sheep with some rams that had been imported from Africa, and the consequences were that these animals had the whiteness of fleece of the father, with the fineness of fleece of the mother, and that race was perpetuated. Here we see an improvement of the stock, an increase of strength and productiveness given to the fine-wool sheep of Spain.

At that time the sheep of Spain were of immense value; for Strabo says that sheep from Spain, in the time of Tiberius, were carried to Rome and sold for the price of a talent ($1,000) a head. In the time of our Saviour, $1,000 were given in Rome for Spanish sheep. When the barbarians inundated Italy, these fine-wool sheep were all swept away; but they remained in Spain. They were cultivated

by the Moors in the mountains of Spain, which were almost inaccessible, and not reached by the hordes of Huns and other northern barbarians, which had laid waste the greater portion of the Roman possessions. They continued to be nourished by the Moors, who were much advanced in arts, and further on were found there as the Spanish Merino; so that the Spanish Merino which we now have, if not the only, is at all events by far the most important, relic that we have to-day which has come down to us from Greek and Roman material civilization. We have here a direct inheritance from the material wealth of the Old World civilization.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

A WESTERN journal has a handsome specimen of the "discoidal stone," a kind of stone implement that has very rarely been found outside of East Tennessee and adjoining sections. These relics deserve a passing notice, on account of the rapidly growing interest in archæology, and especially in American antiquities.

The name is given to this type of relics by the scientists from its shape—that of a double convex disk. They are usually made of the hardest quartz, very symmetrical and beautifully polished, and the manufacture of a single one, without the use of metallic tools, must have cost the ancient workman the labor of months.

The traditions of the Cherokees do not reach back to the origin of these implements, but only say that their first people found them here, and made use of them in playing "chungke," a game described by early writers as being similar to tenpins.

Like many relics of the stone age whose use cannot be accounted for, the discoidal stone is ascribed to the mound-builders. The present specimen was recently plowed up. It is made of beautiful variegated quartzite, polished smooth as the finest marble, and so hard that it would turn the edge of the best tempered steel drill. Whatever its original purpose, it must have been something the owner considered very important. It was probably connected with some superstition or some religious belief or ceremony.

HOW SCREWS ARE MADE.

THE process of making a screw is very interesting. The rough, large wire in big coils is, by drawing through a hole smaller than itself, made the size needed. Then it goes into a machine that at one movement cuts it a proper length and makes a head on it. Then it is put into sawdust and "rattled," and thus brightened. Then the head is shaved down smoothly to the proper size, and the nick put in at the same time. After rattling again in sawdust, the thread is cut by another machine, and, after another rattling and thorough drying, the screws are assorted by hand (the fingers of those who do this move almost literally like lightning), grossed by weight and packed for shipping.

That which renders it possible for machines to do all this, is a little thing that looks like, and opens and shuts like, a goose's bill, which picks up a single screw at a time, carries it where needed, holds it until grasped by something else, and returns for another. This is about the most wonderful piece of automatic skill and usefulness I have ever seen, and it has done its distinctive work at the rate of thirty-one screws a minute, although this rate is only experimental as yet; ninety-three gross per day, however, has been the regular work of one machine.

HYMN TO THE SEA.

BY DEAN ALFORD.

WHO shall declare the secret of thy birth,
Thou old companion of the circling earth?
And having reached with keen poetic sight,
Ere beast or happy bird
Through the vast silence stirred,
Roll back the folded darkness of the primal night?

Corruption-like, thou teemedst in the graves
Of moldering systems, with dark weltering waves
Troubling the peace of the first mother's womb;
Whose ancient awful form,
With inly-tossing storm,
Unquiet heavings kept—a birthplace and a tomb,

Till the life-giving Spirit moved above
The face of the waters, with creative love
Warming the hidden seeds of infant light:
What time the mighty word
Through thine abyss was heard,
And swam from out thy deeps the young day heavenly bright.

Thou and the earth, twin-sisters, as they say,
In the old prime were fashioned in one day;
And therefore thou delightest evermore
With her to lie and play
The Summer hours away,
Curling thy loving ripples up her quiet shore.

She is a married matron long ago,
With nations at her side; her milk doth flow
Each year; but thee no husband dares to tame;
Thy wild will is thine own,
Thy sole and virgin throne—
Thy mood is ever changing—thy resolve the same.

Sunlight and moonlight minister to thee—
O'er the broad circle of the shoreless sea
Heaven's two great lights for ever set and rise;
While the round vault above,
In vast and silent love,
Is gazing down upon thee with his hundred eyes.

All night thou utterest forth thy solemn moan,
Counting the weary minutes all alone;
Then in the morning thou dost calmly lie,
Deep-blue, ere yet the sun
His daywork hath begun,
Under the opening windows of the golden sky.

The Spirit of the mountain looks on thee
Over an hundred hills; quaint shadows flee
Across thy marbled mirror; brooding lie
Storm-mists of infant cloud,
With a sight-baffling shroud
Mantling the gray-blue islands in the western sky.

Sometimes thou liftest up thine hands on high
Into the tempest-cloud that blurs the sky,
Holding rough dalliance with the fitful blast,
Whose stiff breath whistling shrill,
Pierces with deadly chill
The wet crew feebly clinging to their shattered mast.

Foam-white along the border of the shore
Thine onward leaping billows plunge and roar;
While o'er the pebbly ridges slowly glide
Cloaked figures, dim and gray,
Through the thick mist of spray,
Watchers for some struck vessel in the boiling tide.

Daughter and darling of remotest eld—
Time's childhood and Time's age thou hast beheld;
His arm is feeble, and his eye is dim:
He tells old tales again—
He wearies of long pain:
Thou art as at the first; thou journeyedst not with him.

THE FAIR RECKONER. BY FAED.

THE AMBER WITCH.—"THE 'SERPENT' FELL BACK INTO THE ARMS OF 'MEPHISTOPHELES.' IN A MOMENT ALL WAS CONFUSION. CRIES OF 'SHE IS SHOT—ARREST THE MURDERER!' WERE HEARD; BUT THE FOUR DOMINOES HAD VANISHED."

THE AMBER WITCH.

By the Author of "The House with an L," Etc.

Chapter I.—An Egyptian Obelisk and a Parisian Sphinx.

In Paris; above, a deep-blue arch, sparkling with the myriad lamps of heaven; below, a labyrinth of streets, blazing with a myriad of those lamps of earth, which, like the sun, shine alike on the just and on the unjust.

As if the sparkling arch above were striving to outshine the sparkling plain below, the moon rose suddenly, sending the few lurking shadows flying, and turning the white palace-fronts to shining silver. As if to rival this celestial illumination, one of these gleaming white façades burst, all at once, into blossoms of colored light, hanging roses of flame over its balconies, winding its twisted columns with tulips, which flared purple and amber, and sending up tall spires of clustered fleur-de-lis, which burned, vividly blue, against the shining stucco.

As carriage after carriage rolled slowly toward the entrance, the wide doors swung open, and showed a magnificent staircase, up which was passing a continuous stream of cloaked and hooded figures, giving to the eager gaze of

the fortunate few outside who could snatch a look across the cordon of police the occasional gleam of a satin slipper, or flash of a jewel on some white hand, which drew still closer the draperies of head or shoulder.

"Diable! the face must be pretty that goes with such shoulders!" "Did you see that foot? 'Twas no longer than my hand." "Did you see that girl spring from the carriage? You may bet *she* hasn't seen twenty yet." "Here! here's something to look at at last. Peste! take your black and white wraps, I say! Give *me* something lively to open the eyes at. Here's a red one! a yellow one! a white one! and a blue one!" "*Blue!* he's *green!*" "The green is all in your eye, comrade." In fact, four dominoes of the colors already described by the graphic tongues of a Parisian street crowd had descended from a carriage, ascended the staircase, and declining to enter a dressing-room had presented themselves at the entrance to the *salon*.

"Gentlemen, you must lay aside your dominoes," said the magnificent personage who announced the guests.

The crimson domino showed him a few lines written on perfumed paper, under a coronet and monogram.

The magnificent personage bowed, and withdrew his hand from the satin curtains, which parted under an arch.

"If such are madame's orders, pass in, gentlemen." Then, announcing the newcomers, "The gentlemen from the other world," he said.

All heads were turned toward the new arrivals, who seemed to see nothing at first but gleaming eyes, as the masked faces turned in their direction. As they bowed over the hand of their hostess, which she had given them, in English fashion, she said:

"I am dying to know what your costumes are, but I refrain from asking; although you are putting a severe tax on my feminine curiosity."

"You will know only too soon, madame," said the white domino.

"Too soon! That sounds almost like a threat, Monsieur the American."

"But we do not threaten you, madame," said the red domino, pressing his friend's arm. As they passed on he said, "You are too impetuous. You will ruin all if you are not careful."

"I!—too impetuous? Do you recollect what I have to avenge?"

"Yes; but we don't do these things here after the fashion of your American savages—first the war-whoop, then the tomahawk."

"I don't care how I do it, so that it is done," said the other, gloomily.

"Do you know, Laurence, I'd be willing to wager any sum that even now, if you should once hear her speak, if she should once bestow upon you one of those smiles of hers, which are the most wonderful commingling of the heavenly and the diabolical, you would forget your brother's death, your friend's madness, your cousin's ruin, and wish only to live and die at her feet."

"Do you take me for a fool?" said the other, sternly.

"Fool!—by no means. It's only the wisest and the best that she cares to capture. Such insignificants as I am escape by reason of their insignificance."

"Is she here? Do you see her anywhere?"

"Not yet. The dresses are rather bewildering, to be sure, but you can always single her out by that magnificent hair of hers, the hair which gives her the name of the 'Amber Witch,' and which she always disposes so as best to display its luxuriant beauty. They are beginning to dance. Isn't that quadrille of the Seasons pretty?—though how Summer is going to sit down without crushing all those wild-strawberry vines with which her dress is besprinkled, I do not see. And there come the Hours, marshaled by Nox and Aurora! They've stolen some of their dresses and distinguishing signs from Raffaello's designs. See that one with the owl! isn't she a lovely creature?"

But the white domino looked with unseeing eyes at the twenty-four beautiful young women who were moving through the figures of a dance, in which they formed a living representation of the frieze of some Greek temple.

The dance finished, the beauty with the owl, who had attracted the attention of the crimson domino, seemed to feel fatigued, and looked around for a seat. A chair covered with embossed velvet stood at her elbow. With a sigh of relief she sank upon the seat, when, all at once, the arms, upon which her own were stretched, slid from beneath them, and gently encircled her waist. A start, a scream; the released beauty sprang to her feet, and the chair rose upon its front legs, leaving the back legs, with their connecting bar, upon which the living chair had squatted, dangling behind, as their wearer walked away.

"Now, I call that ingenious," said the crimson domino to his white friend, who had witnessed the incident apparently unmoved. "It takes a Frenchman to arrange such a surprise."

"A Frenchman is always ready to assist nature in supplying that part of the ape that she has left out of his composition," was the reply.

"Can't you forget your vendetta until the time is come for executing it, and enjoy yourself in the interval? A Corsican always has a smile on his face when he finds his victim is at hand."

"And you shall see me smile when my vendetta is accomplished," said the white domino, moving into the shadow of an Egyptian obelisk. "I wish to heaven this was over!"

"Hush! not so loud. There's a loving couple on the other side, who have been using this affair as a screen for the last quarter of an hour. There's one thing I want to say to you. Suppose the shock of this should drive her mad? I have heard of such results."

"Has not she driven others mad?—devil that she is!"

"Just see what a jolly time those other fellows are having. It's evident that they don't care a fig for the consequences."

"Are you going to fail me now, Guy?"

"I! oh, no. I promised to see you through, and I'll do it; though I must confess that I begin to 'feel pity tugging at my heart-strings.' I suppose you'll leave for Italy as soon as this is over?"

"As soon as my aunt and cousin can join me."

"I don't think I should go as soon myself, if it were not for that charming cousin of yours——"

"You must recollect that I have never seen her."

"But her picture is exquisite; and, by-the-way, there's a positive resemblance to——"

"She looks a little like one of Titian's beauties, I think."

"But more like the 'Amber Witch.'"

"Does she, indeed? I am sorry you have mentioned the resemblance. I was prepared to like her."

"Was Lady Amberside as beautiful in her youth?"

"So my mother has told me. But the present Lady Amberside is not my aunt, and is only Beatrix's stepmother. She is a Frenchwoman. That is the reason I have never seen Beatrix. Her father died soon after his second marriage; the present Lady Amberside naturally prefers her native country, and, when I have visited England, it has chanced that Beatrix has been on the Continent with her step-mother."

"And they have never visited Italy?"

"Only when Beatrix was too young to remember it. It is on her account that Lady Amberside wishes to take advantage of my escort."

"There's a new arrival! It is she!—it is positively she!"

The white domino shuddered from head to foot, as, following closely upon the announcement of her assumed character as "The Serpent of Old Nile," a figure, at once beautiful and repellent, entered the *salon* at the head of a glittering train. The upper part of her dress was a species of corselet, composed of burnished scales, which slid one upon the other as she moved, producing so dazzling an effect that the light seemed to explode from, rather than be reflected by, them. An infinity of smaller scales covered her closely-clinging skirt of green satin, which terminated in a pointed train. Around her neck was twined a serpent, wrought entirely of small rubies, emeralds and diamonds, which seemed to writhe with every motion. From dimpled shoulders to taper wrists, jeweled snakes wound their coils around her arms, and even her face was hidden by a mask which formed a serpent's head, and, being enameled in colors, was frightfully life-like. From under this floated a profusion of amber-colored hair, which rolled in sinuous curves almost to the edge of her skirt. Mark Antony, in complete Roman armor, and arm-in-arm with a grinning crocodile; a group of naiads, in dresses of silver gauze, strewn with shells and coral and fringed with seaweed; a pair of mummies; and Satan himself, dressed from head to foot in scarlet satin, with gilded horns and hoofs, and having a white-winged angel on his arm, followed.

As the "Serpent of Old Nile" approached more nearly, a low, hissing sound became audible, which accompanied all her movements, and was probably produced by some mechanical contrivance. When she reached the Egyptian obelisk, behind which the red and white dominos stood, half concealed, it moved from its place and stationed itself by her side, leaving exposed to all eyes a pair of lovers in a half embrace. The impulsive Parisians greeted this new surprise with a ecstasy of delight.

"Who would have imagined that obelisk to be nothing but pasteboard, with a man inside?" said the red domino. "And here we have been, saying anything and everything as we stood by it! Fortunately, we spoke in English."

The white domino made no reply. All his faculties were absorbed in his gaze at the "Serpent of Old Nile," who stood leaning against the obelisk, her face half averted from him, and slightly inclined toward it, in the attitude of one who listens. Had he been near enough, he would have heard her say, in a low tone:

"Whatever it is, let it come; I am not afraid."

At this moment her hostess, the Countess de G——, approached her, and having complimented her upon her dress, told her that the band was about to play the music of the ballet of the "Cour du Diable," which she had promised to dance at her house.

"Have a care!" murmured a voice from the obelisk.

"Were *you* to provide my partner, madame?" asked the Serpent, with her eyes, which glittered through the holes of her mask, fastened upon the countess's uncovered face.

"I do not recollect that to have been in our agreement," was the composed reply. "If you had been a *débutante*, I might have proposed some one; but for *you*, who are always so besieged by partners——

"Permit me to implore that happiness for myself," said the white domino, appearing at the countess's elbow.

"*That is the man!*" murmured the obelisk.

"You, Monsieur the Domino! Why do you claim my hand?"

"Madame, although I am now an inhabitant of the other world, I knew you well in this."

"And were a friend of mine?"

"To the death."

She shook her head.

"Your voice is strangely familiar," she said. "Do you dance in domino?"

"Until the time for unmasking comes."

"You are very mysterious! Tell me, do the feelings change after death?"

"To what feelings do you refer, madame?"

"The affections. You say you were a—friend of mine?"

"I worshiped you—I adored you! Have you forgotten?"

She laughed.

"There were so many!"

"Remember me by this token."

Taking her hand, he drew her quite within the shadow of the obelisk, and, stooping quickly, pressed his lips upon the dimple of her shoulder.

She started, and her hand grew cold in his.

"I thought—I had heard——"

"What?—that I was no longer yours? that I no longer loved you? Impossible!"

"No, it was not *that*. I heard—but never mind. So you have taken this way of telling me that you still live?"

"You had heard that I was *dead?*"

"Yes; I *had* heard that. It is not true; so much the better."

"And you will dance with me?"

"With all my heart, and both my feet. Do you know, I am glad that you are not dead, Maurice."

"Really?"

"Yes; I am getting to have too many victims on my conscience; and you—well, you were always rather amusing, you used to *rave* so."

"I have given up that foolish habit."

"Ah, but you haven't seen my face yet!"

"Is it changed at all?"

"They tell me that, if changed at all, it is only for the better."

"What should you do, if you should lose your beauty by disease or—accident?"

She shuddered.

"Die, I suppose."

"But, if you *had* to live on? Remember, you would be lonely then, forgotten by your friends, when you could no longer minister to their entertainment; shunned by your lovers, to whom you have grown an object of aversion. To look in your mirror and think, at first sight, that that loathsome face must be the face of a stranger. To sit by your solitary fireside, and be haunted by the vision of past pleasures, and, worse, by the phantoms of those to whom your beauty, now as much a phantom as themselves, w destruction!"

"A very pretty sermon, truly, Monsieur the Purita from one who is to dance with my wicked self in the ballet of the 'Court of Satan'! Bah! the very air is pestiferous with your words! Ah, here is a friend of mine, who always carries a *vinaigrette*, or some such trifle, for the use of his fainting partners. You don't chance to have a flaçon of cologne about you, Monsieur Mephistopheles? The atmosphere of this gentleman is oppressive."

"I think you would find my atmosphere more conducive to health," said the person she addressed, making a movement as if to offer his arm.

"Thank you; but I am engaged for the ballet of which they are now playing the music."

"But, madame, I am very anxious to speak with you, for a moment."

"I am sorry—but I have no time——"

"But five minutes! I only ask five minutes."

"It is really important?"

"Vitally so."

"Then, for only five minutes, Monsieur the Domino. If I fail to return then, you may claim me."

As she vanished on Mephistopheles's arm, the red domino came up.

"You have lost your partner?"

"She returns in five minutes. Is everything ready?"

"All have taken their places; we are only waiting for you. What do you think of her?"

"I think that she is all ready to dance this ballet in the original Court of Satan. Did you ever hear such music? I believe it was composed in the infernal regions. Every note from those violins sounds like the wail of a lost soul, and that diabolical interweaving of the clamor of the horns expresses exactly the triumph of the evil spirits. As for me, I no longer feel either doubt or remorse. With her own lips she has pronounced her own doom. And here she comes again! *Lamia*, she should have called herself, for she is neither more nor less than a woman-snake. It will be a good deed to draw her fangs. Who would hesitate to crush a serpent?"

"I hope *I* am not that serpent you are intending to crush, gentlemen! Is a reptile to blame for being such as its creator made it? Now, adieu to moralizing. I feel the 'soul of the music go into my blood,' and I am now all infernal, and, as such, defy you to do your worst. My master will protect me. Are there three other dominos in the ballet? Friends of yours, Monsieur the White Domino?"

"Friends of *yours*, rather, I fancy. I claim no infernal origin."

"Is not the blare of that trumpet inspiring? A *moi, mes diables!*"

The Serpent did indeed dance as if possessed. The music, which at first had given a measured cadence, grew faster and more furious. The figures became more and more involved. The "Infernal Ballet" was the centre of attraction, the other dancers having now become spectators. Even to these lookers-on, accustomed to everything combining the fantastic and diabolical, there came a thrill almost of terror, as the music changed to an unearthly strain, which seemed to represent the lament of lost souls in the midst of their tormentors. The lights sank, flickered, and went out. A jarring clash and clang from cymbals and trumpets, and they burned again, but now with a blue and livid flame, which gradually grew into a broad, crimson glare.

The white domino seized his partner's hand.

"I lied to you," he said—"I am dead—twice dead! Killed by you—first my body, and then my soul!"

He snatched off his mask, and flung back his domino. She saw a beautiful, ghastly head, with a deep gash in the white, uncovered throat.

There were screams, mingled with hysteric laughter, from the partners of the three other dominos, as they also threw off their wrappings, and showed, each one, the semblance of a mortal wound.

The Serpent drew back—for a moment only—her rapid movement producing an ominous hiss. Then she laughed, naturally, carelessly.

"Rather too theatrically arranged, gentlemen!" she said. "But the Comtesse de G—— always was a blunderer—as Monsieur de G—— has often assured me."

There was a detonation, a spurt of something that looked like liquid flame, and the Serpent fell back into the arms of Mephistopheles. In a moment all was confusion. Cries of "She is shot—seize the murderer!" were heard; but the four dominos had vanished.

"Silence, if you please — madame is wounded," said Mephistopheles, who had already murmured in the Serpent's ear: "Did I not tell you so? But I very much fear that her face is seriously injured—not by fire-arms, however, but by some detonating substance, which was intended to produce disfigurement."

As if the fate foretold by the white domino had already overtaken her, all her gay friends, murmuring horror of the atrocious deed and indignation at its perpetrator, hastened away, commenting upon the affair, when out of hearing, as follows:

"We all know that Madame de G—— has very good reasons for lending herself to such a plot as this."

"And if she should lose her beauty, poor Florestine! what would become of her?"

"There will be nothing left for her, in that case, but oblivion."

Soon after the dispersion of the guests, a telegram was brought to the Hotel de G——, addressed to Mr. Laurence Shirley. Mephistopheles, going down the steps, laden with wraps for the Serpent, who was lying prone on the cushions of her carriage, met the messenger, who showed him the envelope, and asked him where he could find the American gentleman.

"Give the telegram to me. I will see that he has it," said Mephistopheles.

"But I am responsible for it; and I do not know who you are."

"You know the Chevalier Germont, do not you?" taking off his mask.

With the telegram in his hand, he sprang into the carriage, and, seating himself by the Serpent's side, said:

"Madame, I have something here that I fancy will interest you."

CHAPTER II.

"A SERPENT'S HEAD, BUT WOMAN'S MOUTH, WITH ALL ITS PEARLS COMPLETE."

IN an apartment of the famous Hotel Meurice, where Americans and English, visiting Paris, "most do congregate," three gentlemen were assembled the morning succeeding the masquerade ball at the Hotel de G——. One of them, tall and slender, with beautiful but frightfully pallid features, whose very pallor "pronounced" the rich bronze of his wavy hair and the brilliant blue of his eyes, now heavy from want of sleep, was lying on a lounge, one hand under his head, and the other pulling nervously at the long ends of his fair mustache. Another young man, with a bronzed complexion and shining black eyes, was standing at the foot of the lounge, a newspaper in his hand, from which he had evidently just been reading to his companions, one of whom was standing, with his back to the others, looking from the window.

"It seems Madame de G—— denies all knowledge of the 'affair,' as the papers call it!" said the reader. "She had engaged four people to dance in the ballet—professionals, as she supposed. (Can't you hear her say it? It takes a Frenchwoman to tell a lie!) The steward *advertised* for professional dancers. (Good!) Madame's steward made the disposition of the lights, etc., as they advised. (I wonder how much she paid her steward for his

share in the fiction ?) Well, Laurence, *we* are well out of the scrape, at any rate, as far as our names are concerned. As for our consciences——"

The young man at the window turned around with a gesture of impatience, as he heard a groan from the occupant of the lounge.

"If it had been anything but the disfigurement of a woman! By heaven! Laurence, I think it wouldn't have been half as bad, had you shot her through the heart."

"I am here to answer for what I have done," said Laurence, moving as uneasily on his lounge as did his saintly namesake on his gridiron. "I have sent her a message to that effect. She can have me arrested, should she choose."

"You have!"—simultaneously spoken by his two hearers.

"But I have exonerated you both, and also Everard, from everything but participation in what you supposed to be a frolic. Neither have I compromised Madame de G——, simply stating that I saw her advertisement, and answered it. Man may finish my punishment, since Providence has begun it. You look surprised, Ferguson. Didn't you know it? But Guy will tell you. To be sure, I had never seen them, but they were my only living relations, and I——" He broke off, and covered his eyes with his hands.

Guy folded the newspaper at one paragraph and passed it to Ferguson, who read there that the steamship *City of Paris* had foundered, and all on board had perished. In the list of passengers were the names of Lady and Miss Amberside.

"His aunt and cousin," said Ferguson. And then there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said Guy, impatiently, and a *garçon* came in, presenting a note on a salver.

Guy took it from him.

"It's for you, Laurence; and, by Jove! the envelope has her crest!"

"Whose?"

"That of the Amber Witch, otherwise Florestine, Baronne d'Estampes."

Laurence tore open the envelope with trembling fingers, and after glancing at the inclosure, read it aloud:

"It is not for one offender to judge or condemn another. If Monsieur Shirley can bear to look on his work, he is requested to call at 107 Rue de —— this evening at half-past nine o'clock.

"(Signed) BARONNE D'ESTAMPES."

"Shall you go?"

"Yes."

"I believe her to be capable of having you assassinated," said Guy.

"Let her do it. I have nothing to live for."

"Nothing to live for! At your age, and with your face, figure and fortune?"

"You have forgotten that I am a murderer."

"My dear fellow, she is not dead, nor even in any danger of death. All the papers report that."

"But I have destroyed her beauty. I have made her, all the rest of her life, a horror to herself; an object to be pitied and avoided by others."

"But then, she was really a pestilent creature. You have, at the cost of some remorse for yourself, benefited society. You can have no idea of the amount of mischief that one woman has done, and her power to do evil was unlimited, from the fact that the world has never been able to put its condemning finger on one action that would place her beyond the pale of polite society. Her cunning has been absolutely diabolical, restraining her from overstepping the bounds, by keeping within which a woman, even when a thousand tongues are wagging against her, can still defy slander to bring any proof of wrong-doing. I am curious to learn why she has sent for you to call at her house. You may depend upon it, you won't be allowed to get off without paying for this in some way. I should not be surprised if she proposed to you to compromise the matter by privately handing over to her a good round sum of money."

"She is welcome to all I have if she will look upon it as any compensation for the injury I have done her."

"You may make up your mind to bleed freely. I know that she is frightfully in debt, and I must say that I am sorry she has come across a sheep so very willing to be shorn as yourself."

"You cannot begin to realize the relief it is to me to find that there are any possible amends for the wrong she has suffered at my hands."

"But don't let your penitence carry you too far, Laurence. Don't let it lead you to marry her."

"I marry her!—with my brother's blood on her hands. Never!"

"But you can have no conception of her power. I have seen men who knew all about her, and who absolutely feared her as a satanic being, succumb as soon as she chose to exert her fascinations upon them."

"You must remember, Guy, what an enormous injury I have inflicted upon her. She must hate me with a hatred proportionate to the beauty whose loss costs her everything that life can give to such a woman."

"Then there would be no surer way of punishing you than to inveigle you into marrying her. I wish you would let me go with you, Laurence."

But Laurence Shirley refused to listen to his friend's doubts or fears. He made a suitable toilet, and, at the appointed hour, presented himself at the residence of the Baronne d'Estampes.

When admitted, he was requested to walk up-stairs to the "boudoir of madame," as she was too unwell to leave it for the present. Almost faint with a complication of emotions, among which a vague terror was predominant, he followed the cat-like footsteps of madame's maid, who pulled aside an embroidered curtain which hung from a gilded rod, and motioned to him to enter. He did so, and found himself in a small apartment shaped like a shell, and lined—for no other word will express it—like a shell, with glistening mother-of-pearl. There was no window perceptible, but the place where the window would have been was filled in with an enormous aquarium, and the only light admitted to the room filtered through the sea-water it contained, and was intercepted at every moment by the rapid movements of its grotesque inhabitants. The floor of this singular boudoir was incrusted with a bordering of coral-branches and sea-shells, the centre being filled in with a rug that represented masses of seaweed in their natural colors. The chairs and couches were shell-shaped, veneered with mother-of-pearl, and covered with sea-green satin embroidered with silver shells.

In the peculiar half-light Laurence could see what looked, at first sight, like a heap of lace and embroidery thrown carelessly on one of the chairs. A second glance convinced him that it was a woman, in a white cachemire robe-de-chambre, profusely trimmed with lace, a lace cap half covering her abundant hair, and a handkerchief held before her face.

"Is that Monsieur Shirley? Please to be seated, monsieur."

Laurence took a chair, of which he felt the need, for he was trembling from head to foot.

"I had the pleasure of dancing with you last evening,

Monsieur Shirley, and I received a note from you this morning; and I inferred from the latter that you thought I might be disposed to revenge upon you the irreparable injury you have inflicted upon me."

"Was the supposition unnatural, madame?" asked Laurence, thinking how thrilling were the tones of her voice, and feeling like a murderer in the presence of his victim's apparition.

"Would that give back to me what I have lost?"

Laurence sprang to his feet and approached her.

"Madame! madame! If you only knew that I would willingly give the rest of my life to undo what I have done! If you knew that my shame, my remorse, my horror of my cowardly revenge—— And yet—my brother!"

"Monsieur, say nothing more. We have each something to regret. You are safe from arrest or prosecution as far as I am concerned. I shall only inflict one punishment upon you. You have heard what I was. Look at me now!"

She uncovered her face and raised it, so that the light might fall full upon it. It was contorted, ghastly, inexpressibly hideous. One eye seemed to have been utterly destroyed; the rest of the face was a swollen, discolored mass.

The agitation of the past six weeks, dating from the time that he had learned of his brother's tragic end, the revenge over which he had brooded, and which he had so terribly executed, fasting, sleeplessness and remorse—all combined with this horrible sight to unnerve him utterly. He groaned, and fell senseless at her feet.

When he came to his senses he found himself in his own apartment in the Hotel Meurice, with Guy bending over him, and looking almost as pale as himself.

"The doctor said it was only a fainting-fit, but, Laurence, my dear fellow, I thought she had killed you."

"She! Who? Ah, now I recollect!" He sank back his pillows, shuddering, his face hidden in his hands.

"What did she say to you—what did she do to you?"

"She?—oh! She says that I am safe from arrest or prosecution."

"Indeed!"

"But don't think I escaped 'unwhipped of justice.' She showed me her face. It was horrible! I shall never forget it!"

"And then?"

"I suppose I fainted—for I recollect nothing more."

"She sent you home in her carriage. You were delivered at the door, like a parcel, and then the coachman drove off at full speed. When I saw you, I thought it was your corpse she had sent back to us. I can't understand how she let you off so."

"She has shown that quality so rare in women—magnanimity."

"Not she! You may depend upon it, Laurence, that you haven't seen the last of her. She is treating you as a cat does a mouse. She has only let you go a little way, and then she will pounce down on you. I would advise you to set off for Italy to-morrow, if you can."

But, when the morrow came, Laurence was unable to follow this friendly advice. A fever had set in, and for a week he was delirious, raving in his delirium of the ghastly face whose beauty he had destroyed. By the use of powerful remedies he was able, in about a fortnight from the time of his seizure, not only to be dressed, but to walk with faltering steps to the window, from which he waved his hand to Guy, who came bounding up the stairs and into the room, evidently in excellent spirits.

"You are looking quite like yourself, Laurence, and I've good news for you, to improve your looks still more. Here, Mère Dantin" (to the nurse), "take this packet of gelatine, and change it to bunches of grapes and ears of corn, in those appetizing molds of yours that make a skeleton sigh for a stomach—a free rendering of 'to create an appetite under the ribs of death.' How I like to see that woman laugh! She shakes all over, like one of her own jellies. Laurence, I *must* go, for I have had another letter from my uncle; but I can leave you now with a clear conscience—for *she* has gone into a convent. Now, don't look so! It's the best place for her. She can repent her sins, and it will certainly give her occupation for the rest of her life, if she means to rid herself of *all* of them."

"I wish I could go into a monastery!"

"You won't, as soon as you are fairly bound for Italy. The voyage will set you up wonderfully, and I will join you then, as soon as my uncle will let me. I'm off in the next train—so, good-by, and God bless you, old fellow! Get Ferguson, or some one, to write me how you are, every day or so."

That same afternoon, as Laurence lay on the lounge in his room, feeling inexpressibly lonely, there was a tap on his door.

"Come in," he called; and two ladies entered, somewhat timidly and doubtfully, as it seemed to him.

"Are you Monsieur Laurence Shirley?" asked one of them, a tall, graceful woman, with dark, almond-shaped eyes, and profuse gray hair, elaborately dressed.

Laurence rose to his feet, still trembling with weakness, and a wild, undefined hope, and bowed affirmatively.

The tall, graceful woman then went up to him, with both hands extended.

"Ah! I was sure of it! You are so like your poor uncle in his last illness! And me—do you know who I am?"

"You must be Lady Amberside—my aunt. But I had heard——"

"That we were drowned in our shipwreck? Well, we are come to you from the bottom of the sea. I only hope you will greet us as hospitably as did the queer, rough, friendly people on whose fishy-smelling shores we were thrown. Bah! the scent is in my nostrils still. But here is one who has on you the claim that I do not possess. Beatrix, this gentleman is your cousin, Monsieur Laurence Shirley."

CHAPTER III.

EN ROUTE FOR ITALY.

The Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

THERE! that looks well. It's about all the Latin I know. But what an air a few words of that majestic language do give to a sentence!

How fortunate it is that I am half English—English on my mother's side. That's where my beautiful amber-colored hair comes from. Ha, ha, ha! how oddly it does look, plaited into two long tails, and tied with ribbons at the ends! And then my white frocks, as the English call them, and my general air of *ingénue*. I don't look a day over sixteen, for I heard a man say so, yesterday. Oh, my little red book!—my dear red demon!—my little scarlet familiar, to whom I can whisper all my most secret thoughts, and know that you will never repeat them. Were it not for the relief I find in blackening your charming white pages, I am sure that I should let out my secret twenty times a day.

It is fatiguing to play the *rôle*, so new to me, of an English schoolgirl—even one who is supposed to have the advantage of a foreign education. And when I sit in the background, under the shadow of my gypsy-hat, with my

beautiful hair tortured into its two "pig-tails"—for so I heard the Americans call them the other day—and see Clemence posing for the benefit of the other passengers, and absorbing so much of the attention of *my* cousin, I long to fling off my hat, unbraid my hair—my beautiful hair, that has been sung, and jeweled, and kissed by royal lips—and say: "Is it *I*, whom you allow to sit here, unsurrounded, almost unremarked?—I, the most beautiful woman in the most brilliant city in the world!—I, the Amber Witch?"

It is odd that Monsieur Shirley has never seemed to have the slightest suspicion that we are not what we claim to be—his aunt and cousin. I could have chosen no better person than Clemence to play the part of my stepmother. Her residence in England as French governess gives her the same advantage that I have gained from my visits to my English relations.

It was fortunate that Philippe Germont secured for me that telegram informing Monsieur Shirley of the loss of the *City of Paris*, with his aunt and cousin on board. He did not know what was in it, bringing it to me simply as "information of the enemy's movements"—as they say in war-time. I told him 'twas a mere nothing—some letters to be forwarded, if required. And yet, the intention to personate the drowned cousin was mine at that moment.

Poor Philippe! I am very ungrateful to leave him in ignorance of my plans and movements; for what should I be now, had he not, in his "obelisk," overheard enough of Monsieur Shirley's conversation to excite his suspicions, and lead him to lend me the crystal mask he wears when making his chemical experiments, to avoid inhaling poisonous vapors. Underneath my serpent-mask it was, of course, invisible. And then, his subsequent ingenuity in the manufacture of the horrible waxen face I showed to my intended cousin, and which secured me from all danger of detection when I should choose to assume my new character. Had it not been for what Germont overheard, neither could I have learned that Monsieur Shirley had never seen either his aunt or cousin, or that the former was, by birth and education, a Frenchwoman, making Clemence's impersonation of *her* part so easy.

Then "my cousin's" intention to travel in Italy is so very convenient for me; for, to tell the truth—I can tell it to *you*, my dear little red demon!—owing to pressing debts, and some little affairs of my own, that I shall not even specify to *you*, my small familiar! Paris was getting a little too hot to hold me—I like English phrases, they are so terse and expressive! And, as Monsieur Shirley, in view of our losing so much in the sinking of the *City of Paris*, proposes to pay all our traveling expenses, and has furnished us with new wardrobes, our venture (to employ an Americanism) has been, so far, a paying one.

Besides "my cousin," there are three other Americans on board the steamer—a mother and two daughters—who seem to know Monsieur Shirley very well. They, the daughters, are graceful, vivacious, and know how to put on their dresses and knot their ribbons, which is more than one can say for an Englishwoman. But one of them, Maud, actually throws herself at Monsieur Shirley's head! How they sneer at my complexion!—they are both pale, and one is dark, while the other has a skin like bad lard; at my hair—Maud's is dark, and Blanche's like tow; at my shape, at my hands and feet! Just now, I pretend not to hear them; some time, I will make them repent.

Their mother, Mrs. Livingston Van Zandt by name, would be unremarked, even if one of two thrown on a desert island, were it not for her enormous diamonds, and her equally enormous teeth. Maud inherits the latter, somewhat modified.

It is delightful to see Clemence utterly ignore Mrs. Van Zandt, and calmly (and metaphorically, of course) walk over the bodies of the Misses Van Zandt, after she has completely prostrated them. As Monsieur Shirley's aunt, she can, of course, often overturn, with one touch of her finger, the card-houses so openly erected by "those very *pronounced* young ladies," as she calls them. So, the other day, when Maud, who is the dark one, pretended to be very ill, and hinted to Monsieur Shirley that she should like his leopard-skin rug brought on deck for her to recline upon in a picturesque attitude, and a very becoming tartan wrap, Clemence coolly took possession of it, thanking her "nephew" for forestalling her wishes in his always thoughtful manner.

Mrs. Van Zandt, who shows her teeth in an unusually alarming manner when anything is going wrong with "my sweet girls," as she calls them, tried to explain that the rug was intended for "my Maud"; but Clemence looked *through* her as calmly as if she had been made of glass, and remarked to a young Irishman, who was standing near her, that she judged from appearances that we must be approaching the Rock of Gibraltar; an insinuation that obliged Mr. O'Neil to retire suddenly to hide his amusement.

I can see that Monsieur Shirley avoids me, and I know the cause—I look too much like a certain picture he found among his brother's papers. I have also seen my own picture—that is, the photograph of Beatrix Amberside. It is a pretty face enough, but not like me.

I did not know that I was still capable of feeling a healthy, natural excitement, until Monsieur Shirley came this morning to the door of our stateroom, and asked us if we did not want to come out upon deck, as we were now entering the Bay of Naples.

I was out of my berth in a moment, and, with my hair hanging loose over the bournous I had thrown over my wrapper, and the sleep not yet washed out of my eyes, I presented myself to "my cousin."

"Is not Lady Amberside coming?" he asked.

"She never shows herself *en déshabille*, as I do. Will the Bay of Naples, or, rather, the steamer, wait for her to finish dressing?"

I had remarked that he had always made his arrangements so as never to be left alone with me. What would he do now?

"I will take you up on deck, then, and go back for her."

But I needed no companion but Nature at that supreme moment. There, between the azure sky and the azure sea, were the white walls of Naples, strung like pearls on the crescent line of her curving shore, or like the white teeth of some marine monster, smiling a welcome to the beautiful bay. Between us and the bay, cloudlike Capri brooded upon the sea, and beyond this innumerable boats, with their picturesque lateen sails, danced upon the sparkling waters; the purple shore drew nearer, the white palaces climbed upward to the Castle of St. Elmo; the sharp cone of Vesuvius cut the clear atmosphere; the diamond-like fountains and rainbow parterres of the Villa Reale glittered into sight; and we steamed up by the bridge that throws its defiant arm into the sea, clutching the rock on which a small castle stands, overlooking the shipping and the mole.

I think there must have been a land-breeze, for every now and then the unfamiliar perfume of strange flowers reached me; and as I looked at the foreign shore we were approaching, so new to me, so old in the history of the

world, I was conscious of the half-formed wish that I might find here a new self, a new life, and leave behind me for ever the pains and memories of the old.

"What *has* happened?" said Clemence to me, in a low tone, as she joined me on deck, carefully dressed, rouged and powdered. "There are actually tears in your eyes!"

I saw Monsieur Shirley's eyes turned on me, with an expression I had never seen in them before. I took the cue at once.

"I—was thinking—of—my father."

The corners of Clemence's mouth struggled with a smile. I am sure Monsieur Shirley forgets that the respectable Sir John Amberside, for whom I was supposed to be weeping, has lain in his grave some fourteen years, for he offered me his arm to take me back to my stateroom, and his beautiful blue eyes looked very kindly at me as he left me.

Monsieur Shirley has taken rooms for us at the Hotel de l'Univers, where we overlook the Chiaia, or principal street of Naples; the Villa Reale, a species of public garden; the beautiful bay, and far beyond, where the restless sea tosses its white crest against the horizon.

The Chiaia, being the fashionable promenade, is gay and splendid with Parisian toilets, which look oddly enough in Naples. The black robes and broad hats of the priests, the bare, bronze chests and picturesque rags of the lazzaroni, do not seem as strange to me as the familiar French fashions, with Naples as a background.

While I was watching this brilliant panorama, a bell began to toll, the carriages drew off in two lines from the centre of the street, and a long, continuous wail sobbed through the air, and chilled into momentary silence all the hum and bustle of thronging life. Then there passed slowly down the street a line of bareheaded monks, carrying banners and crosses, and behind them, borne by four monks, on an open bier, was what appeared to be the waxen figure of a young girl, with her hair falling loosely around her rosy cheeks and crowned with flowers, her hands crossed upon her bosom, her white satin dress falling away in graceful folds from the small feet glistening in satin slippers. In the rear followed slowly, two by two, ghostly-looking figures, dressed in white from head to foot, their faces covered with cowled hoods, with two holes for the eyes, and from them came that woful, wailing cry.

"There is grief at so much a head," said Mr. O'Neil, for we were all out on the balcony. "Those fellows in white are the hired mourners."

"And the corpse——"

"Is on the bier, with its face painted. *I* call such things barbarism."

As he spoke the corpse passed just beneath our balcony, and one of the first pair of mourners turned and looked up at us, his eyes flashing like jewels through the apertures in the linen that concealed his face. He half paused, raised his arm, and a crown of white roses fell at my feet. As they moved on, a sweet tenor thrilled through the wailing chant, and I could distinguish the words, "La bionda."

"For the blonde lady," said Monsieur Shirley, picking up the crown of roses. "Such hair as yours is always adored in Italy."

He was about to put it on my head, but I shrank from him.

"It was meant for a corpse," I said.

He let it fall instantly.

Have I become a different woman since I left the "pleasant land of France," as poor Mary Stuart called it? Tears, and longings for a better life, this morning; and to-night a horror of great darkness—where have I seen these words?—seems to have come upon me. When I sleep I see shape after shape pass before my eyes, in the fearful, shroud-like dress of those hired mourners. I am always out on the balcony, and as they pass beneath it each one flings back his cowl and shows me the face of one of those whom I—— Pah! the room smells like a charnel-house! It is only the remembrance of that masked ball that haunts me. And yet, the voice I heard singing to-day. I wonder if Monsieur Shirley remarked it? But that poor Maurice's voice had the same sweet, sad cadence.

CHAPTER IV.

ORPHEUS IN HADES.

IT was arranged that we should make the ascent of Vesuvius this morning. Mrs. Van Zandt and her daughters, who have, like us, taken rooms at the Hotel de l'Univers; Mr. O'Neil, and a Mr. Carrington, who is supposed to be an admirer of Blanche, were to be of the party.

When Clemence and I came down in our close hats tied down with broad ribbons, and our gray pongee dresses, we found Maud and Blanche all in white, with white feathers in their chip hats. They were joined by Mr. Carrington, in a suit of glossy white linen, a tall hat and light kid gloves, and exhaling ambrosial odors as he walked.

Clemence and I exchanged glances, and O'Neil said, in an aside to Monsieur Shirley:

"Did you ever see such a get-up for Vesuvius? I suggested tweeds and gaiters, but he insinuated that his style of dress was his own affair. Won't he find out what excoriated means, though, when he gets among the scoriæ?"

An odd kind of vehicle took us all to the foot of Vesuvius, where we found a number of small donkeys and their tall, muscular drivers, awaiting us.

It took some time and trouble to get us all mounted, and then the donkeys were so very small, that it seemed like riding the old English hobbyhorse in the May-day games, where the animal was made of pasteboard, and the means of locomotion supplied by the rider. We were obliged to ascend one by one, and Mr. Carrington took the lead, followed by Blanche, behind whom came her mother, while Maud rode next, having begged Monsieur Shirley to keep very close to her, she was so afraid of being thrown. I am quite sure that she worried her donkey with a pin, to make him restive, and thus secure the desired result. To my surprise, Clemence allowed her to have her own way, perhaps because she herself found the young Irishman's conversation entertaining, and as she was continually addressing him, he naturally took a position next to her, leaving me to bring up the rear.

The path was very rough, and must have been exceedingly unpleasant for any feet but a donkey's. For about half an hour I rode on in silence, then, finding my thoughts oppressive, and recollecting that I had remarked the good looks of the driver of my donkey, I thought I would indulge my eyes, after their long fast on ashes and lumps of broken lava, for a handsome man is always a handsome man, even if no more than a donkey-driver. I was well rewarded for the trouble of riding up a breakneck path with my back to the dangers I was encountering, for I saw an oval face with a smooth, untanned skin, a straight nose, and full scarlet lips, shaped like a bow; a pair of long, liquid eyes, with thick fringes which curled upward, brows like a line traced in India ink, a low, straight forehead, and fine silky hair of a bright, golden-chestnut

color, and curled like the locks of a Greek statue. In Paris, those who serve us are no more expected to have eyes, ears or other senses than is the furniture of our rooms, and I was surprised to see this handsome living statue color under my critical gaze, while his eyes flashed into mine. I turned to Clemence in amazement—Mr. O'Neil had ridden forward, and was speaking with Monsieur Shirley—and said, "Have you remarked my driver?" I spoke in English—we use that language as much as possible—and she replied, looking at him critically:

"But I insist that my *contadino* would grace even a Parisian costume, and if I were to return to Paris I would take him back with me as my *valet de chambre.*"

"I can assure you that the man is positively reddening with anger. Can it be possible that he understands what we are saying?"

"Very possibly. You know that he acts as guide to all nationalities. But what of that? A donkey-driver, even if he were Apollo himself, must expect to be criticised to his face, if one stoops to regard him at all."

THE SWEET BREATH OF MORN.

"He is as handsome a creature as ever I saw in my life. And his shape is perfection."

"Isn't it a pity that such a splendid physique should be wasted on a donkey-driver?" (The man's magnificent dark eyes flashed again as I said this.) "Put him in a civilized dress, and he would create a sensation, even on a Parisian boulevard."

"His own dress is more picturesque. When we admire foreigners we do not give their costume the share it deserves."

"You are pitiless, madame. You forget that even this man may have the blood of some ancient Roman in his veins."

"More probably that of some ancient Greek. He looks like a model for the Athenian Glaucus, in Bulwer's novel of the 'Last Days of Pompeii.'"

"I have never read that; I found it tiresome. What is this building we are approaching, Mr. O'Neil? It is a little oasis in this desert of cinders, for there is a little grass, and actually a few trees around it."

"This is the Hermitage. We stop here to taste the famous wine called Lachrymæ Christi."

"Tears of Christ! What profanity!"

"Profanity and picturesqueness are sometimes inseparable. You will see the hermit presently, as picturesque as unclean linen and rusty serge can make him, and he will probably swear in abominable Latin if anything goes wrong. But, then, you ladies will be none the wiser."

Our guide now gave a musical hallo, a small window opened above, and the head of a friar, who looked like one of Doré's grotesque drawings, was thrust out. He said something in a fat voice which O'Neil said was a welcome, and an invitation to enter, and dismounting, we went up a steep flight of stairs into a small parlor above.

"'Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly,'" quoted O'Neil, and then bowed so respectfully to the good father, that the incongruity of the words with the action made me laugh.

"*Benedicite, mei filii,*" stammered the good friar, and set chairs for us around a plain board table, upon which he began to arrange bottles and glasses.

I never even dreamed of such wine. This is the wine that makes poets, I thought, as it ran through my veins like the lava that warms the roots of its vines.

"I have a fancy," said Clemence to Monsieur Shirley, "to give some of this wine to our muleteers. They have worked much harder than their donkeys."

Monsieur Shirley beckoned from the window. One of the men ran up, took the wine, with a profusion of thanks, and disappeared.

Clemence went to the window. Presently she said:

"Beatrix, your Athenian Glaucus is worth looking at. Come and see what an artistic pose he has taken."

I went to the window, and saw my muleteer reclining in the centre of the circle, with his finely-modeled limbs disposed in an attitude of perfect grace. He had broken the neck from a bottle, and holding the fragment, which was shaped somewhat like an antique goblet, aloft, raised his eyes to my window, and began to sing, in correct English:

"My wine is red as blood of young Adonis,
And strong as fire;
My wine is sweet—ah, sweet as honey is,
And dark as ire.
Who drinks it, drinks the life that rages
Through the hot veins of ages.

"My wine is pressed from globes of pearl and amber,
In sunny places;
My vines, like wild things, freely run and clamber
O'er verdant spaces—
Riot in golden warmth, and thus ensphere
The flame and fragrance of the year.

"But pale its rose beside your cheeks' warm roses;
Sickly its breath,
By that rare mouth which like a flower unclosos;
Not even death
Could clutch and chill this burning heart of mine,
Could I but steep your kisses in my wine."

The excitable Italians clapped their hands, and cried "Bravo! bravo!" The singer almost imperceptibly inclined his head to me, as he emptied his impromptu goblet.

"Ah," said Clemence, "I thought the voice was familiar to me! That is the man who threw you the wreath yesterday."

"A Romeo who drives donkeys!" sneered Maud.

"I find no fault with his admiration of my cousin," said Monsieur Shirley. "A cat may look at a king, you know. But as these Italians are very impulsive, I would advise her to avoid noticing him as much as possible. I think I had better be your body-guard for the rest of the way, Beatrix."

I did not suppose that the mere proximity of a man who has shown himself to be my bitter enemy, whose resemblance to one of the phantoms haunting my past life is a terror to me, and who, if he knew me to be Florestine d'Estampes, would, perhaps, again feel justified in crushing me as a serpent in his path, could give me so much satisfaction. When he looked at me, I felt myself blush; when he spoke to me, I listened with pleasure. But he need not have troubled himself about my muleteer, for he did not put himself forward at all, not even assisting me to remount my donkey; and when our party was once more in motion, resumed his station, apparently unawed by Monsieur Shirley's regardful eyes, and sang, delightfully, airs from various operas, his enchanting voice, taken in connection with the black waste of cinders through which we were toiling, reminding me of Orpheus singing on his way to the infernal regions.

In a very short time, it seemed to me—but Monsieur Shirley said it was an hour—we arrived at the base of a steep cone, which looked more desolate than anything we had yet seen, and here we found that we must leave our donkeys and ascend on foot.

"Mercy!" said Blanche. "Climb up through all those ashes? We shall be buried alive, like so many Pompeians!"

Mr. Carrington looked at his thin boots, and then at O'Neil, who was grinning delightedly.

"It is not as bad as it seems, Miss Blanche," said he, stoutly; "and you have too much resolution to be easily daunted."

After these words, Blanche would have walked over burning lava. She allowed her guide, who had unlaced his sash of scarlet wool, to pass it around her waist, taking the two ends in his hands, by which to draw her up the acclivity. My guide took from his waist a broad sash of blue silk, fringed with silver, instead of the conventional red woolen one, and having adjusted it, took the fringed ends in his hands, which I observed were very beautifully formed, and we began our laborious ascent through the warm ashes, in which we sank knee-deep at every step. We had to pause repeatedly, the fatigue was so great, and Maud was certain she should faint, and Mrs. Van Zandt did faint, and Blanche was furious over the grimy condition of her once white piqué.

"Eureka!" exclaimed O'Neil, who was the first to ascend to the edge of the old crater. We all scrambled up after him, and found ourselves in a hollow about a mile in circumference—so somebody said—composed entirely of cinders, on which sat, or reclined, in every attitude expressive of repose after excessive fatigue, about thirty groups of travelers. I counted them afterward, and found them to number among their nationalities French, Germans, Russians, Americans, English and Italians. Beside, or back of, each group were their Italian guides, leaning upon their long pikes; and, looking at their lithe, bronze figures, their flashing eyes and the metallic lustre of their hair, seen against the background of the sulphuric smoke pouring from the fissures in the crust of the crater, one could easily suppose them to be the members of the Infernal Council, whom Milton describes as leaning upon their spears, while waiting for the arch-fiend to speak.

"Every one is eating a lunch," said Monsieur Shirley. "Let us follow so excellent an example."

"I presume the wine is *boiled*," said Mrs. Van Zandt, in a melancholy tone. "I would give more for a slice of toast and a cup of tea than anything I know of."

"The toast is very easily supplied," said Monsieur Shir-

ley, beckoning to one of the guides, who, upon learning what was wanted, went to a crack in the crater, where he toasted some bread and roasted some apples, with celerity and ease.

"I should think they would taste of the infernal regions," said Maud, daintily sniffing at the skin of an apple that had as fine a bronze as the faces of our guides.

"Be careful, Miss Maud," said Clemence. "Who eats food cooked by such fires may, in some manner, become bound to the service of his Satanic Majesty. I should think your guide had been bound to some such service, Beatrix. Only see how diabolical he looks, standing there!"

He was standing leaning on his pike, and watching with a savage scowl a young Frenchman who had made overtures to acquaintanceship by offering me a sardine on a piece of toast, and then introduced himself to Monsieur Shirley as the Comte d'Estaing, and begged the favor of an introduction to the ladies of the party.

"The young lady's name is—— Ah, but I cannot pronounce it!" he said, when Monsieur Shirley had named me. "But she is your cousin, and you are an American? Her resemblance to one of my own countrywomen is really surprising."

I glanced at Monsieur Shirley, who was looking very pale.

"I never spoke to the lady in question," went on the count, "but I have often remarked her on the boulevards and in the theatres. She was surprisingly beautiful, although neither as young nor as innocent as mademoiselle. A friend of mine, just from Paris, has been telling me of the tragedy that has closed her career, as it closes that of so many of our celebrated beauties. My friend is a man of wonderful intelligence; might I be permitted to introduce him, also? As we are to travel in company, as it is your intention to visit such places as we have already set down in our itinerancy, we shall probably find it pleasanter to travel as acquaintances."

Of course Monsieur Shirley could not deny this, and the count, having written a few words on a card, and beckoning to my guide, told him, in Italian, to hand that to the gentleman with gray hair and a red ribbon in his buttonhole.

"I am not in your service," was the reply, in excellent French, and with a sneer which gave to his beautiful face the look of a fiend.

The count laughed, and said:

"I will go myself, but I pay you for having asked a service of you."

"Stay a moment," said my guide, touching the count's arm, and motioning one of his fellows to him. "Giuseppe," as the man approached, "take this piece of money and drop it into a vein of the crater. Offer me another piece of money, Monsieur le Comte, and you follow it."

"That man is really superb!" said Clemence.

"The fellow's mad!" said the count, shrugging his shoulders.

He returned in a few moments, but without his friend, who had gone back to Naples with his sister, who was suffering from a headache.

"Does the signor wish to ascend the new crater?" asked one of the guides of Monsieur Shirley, and we hurried after the other travelers, who were lost to sight in the smoke which steamed up through the cracks in the crater, and were soon struggling up the steep sides through the sliding, shelving beds of ashes, clinging to each other, falling every step, choked by the clouds of sulphuric vapor, blinded by the light, whirling ashes. At last we reached the summit, and stood, crowded together, on the very edge of the great bowl, from the cracks of which volumes of smoke arose, whirled into columns by the wind, which sometimes swept the surface clear, and showed us the yellow crust, veined with fire that lined its centre.

"Ach, mein Gott!" said a German; "look from this to that!" pointing to where, at our feet, white Naples lay on her silvery bay, in the green circle of her hills.

"I could imagine this to be the private and particular residence of your poet's Mephistopheles," said an American gentleman, in the same language; "and that he imitated, in that deep, hollow laugh of his, the rumblings of the volcano."

"You mean in Gounod's opera?" said a very pretty blonde, who looked something like *Marguerite*. "I should like to hear Hermann sing that serenade on the brink of this crater."

"At your service, fraulein," said my guide, in German. "I am not Hermann, but I have heard him sing."

Without an instant's hesitation he began to sing in the same language that diabolical serenade, in which the most unearthly sounds embody the wicked triumph of the Evil One, chorused by that awful mirth which seems to sound the depths of the abyss, and return with trebled meaning to the listener's ear.

The song was rendered with such intensity of expression, and the effect of the singer's beautiful face, fiendishly contorted, against the rolling clouds of smoke, was so real, that the young girl, who was so like *Marguerite*, clutched my arm and whispered:

"I almost expect to see him disappear in that horrid sulphur, in a burst of flame."

As he finished every one clapped hands, as in a theatre, and as he bowed, half-haughtily, in response, one of the Italian ladies leaned past her companions and exclaimed, in a tone of astonishment:

"*Cielo!* 'tis Guido!"

At that instant he slowly sank from our sight, as if disappearing through a trap in the theatre. Several ladies screamed, but the guides assured us that he had only slid down in the loose ashes, and was safe enough, if we could only see through the smoke.

Sliding, scrambling and falling over each other, we returned to where our donkeys were tethered, but my guide was not seen again, not even at Resina, where we parted with our attendants, and took carriage for Naples.

CHAPTER V.

PARIS GIVES THE APPLE TO VENUS.

To-day Monsieur Shirley proposed to us to attend the races. We assented eagerly, and on our way to the course a cavalier, on a chestnut horse, rode up to our carriage, and removing his hat, showed us the face of the count, his dark eyes sparkling and his white teeth gleaming. He was charmed to encounter us. We were on our way to the races, of course? Were the ladies recovered from their fatigue? He could see for himself that the English roses had not faded under the Italian sun. (Here, a glance at me.) Had we heard anything of that most mysterious guide? An Italian to refuse money! It was an instance without parallel. He thought that "the illustrious person whom he so well represented must have withdrawn him so quickly from our eyes."

"And will probably return him to us cut up into Lucifer matches," said O'Neil.

The count did not understand the allusion, but he smiled gracefully, and made his horse caracole before us.

"There is to be a species of tournament after the regular races," resumed the count, "in which any one who

chooses may ride for his lady and for the prize, which is some pretty trifle. You see, I have chosen my colors," smiling, and touching a bit of blue ribbon knotted in his buttonhole; "but you, mademoiselle," to me, "have changed your colors since yesterday."

"I have no especial color," I replied.

It was the first time he had heard me speak. He looked at me curiously.

"You are an American?" he asked. "You speak with the French accent."

Clemence interposed:

"Miss Amberside has spent the greater part of her life in France, and has there received much of her education. I am myself a Frenchwoman."

The count bowed.

"The young lady has no French blood in her veins?"

"I suppose she has, if you go back to the time of William the Conqueror. She *looks* English, as you must see for yourself."

"And yet, the more I look at her the stronger grows her resemblance to Madame d'Estampes."

I saw that Clemence was beginning to lose her temper. When that goes, her discretion goes with it. We were now on the course, and had fallen into the long line of carriages which was drawn up outside the circle. Near the starting-post was the judges' stand, draped with the Neapolitan colors, and before this the horses were being led up and down by their respective grooms, while their riders were weighed, and the bets arranged, after the English fashion. I changed the conversation by calling Clemence's attention to the fine horses and their dashing riders. Conspicuous among the first was a snow-white horse of uncommon beauty.

"That's the famous Turkish horse, of which all the world has been talking," said the count. "He belonged to Prince D——a, who was never on horseback in his life, having a chronic fear of falling off. When he died, the horse was said to have been sold for a fabulous sum, but no one knew who was the purchaser. It seems that we are to know to-day, since he has shown himself on the Campo. He rides well, does he not?"

"He rides like an American," said Monsieur Shirley, approvingly.

"And dresses like a Frenchman," added the count, laughing.

It was true. His dress was all of quiet gray, except a bit of blue at the breast, like a piece of ribbon flying as he rode.

At the beat of a bell—the signal for the start—the two horses, a roan and a gray, with pink and blue jockeys, flew by us as we sat, stretching like grayhounds in the race, and, as Monsieur Shirley said, running as if they went by machinery—not a muscle strained, not a hair turned on their satin coats, which glistened in the sun.

There was a good deal of excitement as they neared the starting-post on the second round. Clemence had a bet with O'Neil on the gray—a pair of gloves. She was telling O'Neil the size and color she would prefer, when the count interrupted us, to say that the tournament was about to begin.

"I have your best wishes, I suppose?" he said to me.

"If they will do you any good."

"Will you lend me your glove to wear in my hat?"

"Monsieur le Comte is welcome to mine," interposed Clemence. "My daughter is still too young to grant such favors."

The count colored, bowed, and took the proffered glove.

A person acting as herald now rode forward and explained the laws of the tournament, which were as follows; First, that there should be an equal number of competitors; secondly, that the victor in each race should stand aside until each couple had made a trial of skill; thirdly, that the victors should challenge each other until they should be reduced to a single couple, when the better man of the two would receive the prize.

The count had ridden straight to the starting-post, where quite a number of the competitors for the prize were already assembled. There was a good deal of prancing and snorting among the horses, and of gesticulation among the men; and then a single horseman emerged from the group, wheeled, and touched one of the competitors on the shoulder with the butt of his whip. This was the challenge. The ground was cleared, and the opponents placed themselves side by side at the starting-post. The bell struck, and the horses sped away, neck to neck, being wonderfully well matched, neither flagging until they had passed the starting-post in the first round, when the pretty, slender-limbed sorrel mare was gained upon by the chestnut the length of a head, and I saw, for the first time—my sympathy having all been given to the horses—that the rider of the chestnut was the count. The mare strained every limb, but the chestnut gained upon her with prodigious strides, the red flag waved, and O'Neil said:

"Hurrah! Lady Amberside, your glove has won!"

The white Turkish horse now flashed across the field like a meteor, and behind him followed a rider on a superb black horse, both joining the group of competitors.

Again the bell sounded, and another pair of riders urged their horses around the emerald circle, under the flying flags, and again the complacent victor withdrew into a line with his fellow-conquerors. A third, a fourth and a fifth followed, and then the Turkish horse and the black horse moved superbly from their places, and stood side by side like statues, while waiting the stroke of the bell. The signal was given, and the horses sprang forward, keeping so exactly together that the white horse seemed carved like a cameo on the black one's side. Up to the starting-post, and by it—not a hand's-breadth difference between them! The horses are excited, but the riders are not, for they sit like men of marble, while the horses' eyeballs strain and roll on each other as they bound forward, side by side, their nostrils open and panting. As they approach the starting-post again, the rider of the black horse rides with loose rein, and goads his steed with his spurs, while his opponent apparently restrains his horse until they are half the distance from the post, when he loosens his rein, bends forward, and appears to breathe into his ear. He bounds from the earth like a deer, and, leaving the black horse far behind, seems to reach the goal in a single bound. The victor is greeted with loud acclamations, and gracefully retires among his companions in triumph.

The discomfited horseman withdrew a little back of the six victors, five of whom are drawn together in a half-circle that seems to exclude the rider of the white horse, as if they would make common cause against him. Then one of them breaks from the group, touches him in challenge, and rides forward to the starting-post. The white horse follows, and his rider courteously offers his antagonist three times his horse's length in the start. The offer is accepted, and the race begins, the white horse reaching the goal, first, as the other passes it on the second round.

As the champion again returns, he is again challenged by the second victor, with a similar result. The third and the fourth also challenge him, and are beaten.

Then the count, who has in the meantime exchanged with the rider of the black horse, which proved itself no mean rival of the Turkish steed, rides forward and repeats the challenge. An English crowd would have cried out

for fair play, but the Neapolitans look on with breathless interest as the rider of the white horse bows acceptance of the challenge, and, stooping, unbuckles his stirrups, flinging them on the ground, unfastens his bridle, and takes the bit from his horse's mouth, throwing them both down beside the stirrups, and, folding his arms, guides him by the almost imperceptible pressure of his limbs to the point from which he is to start.

A cry of admiration burst from every lip as the white horse and his rider, moving as if by one volition, neared the starting-post. The black horse pawed the earth, and snorted defiance of its opponent, which arched its unfettered neck under its master's caressing hand, and glanced its large, soft eye around to his face.

The bell struck, and the black horse shot from his station like an arrow, his body almost level with the ground as he ran, his sides red with the merciless spur. He was half-way to the starting-post, and still the Turkish horse stood like a statue, neither he nor his rider seeming to breathe. A murmur of surprise and impatience ran through the crowd, but still the rider sat unmoved, with his hand on the horse's neck, until his antagonist had passed the starting-post, when he flung up his hand, with a cry like the note of a trumpet, it was so ringing and triumphant! The horse bounded into the air, and then flashed by us like a winged creature, his slender hoofs scarcely seeming to beat the earth. To the starting-post, and beyond it—by the black horse, which seems to creep as the other darts by it like white lightning, and the Turkish steed stands at the goal, motionless, but for the quiver of his small pink nostrils, the restless glitter of his diamond eyes.

Then was heard a low, indescribable sound, like the first murmurings of Vesuvius, as the whole crowd rose, to a man, in rapturous applause. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands, and their flute-like voices thridded the hoarse roar of masculine acclaim. I am growing young again, for even my heart beat faster, and a thrill ran through even my jaded pulses.

The count now came up, riding his own chestnut horse, and looking very much flushed.

"Your glove has failed to win, miladi. But who can ride against Satan himself? You know that the champion has received his prize? Let us see him bestow it. Here he comes!"

He had resumed his bridle and stirrups, and was riding easily across the field, with something glittering in his disengaged hand. As he neared us he broke into a gallop, drew rein for an instant beside our carriage, raised his hat, and the sun struck across the white forehead and bronze-brown curls of—my guide!

In a moment he was gone, and something fell heavily in my lap. Clemence uttered an exclamation as I held up a bracelet of cameos set in large brilliants.

"The Vesuvian guide!" said Monsieur Shirley.

"Mephistopheles again!" said the count.

"In what direction do you think the champion disappeared?" asked the rider of the black horse, now joining our party.

I had started when I heard his voice, and I now caught one of Clemence's hands, and held it tightly.

"Ah!" cried the count, "now I shall have the great pleasure of introducing my friend to you. Monsieur le Chevalier Germont, Miladi Ahmbareseed."

Clemence bowed and smiled graciously, but confusedly, for, though unacquainted with Philippe, she knew that he must be some one whom I recognized, and she was well aware that such recognition must be dangerous to our plans.

"Mees Ahmbareseed!"

I bowed, and was grateful for the shadow of my large hat.

The other members of our party were introduced, and I fancied that Monsieur Shirley looked coldly on the chevalier; why, I do not know, as his personal appearance, though singular, is prepossessing. He is a young man—I know him to be no more than thirty-five—and yet his hair is perfectly white. I can compare the smoothness and fairness of his skin to nothing but ivory, and I have seen nothing like the pearl-like perfection of his teeth. His eyes are deeply blue, and set obliquely in his head, and his lips thin, and of a vivid scarlet. When he smiles his face is absolutely fiendish in the glitter and intensity of expression. When in repose, it expresses absolute purity, with the fine, silvery hair curling loosely around the blue-veined temples, the skin of which is transparent. He is tall, and dresses entirely in black, and his hands and feet are absolutely faultless. He never raises his voice, but makes the most biting observations in the same sweet, even tone, and with the same calmness and elegance of manner, for he is not given to gesticulation, and his beautiful hands play but a small part in his conversation.

The glitter of the jewels on my lap unfortunately attracted the chevalier's attention.

"The prize!" he said. "You were the recipient of the prize, mademoiselle? Then you know this mysterious champion?"

"Neither my daughter nor myself know anything about him," said Clemence.

The chevalier looked curiously at me, but I bent my head over my bracelet, as if examining the cameos.

"That is very odd," he said; "but all his proceedings are unusual. I think mademoiselle might hesitate to wear his jewels if she knew where he was seen to vanish."

"In the bowels of the earth?" asked Monsieur Shirley.

"In the crater of Vesuvius?" said the count.

"He went in through the door of the wall around the public burial-place."

"He is undoubtedly a vampire," said the count.

"He is certainly of infernal origin," pursued the chevalier. "I rode for Vesuvius," indicating a flame-colored ribbon pinned to the breast of his coat, "on my horse Satan, and was left in the lurch, as you perceived."

"Mademoiselle, will you dare to wear that bracelet?" asked the count.

"I am not afraid," I replied, clasping it on my wrist.

"What woman would refuse to wear such a bracelet, even if it came from Satan himself?" said a voice at my side, in clearly accentuated English.

The speaker was a lady on horseback, a blonde with black eyes and red hair—the glorious golden-red of Titian's beauties—with a fine ripple in it, which caught the light like burnished copper. Her nose was aquiline, her lips full and red, with a scornful curve at the corners; her figure slight and light, her hand exquisitely formed, even under its riding-gauntlet.

"My sister, Madame d'Arbrai," said the chevalier, introducing her to us individually.

Madame bowed, and then turned to her brother.

"I am too late for the races, it seems. I am sorry, for I had myself intended to ride."

The chevalier laid his hand on her wrist. "You shock Monsieur Shirley," said he. He had seen the curl of Monsieur Shirley's lip, the glance of his eye, that seemed to gauge her and pronounce her *fast*.

"Monsieur Shirley must remain shocked, then," she said, speaking without any of the gracious suavity peculiar to Frenchwomen. "So the unknown, who has

vanished among the sepulchres, won the prize, and bestowed it upon you?" turning to me. "These sulphuric personages always incline to their opposites."

"Mademoiselle must avoid Vesuvius and Avernus," said the chevalier.

"Had I a fiend for a lover," said madame, "I would haunt such places. I would use no perfume but sulphur, and burn nothing but pitch."

"You would make all *human* beings fly your vicinity," said her brother, laughing.

"I should never be bored, then," said madame. "Philippe, I think these ladies wish to return home."

"What a horrid woman!" said Maud, affecting to shudder, as madame rode away between the two gentlemen.

"She is, at least, original," said Clemence.

"Yes; she called Miss Amberside an *angel!*" said Blanche.

(To be continued.)

THE LILY.

By W. C. Bennett.

Oh, lustrous virgin, flower of light,
Chaste maiden, cold and pure as snows,
How your white beauty gladdens my sight,
And ranks you with the queenly rose!

It seems as if the dewy morn
Cold splendor throw, and you had birth;
Of night's white lustres were you born,
To dazzle with calm light the earth?

To see you 'neath the golden moon
Across the green of Summer lawns,
Gives dreams of ancient haunts of Juno,
Tall Artemis amongst her fawns.

Innumerous beauty Nature gives,
Yet, stately one, you gleam to view
With loveliness that only lives
In the grand glory that is you.

CHINESE WHIMS AND WAYS.

In China the left hand is the seat of honor, and a Chinese guest in a European's house may often be observed to be uneasy at finding himself, as he imagines, slighted by being placed on the right hand of his host. They are painfully scrupulous about this matter of seating hosts and guests. To a European it is most irksome to have to go through the pantomime of bows and grimaces which always precedes the disposition of guests and host in a Chinese reception-room, and it not infrequently ends in the impetuous Aryan's assuming the seat closest to hand, irrespective of all ceremonial rules, whilst the Turanian sits down in despair and disgust at having to entertain such a hopeless savage. Then, in the matter of costume, a Chinaman, as is well known, is notable for the length and capacity of his skirts, whilst his wife and daughters wear—and not infrequently display—the breeches. Silk and satin are his favorite materials for clothes, and the handsomer the pattern, and the more heavy and showy the embroidery, the better dressed he considers himself. A necklace of beads forms an indispensable adjunct to the full dress of every mandarin, and a fan is rarely out of his hand, either when at home or abroad. On entering a room or receiving a visitor, a Chinaman's first care is to put on his hat, not to take it off; and where a friend in Europe might say, "Keep on your hat, pray," in China the entreaty would be, "Oblige me by dispensing with your hat."

In Europe a host begs his guest to take a seat, and suits the action to the word by sitting down himself. In China it would be regarded as the height of rudeness to sit down before every guest is well seated. In Europe friends grasp each other by the hand by way of greeting, whereas a Chinese clasps his own hands together and shakes them *at* his visitor.

In the matter of visiting-cards the same eccentricity of purpose is observable. A Chinaman uses a small card only when on familiar terms with the person visited, and then it is from five to six times larger than what Europeans are in the habit of employing. When a little more ceremony is requisite, the card is trebled in size; and on very formal occasions it grows into a perfect pamphlet of several sheets, which, by-the-way, it is considered correct to return to the guest. At banquets or formal dinners the guest brings his card of invitation with him (also a many-leaved pamphlet), and restores it with a solemn bow to the host before assuming his seat at the table. Scarlet is the usual color for all visiting-cards, save during mourning, when purple or lavender-gray paper is used, according to the extent of the loss deplored; but the strangest thing of all is that the entire card is colored—not, as with us, the edge alone.

Here we are reminded of another instance of the antagonism of Chinese and Western ideas, plain white being regarded as the color *de rigueur* for mourning costume, not black. A man mourning for his parent or grandparent, or a woman lamenting the loss of her husband—in both of which cases the code prescribes the deepest mourning—is expected to be clad in white from head to foot; and custom demands that the hat, boots, fan, and everything about the person, even down to the end of the silk cord which is plaited into the queue, shall be of the prescribed color.

Contrariety of purpose extends even to the collocation of some familiar terms; as, for example, in the use of the words "right" and "left," it would be inelegant and even incorrect in China to state or write them together otherwise than in the shape of "left and right." As regards the points of the compass, too, the Chinese method of quotation is quite different, if not contrary to ours. Where we should say, "north, south, east, west," which is our usual form for stating the cardinal points together, a Chinaman would say, "east, west, south, north." With them "northeast" is transposed into "east-north," "southwest" into "west-south," and so on.

In giving dates, whether orally or in writing, the latter more particularly, the year is stated first, then the month, and lastly the day. The date, moreover, never heads a letter or formal document, but is always the last thing appended. Surnames and names go by the same rule of contrary, the surname being written or stated first, the name last. Titles, when set forth formally and in full, always precede the name, instead of following it, as with us; and, curiously enough, when familiarly used, as for instance when we would say "Governor Tomkins," "Colonel Jones," and so on, the opposite becomes the rule, and the title comes last.

A remarkable example of the eccentricity of the Chinese turn of mind is noticeable in their schools, where, instead of silence being inculcated, as might naturally be considered so essential, every child is expected to bawl out the lesson that he is committing to memory at the top of his voice; and the babel which is the result may be more easily imagined than described. When a boy goes up to repeat his lesson, moreover, he does not stand facing his tutor, but turns his back upon him; and hence repeating a lesson goes by the familiar name of "backing" it.

A SUPERSTITION OF THE SEA.

FEW persons who have ever made a sea-voyage can fail to remember the "stormy petrel," or "Mother Carey's chicken," that restless wanderer of the great deep, whose untiring flight bears it for days and days over the crests of the waves, following the wake of some stately ship, and giving every "old salt" occasion to prophesy foul and stormy weather as a certain result of its appearance.

The real stormy petrel—for there are many varieties of the species—is a comparatively small bird, being five or six inches in length, with about fourteen inches spread of wings. Its color is grayish black above, tinged with brown, and below a sooty brown, margined with grayish white.

All the varieties of the petrel are common in nearly all parts of the temperate Atlantic, and especially about the banks of Newfoundland. Like most marine birds, the petrel is very greedy, and easily caught by so simple a device as baiting a fish-hook with a chunk of salt pork and trolling it from the stern of a vessel.

It must be a very bold sailor, however, who would molest one of "Mother Carey's chickens." They are believed by seamen to forebode stormy weather, and are therefore dreaded and scrupulously unmolested. Most sailors would quite as soon harm a cat as a stormy petrel, and in the opinion of seafaring men, no more unlucky thing can possibly happen than to molest poor pussy. Hence we can only suppose that the mariners who man the craft in our picture, and who are angling for petrels with hook and line, must be either superior to superstitious prejudices, or compelled by hunger to resort to this desperate means of filling their larder.

The following brief narrative, taken down from the mouth of an old sailor, will show how strong a hold this superstition has upon the minds of seamen. We give the story in his own words:

"I was in command of a schooner coming down from the Virgin Isles with sugar and passengers to Antigua. I had a fine young fellow of the name of Shedden on board; and, besides other passengers, there was an old black woman, who, where she resided, had always been considered as an Obi woman. You never beheld such a complication of wrinkles as she was, from her forehead to her feet, and her woolly head was as white as snow. We were becalmed as soon as we were clear of the islands, and, as it happened, some of Mother Carey's chickens were flying about the stern.

"Shedden must needs get at his gun to shoot them. The old black woman sat near the taffrail. She saw him with his gun, but she said nothing. At last he fired and killed three of them.

"'There are three down!' cried out some of the other passengers.

"'How many?' asked the old woman, raising her head —'three? Then count the sharks which are coming up.'

"'Count the sharks, mother! Why count them? There's plenty of them,' replied Shedden, laughing.

"'I tell you that there will be but three sent.' replied the old woman, who then sunk down her head and said no more.

"Well, the negroes who were passengers on board, most of them Mr. Shedden's slaves, looked very blank, for they knew that old Etau never spoke without reason. In about ten minutes afterward three large sharks swam up to the vessel, with their fins above water.

"'There's the three sharks, sure enough!' said the passengers.

"'Are they come?' said Etau, raising her head.

"'Yes, moder, dere dey be—very large shark,' replied one of the negroes.

"'Then three are doomed,' said the old woman; 'and here we stay, and the waves shall not run, nor the wind blow, till the sharks have their food. I say—three are doomed!'

"The passengers were more or less alarmed with this prophecy of old Etau's, according as they put faith in her; however, they all went to bed quite well, and the next morning they got up the same.

"Still there was not a breath of wind; the whole sea was as smooth as glass, and the vessel lay where she was the night before, in about six fathoms water, about a mile from the reef, and you could see the coral rocks beneath her bottom as plain as if they were high and dry; and what alarmed them the next morning was, that the three large sharks were still swimming slowly round and round the schooner.

"All that day it remained a dead calm, and the heat was dreadful, although the awnings were spread. Night came on, and the people, becoming more frightened, questioned old Etau; but all the answer she gave was:

"'*Three* are doomed!'

"The passengers and crew were now terrified out of their wits, and they all went to bed with very melancholy forebodings, for the elements appeared as if they were arrested till the penalty was paid.

"For, you observe, there is always a light breeze as regular as the sun rises and goes down; but now the breezes only appeared to skirt the land, and when they came from the offing, invariably stopped two or three miles from the schooner.

"It was about midnight that there was a stir in the cabin, and it appeared that Mr. Shedden had the yellow fever, and shortly afterward another white man—a sailor belonging to the schooner—then one of Mr. Shedden's slaves. Well, there the fever stopped; no one else was taken ill. The usual remedies were applied, but before morning they were all three delirious.

"At sunrise it was still calm, and continued so till sunset; and all the day the passengers were annoyed by the black fins of three sharks, which continued to swim about.

"Again they went to bed, and just before one o'clock in the morning Mr. Shedden, in his delirium, got out of his bed, and rushing on deck, jumped overboard before any one could prevent him; and old Etau, who never left where she sat, was heard to say:

"'*One!*' and the bell was struck *one* by the seaman forward, who did not know what had happened. Morning came on again, and there were but two sharks to be seen.

"About noon the other white man died, and he was thrown overboard; and as one shark seized his body and swam away, old Etau cried out '*Two!*'

"An hour afterward the negro died, and was thrown overboard and carried away by the third shark, and old Etau cried out, '*Three!* the price is paid!'

"Well, every one crowded round the old woman to hear what she would say, and we asked her if all was over, and whether we should have any wind, and her reply was:

"'When the three birds come from the sea to replace those which were killed.'

"For, you see, if one of these birds is killed, it is certain that some one of the crew must die and be thrown overboard to become a Mother Carey's chicken, and replace the one that has been destroyed.

"Well, after a time, although we never saw them rise, three Mother Carey's chickens were seen dipping and flying about astern of the schooner; and we told old Etau, who said:

"'You'll have wind and plenty—and plenty of waves, to make up for the calm'; and so we had, sure enough, for it came on almost a hurricane, and the schooner scudded before it under bare poles until she arrived at Antigua, with her bulwarks washed away, and a complete wreck. And now I leave you to judge, after knowing this to be a fact, whether I am not right in saying that it is the worst of bad luck to injure the Mother Carey's chickens?"

A SUPERSTITION OF THE SEA.—SEE PAGE 463.

SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

THE name of Sir Peter Paul Rubens suggests life and activity. He was so energetic, so full of enterprise and genius, so varied in his attainments, that the history of his career reads more like a romance than like the plain, unvarnished tale of an ordinary human life.

His father, Jan Rubens, was a native of Antwerp, who, before the disturbances in that city and the religious persecutions of the Spanish Minister, Alva, had occupied a good position. Being denounced as a Calvinist, he was forced to leave his native town, and proceeded to Cologne, where he made the acquaintance of one of the ministers sent to negotiate for the dowry of Anne of Saxony, and through his influence he became attached to the Court of Prince William. Although Jan Rubens was at this time a married man, with a family of six children, he entered into a scandalous intrigue with the Princess of Holland during her husband's absence. For two years the clandestine intercourse was not discovered. but at the end of that time

the suspicions of the royal husband were awakened, and Jan Rubens was summoned to meet the Landgrave at Nassau.

Unaware that his perfidy had been discovered, he reached Cologne, where, to his surprise, he was arrested and thrown into the State Prison at Dillenburg, so secretly and suddenly that his wife was for a very long time ignorant of his fate. When she discovered it, she used every possible effort to obtain his release. For some time his life was in danger, the penalty for such a crime as his being death; but, probably for State reasons, the extreme rigor of the law was not insisted on. His wife's repeated prayers to be allowed to see him were at last successful, and finally she obtained his release, upon condition that he should retire with his family to Siegento, a small village in Westphalia, and bind himself by heavy penalties never to pass the confines of the little town. He left his prison upon the 10th of May, 1575.

In 1577, most probably upon the 29th of June, Peter Paul Rubens first saw the light, and was named after the two saints whose martyrdom is commemorated on that day.

He was but one year old, when a change in the political aspect of affairs allowed the removal of the family to Cologne, and there the earliest years of his boyhood were spent. When he was ten years of age his father died; and his mother, who must have been a woman of rare energy and indomitable will, removed with her seven children to Antwerp, returning thus once more to her native country.

She was very anxious that Peter Paul should be educated for the law, and with that end in view she placed him in the Jesuits' College, and had him instructed in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. But Peter Paul himself was of a different opinion; he had no aptitude for the dry and monotonous course of study proposed for him, and after much persuasion he induced his mother to consent to his adopting painting as a profession.

According to the fashion of the times, his education in the social duties of life was assisted by his being placed as page with a lady of rank. And no doubt the urbanity and dignity which carried so much weight to his later diplomatic career were first acquired during his attendance upon Countess Laing. He could not, however, have remained very long in the service of the noble household, for when he was thirteen his mother had so far yielded to his wish as to allow him to enter the studio of Tobias Verhaeght, who at that time was dean of the Painters' Guild. From him Rubens learned the elements of drawing, and imbibed the love of landscape which is a marked feature of his later paintings.

But Peter Paul was ambitious, and did not long remain content with so limited a sphere of action. He removed to the studio of Adam Van Noort, whose painting he held in such estimation that he remained with him for four years.

In 1596, probably merely for inherent love of change, Rubens decided to leave Van Noort, and became a pupil of Othon Van Veen, and through the influence of this master he was promised an introduction to the Regents Albert and Isabella of the Netherlands. His ambition now induced the desire for travel, and the introduction to the reigning authorities smoothed the way for him. But before he left Antwerp, he painted the celebrated portrait of his mother from which our drawing is taken.

The history of Peter Paul's boyhood has sufficiently proved that his mother was a remarkable woman; and in this portrait by her son, we find ample proof of it. Her shrewd, powerful face looks out from the canvas as calmly and beautifully as of old. In her declining years she must have had much satisfaction in watching the rising genius of her youngest son; and the careful details of the picture suggest that he repaid her care with loving appreciation. In the original, her surroundings are suggestive of comfort, as she leans back in a carved chair—similar to one preserved in Antwerp as her son's gift—and holds in her hand a valuable volume, in which her forefinger marks the place. Her matronly coif is so far from disguising her features, that all the power and strength of purpose conveyed by the broad, high brow are clearly portrayed.

Traveling at this period was not very easy, and yet it is astonishing to find how universal it was. Rubens, however, with his letters of introduction to persons of note, and his winning manners, and the bright, open look which particularly distinguished him, had little difficulty to encounter. He traveled first to Venice, where, only a year prior to the birth of Rubens, the great colorist, Titian, had died, and where Paul Veronese and Tintoretto had acquired immortal fame.

It is uncertain when Rubens arrived in Venice, but it must have been early in 1600. In all probability he was there in July, when the Duke of Mantua made his triumphal entrance, for it is certain that within a very short time from that event, Rubens was a member of the ducal household.

Vincenzo de Gonzaga was one of the most accomplished men of the time, and never better pleased than when watching the artist at his work and conversing with him. The duke's greatest favorite and adviser at this time was his secretary, Annibale Chieppio, who also acquired a very warm liking for Rubens, and who exerted his influence in every way for the painter's advantage.

In July, 1601, the painter, at the request of the duke, went to Rome for the purpose of copying the more celebrated masterpieces of the great artists. Armed with an introduction from the duke to Cardinal Montalto, the artist set out on the 10th of July, and remained in Rome for nearly five years.

In 1605, we find him first figuring in diplomacy. He was recalled by the Duke of Mantua, and intrusted by him with a semi-diplomatic mission to the Spanish Court. He was ostensibly to go in charge of certain very valuable pictures which were to be sent as presents to the royal family, but he was more particularly to make himself agreeable to the first minister and prime favorite at the Court, Count Lerma. He was also commissioned to paint the portraits of the members of the royal family, and was intrusted with many delicate matters which he was to arrange as he found opportunity and as he judged best.

On the 5th of March, 1605, he received his passport, and a list of the presents intrusted to him, which he was to give over to the Mantuan ambassador. The duke, writing to the ambassador, says: "With the presents comes Peter Paul, a Fleming, our painter, to whose care we commit these objects. Peter Paul will say all that is necessary, like the well-informed man he is." He goes on to say that Rubens is the most accomplished portrait-painter of the day, and also that should he require funds, he has permission to draw them.

Rubens set out by way of the Apennines and Leghorn, and his letters, which have been preserved, give a faithful and interesting account of his travels; and from them it appears that he encountered a good many annoyances and petty worries. He complains bitterly of want of money, and alludes to the very moderate sum which has been allowed him for expenses.

His reception at the Spanish Court was highly gratifying to him. He speedily became a great favorite at Court, and was at once requested to paint the portraits of the leading

personages of State. He appears to have been admitted to the most familiar and friendly intercourse with the members of the royal household.

The date of his return to Mantua is uncertain, but he evidently derived great satisfaction from his stay in Spain, and upon his return we find him at once appointed special painter to the duke, with a liberal salary.

Rubens's affection for his mother has been already alluded to; and now a great grief was to befall him. He was scarcely settled at Mantua, when tidings of her serious illness reached him. He set out at once, traveling day and night, and sending dispatches from every city; but, unhappily, when he arrived in Antwerp, it was too late. His mother was already dead, before the news of her illness had reached him.

The painter's grief was heart-rending. He lost all interest in life, and retired to the Abbey of St. Michael. In the church attached to the monastery the remains of the parent he had so dearly loved were interred; and there for four months he remained in the greatest seclusion. Later, he and his brother Philip erected a very handsome monument to the memory of the mother to whom they owed so much.

Upon his recovering from this severe blow, Rubens intended to return to Italy; but he was now too great a man to do exactly as he liked. The eyes of the world were upon him; his countrymen disliked his devoting his powers to the glory of other lands, and he received a request, amounting almost to a command, from the Archduke Albert that he should remain in his own country.

After much hesitation, and repeated inducements held out by the Archduke, he consented, and accepted the position of Court painter, upon condition of being allowed to reside in Antwerp.

He was now thirty-two years of age, handsome, brilliant, accomplished—probably the most popular man of his day. His winning manners, his ready wit, and his knowledge of life and human nature, made him the idol of his friends. His society was eagerly sought after; and in 1609 he delighted his admirers in his native city by marrying a countrywoman of his own. On the 13th of October he espoused Joffe Isabella Brandt, at the Abbey Church of St. Michael.

The celebrated picture of Rubens and his wife in the Munich Pinacothek must have been painted in the early years of their married life. They are represented seated under the trees in their own garden, and prepared to receive visitors. The wife has a happy, placid expression, and the painter has succeeded in conveying an idea of perfect harmony between them. His appearance is noble and dignified, as he sits holding his wife's hand, and apparently in cheerful converse with her. She is richly dressed in the fashion of the day, the high ruffle surrounding a face which, if not exactly handsome, is pleasing and intelligent.

At this time the artist must have been wealthy. His work in Italy had brought him in large sums of money; and now that he was a married man and the head of a family, it behooved him to settle down in a suitable manner. In 1610 we find him buying a plot of ground and building a house in accordance with his own taste. He had gained a considerable knowledge of architecture during his stay in Italy, and the drawings of his mansion clearly indicate how far he was influenced by his travels. In the grounds he erected a rotunda, which was dedicated to his own use as a studio, and in it he stored his collection of statues, busts, porphyry, agates, medals, etc., some of them gifts from his patrons, others collected by himself during his travels. Honbraken says that Rubens's house cost him 60,000 guldens.

Soon after his establishment in his new home he painted the celebrated "Descent from the Cross," for the Company of Archers at Antwerp. For this he was paid 2,400 florins. The picture is too well known to need description.

About this time, too, whilst he was still young, he painted his own picture, in which he represents himself as the artist, pallet in hand, and apparently in the earnest consideration of a subject.

His nephew Philip, in his Life of the painter, says that at this time he habitually rose at four o'clock in Summer, and immediately after hearing Mass began his work. He engaged some one to read to him whilst he painted, and always selected classical authors, such as Plutarch and Seneca. The account of a visit to his studio, made by the accomplished Duke of Buckingham, seems to bring us into complete association with the magnificence of the painter's life. He was surrounded by objects of priceless value, and his collection of rarities and curiosities so excited his visitor's admiration, that he offered the very large sum of £10,000 for it. This valuable collection contained pictures of almost priceless value, amongst others thirteen original paintings by Rubens himself.

The painter's eldest child was not born until 1614. He was named Albert, after the Archduke, who was his sponsor.

Rubens was now at the zenith of his fame. The number of pictures produced by him in rapid succession is almost incredible. In 1620 he received an invitation from the widowed Queen-mother, Marie de Medici, to Paris. She was then staying in the Palais de Luxembourg, and desired to have the parlors assigned to her decorated with paintings illustrative of the events of her life. During his stay in Paris Rubens executed the sketches for the proposed paintings, and was also occupied in painting portraits of the members of the royal family. Returning to Antwerp, he completed the first series of paintings ordered by the Queen. During their progress he appears to have visited Paris several times, and to have become increasingly popular with his royal patroness. No sooner was the first series completed than Marie de Medici ordered a second, to illustrate the events in the life of her lamented husband, Henry IV. This undertaking, however, was interrupted by the exile of the Queen-mother from France.

In 1626 Rubens's first wife, with whom he appears to have lived very happily, died, leaving him two sons, both of whom survived him. As a distraction from the grief of this loss, the painter started upon a tour through Holland, which lasted for some months.

In 1628 he once more visited the Spanish Court, this time as envoy. He was to represent the distressed condition of the Netherlands, and to induce peace between England and Spain, in which he was not entirely successful.

The death of the English minister, the Duke of Buckingham, by the hand of an assassin, renewed the negotiations, and in 1629 the painter, who had scarcely settled down in his own home, was sent with an expedition by the Infanta Isabella to represent her interests at the English Court. Reaching London on the fifth of June, Rubens had his first interview with King Charles I. upon the following day.

The negotiations that followed are a matter of history. The artist was most popular, and the highest honors were conferred upon him, both in his capacity of painter and as envoy. In 1630 he was knighted by the English King, who presented him at the same time with his own sword, and hung a costly chain around his neck. During his stay in London he was fully engaged in portrait painting.

It is interesting to gather his impressions of England

from the letters he so freely wrote to his friends. In writing to one of them in Antwerp, he says, alluding to the great fatigue of his journey: "I console myself with thinking of the many beautiful things I have seen on my journey. This island, for instance, seems to me a theatre worthy the curiosity of a man of taste, not only on account of the pleasantness of the place and the beauty of the nation, and the magnificence of civilization, which appears to me extreme, as of a people rich and luxurious, lolling in peace of long standing, but rather on account of the incredible quantity of excellent pictures and antique statues and inscriptions to be found in this Court." He particularly mentions the Arundel collection.

In addition to portraits of the royal family, he painted many large pictures during his few months' stay in London, and considering the activity of his diplomatic correspondence, and the earnestness with which he set himself to establish mutually good relations between the Spanish Court and his own, it is most surprising that he should have found time for them. Among others, he designed the frescoes for Whitehall.

He won the hearts of all London society. The ministers were charmed with his winning manners and address, the ladies of the Court could not sufficiently admire his gallantry, and at the same time he gave complete satisfaction to his royal patroness.

THE MOTHER OF RUBENS.

During his stay in England he visited Cambridge, where he was admitted to the honorary degree of Master of Arts. In spite of the cordial reception he had met with, and the attentions and honors bestowed upon him, he was very anxious to return home, but his departure from London was delayed until March, 1630. Upon his return he was

overwhelmed with honors by the Infanta Isabella, and amongst other privileges, was permitted to receive the pay of his appointment as Secretary of the Privy Council, without being obliged to give his personal attendance.

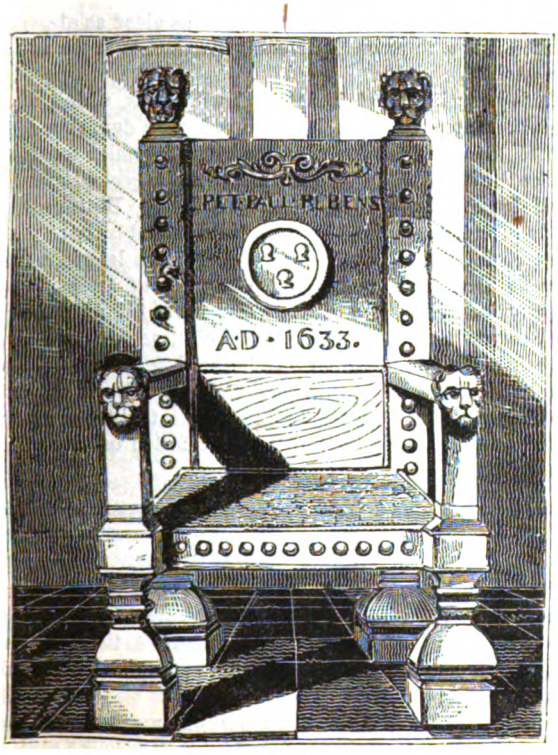
In 1630, when he was fifty-three years of age, he married again—a girl of sixteen, the daughter of his first wife's sister. The following year the knighthood conferred on him by Charles of England was confirmed by his own Government. His skill as a diplomatist led to further labors. He was called upon to settle the difficulties between the unfortunate Marie de Medici and Richelieu. These negotiations took up much of his time, and we find him, in April, 1632, craving permission to retire from public life and rest in his own home. But he had to pay the penalty of popularity. He could not be allowed long quiet. In August of the same year we read that he was sent by the Infanta to Liege to negotiate terms with Henry, Prince of Orange.

The death of the Infanta, in 1634, was a great blow to Rubens. He retired from diplomatic service, and the gout, to which he had been for many years a subject, interfered with his activity.

He bought the Chateau of Steen, near Mechlin, and settled there with his family. For many years before his retirement, it had been impossible for him to execute the multitudinous orders he received from the crowned heads and nobility of Europe, and he had merely undertaken sketches for the paintings, leaving them to be completed by his pupils and collaborators.

The last work undertaken by him was an altar-piece intended for St. Peter's, Cologne, in writing about which he used an expression which long led to the supposition that Cologne was his birthplace. "I have worked," he says, "at this picture with deep interest, remembering that my earliest days were spent at Cologne."

A PRINCELY VISIT TO THE STUDIO OF RUBENS.



RUBENS'S CHAIR.

We gain our best idea of Rubens's character by considering it in relation to other artists. His house was open to them at all hours, and he was ever ready with his advice and help. Although, as his life neared its close, he received few visits, he was always willing to give his true opinion of a fellow-artist's work, delighting in the recognition of talent, and finding, in his kind-heartedness, something to admire in the least hopeful attempts.

The great master's life ended upon the 30th of May, 1640, at the age of sixty-three. During his last illness his cheerfulness never failed him; and only two days before his death he wrote a joking letter to his old friend Jardherbe, the architect, upon the subject of his approaching marriage.

His funeral was an ovation. Every one in the city mourned the loss of a friend, as the news ran from mouth to mouth, "Rubens is dead!" Every society in the Netherlands had a representative at his funeral, which, as was the custom, took place at night. His body was placed temporarily in the Fourment Vault, but afterward was removed to a special chapel built for its reception in the Church of St. Jacques. The spot beneath which he rests is marked by one of his own masterpieces.

In 1840, a monument was erected to his memory in Antwerp, and his bust unvailed with great honors. And in 1877 the tercentenary festival, held in commemoration of his birth, was a most brilliant success. Lovers of art from all parts of the world hurried to Antwerp to do honor to his memory.

He left a colossal fortune, in spite of his constant complaints of the difficulty with which he obtained money from his royal patrons. The sum realized by the sale of his art collection amounted to over $125,000, and his wardrobe sold for 1,095 guldens. In his will, he left directions for the division of his property, and devised his sketches, drawings and paintings to whichever son followed his profession, or to whichever daughter might marry an artist. None of them fulfilled the conditions.

His great friend, Gervaerts, wrote an inscription for his tomb, but it was only placed there half a century later by one of his great-grandsons. At the tercentenary celebration, many of his pictures, prints and relics were upon exhibition.

In an article like the present, it is impossible to do more than give an outline of this great man's life; no enumeration of the works of his prolific genius is possible, but we may glance at the most celebrated. His paintings include almost every variety of style and every kind of subject.

The influence of the Jesuits upon his education is traced in his love of religious legends, and the constant introduction of allegorical meanings in his pictures. His religious paintings alone are so numerous that in catalogues of his productions they are divided into Old Testament subjects, New Testament subjects, Virgins and saints, and legendary, historical, allegorical, genre, landscape and still life.

His own estimate of his prolific productions is, perhaps, the best: "I confess myself to be, by natural instinct, better fitted to execute works of the largest size, rather than little curiosities; my talent is such that never has an undertaking, however extraordinary in size or diversity of subjects, daunted my courage."

He painted many favorites over and over again—such as "The Shepherds," "The Adoration of the Magi," and "Scenes from the Death of Christ." He was especially addicted to painting "The Virgin and Child," with attendant angels; he excelled in painting the latter, rather than in delineating the Holy Mother, who generally appears on his canvas as a rather coarse woman of unintellectual type.

Some of his smaller paintings are exquisite in their delicacy and refinement; one, especially—a "Kermesse"—can compare with anything ever produced by Teniers or Ostade. Perhaps his most celebrated pictures are "The Descent from the Cross," and "The Crucifixion of St. Peter." His portraits of his two sons, and the family group of himself, with his second wife and child, are very beautiful, while the portrait of his mother and the celebrated "Spanish Hat," in the National Gallery, can never be excelled.

No less than fifteen hundred of his pictures have been engraved, and the fame that attended him through life has in no degree diminished with the lapse of centuries. His pictures enhance every subject, and appeal to every taste. His exuberant spirits, his broad imagination and sense of animal life imparted a reality to all the works of his brush, which reality, together with their vivid coloring, constitutes their chief charm.

His allegorical treatment of prosaic subjects often afforded him the opportunity of conveying flattery, not perhaps always of the most refined kind; but that was a fault rather of the age in which he lived than of his genius. His portraits reach those of his friend and pupil Van Dyck, and in some of them he shows more delicacy and sympathetic feeling than in his larger compositions. His portrait of his mother is unrivaled.

He was the first to introduce landscape-painting into England, and the pictures of that kind which he has left show an appreciation of home scenery, of country life, and of what is called the picturesque. He used light grounds, and drew his outlines with a brush and color, overlaying transparent glazes over the shadows. He exposed his pictures to the sun, in intervals of painting, to dry out the oil. As a colorist, he has few rivals. His pictures, scattered throughout Europe, sufficiently attest his wonderful skill; and to his technical ability, Sir Joshua Reynolds bears witness, when he says: "He was perhaps the greatest master in the mechanical part of his art that ever exercised a pencil." His name calls up redundant activity and life. The untiring energy of his nature, the versatility of his genius, and the rare combination of the practical and romantic elements of his character, render the history of his life peculiarly attractive. Successful in his enterprises, happy in his home relations, a favorite with royalty, and the idol of his own countrymen, he justly earned the *sobriquet* of "The Prince of Painters."

THE MARBLE ROCKS OF CENTRAL INDIA.

A FEW miles off the road, down the open and well-cultivated valley of the Narbada, in Central India, is a mighty river, pent up into a third of its width, and for more than two miles boiling along between two sheer walls of pure white marble a hundred feet in height, with here and there a seam of dark-green or black volcanic rock, which enhances the purity of the marble like a setting of jet. What must be the charm, in a dusty Oriental land, of the coolness and quiet of those pure cold rocks and of the deep, blue, pellucid water!

"The eye," says a traveler, "never wearies of the infinite variety of effect produced by the broken and reflected sunlight, now glancing from a pinnacle of snow-white marble reared against the deep blue of the sky, as from a point of silver, touching here and there with bright lights the prominence of the middle heights, and again losing itself in the soft bluish-gray of their recesses. Still lower down, the bases of the cliffs are almost lost in the hazy shadow, so that it is hard to tell at what point the rocks are melted into the water, from whose depths the same lights, in inverse order, are reflected as clear as above, but broken into a thousand quivering fragments in the swirl of the pool."

This beautiful spot is infested with bees, which, if disturbed, many travelers have found very dangerous, and, indeed, on one occasion they stung an intruder to death.

The Marble Rocks, like almost every object of great natural beauty, have been sanctified by the Brahmins, and many of the commonest legends transported hither. Across the chasm the monkey legions of Hanuman leaped on their way to Ceylon; the celestial elephant of India left his mighty footprint here in the white rock. Temples to the Siva crown the right bank of the cliff, and by the river's edge is a favorite *ghat* for the launching of the bodies of devout Hindoos into the waters of Mother Narbada, which are consequently polluted by ghoul-like turtles, monstrous fishes and repulsive crocodiles, that fatten on the ghastly provender thus provided for them.

KING AND CONJURER.

SIGNOR BELLACHINI, the renowned prestidigitator, who has recently been honored by the German Emperor with the complimentary title of "Royal Court Artist," obtained this unprecedented distinction by a somewhat remarkable feat of dexterity.

Having observed that the venerable monarch for some years past frequently attended his performances and exhibited a lively interest in the magical arts of which he is

a past-master, Bellachini conceived the bold project of turning imperial favor to account, and made formal application to his Majesty for audience. His petition was granted, and the Emperor received him at an appointed hour in the study overlooking the Linden Avenue, his favorite room, in which he transacts business every morning and afternoon.

After chatting for a few minutes with the accomplished conjurer upon subjects connected with his profession, William I. asked, with a smile :

"Well, Bellachini, and what is it you want of me ?"

"It is my most humble request, sire, that your Majesty would deign to appoint me your court artist."

"I will do so, Bellachini, but upon one consideration only—namely, that you forthwith perform some extraordinarily clever trick, worthy of the favor you solicit."

Without a moment's hesitation, Bellachini took up a pen from the Emperor's inkstand, handed it with a sheet of paper to his Majesty, and requested him to write the words : "Bellachini can do nothing at all."

The Emperor attempted to comply, but, strange to say, neither pen nor ink could be persuaded to fulfill their functions.

"Now, sire," said Bellachini, "will your Majesty condescend to write the words, 'Bellachini is the Emperor's court artist' ?"

The second attempt was as successful as the first had been the contrary—pen, ink and paper, delivered from the spell cast over them by the magician, proved perfectly docile to the imperial hand ; and Bellachini's ingenious trick was rewarded on the spot by his nomination to the desired honorific office, made out in the Emperor's own writing.

SOME GOSSIPING PAPERS.

By Aunt Fanny (Mrs. Barrow).

For some years previous to my visit to England, I had had a friendly correspondence with Mr. John Murray, the great London publisher, and most worthy son of his father, whose name has become historic as the publisher and beloved personal friend of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron and other monarchs in the realms of literature. Mr. Murray had presented me with many of his publications, among which was a book, splendidly bound in white morocco and gold, and printed on thick cream-tinted paper, with broad margins. It contained a memoir and the speeches of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Queen's consort. Only one edition of this book was issued in this beautiful form, for the exclusive benefit of the Court and nobility, and so gracious a courtesy to me, so unusual a compliment, was implied by the gift, that I hastened, on my arrival in London, to make personal acknowledgments.

Of course, it was proper to present myself at Mr. Murray's place of business. I was directed to Albemarle Street, just out of Piccadilly. But where was the place of business ? Where was the great establishment, such as those of our leading American publishers ? I saw two large basement brick houses, exactly alike, on the door of one of which was the name, "Mr. John Murray." Not a sign of books or of book-making anywhere. At either side of the other door was a bell; around one was engraved "Visitors"; around the other, "Servants." What would the ladies and gentlemen say who condescend to do our housework for wages in this free and happy republic, if they found such a distinction upon our front doors ?

I concluded to try the knocker of the door with the name on it, and was admitted the next moment into a large room on the first floor. In it were some tables, and one small counter. Resting carelessly on the tables were the latest publications, and this was all that was visible of the immense business of the great house of Murray. But, nevertheless, a spell fell upon me, and the room became glorified. Many a time, in this very place, had the great "Wizard of the North" been warmly welcomed. Here Byron's sad, angry or exultant voice had often awakened the echoes. And when Mr. Murray hastened into the room, and with a cordial pressure of my hand said, "Welcome to England," two proud, happy tears, which I struggled not to shed, rose in my eyes and nearly blinded me. It was all so different ! I had been taught to expect reserve, coldness, almost mistrust, in the deportment of the English ; but as yet I had found only cheery kindness.

As we were chatting together, quite like old friends, Sir Edmund Head, the former Governor-General of Canada, came in. He was a small, refined, dignified-looking man, with a quick, bright way of speaking, and a most intelligent face. I had read with vivid interest his little book upon the uses of the words "will" and "shall," and I soon perceived that Sir Edmund perfectly understood, and knew how to put into practice with rigid impartiality, the correct doing, as well as saying, of these much-tried, much-abused words.

As I rose to leave, Mr. Murray regretted that his family had gone only that morning to their country-seat at Newstead, Wimbledon Park, but he promised to come and see me.

He was better than his word—for he not only came, but brought Mrs. Murray, a tall, sweet-looking woman, with musical inflections in her voice, such as few American women ever attain. She came to invite us to dine with them at Newstead, an invitation I was most happy to accept.

As we sat chatting together in the great drawing-room of the Langham, I was languidly but curiously regarded by the English near us, all of whom were, doubtless, familiar with Mr. Murray's kindly face, and all of whom expressed, by their slightly raised eyebrows—as a big *enfant terrible* did by his voice—a wonder as to "who that little Yankee-doodle woman could be, you know, that our Mr. Murray is so awfully civil to ?"

The pretty place whose name the "rifle team" has rendered so familiar to American ears, is only an hour by rail from London. On the appointed day Mr. Murray called for us, and placed us in a first-class carriage. The young and handsome son of a well-known New Yorker was already there awaiting us. He had just been graduated, as we call it, from the University of Cambridge ; but as the English Cambridge has it, "he had taken his great go" with high honors, and his father, also a Cambridge graduate, had given to him the delightful reward of six months' travel in Europe before he returned home to America and settled down to business or a profession. He had just brought to London a letter of introduction to Mr. Murray, who invited him to join us at dinner.

Arrived at the depot at Wimbledon, we found an elegant private carriage awaiting us. It is somewhat overpowering to a simple republican to have six feet of footman in livery, with ponderous calves, a white wig, and a bouquet in his buttonhole, touch his hat and offer his arm, which you are not to take, but to use as a prop, to assist you into the carriage, while a fat coachman with a scarlet face, a curled white wig (the footman's is straight), and a bouquet in his buttonhole, looks down inquisitively and superciliously at "the savages from America," and audibly ejaculates, as the carriage-door is slammed to, "Blessed if they ain't *white* !"

Arrived at Newstead, we received our first welcome to a beautiful English home. As it wanted a few minutes to dinner, Mr. Murray offered me his arm to show me the grounds. With us sauntered Mr. Ferguson the distinguished architect and author, a grave, reserved man. I had read his curious and interesting book upon "Serpent Worship," and extracts from his "History of Ancient Architecture," and, though I was a little afraid of him, I felt deeply the honor of being in his company. We were a diversified group, for little Annie, Mr. Murray's lovely little child, sported and frisked in front of us with Tramp, a great black dog, and a ridiculous little yellow Skye terrier, looking like an animated foot-mat. My host pointed out to me with pride and pleasure almost every variety of American evergreen, which he had taken great pains to procure and transplant in his grounds.

RUBENS AND HIS WIFE, ISABELLA BRANDT.— SEE PAGE 465.

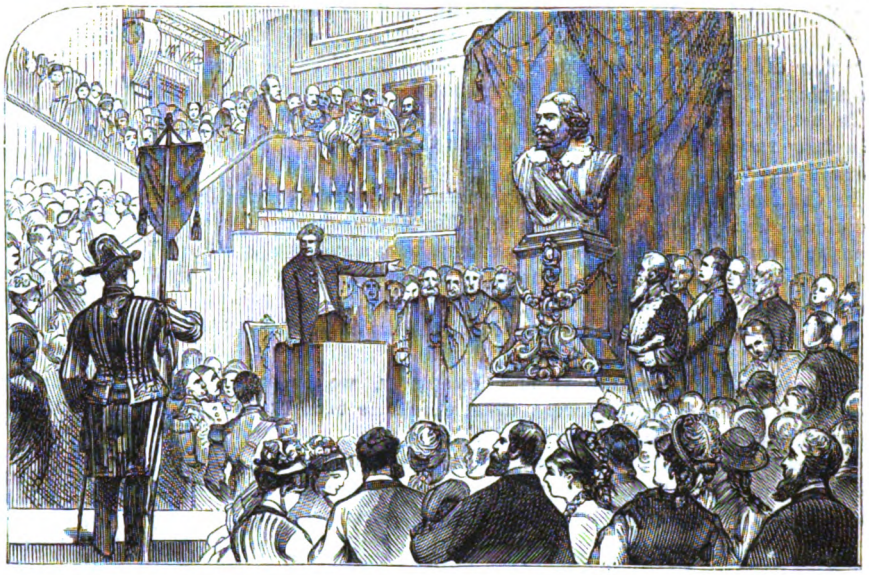
In the pleasant talk between him and Mr. Ferguson—for I gladly adopted the *rôle* of listener—I was amusingly

reminded of that ineradicable strong point of an Englishman, that his house, and of course the grounds appertaining thereto, is his castle, any intrusion into which is not to be endured. Said Mr. Murray:

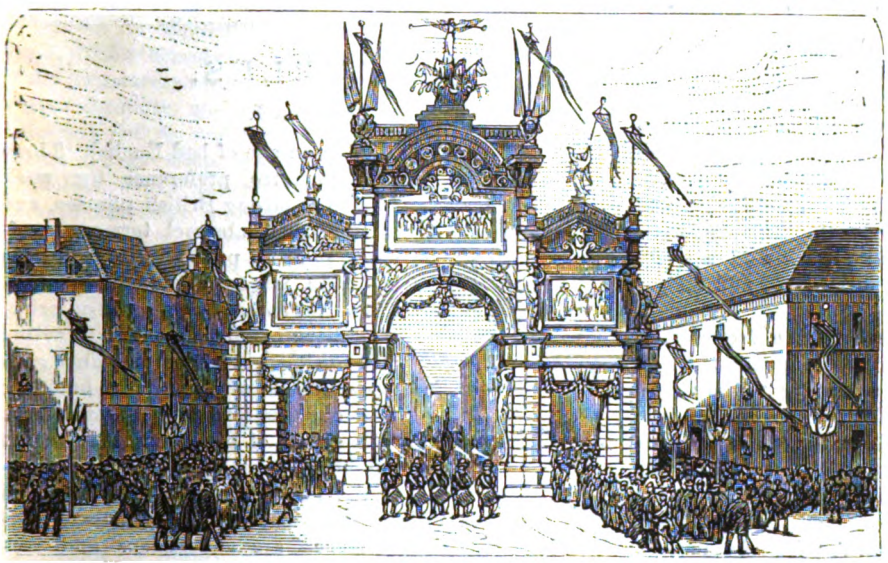
"Ferguson, Jones has bought the land adjoining mine, and if he builds there," pointing to an elevation, "he will completely overlook me."

"Build a three-story wall around your grounds," snapped out Mr. Ferguson, at which I laughed heartily; but I think he really meant it.

The dinner was admirable, the company charming, and the alert, silent service of the liveried attendants a comfort not always attainable in our happy land. I sat at Mr. Murray's left hand, and during dinner he tried to "chaff" me, but I buckled on sword and shield, and gave him as good as he sent, which, doubtless, raised me in his estimation, for an Englishman loves "chaffing" as he does his national beverage. Perhaps, speaking of this in connection with Mr. Murray, I should write a "Britisher," as he was born in Scotland.

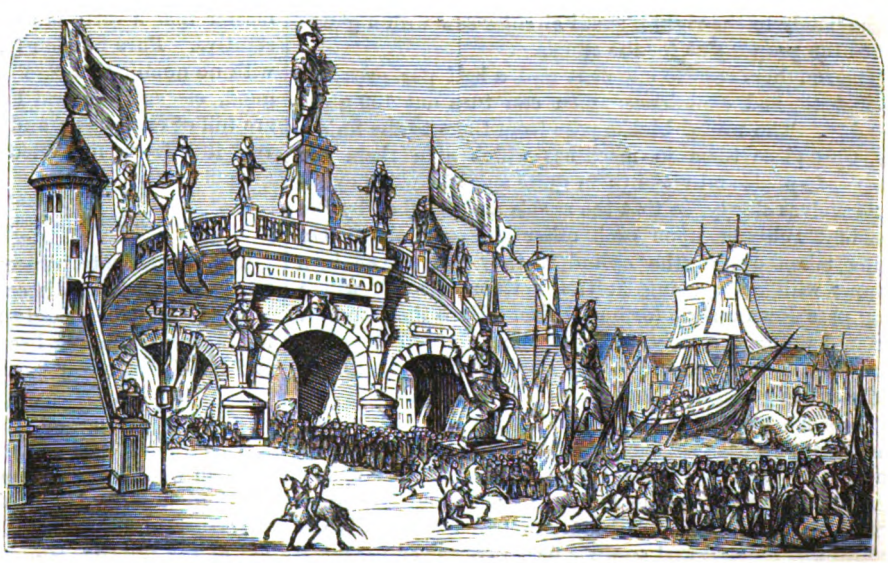


RUBENS'S TERCENTENARY.—INAUGURATION OF THE BUST OF RUBENS IN ANTWERP MUSEUM, IN 1877.



RUBENS'S TERCENTENARY.—SCENE IN TENIER'S SQUARE, ANTWERP.

After dinner came a richer feast; for we went into the library—a large, beautiful room, lighted with ground-glass windows set above the low bookcases. Here we were permitted to examine many manuscripts of famous authors, notably Byron's "Childe Harold," whose very bad but peculiar handwriting I studied with absorbed interest. If my memory does not play tricks with me, I believe I saw "the Childe *Byron*" written in one stanza, with the name "Byron" lined out and "Harold" substituted—which certainly gives color to the supposition that the poem was the story of Byron's own life. Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering" was among these treasures of manuscripts, all of which were carefully bound. The beautifully neat writing of Miss Martineau—such a fitting exponent of the good, pure thoughts of the woman—was eliciting expressions of admiration from me, when Mr. Murray said:



RUBENS'S TERCENTENARY.—SCENE ON ST. WALBURG PLACE, ANTWERP.

"Yes; but I am down upon Miss Martineau."

"Why, Mr. Murray! What has she done?"

"She did a very bad thing—she abused my friend Macaulay. I'm quite out with her for that."

In her "Lives of Great Men," she did handle Lord Macaulay rather roughly. And this was the reason Mr. Murray was "down" upon her.

In the lovely Summer evening, we returned by rail to London. Our young countryman and Mr. Ferguson accompanied us. A passing train saluting us with a sudden scream of the whistle, caused us all to jump, and the young American gave utterance to a startling yell.

"Oh! I'm *such* a fool about noises!" he apologized. "Aren't you?"

With the utmost frankness and sweetness, we immediately admitted that we were, upon which he turned crimson, and begged pardon profusely.

We reached in safety the huge city, with most pleasant recollections of our first introduction to that most sacred and cherished of an Englishman's possessions—his home.

HOW SPOOLS ARE MADE.

Drummondville is situated on the St. Francis River, and the northern division of the Southern Railroad, Canada, passes through it. Several years ago the prevailing wood which grew in the vicinity was white birch, which does not, we believe, make first-class firewood, but which appears to be the best for the manufacture of spools. This probably was the reason why Drummondville was selected as the place in which to locate these factories, and the farmers in the vicinity can always find a ready market for this kind of wood at about $2.50 and $3 per cord.

The wood, after being delivered to the factories, is first sawed into pieces about four feet long and from an inch to an inch and a half square, according to the size of the spool it is desired to make. These pieces are put into a dry-house and thoroughly dried, from whence they are taken into the factory and given to the roughers, who in an incredibly short space of time bore a hole in the centre a couple of inches deep, turn about the same space round, and then cut off the length required for a spool. The machines used for this purpose are revolving planers, in the centre of which is a revolving gimlet or bit, and immediately to the right a small circular saw with a gauge set to the proper size for the spools.

The roughers receive one cent and a half per gross for their work, and experienced men can turn out 130 gross per day. The round blocks pass from them to the finishers, who place them in machines which give them the shape of spools and make them quite smooth. The cylinder revolves slowly, so that the spools are polished by the constant rubbing upon each other for some time. On being taken out of the cylinder, they are placed in a hopper with an opening at the bottom, through which they pass down a slide for inspection. Here the inspector sits and watches closely, to see that no imperfect spools are allowed to pass, and a very small knot or scratch is sufficient to condemn them.

They are packed in large boxes made the proper size, and no additional packing is needed. The packers receive one quarter-cent per gross for packing, and a smart boy who is accustomed to the work can pack about 200 gross per day. One proprietor ships over 2,000,000 spools per month to England, and another firm ships over 1,000,000 spools to Glasgow, Scotland.

THE PIKE.

The Fishes an indictment did prefer
Against the Pike, that wholesale murderer.
Six worthy Donkeys met to try the cause.
The Fox, so famed for knowledge of the laws,
They chose Assessor; lest the right should fail,
Defendant came before them in a pail.

(Some said the Pike with gudgeons did supply
The Fox. But who is safe from calumny?)

What crimes the progress of the case laid bare!
Heavens, what a scene of villainy was there!
What violence! what cruelty!—in short,
Things came to light that horrified the Court.

The Solons asinine, to passion stung,
"Away with him!" exclaimed, "let him be hung!"
"Hung!" cried the Fox. "Can I have understood
The Court aright? Sure, hanging is too good.
My lords, this gross depravity demands
Dire vengeance at your hoofs, I would say hands;
Let him be drown'd in the next river!" All
Applauded with one voice. The criminal
Was cast into the stream, and there, they say,
Continues even to this very day. Krilof.

DOUBLES.

Chapter I.

We live in an age of bad English. There is a perverse preference for weak foreign to strong British phrases, and a run upon abstract terms, roundabout phrases, polysyllables, and half-scientific jargon on simple matters, like velvet trimming on a cotton print.

Addison could be content to write: "My being his nearest neighbor gave me some knowledge of his habits"; but our contemporaries must say, "The fact of my being his nearest neighbor gave me," etc. Now observe: in the first place, it is not "the fact," but the "circumstance"; and in the next, both "fact" and "circumstance" are superfluous and barbarous. Probably the schoolboys who invented this circumlocution had been told by some village schoolmaster that a verb can only be governed by a noun substantive. Pure illusion! it can be governed by a sentence with no nominative case in it, and the Addisonian form is good, elegant, classical English. All the Roman authors are full of examples; and unless my memory fails me, the very first Latin line cited as good syntax in the old Eton grammar is:

"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

Try your nineteenth-century grammar on this—it is a fair test: "Factum discendi ingenuas artes emollit mores." Why is this so glaringly ridiculous in Latin, yet current in English? Simply because bad English is so common, and bad Latin never was.

"To die is landing on some distant shore."

This line of Garth's turned into the nineteenth-century English would be: "The fact of dying is identical with landing on some distant shore."

If I could scourge that imbecile phrase, "the fact of," out of the English language, I should be no slight benefactor to our mother-tongue. I may return one day to the

other vices of English I have indicated above. At present I will simply remark, what I call "Doubles," the writers of the new English call "cases of mistaken identity." Phœbus! what a mouthful! This is a happy combination of the current vices.

1. Here is a term dragged out of philosophy to do vulgar work.

2. It is wedded to an adjective which cannot co-exist with it. You may mistake a man for A, or you identify him with A. But you cannot do both; for, if you mistake, you do not identify, and if you do identify, you do not mistake.

3. Here are eleven syllables set to do the work of two. Now, in every other art and science, economy of time and space is the great object; only the English of the day aims at *parvum in multo*. But, thank heaven! "good old Double is not dead yet," though poisoned with exotics and smothered under polysyllables.

There are always many persons on the great globe who seem like other persons in feature when the two are not confronted; but, setting aside twins, it is rare that out of the world's vast population any two cross each other's path so like one another as to bear comparison. Where comparison is impossible, the chances are that the word "Double" is applied without reason. Sham Doubles are prodigiously common. My note-books are full of them. Take two examples out of many. Two women examine a corpse carefully, and each claims it as her husband. It is interred, and by-and-by both husbands walk into their wives' houses alive, and—need I say?—impenitent. A wife has a man summoned for deserting her. Another woman identifies him in the police-court as her truant husband. This looks ugly, and the man is detained. Two more wives come in and swear to him. A pleasing excitement pervades the district. Our lady novelists had kept to the trite path of bigamy; but truth, more fertile, was going to indulge us with a quadrigamy. Alas! the quadrigamist brought indisputable evidence that he had been a public officer in India at the date of all the four marriages, and had never known one of these four injured females, with the infallible eyes cant assigns to that sex.

Sometimes the Sham Double passes current by beguiling the ears in a matter where the eyes, if left to themselves, would not have been deceived. The most remarkable cases on record of this are the false Martin Guerre and the sham Tichborne. A short comparison of these two cases may serve to clear the way to my story.

Fifteenth century—Martin Guerre, a small peasant proprietor in the South of France, and a newly-married man, left his wife and went soldiering, and never sent her a line in eight years. Then came a man who, like Martin, had a mole on his cheekbone, and similar features; only he had a long beard and mustache. He said things to the wife and sister of Martin Guerre which no stranger could have said, and, indeed, reminded the wife of some remark she had made to him in the privacy of their wedding-night.

He took his place as her husband, and she had children by him. But her uncle had always doubted; and, when the children came to divert the inheritance from his own offspring, he took action and accused the newcomer of fraud.

It came to trial; there was a prodigious number of respectable witnesses on either side; but the accused was about to carry it, when stump—stump—stump came an ominous wooden leg into the court, and there stood the real Martin Guerre, crippled in the wars. The supposed likeness disappeared, all but the mole, and the truth was revealed.

The two Martins had been soldiers, and drunk together in Flanders, and Martin had told his knavish friend a number of little things. With these the impostor had come and beguiled the ears, and so prejudiced the eyes. French law was always severe. They hanged him in front of the real man's door.

Orton's case had the same feature. His witnesses saw by the ear. He began by pumping a woman, who wanted to be deceived, and from her and one or two more he obtained information, with which he dealt adroitly, and so made the long ears of weak people prejudice their eyes. As for his supposed likeness to Tichborne, that went, not on clean observation, but on wild calculation.

"If Martin Guerre, whom you knew beardless, had grown a long beard, don't you think he would be like this?"

"Yes, I do; for there's his mole, and he knew things none but Martin Guerre could."

"If Roger Tichborne, whom you knew as thin as a lath, had become as fat as a porpoise, don't you think he would be like this man?"

"Yes, I do; for his eyes twitched like Roger's, and he knew some things Roger knew."

Eleven independent coincidences proved the claimant to be Arthur Orton; and three such coincidences have never failed to hang a man accused of murder. But that does not affect the question as to whether he was *like* Tichborne. There is, however, no reason whatever to believe that he was a bit like him. In the first place, it is not in the power of any man to divine how a very lean man would look were he to turn very fat in the face; and in the next place, the fat was granted contrary to experience; for it is only a plump young man who gets fat at thirty; a lean man at twenty-one is never a porpoise till turned forty.

To conclude, this is no case of Doubles, but the shallowest imposture recorded in all history; and the fools who took a fat, living snob, with a will of iron, for a lean, dead aristocrat, with a will of wax, have only to thank their long ears for it; no downright delusive appearance ever met their eyes.

A much nearer approach to a Double occurred almost under my eyes.

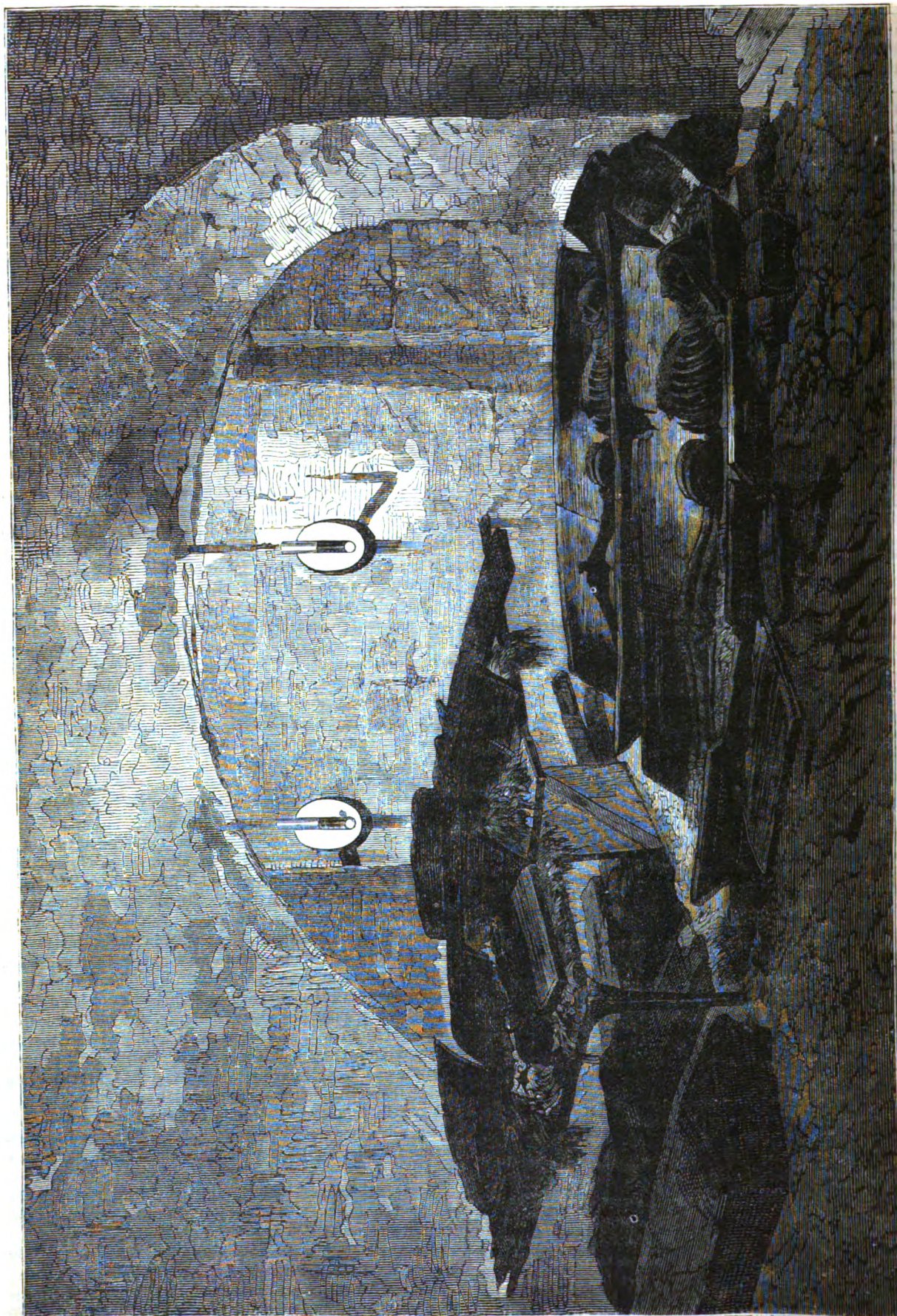
A certain laughter-loving dame, the delight of all who knew her, vanished suddenly from her father's house, where she was visiting. Maternal tenderness took the alarm, emissaries searched the town, north, south, east and west, and a young lady was found drowned, and immediately recognized as my sprightly friend. Her father came and recognized her, too. In his anguish he asked leave to pray with her alone, and it was only in the act of prayer that his eye fell upon some small thing that caused a doubt; but examining her hair and forehead more narrowly, he found that the drowned girl was not his child.

As for her, poor girl, she was young, and had dashed off to Brighton in very good company, and like the rest of her prodigious sex, had grudged a shilling for a telegram; though she would have given all she had in the world rather than cause her parents so serious an alarm.

Even in this case calculation enters: the drowned girl, when alive, may not have looked so like my laughter-loving friend. Still, we must allow them Doubles, or very near it.

Having thus narrowed the subject, I will now give the reader the most curious case of Doubles my reading—though somewhat rich in some matters—furnishes.

The great Molière married Armande Bejart, a sprightly actress of his company. She was a fascinating coquette, and gave him many a sore heart. But the public profits by a poet's torments; wound him, he bleeds, not ephemeral blood, but immortal ichor, thoughts that breathe and



THE TOMB OF RUBENS, IN THE CATHEDRAL AT ANTWERP, AS FOUND IN 1864.—SEE PAGE 465.

DOUBLES.—"LA MOLIÈRE SPRANG AT HIM WITH HER RIGHT HAND UPLIFTED, TO GIVE HIM A BOX ON THE EAR; BUT HE HAD THE ADDRESS TO SEIZE HER WRIST WITH HIS LEFT HAND."—SEE PAGE 474.

words that burn, and characters that are types more enduring than brass.

The great master has given us in a famous dialogue the defects and charms of the woman he had the misfortune to love. This passage, in which a disinterested speaker runs her down, and a lover defends her, is charming; and the interlocutors are really the great observer's judgment and his heart. The contest ends, as might be expected, in the victory of the heart.

Covielle, alias Molière's judgment: "But you must own she is the most capricious creature upon earth."

Cléonte, alias Molière's heart: "Oui, elle est capricieuse, j'en demeure d'accord; mais tout sied bien aux belles; on souffre tout des belles."—*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Act iii., sc.* 9.

But Armande Bejart entered more deeply into Molière's mind, and but for her the immortal *Célimène*—a character it will take the world two hundred years more to estimate at its full value—would never have seen the light.

Célimène is a born coquette, but with a world of good sense and keen wit, and not a bad heart, but an untruthful—a pernicious woman, not a bad one. She has an estimable lover, and she esteems him; but she cannot do without two butterfly admirers, whom she fascinates and deceives. They detect her, and expose her insolently. She treats them with calm contempt.

Only to the worthy man she has slighted she hangs her head with gentle and even pathetic penitence. She offers to marry him; but, when he makes a condition that would render infidelity impossible, her courage fails, and she declines, yet not vulgarly.

This true woman, with all her suppleness, ingenuity and marvelous powers of fence, whether she has to parry the just remonstrances of her worthy lover, or soothe the vanity of her butterfly dupes, or pass a polished rapier through the body of a female friend, who comes to her with hypocrisy and envenomed blandishments, is Armande Bejart; that is one reason why I give a niche in my collection to a strange adventure that befell her after the great heart she had played with had ceased to beat, and the great head that created *Célimène* had ceased to ache.

The Widow Molière, after her husband's death, carried on her gallantries with greater freedom, but in an independent spirit, for she remained on the stage, a public favorite; and her lovers, though not restricted as to number, must please her eye. She does not appear to have been accessible to mere ignoble interests.

Monsieur Lescot, a person of some importance, president of the Parliament of Grenoble, saw her repeatedly on the stage, and was deeply smitten with her. He had heard it whispered that she was not quite a vestal, and he resolved to gratify his fancy, if he could.

In those days the stage at night was a promenade, open to any gentleman of fashion; but President Lescot did not care to push in amongst the crowd of beaux and actors; so he consulted a lady who had been useful to many distressed gentlemen in similar cases.

This Madame Ledoux had a very large acquaintance with persons of both sexes; and such was her benevolence, that she would take some pains, and even exert some ingenuity, to sweep obstacles out of the path of love and bring agreeable people together. She undertook to sound Mademoiselle Molière, as the gay widow was called, and, if possible, to obtain Monsieur Lescot an interview.

After some days she told Lescot that the lady would go so far as to pay her a visit at a certain time, and he could take this opportunity of dropping in and paying his addresses.

He came, and found a young lady whose quiet appearance rather surprised him. La Molière on the stage was celebrated for the magnificence of her costumes; but here she was dressed with singular modesty.

He had a delightful conversation with her, and one that rather surprised him. She was bitter against the theatre,

its annoyances and mortifications, and confessed she felt not altogether unwilling to make a respectable acquaintance who had nothing to do with it.

In the next interview, Lescot was urgent and the lady coy; nevertheless, she held out hopes, provided he would submit to certain positive conditions. Lescot agreed, and expected that a settlement of some kind would be required.

Nothing of the sort. What she demanded, and upon his word of honor, was that he would never come after her to the theatre, nor, indeed, speak to her in public, but only at the house of their mutual friend, Madame Ledoux. The condition was curious, but not sordid.

President Lescot accepted it, and very tender relations ensued. Lescot was in paradise, and Madame Ledoux took advantage of that to bleed him very freely; but his *inamorata* herself showed no such spirit; she threw out no hints of the kind, and the most valuable present she accepted from him was a gold necklace he bought for her on the Quai des Orfèvres.

She assured him, too, that the intrigues ascribed to her were utterly false, and that what most attracted her in him was his being in every way unlike her theatrical comrades—a man of position and a friend apart, with whom she could forget the turmoil of her daily existence and the stale compliments of the coxcombs who thronged the theatre.

At this time the works of Thomas Corneille, nephew of the great dramatist, had a vogue which has now entirely deserted them. His "Circe!" was produced, and Mademoiselle Molière played the leading part, and astonished the town by the splendor and extravagance of her dresses.

Lescot saw her from his box and admired her, and applauded her furiously, and with raptures of exultation, to think that this brilliant creature belonged to him in secret, and came to him dressed like a nun. But this new *éclat* set tongues talking, and Lescot listened and inquired.

He learned on good authority that La Molière had two lovers—one a man of fortune, M. du Boulay; and another, an actor, called Guérin, whose affections she had stolen from an actress of the same company. Item—that Du Boulay had offered her marriage, but, finding her incapable of fidelity, had retired, and at present she was on discreditable terms with the actor in question.

Lescot, who was now tenderly attached to his fascinating visitor, put her on her defense, addressed the bitterest reproaches to her, and lamented his own misfortune in having listened to her perfidious tongue and bestowed a constant heart upon a double-faced coquette.

She seemed surprised and alarmed; but, recovering herself, used all her address to calm him; she shed many tears, and declared she loved no one but him, and had kept him out of the theatre for this very reason—that it was, and always had been, a temple of lies and odious calumnies. Lescot was half appeased, but, his jealousy being excited, demanded more frequent interviews. She consented readily, made a solemn appointment for next day, and took good care not to come.

This breach of faith revived all Lescot's jealousy, and after waiting for her, and raging and storming for two hours, he could bear his jealous doubts and fears no longer, but broke his word and went straight to the theatre. As any gentleman could sit on the stage during the performance, President Lescot claimed that right, and sat down upon a stool during the performance of "Circe." In this situation, being only one of many gentlemen there, and under the public eye, he managed to restrain himself, though greatly agitated, and at first contented himself with watching to see her start at the sight of him. She did not seem to notice him, however. To be sure, she was warm in her part. At last it so happened that she walked by him with that grand reposeful slowness which is, and always was, one of a graceful actress's most majestic charms. He seized that opportunity.

"You are more beautiful than ever," he said, quite audibly; "and if I was not in love with you already, I should be now."

Whether La Molière was in her part and did not hear, or was used to these asides, she paid no attention whatever.

That piqued the distinguished member of Parliament, and he sat sullen till the play ended. Then he was on the alert, and followed La Molière so sharply, that he entered the dressing-room at her heels.

Her maid requested him to leave. He stood firm and requested the maid to retire, as he had something particular to say to mademoiselle. Mademoiselle wanted to remove the glorious but heavy trappings of tragedy, so she said, rather sharply:

"Say it, then, sir. I do not think there can be any secrets between you and me."

"Very well, madame," said Lescot, bitterly; "then, what I have to say is that your conduct is unjustifiable."

"What cause of displeasure have I given you?"

"You make an appointment with me. I keep it—you break it. I come here, disheartened and unhappy, to learn the reason, and you receive me like a criminal."

"The man is mad!" said La Molière, and eyed him with a look of haughty disdain that would have crushed him had he been less sure right was on his side. As it was, though it staggered him, it provoked him more. He confronted her with equal *hauteur*, and cried out:

"You had better say you do not know me!"

Thus challenged, and being aware she knew a great many gentlemen, she looked at him hard and full, not to make a mistake, then she said:

"I do not even know your name."

Lescot put his hand to his heart, and was wounded to the quick.

"What!" he cried, "after all that has passed between us! Why, you must be the basest of God's creatures to use me so!"

"Ah!" cried La Molière. "Jeannette, call some people to turn this man out of the place."

"By all means," cried the other. "Call all Paris to hear me give this woman her true character before I leave the place."

"Ruffian, you shall smart for this insolence!" said La Molière, grinding her white teeth.

By this time two or three actors and a dozen actresses had come running, and half dressed. The disputants, being French, both spoke at once, and at the top of their voices; La Molière declaring this ruffian a perfect stranger to her, who had burst into her dressing-room and outraged her with the grossest calumnies, the very meaning of which was an enigma to her, and Lescot relating all the particulars of his secret intrigue with her.

Detail convinces; and La Molière had the mortification to see, by the sniggering of the actresses, who knew her real character, that they believed the gentleman, and not her.

"Why, look!" cried he, suddenly; "the ungrateful creature has a necklace on I gave her. I bought it for her on the Quai des Orfèvres."

This was too much. La Molière, growing red as fury and her eyes darting flame, sprang at him with her right hand lifted, to give him such a box on the ear as she had

never yet administered on the stage; but he had the address to seize her wrist with his left hand, and with his right he tore the necklace off her neck and dashed it to the ground.

Then La Molière called the guard; and, as personal violence is always severely treated in France, the President of the Parliament of Grenoble cooled his heels in prison that night.

Chapter II.

Next morning, the President Lescot was released on bail, after a short hearing, in which he declared loudly that he had a perfect right to expose a courtesan, whose lover he was, and who had the effrontery to say publicly she did not know him. "That right," said he, "I am prepared to maintain in any tribunal."

He held the same language in society; and on the whole, the world took his part in the matter.

Supposing the allegation to be false, La Molière had her proper remedy. She had only to proceed against Lescot for violence and slander.

She hesitated—and this confirmed the public opinion. It spread to the theatrical audiences, and the favorite actress began to be received with sneers and chuckles or ominous silence.

She was alarmed, and went to an old actress called Châteauneuf, who had a long head, and had often advised her in matters of intrigue.

La Châteauneuf said the case was plain. She should take proceedings.

"Nay, but I dare not," said La Molière. "They will search into my whole life."

The older fox laughed, but said:

"Never mind that, child. You are innocent for once—that is an accident you must put to profit, and so throw a doubt on your real indiscretions. Commence proceedings at once. You are ruined if you submit."

The young fox listened to the old fox with the respect due to our seniors, and laid a criminal information against Lescot.

He stood firm as a rock, persisted in his statements, and brought a very ugly witness, the goldsmith from the Quai des Orfèvres. This trader swore to La Molière's necklace as one he had sold, and to herself as the lady who was with Lescot when he sold it.

This evidence was fatal to the accuser, both in court and with the public. But when Lescot went after Madame Ledoux to complete his defense, she was not to be found. He let this out, and that he had relied on her. The accuser's agent then smelt a rat, and set the police to find Ledoux. Meantime, La Molière was the butt of Paris.

But the police succeeded in finding Ledoux, and her examination put a new face on the matter. Ledoux confessed that Monsieur Lescot, being madly enamored of Mademoiselle Molière, had asked her assistance; that she, not caring to meddle with an intrigue of that kind, had introduced him to a young lady who perfectly resembled Mademoiselle Molière. This young lady, she said, had for maiden name Marie Simonnet, but called herself the widow of a Monsieur Harvè de la Tourelle, a gentleman of Brittany.

On this hint, the accuser searched for the young lady in question. They soon found traces of her, and that she was called by her friends "La Tourelle."

La Tourelle had disappeared. "And never will appear, being a phantom," said Lescot. "Was ever so audacious a figment? as if one woman could have the face, the figure, the manners, the cough and the necklace of another!"

Well, the officers of justice caught La Tourelle in the suburbs of Paris, and were astonished at the resemblance.

She was confronted with Mademoiselle Molière, in the judge's room, in the presence of Ledoux and the President Lescot.

The ladies faced each other like two young stags, ready to butt each other. The injured Molière folded her arms grandly, and cocked her nose high, and would fain have looked the other down as a criminal. But the other jade saw she was the younger of the two, and wore a demure air of defiant complacency.

But, setting aside fleeting expression, they were literally one in stature, form and feature. If each had looked into a mirror, she would have seen the hussy that now faced her.

Amazement painted itself on every face; most of all on Lescot's.

Ledoux persisted in her confession; and both she and La Tourelle were imprisoned to await the trial.

Lescot now found himself in the wrong box, and it became very important to him that the trial should never come off. With this view, he exerted all his influence to bail La Tourelle, meaning, no doubt, to forfeit his recognizances and send her out of the country. But the judges would accept no bail, and the day of trial was fixed.

Then Lescot bribed the jailer; and he showed La Tourelle how to make her escape, in a very ingenious way that had never occurred to the lady, whose genius, like that of many other ladies, was mainly confined to matters of love and intrigue.

Lescot sent her away into the depths of Dauphiné, and her absence suspended the trial.

But La Molière's blood was up, and she appealed personally to men in power, and used all her charms and all her arts.

The result was a new process, under which not one of those who had offended her escaped.

The President Lescot was condemned to stand at the bar and read a paper in presence of La Molière, and four witnesses to be by her chosen.

"I, François Lescot, admit and declare that I, by recklessness and mistake, have used violence against Mademoiselle Molière, here present, and slandered her foully, but without malice of heart, having taken her for another person."

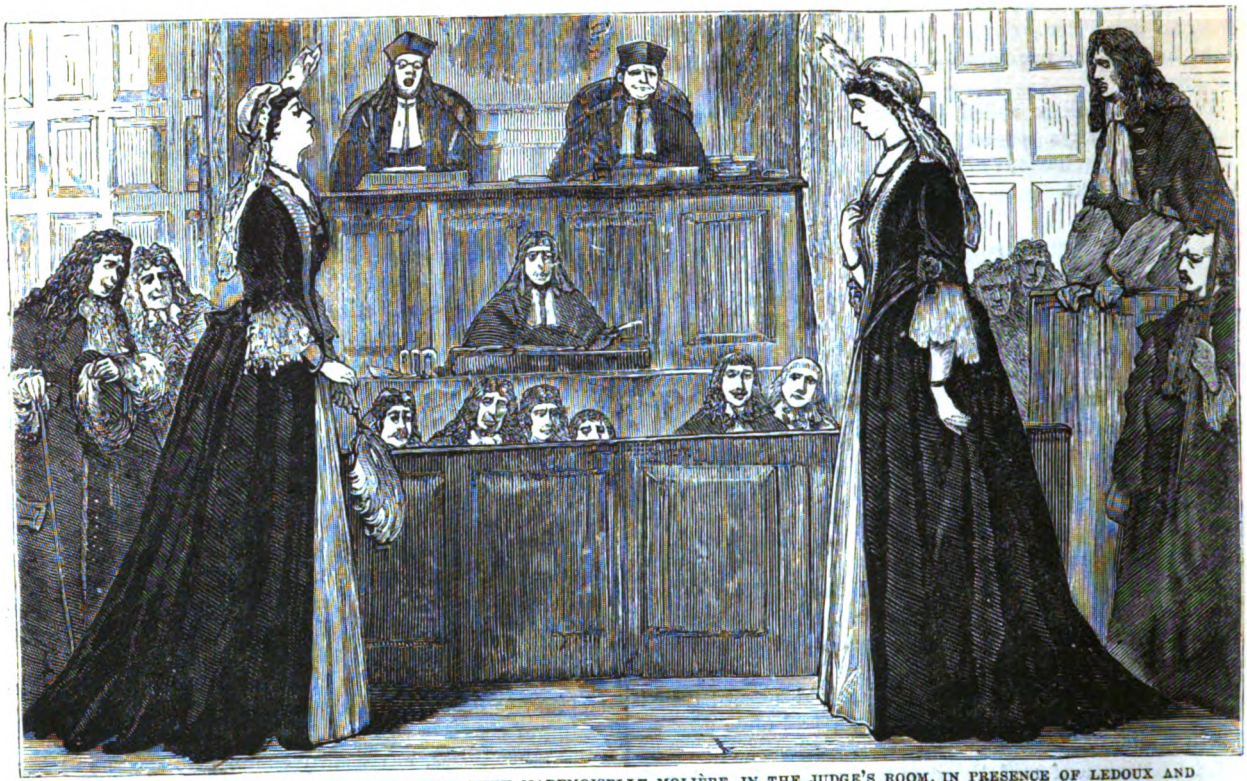
He was also fined two hundred francs.

By the same judgment the women, Ledoux and La Tourelle, had to pay a fine of twenty francs each to the King, one hundred francs each to La Molière, and to be whipped, naked, before the gate of the Châtelet, and also before the house of Mademoiselle Molière.

Lescot made his *amende honorable*, and paid his fine. Ledoux paid her fine, and was whipped before the Châtelet and before La Molière's windows; but La Tourelle was more fortunate. Nature has her freaks; she profited by one of them. Lescot, who had now compared in many ways the hussy he adored with the jade who had personated her, was as much enamored as ever, if not more; but, by Jupiter! it was not the actress, but her double, he was now in love with. He joined her in Dauphiné, and rewarded her with a lifelong attachment, which she is believed to have shared.

La Molière, as her foxy adviser had prophesied, was wonderfully re-established in character. Men said, "And, no doubt, she was always calumniated." The judgment of the Châtelet operated as a certificate of her good morals.

The goldsmith's evidence is accounted for thus: There were no jewels to the necklace. A number of gold necklaces had been made on one pattern. The goldsmith



DOUBLES.—"LA TOURELLE WAS CONFRONTED WITH MADEMOISELLE MOLIÈRE, IN THE JUDGE'S ROOM, IN PRESENCE OF LEDOUX AND PRESIDENT LESCOT."— SEE PAGE 474.

swore to La Molière's, because he saw the lady, as he thought.

While the affair was yet warm, the tragi-comedy of Thomas Corneille, called "L'Inconnu," was produced. La Molière was the *Countess*, and, in the play, a gypsy looked at her hand and spoke several lines, which the public, always quick to fit fiction to reality, seized on at once, and applied them to the recent event, and showed their sympathy with the actress by storms of applause.

The favorite, her popularity embellished by a *coup de maître*, now married her actor—and continued her gallantries.

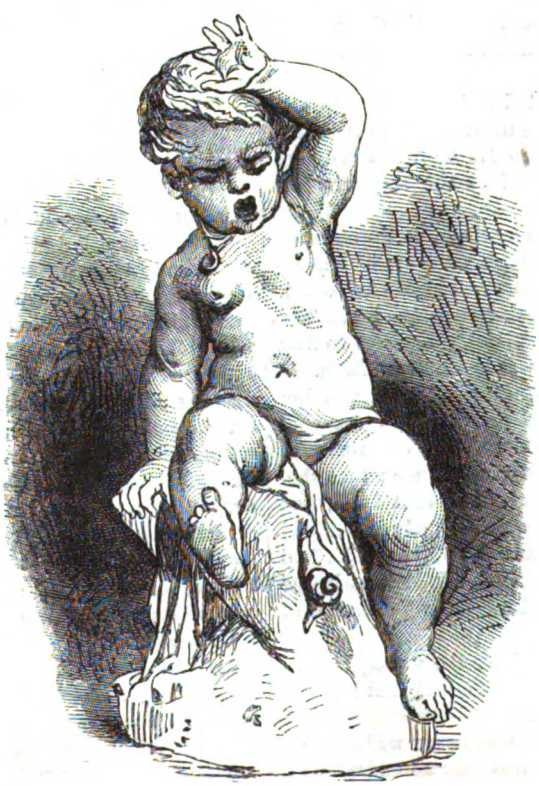
But *Célimène*, at bottom, lacked neither judgment nor heart. Hence I am able to conclude with a good and touching trait. On the anniversary of Molière's death, which befell in Winter, she always collected the poor round his grave, and there bestowed charity on them, and lighted great fires to warm them, as they ate the food she bestowed without stint upon them, at the great master's tomb.

Poor *Célimène!* Adieu.

It is good to be deaf when the slanderer begins to talk.

THE BOY AND THE SNAIL.

The sculptor has very happily caught the expression of horror on the boy's face when he perceives the crawling reptile, which, although a favorite dish with the politest of nations and the finest of cooks, creates an indefinable disgust in the sentiments of all Anglo-Saxons; and yet, with strange inconsistency, both American and English tolerate, and frequently eat, with appetite, shrimps and lobsters, while the English are really fond of a smaller kind of snail called the periwinkle.



THE BOY AND THE SNAIL.

Rahma Ben Jaubir, Pirate of the Persian Gulf.

For years the commerce of the Persian Gulf was at the mercy of daring sea-robbers, whose atrocities outdid those recorded in the "History of the Buccaneers." They were Arabs from Nujjeed, and were known as the Cassimees, or Joassimees, and had built up a strong power on land and water. For many years they respected English ships; but, growing bolder and more powerful, they defied even the British flag. An energetic campaign was at once begun to crush them, and about 1821 they were completely

RAHMA BEN JAUBIR, PIRATE OF THE PERSIAN GULF.—"HE INSTANTLY RUSHED BELOW, AND FLUNG A MATCH INTO THE MAGAZINE."

destroyed. The most remarkable of these pirate chiefs was Rahma Ben Jaubir, Governor of Khore Hassein, whose daring and success raised him to the leadership.

In 1812 he fell in with a large fleet from Bushire, and captured the whole, including one very large ship. He put all on board to death, and secured all the cargoes. An officer who saw him at the last interview between him and the British authorities, describes him thus: "A more ferocious barbarian I never beheld. His dress was disgustingly simple. It consisted of a shirt, which did not appear

to have been taken off from the time it was first put on. No trousers covered his lank legs; a large *abba* encircled his meagre trunk, and a ragged *keffiah* was thrown loosely over his head. His body was pierced by innumerable bullet-wounds, and his face was fearfully distorted by several scars and by the loss of an eye. His left arm had been severely wounded by a grapeshot, and the bone between the elbow and shoulder being shivered to pieces, the fragments worked themselves out, exhibiting the singular appearance of the arm and elbow adhering to the shoulder by flesh and tendons alone. Notwithstanding this, he prided himself on being able to use the *yrmbeah* with great effect; and it was one of his favorite remarks, that he desired nothing better than the cutting of as many throats as he could open with his boneless arm."

No corner of the Persian Gulf was safe from this pirate chief. From shore to shore, from isle to isle, he swept along at the head of his thousands of followers, like a gloomy spirit bearing death and destruction; till one day, in rashly attempting to board a large vessel called a *bughalah*, he was overpowered by superior force. He at once demanded of his crew whether they would perish now by their own hands, or be slaughtered at last by their enemies. All cried that they would perish there with him. He instantly rushed below, flung a match into the magazine, and reappeared on deck with his only son in his arms. His craft had been made fast to the vessel he had hoped to capture, and the grappling-irons held fast.

Before the attacked could grasp the situation, the magazine exploded, and pirate craft and merchant vessel were blown into a thousand atoms, and hurled into the air, a volcano of blazing timbers and human wrecks. When the explosion subsided, the waters gradually washed on the coast of Bahrim the corsairs and their last victims.

So perished Rahma Ben Jaubir, after having scourged the gulf for the quarter of a century.

FIORANTE.

FIORANTE, the wealthy and beautiful orphan of the Count Colonna of Florence, was sitting in her private apartment, a prey to the deepest solicitude. She was on the eve of marriage with the Count Rigondi, one of the handsomest and proudest nobles of Tuscany, and also one of the most jealous. To such a morbid extent did he carry that passion, that he had vowed never to wed with a woman who had felt a previous attachment.

"She may possess all the gold of Ophir and all the gems of Golconda," he exclaimed to his dearest friend, "and added to these the beauty of Cleopatra and the virtue of Lucretia; but if my betrothed had ever before listened to the vows of another, I would cast her off with scorn, even though we stood at the foot of the altar!"

Despite this morbid defect in his character, Count Rigondi was eminently an honorable man—of a commanding person and fine talents, he was one of the most rigid moralists of an age where women as well as men were permitted great license without any direct challenge from those sentinels of virtue—the clergy.

"I mean," he said, "to give to my wife a spotless and untainted heart, and I demand in return the same from her."

Such a man could not fail to entertain the profoundest reverence for truth, and this he carried to an almost impracticable extent, exacting from all his intimates and acquaintances the utmost precision in their statements.

Still there was an inexpressible charm about his cheerful seriousness, which gave an air of geniality to one whom many would consider as a man whose exactness amounted to positive asceticism.

He had seen and loved Fiorante—one of the richest, loveliest and most irreproachable maidens of the city of the Medicii.

A year previously Fiorante had been orphaned by the death of her father, a stern old noble of the Dantesque pattern. Being his only child, he had lavished on her all the resources of wealth. The greatest masters in every branch of female accomplishments he could procure were her teachers. Music, singing, drawing and the sister sciences were all showered upon her. Fiorante was not only the richest, but the most beautiful and accomplished lady of her day. Numerous suitors sighed for her hand, and many had sufficient courage to propose for it; but her heart, untouched by any feminine preferences, was as cold and impassable as the icebergs of Greenland.

Her father was, despite his hauteur, very accessible to flattery, and had, moreover, a great reverence for the claims of long descent. A Roman noble, Orsini, whose merits rested chiefly with his ancestors—for, apart from their noble deeds, he had none to show of his own—had so ingratiated himself with the proud father of Fiorante, that she had been, perforce, compelled to listen to his suit, but in that icy way which showed how utterly abhorrent to her feelings his attentions were.

During that time the Marquis Orsini had presented to Fiorante various gifts, which her father compelled her to acknowledge in letters more or less complimentary, all of which were written at his dictation, much to her annoyance, as, with all the instinct of a pure-hearted maiden, she felt a repugnance toward him almost amounting to positive loathing.

On her father's death, she immediately broke off all intercourse with the marquis, and forbade him the *entrée* of her palace, which was one of the most imposing in all Florence, and not far from the Pitti Palace.

Soon after the death of Fiorante's father, the Count Rigondi met her at the ducal palace, and felt that he had never beheld anything more transcendently lovely. A lengthened conversation with the young heiress completed the conquest, and in a short time Rigondi proposed for her hand, and was accepted, for she recognized in him the ideal her heart sighed for.

But, beautiful and rich as Fiorante was, these gifts were nothing to her on this bright May morning. Seated in her boudoir, she saw the Arno gliding before her in all the glancing brightness of an unclouded sun. She saw, but heeded not; her eyes, with her heart, were steeped in sorrow—for the night previous she had not only suppressed the truth, but uttered a deliberate falsehood; for when her betrothed, Rigondi, had asked, with all a lover's jealousy, if she had ever loved before, she answered, truly and promptly:

"No, never!"

This was the undoubted truth; but when he, out of that morbid jealousy which was the sole defect in his else almost perfect character, pursued the subject, and inquired if she had ever listened to a lover's suit, she, well aware of his strange ideas on that subject, after a moment's mental hesitation, solemnly repeated the "No," as falsely now as truly she had said it before.

The rapturous delight he had expressed upon possessing the love of one so secluded from the world had half recon-

ciled her at the time to the breach of truth she had committed, as she naturally imagined the contrast, had she acquainted him with Orsini's suit. She also half justified, by reflection, that it was not her act, but her father's, and that Orsini's reputation was so bad that, to have acknowledged to a nobleman of Rigondi's rigid notions that she had ever had any personal intercourse with so licentious a man as he was, would have periled, if not have utterly lost her, the love of her betrothed.

With many a respectful caress did the lovers part that night, Rigondi whispering :

"Four more of these 'good-byes,' and then we meet, never to part; and yet I feel, with Romeo :

> "'Parting is such sweet sorrow,
> That I could say good-night until to-morrow.'"

It was in the silence of the night Fiorante first felt the fatal error she had committed. She had placed her entire future at the mercy of a chance. Should Orsini at any time discover the morbid weakness of Rigondi, her welfare was at stake. After that mental anguish which the pure-minded always feel at their first plunge into evasion or falsehood, she quieted her scruples by resolving to confess, or, rather, explain, all to him without delay.

This soothed her into a sleep which was even worse than the waking reality; for, deprived of Reason's rudder, her imagination drifted into rapids which plunged her into the horrors of an apprehension more terrible than even life. Never before had she felt the appalling force of the famous lines of the great poet of passions :

> "My slumbers, if I slumber, are not sleep,
> But a continuance of accusing thoughts,
> Which then I can resist not. In my heart
> There is a vigil, and my eyes but close
> To look within."

When she awoke in the morning the bright sunlight streamed into her window, and she saw Teresa standing over her, with a letter in her hand, which read thus :

"To the Lady Fiorante, once so dear to me, I send for the last time. I am a ruined and a desperate man. Before to-morrow's sun shall rise, I shall either be a suicide or an exile. It depends upon you which. If you refuse the request I now make, I will at once to the Count Rigondi, and show him your letters to me. If, however, you will meet me under the porch of St. Maria's Church to-morrow night at ten, and bring a thousand ducats, I will restore every letter you have sent me, and depart before sunrise to a foreign land, never again to throw the cloud of my despair between you and the sunshine of your happiness. I will also return to you the miniature you gave me in happier times. Although it will be death to me to part with so dear a memento of the past, to render you happy I will do it. ORSINI."

No pen can describe the dismay and terror which fell upon Fiorante when she read this letter.

"Never! never!" she exclaimed. "I will not do this. I will at once dare him. You, Teresa, shall take the gold and receive the letters."

"Dear lady," replied her attendant, "I begged upon my knees that he would allow me to take it, but he said he had vowed an oath to the Virgin never to give up those letters save into your hands, their writer, and that over, all he wanted was your forgiveness."

"Forgiveness!" said the lady. "He can have it without my lips pronouncing it. I pity as much as condemn him. Alas! alas! dear dead father! your encouragement of that suit has rendered your daughter the most wretched of women!"

Orsini was a polished villain, and during his courtship, though he made no progress in the affections of the Lady Fiorante, he succeeded in winning the heart of her weak and vain attendant, Teresa. Once lured from the path of virtue, she became the mere blind instrument of his will. From her he had learned the foolish jealousy of Rigondi, and on that the abandoned and malignant Orsini resolved to found his vengeance.

Through Teresa he had from time to time worked upon the fears of her mistress, to extort from her large sums of money, which he spent in debauchery and riot.

But his malignity now triumphed over his avarice, and he proceeded to put his plan into practice.

Calling upon the count, he asked for a short interview, to confer with him upon a matter of vital importance to his honor as well as happiness.

It was not without considerable reluctance that so stern a moralist as Rigondi admitted so notorious a *roué* to a private conference; but the suggestive terms in which the application was made overcame his repugnance, and in a few minutes the two nobles were face to face. Both were handsome men, although their appearance differed widely. Orsini was tall, thin and elegantly formed—his features were finely chiseled, his eyes were bright, his manners suave and insinuating—yet all these advantages failed to gain him the confidence of society, whose morality he had outraged by numerous affairs which he considered gallantries, but which the judgment of the world had denounced as flagitious perfidies.

He thus, to a certain extent, lay under the social ban, and, although still received in several circles, it was fatal to a lady's reputation to be seen in his company.

His father had, however, rendered old Colonna some service, and the Orsini was an old family; and these reasons combined to create for him, in the estimation of Fiorante's father, a peculiar interest. This feeling was so artfully cultivated by Orsini that he had actually persuaded him into an active advocacy of his pretensions for his daughter's hand.

Colonna had in his youth been as notorious for his vices as Orsini, but his superior wealth and greater prudence had prevented the consequences which had attended Orsini; he had married an heiress of large possessions, accomplishments and beauty, which were enhanced by her virtues. This had been the redeeming point in his life, and taking himself as an infallible test, he too rashly concluded that a similar experiment would be attended with a like result—forgetting altogether that there are some natures so framed as to be incapable of amendment when they have once fallen.

When Orsini entered the presence of Rigondi, that noble, with his accustomed courtesy, handed a chair to his visitor. After a minute's pause, he said :

"You wished to see me upon a matter affecting my honor. I await your pleasure."

With an affectation of candor altogether foreign to his nature, the marquis replied :

"I am a straightforward man, count, and although I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance, I made bold to intrude, hoping the important nature of my visit would excuse my trusting it to a written communication."

Rigondi regarded Orsini with a look of scrutiny, for which his visitor was prepared, and inclined his head.

"I know you will naturally doubt what I tell you, but I am armed with such evidence that even disbelief must succumb."

"Marquis, I must beg you will waive all preface, and let me know the purport of this visit."

"I am only doing to you what I should expect you, as a gentleman, would do for me—save you from dishonoring the noble name of Rigondi."

"I am able to defend my own honor," answered Rigondi. "Pray proceed."

"You are about to wed a lady upon whom, I think, I have prior claims," was Orsini's cool reply.

"Prior claims!—whom do you mean?"

"The Lady Fiorante."

The count sprang to his feet.

"Dare you asperse that name?"

"No; I asperse her not. I mean to say that, like yourself, I was fascinated by her, and under the momentary delusion I offered her my hand, but, thank my saint, I found out my mistake."

PENT UP IN THE CITY.

"Marquis," said Rigondi, in a voice almost inarticulate with passion, "this is my roof, or you had never lived to finish the sentence; but——"

With affected sorrow and compassion Orsini replied:

"I am not surprised at your indignation. When we have elevated a woman into a goddess, we do not like to have the halo stripped off. Nay, be patient. I am a Roman noble, and ready to prove my assertion, or," touching the hilt of his sword, "abide the consequences."

The count was speechless with astonishment. The marquis took advantage of this, and continued:

"You know her handwriting? Behold the proofs!"

As he said this, he carelessly threw down on the table before him several of Fiorante's letters.

"Shall I read them to you, or will it be less torture for you to read them yourself?"

With a face whiter than alabaster, the count mechanically took one of them up and steadfastly regarded the address. Orsini gazed on him with a look of fiendish triumph.

"There is no mistake on my part," said he. "You are now, I trust, convinced."

Rigondi looked at the writing on the outside, and turned them over. They had been sealed with the little signet-ring he knew so well, and the sight of which had once been so precious to him.

After a pause, as though it required a great effort to know the worst, he opened one of the letters and read it. A sigh of relief escaped him, for he saw in it nothing but the coldest possible acknowledgment of some little birthday gift.

"There does not seem much tenderness in this, nor does it bear out your boast. If you have nothing more to impart, I wish you a good-day, marquis."

Orsini looked grimly at him, and then said, in a jesting tone of voice:

"You are not convinced! What would convince you?"

"Not such commonplace notes as these, Marquis Orsini."

"Your incredulity provokes me. Listen, count. We are both men of the world. Let us make this a matter of a little wager between us. I will wager you five hundred ducats, that if you will meet me to-night at the porch of Santa Maria, say at ten, you will yourself renounce your paragon."

Rigondi's face was ashen pale with passion. It required all his habitual self-command to prevent him from at once giving his visitor some deadly affront, to provoke a mortal combat on the spot. Then his jealousy counseled forbearance. At length he said, in a voice almost choked with emotion:

"Marquis Orsini, you have proposed a dangerous wager

FIORANTE. —"FIORANTE RUSHED BETWEEN, AND RECEIVED THE BLOW INTENDED FOR HER LOVER IN HER OWN BREAST. WITH HIS BELOVED CLASPED BY HIS LEFT ARM, RIGONDI SENT HIS SWORD RIGHT TO THE VILLAIN'S HEART."— SEE PAGE 482.

for one, and, perhaps, for both. I will accept the proposition. If she is base enough to meet you, as you boast, I shall consider you as one who has saved me from inflicting a stain upon the unsullied escutcheon of the Rigondi. If you are trifling with me, and have slandered the lady, no cave on earth is deep enough to hide you from my vengeance."

Orsini smiled carelessly, and said:

"Then, at ten to-night, at the porch of Santa Maria, we shall meet again. Adieu, count; you will not forget."

Bowing with good-humored nonchalance, he quitted the apartment, humming a favorite barcarole.

When Rigondi was left alone, it seemed as though the great solid earth on which he had stood had suddenly given way. That Fiorante should have kept him in ignorance of her engagement with the marquis was, to a certain extent, excusable, though even in that case it showed a concealment almost amounting to culpability; but that when he had asked her, with all a lover's jealous exclusiveness, if she had ever loved before, she should solemnly deny it! This denial was not only fatal to her veracity, but even threw a doubt upon her virtue.

The handwriting of the letters was evidently hers, and, although they were couched in cautious phraseology, yet they acknowledged gifts such as lovers bestow on each other. Even this was not direct evidence of guilt, although of undoubted weakness; but that she should meet a discarded suitor at night, and alone, proclaimed her to be unworthy of all future trust.

Amid this storm of indignation and sorrow there would steal the almost despairing hope that the nocturnal interview might be an artful scheme of Orsini—one that he might have arranged with one of his abandoned female friends, who was to personate Fiorante.

The bare idea that one whom he had wooed for his bride should ever have been thrown in contact with such a *roué* as Orsini, was torture to the sensitive heart of Rigondi, as to know him was, in the severe morality of the count, a degradation in itself.

Lost in these conflicting moods, he remained till the hour arrived at which to meet the marquis. When he had got within a short distance of the church he stopped to observe if any passers-by were near, but it seemed as though the city was buried in the profoundest repose.

As he reached the porch the bells of Florence clanged the hour of ten. As the last sound vibrated through the moonlight, the marquis came forth from the gloom of the porch, saying:

"You are punctual, count; but come out of the full moonlight into the shade, or the fair lady will see you and retrace her steps. Our agreement was that you were to remain concealed—all the better to assure yourself that it was the Lady Fiorante. Ladies are very quick in discerning the figures of their gallants, and your plumed cap will be no bad signal to warn her."

"Peace, irreverent jester!" replied the count, walking out of the moonlight into the gloom of the porch. "I will fulfill all I promised you—and more; for if I find you have belied the lady, I will call you to a strict account, and, if such a thing be possible, disgrace you in the eyes of all Florence!"

"Tush!" replied Orsini, with a scornful laugh—"one adventure at a time. When this is through I will humor your fancy any way you please, but I demand your silence. In such still streets, in the hush of night, our voices may be heard far off, and frighten the fair Fiorante away from her promise."

Rigondi's brow darkened to hear that still to him sacred name thus profaned by the lips of such a man as Orsini, but he restrained himself. After a few minutes' pause, which seemed to his galled spirit far longer than it was, he said, in a low tone:

"She does not come—nor will she. Fool that I was to think that a high-born maiden would meet the most tainted man in Florence!"

"I will return your compliments another time," said the marquis, in a bitter tone; "but retire, I hear footsteps."

A cold shudder ran through Rigondi's frame as he detected the faint echo of light footsteps on the marble path which led to the porch. A faint hope still glimmered through his despair that it was all a trick, and he resolved, should the faintest doubt remain on his mind, to discover who she was that dared to personate the Lady Fiorante.

In his anxiety to see the advancing figure, the count was about to step out; but he was restrained by Orsini, who said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Your oath! Are you afraid to wait the hazard of the die?"

"I want to see if it is her figure," replied the count.

"Be patient; you know her voice, do you not? But if you regard your oath you will retire to the gloom of yonder pillar. You can then hear all we say. If you fail to recognize her voice, brand me before all Tuscany."

Half stifled with rage and grief, the count walked to the spot intimated, and awaited the event that was to decide his fate.

With his usual cunning, Orsini had placed the count where he could recognize the voice but not the words, and most artfully had the arch plotter arranged the short colloquy that was to ensue between him and his victim.

The footsteps grew nearer and nearer.

The count was wrong. The figure so carefully disguised was Fiorante.

In a soft, almost reverential voice, Orsini murmured:

"You have come, dear lady! Pardon the trouble I have given you in compelling you to come in person; never again shall I see you. Whatever I am now, I have been a Roman noble. You never knew how much I loved you; I loved you when I first saw you—I love you now; I——"

"Signor," said Fiorante, in a tremulous voice, "I came not to listen to this—our business must be transacted in one minute. I want the portrait and the letters. You are a bad, bold man, but I think not altogether lost to honor—to manhood. Here is the gold—I trust you with that. Now for my letters and portrait."

As she said this she handed to him the purse containing the stipulated sum.

"Dear and most honored lady," replied the marquis, taking the proffered purse, "I never again shall see you—to-night, when I leave you, I depart for another land—never again to see you. Fiorante, dear Fiorante," and here he raised his voice—"think of our past endearments; and when you think of me, think of one who will never forget the tenderness you have lavished upon him. One embrace before we part for ever."

As the marquis uttered these words, he put his arm around Fiorante and tried to draw her to him.

Her instinctive purity defeated his plan. With a loud voice, she cried:

"Liar and villain! unhand me, or I will arouse all Florence with my cries!"

Rigondi's rage and impatience could not be restrained. It was the voice of Fiorante—it roused his heart. He cared not how far she had wronged him by concealing the fact of her previous engagement with the marquis. He loved her—it was her voice; and drawing his sword, he rushed into the bright light of the moon.

What met his sight inflamed him into madness. The marquis had got his arm around Fiorante, for in the struggle her mantle had fallen off, and the beautiful—now pallid beneath the moonlight—maiden of Florence, Fiorante, stood before him.

The first impulse of Rigondi was to send his sword through the villain's heart; but that instinct which ever waits upon the true gentleman stayed his hand in mid volley, and, drawing back, he cried:

"I see all now—a trick, oh, matchless villain! Draw and defend yourself—one dies to-night!"

The marquis disengaged himself from Fiorante, and unsheathing his sword, rushed at Rigondi. Both were perfect masters of their weapons, and for a few seconds the stillness of the night was broken only by the sharp clash of their swords. The coolness of Orsini was gaining a decided advantage over his impetuous antagonist, which was nearly becoming decisive, for Rigondi stumbled and fell on one knee. Orsini was about to close upon him, when Fiorante rushed between, and received the blow intended for her lover in her own breast. With a low groan she sank to the ground. Rigondi, regaining his feet, with his beloved clasped by his left hand, sent his sword right to the villain's heart, who, as he fell, exclaimed:

"Curses on the girl, I am slain!"

Throwing down his weapon, the count knelt beside the wounded lady, saying:

"Rise, my Fiorante; I see all now. Let me lead you hence!"

"Rigondi, it is too late—I am near my last home, alas! Judge me not harshly—my life is ebbing fast. I came here to get back some letters which, at the bidding of my father, I had written to that bad man, who has persecuted me by cruel threats that he would tell you. He forced me to come here, promising that he would leave Florence for ever."

And then in broken accents she told him all.

Leaning her head on the heart of her affianced, she feebly said:

"I always loathed that man, but he has gone to be judged for all his evil deeds. You think me good and faithful—do you not, Rigondi?"

"As an angel in heaven!" replied the count. "But let me raise you, and—courage!—all will yet be well."

"All is well!" was her scarcely articulate answer—"all is well, my own Rigondi. You love me and believe me!"

A faint sigh, and the soul of the beautiful and pure-hearted woman was with the saints.

DEBBY'S WASH-TUB.

Debby was standing by the garden-gate, her brown right hand shading her eyes from the Autumn sunshine, and a frown of perplexity on her comely face.

"Why, Bess," she said, turning to her little daughter, who lay on the grass beside her, playing with the twins, "Mary bides too long. I fear thy grandmother is ill again, else she should be here now."

Bess looked up, her merry freckled face composed and sobered in her desire to afford her mother sympathy, and puckered with her puzzled inability to throw any light on the matter.

"Bess," continued her mother, after a minute's silent gazing down the dusty lane and across the flat country to the wide fens, and distant line of blue sea beyond them, and round again westward to the gently swelling undulations—for lack of higher, called hills—which rose behind the cottage and its half-acre of garden ground—"Bess, I'll go myself there; mayhap Mary is idling by the way, or else the mother may have taken a bad turn—anyhow, I'd best go; if father comes in before I'm back, get his supper for him, my woman, and put the babes to bed. I'll be home by darkling, anyway."

Bess drew herself up, and promised to be a faithful housekeeper during her mother's absence; then, having received full directions as to "father's supper," she drew the twins into her lap, and sat talking to them and watching her mother's trim figure as she crossed the stubble-fields and finally disappeared in a green lane which skirted the nearest slope.

Soon she put the fat, rosy babies down on the grass, and giving them some daisies to play with, she went on with the work in which she had been helping her mother. They had been busy since dinner-time wringing out a twisted pile of white clothes from two large wash-tubs standing out on the grass. The clothes were not only finer in quality, but exceeded in quantity, what Debby's little household required, for she was a laundress.

In the beginning of the week, as usual, her husband had driven into the village and brought out her washing, whereupon she and Mary, a young neighbor whom she got in to help her, had set to work and washed all in the first day, and now, on the second, little Bess found herself left in command of the two great tubs, one piled high with snowy coils of linen ready for bleaching, while the other was half full of clothes waiting to be wrung out.

Bess set to work valiantly, twisting and twirling as her mother did; but in spite of her efforts it began to grow dark and cold before the tub was nearly empty, and she debated in herself whether she should finish them all, or carry in what were ready, and put the twins to bed.

She decided upon the latter plan as being the most prudent; besides that, her little arms were red and aching painfully from the unusually hard work.

It took many little journeys before all the clothes were carried in, and the big tub stood empty on the grass, even then too heavy for her to drag into the cottage.

The other, half full of water and steeping clothes, she left as it was. Meanwhile she had carried the two little brothers into the warm, firelit kitchen, while she finished putting the clothes away.

When her story was heard eagerly by her mother and father, and many a one besides—when every event of that long, lonely evening, and still longer, lonelier night, was fraught with deep interest for all connected with her—Bess recalled a number of little things she had scarcely noticed at the time.

It was just after sundown, she said, that she first noticed the bells. She had often listened at the gate to the full-toned chimes from St. Enoch's belfry, and then, when they died away, run in to tell her mother to expect father now; for he always came home just after the bells stopped.

On this particular evening she had given the babies their supper, and tucked them into their big cot-bed. They were sleepy and needed no rocking, so there was perfect silence when the bells struck up. Bess ran out to the gate to listen to them, and she often described the cool darkness, and the heavy sweet smell from the clove-pinks and bushy gillyflowers under the kitchen-window, wafted to her as she leaned on the low gate, in a peace and quiet which was suddenly broken; for the bells, instead of chiming out, over and over again, the quaint measure whose words she had so often murmured to herself, and sung to the babies—

"Lord, through this night
Be still our light,
With Thy strong arm
Shield us from harm".

DEBBY'S WASH-TUB.—"IT WAS VERY COLD AND DARK, AND EVERYTHING WENT AWAY BUT THE LAPPING AND SPLASHING OF THE WATER ROUND THE TUB."—SEE PAGE 487.

instead of their wonted chime, the bells clashed wildly, as if in terrible confusion, and were answered by storm-bells from the watch-towers along the shore, and then the clanging fire-bell in the town-house, with its long, slow notes, which little Bess remembered, for it had rung the Winter before when the parsonage went on fire.

What could it all mean? She could not understand, as she swung gently and slowly backward and forward on the gate, and looked out into the dark and moonless night for some sight of her father. Surely he wouldn't be long, now—oh, why didn't mother come, or Mary?—it was so very late to stay away like this! Surely some one would come; and her lips quivered as she looked out into the field through which her mother had passed.

As she waited on, not feeling the damp dews falling thick on the grass, and the cold Autumn night breeze, new sights and sounds struck her with astonishment and uneasy fears. First she saw a very bright blaze dart up from one of the watch-towers on the sea-wall, and when she tried to make out whether it was the tower of which her father was day watchman, two more blazed forth to the south of it. Her heart beat quick as the terrible meaning of the beacon-lights flashed upon her. Had the dikes given way?

Even while she stood trembling and not knowing what to do, a dull noise like very distant thunder smote her dazed senses. It came near, a roaring, rushing, tearing sound, broken now and then by a crash as of some building falling, or what seemed the cry of many voices, only confused, and so far away!

Now little Bess began to take in what the bells and the beacons meant, and looked the danger in the face. In those olden days, to a child born and bred on the seacoast of Lincolnshire, such dangers could not be unknown. Every village, almost every family, had its traditional histories of the floods of this year and that, when various thrilling escapes had been made, and these narratives were invariably prefaced with true and thrilling accounts of how the belfries rocked again, and the beacon-fires blazed high to warn the country folk.

So she realized, with a strange thrill of awe, what the danger was. Already she fancied she could see, by the faint remaining twilight, the steel-gray waters creeping over the drained meadows on this side of the river, and now—and now, her straining eyes *could* see a dark heaving something, just curled with white, stretching across the river like a wall, and seeming higher as it approached.

Just for a moment, when she fairly made out the shadowy terror, poor little Bess felt cold and sick with fear. She held tightly on to the top bar of the gate, and called, "Mother! mother!" but her own voice startled her, it sounded so strange in the darkness, and she dared not break the silence again. Little use if she had, poor child! there was no one to hear her call. But she felt, as she took in the sense of their danger, that there was not an instant to be lost.

In virtue of her twelve years, poor little woman, she had been intrusted with the care of her little brothers, and she bethought herself how to save them. She knew that their only deliverance lay in a boat; but what boat would come to them, so far out of the way? She also knew that the greatest danger lay in the cottage itself, for, even though, by climbing on tables and shelves, she managed to keep above the water, yet if—as was more than likely—the flood were to undermine the cottage walls, and they should fall, there would be no hope of escape.

So she set her little brains to work to think of some substitute for the unattainable boat; she had heard of a boy floating for a whole night on the top of his mother's kitchen dresser, but she knew she had not strength to drag theirs out of the house. She turned to the open door, through

which the warm, friendly light of the fire came flickering and cheering the desolate little heart.

She was on her way in, to see what other things might serve her need, when she tripped against, and almost fell into, the big washing-tub which she had just emptied. As she picked herself up a sudden bright idea seized her, and she scrambled into it. Yes, plenty of room; she could hold the poor little twins in her arms and keep them warm; there was a little water in the bottom of the tub, only a little, and she would put a blanket in to keep them dry. A cheerful feeling came to her in the hope of deliverance, although by means so untried and indirect.

It was well for her, poor little girl, that she was ignorant of the dangerous current running in the river—that, although the waters would in all probability carry the tub inland, yet very soon after the tide turned, which would be about ten—it was about eight now—there would be an ebb of the flood, and the poor little ship, with its precious freight, would be hurried into the general stream, and probably be dashed to pieces against some ruin in the way. Of course, they might be found and rescued ere long, but little Bess had not even pictured this to herself, her one thought being to take the first, and, as she thought, the only, means that lay in her power.

Then she turned into the kitchen, and put on the babies' hoods and wrapped knitted shawls round them. They were very sleepy, and lay quiet in their cot again, while she carried out a pillow and some bread-and-milk in a basin which they had left from their supper. First she put in a blanket to line the new cradle, and then the other things.

Already she heard the water swishing in the grass of the meadow between them and the river. There was not a minute to spare; she ran into the kitchen, and catching up a baby, carried him gently out and laid him on the pillow; then back for the other. They stirred a little, missing their warm nest, but she was not long in shutting the cottage-door, to keep out the waters, and the wicket-gate, to keep themselves in as long as might be; then she clambered into the tub, and seating herself with the two babies on her knees, she drew the hanging ends of the blanket over and round them, and had scarcely done so when a little rush of water and a splash on the side of the tub told her that her preparations had not been made a moment sooner than was needful.

The little brothers were only half awake, and soon slept again, as she had tried to sing to them. She did remember, as the words "Shield us from harm" passed her lips, how grandmother had told her that our Father which is in heaven was with people here, too, and even children who wanted Him to take care of them, and she hoped He was beside her in the dark, to take care of her and the little ones all alone on the water; for the water was rising, rising round her, and she felt the tub move a little to one side, and then, losing hold of the bottom altogether, it was right up, floating along, hurried by the turbulent waters over the top of the low gate and out of sight of the cottage. Now Bess began to feel the strength of the current, although they were not in the centre, where she could see and hear it running like a mill-race.

One of the babies was wakened by an angry little dash of water which fell on its face. Bess comforted it as well

"TRUE BLUE."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 491.

as she could, and in her anxiety to reach the bread-and-milk, in the hope of quieting it before the other wakened, she started hastily forward, not knowing how this would destroy the balance of the unwieldy boat; it ducked forward with her movement, and she saw, or, rather, felt, in the darkness, the cold, muddy water lipping up to the very edge of the vessel.

Sick with fright and this new danger, little Bess tried hard for a while to carry her head straight and sit bolt upright in the tub, but at last she gave up the effort—a dull, dreamy feeling had been creeping over her, and she could no longer keep her head up—she felt herself sinking back, and the babies slipping from her grasp, and then she forgot where she was.

She was dimly conscious for a minute of being very, very tired, of hearing the babies crying somewhere near, but she could not reach them. Then came voices and a blaze of light, and all the time a loving voice called, "Bess! my little Bessie!" and she was going to say, "Yes, mother!" but her voice would not make any sound, and she could not lift her head. So she just lay still, and felt the tears running down her cheeks, and oh, she wanted *so* much to go to her mother! but she couldn't rise, and it was very cold and dark, and everything went away but the lapping and splashing of the water round the tub.

* * * * * * *

Don't you know the end of my story? How the boat came alongside of the tub, and the two rough sailors who were rowing were filled with compassion when they saw the pitiful crew it contained?—the two wailing babies and the white, still face of the little girl, tear-stained and as pale as death; her cold limbs cramped, that the babies might be safe and comfortable.

And when John Grey and Debby found the children they had gone out to seek floating to them over the flood, yet alive, John handed the babies to their mother, and clasped his little daughter to his heart. Her mother called her by name, lovingly and passionately, but the white lips did not move nor the tired eyes open.

It did not take long for them to reach the grandmother's cottage on the hill, and there every loving attention was paid to little Bess. And at last the warmth and sweet rest seemed to thaw her cold limbs, and the stiffness relaxed, the faint pulse grew stronger and her lips quivered. She opened her eyes and saw her mother, and managed to whisper the words she had for so long tried to say, "Yes, mother!"

When she had slept and eaten some breakfast, her father took her on his knee for a little, before crossing the wasted fields to see whether the cottage stood, and every one told their story—Debby, how she had sent Mary home when she found her mother too ill to be left, and how wretched she was when the alarm was raised and she could not go to her darlings. Then John told how, just as he had taken his last outlook and was inspecting the sluices, fearing that the rising storm and Spring tide might overstrain them, one of the men under him came rushing, with pallid lips, to tell how the wall had given way, midway between them and the next town on the north. Crash after crash followed, and it was impossible to make any defense.

The water rose higher and higher round the tower, and with some trouble they got their two boats clear and hurried toward the town. Here John was delayed for a time in aiding the many terror-stricken people, who called from windows and the roofs of some of the lower houses for aid. After several journeys backward and forward to the town-house, whose upper story was high enough, in all likelihood, to escape flooding, he at last steered for his own little home.

There all was dark, and no one to be seen nor any light, for the creeping waters had put out the fire. He flashed his lantern-light in at the window, which was half submerged, and not seeing any sign of wife or child, he concluded they had escaped in time to the house on the hill. Here he found his wife, and it may be imagined with what anxious hearts they went out together to seek and to find their precious children.

"Bessie," said her grandmother from the bed where she had been lying listening to all their talk, "thee'll not forget, anyhow, that though the waves of the sea be mighty, yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier."

"No, grannie," said little Bess, "I'll never forget that."

GREENLANDER HARPOONING A NARWHAL.

THE Greenlander hails with delight the advent of the narwhal, or beaked whale, not only for its value to him in affording oil, a choice meat and valuable ivory, but also because it is the precursor of the Greenland whale.

The name narwhal is Norse, and describes the strange mammal of which our engraving gives a correct delineation. The animal is about sixteen or eighteen feet in length; the head is round and convex in front; the lower jaw has no teeth, but from the upper spring two small, hollow tusks, which are seldom developed in females, and only the left one in the male, although they are occasionally found with two. This horn is long, spiral and tapering, attaining occasionally a length of eight or ten feet. It consists of a fine, solid ivory. It seems, like the horns of some animals, a mere ornament of the male, and at times a weapon of offense. Herds of them are sometimes seen fencing with each other with these spears.

In olden times, great virtues were attributed to narwhal ivory, and a cup made of it was supposed to be proof against poison; and, from its fine texture, it was much used for ornamental purposes. The Danish Kings boasted of a throne made of narwhal ivory; and the Greenlanders put it to many uses—among others, making harpoon-heads, so that one dies by the spear of one of his fellows.

The eyes of the narwhal are placed in a line with the opening of the mouth, at the distance of thirteen or fourteen inches from the snout, and are small, being about an inch in diameter. The spiracle, or blow-hole, is a single orifice of a semicircular form, on the top of the head, directly over the eyes. The fins, or flippers, are about fourteen or fifteen inches long, and from six to eight broad, their situation on the sides of the animal being at one-fifth of its length from the snout. The breadth of the tail is from fifteen to twenty inches. There is no dorsal-fin, but a sharp ridge runs down the centre of the back, the edge of which is generally found to be rough and worn, as if by rubbing against the ice.

Crantz describes the narwhal as being black; it is only in young specimens that this color can be said to prevail. At an early age, the narwhal is blackish-gray on the back, with numerous darker spots and markings running into each other, forming a general dusky-black surface. The sides are almost white, with dusky and more open markings; the under surface is white. In adult specimens, the ground-color of the back is yellowish-white, with markings varying from dark-gray to dusky-black, and of a roundish or oval figure, with interspaces of white or yellowish-white between them. The skin resembles that of the common Greenland whale (*Balæna mysticetus*), but is thinner. The female narwhal produces a single young one at a birth, which she nourishes with milk for several months; the teats are situated near the origin of the tail.

To the rapidity, the great powers, and the ferocity of the narwhal when attacked, many writers have borne testimony. Its form is admirably adapted for cleaving the waters, and we can well believe that the shock of its weapon, driven full-tilt against an enemy, must produce a terrible effect. The ribs of the stoutest boat would be transfixed by dint of such a blow, far more easily than was ever shield by the lance of knight in battle or tournament. Several instances have, indeed, been known in which the animal has plunged his weapon deep into the thick oak timbers of a ship, when it has, fortunately, snapped short, the fragment remaining fixed in the orifice, so as to plug it up.

It is probably only in defense of the females and their young—unless, indeed, when attacked himself—that the male narwhal thus rushes against ships or boats; for we utterly discredit the usual accounts of its causeless and indiscriminate attacks upon any object which approaches within its range. Doubtless, when wounded and harassed, it becomes desperate; and its power, its velocity and weapon combine to render it formidable.

The narwhal is gregarious, associating in troops of from six or eight to twenty or more; and numbers are often seen clustered together, both in the open sea and in bays and inlets free from the ice, forming a compact phalanx, moving gently and slowly along. Under such circumstances, the independent movements of each individual are necessarily embarrassed, so that a considerable slaughter may be easily effected among them.

When attacked at such a time, the hind ranks, instead of turning against their assailants, press upon those before, sliding their long weapons over the glossy backs of their leaders, and all becomes disorder and confusion. Opportunities of this kind are welcome to the Greenlanders, to whom the narwhal is an important animal.

Independently of the oil, which the narwhal yields in considerable quantity and of excellent quality, the flesh is much esteemed by these people as food, and eaten both fresh and in a dried and smoked state, being prepared over the fire of their huts. The tendons of the muscles are useful in the preparation of thin but tough cordage; and Duhamel states that several membranous sacs obtained from the gullet are made use of in fishing.

When struck by a harpoon, the narwhal dives with great velocity, and in the same manner as the whale, but not to the same extent. In general, it descends about 200 fathoms, and on returning to the surface is dispatched with a whale-lance without any difficulty. The blubber is about three inches in thickness, and affords about half a tun of oil.

"TRUE BLUE."

A NORTHEAST breeze has lashed to foam
Our broad expanse of sea;
The gulls toward their rocky home
On sweeping pinions flee;
And never a sail but dreads the gale,
Now strength'ning steadily.

Far from the shelter of the town,
A little lass and lad
Toward the shore come stealing down.
Why should a look so sad
Touch his sweet face with pensive grace,
And hers, which should be glad?

Ah! childhood is not always free
From pain and troublous care,
And many a cup of misery
Too oft the youthful share;
And sorrow's smarts have reached the hearts
Of that sweet, loving pair.

Among the rocks they rest anon
In silence; then the maid,
"Now, *you'll* not be a sailor, John,
And leave me?" softly said.
The wistful gaze she did upraise
More strong than language prayed.

"I would have been a sailor, Nell,
Had it not been for you.
Our father toiled both long and well
Upon the boundless blue;
And though he sleep five fathoms deep,
I'd be a sailor too!

"But mother told me as she lay
Upon her dying bed,
That I must keep by you alway,
And work for you, she said,
When she was gone, and we alone,
And win you honest bread.

"And I will work for you, my dear;
I'm old enough to learn
The way to do it, never fear—
Why look with such concern?
I'll keep you, Nell, right brave and well,
And bring you all I earn.

"Our mother said I e'er should lend
The sailor in distress
The help that I would give a friend,
And deem him nothing less:
Such acts of love would life improve,
And Heaven our days would bless.

"So, Nell, when I grow big and strong,
I hope I may be brave;
For I would join that manly throng,
Who, daring wind and wave,
Are ready aye, by night and day,
To succor and to save.

"And so, my dear, I shall obey
Our mother's last command,
For I shall keep by you alway,
Yet have a helping hand
Ready to lend that hapless friend,
Whose bark may get astrand."

GIUSEPPINA, THE HEROINE OF SICILY.

ONE of the most romantic instances of feminine bravery on record was shown during the Sicilian insurrection. Giuseppina—ever afterward known as Sicily's Heroine—having fought in the bloody battle of Catania the whole day with a naked sword, seeing that, unless an extraordinary effort were made, the day would be lost, rushed to the artillery, and, with a torch burning in her hand, cannonaded the enemy with an air of boldness that might have done credit to an ancient warrior.

Our engraving represents her in the act of applying the match, and awaiting the result of her deed with a marvelous calmness and self-possession.

THE VALLEY OF ANGROGNA.

THE Waldensian valleys are now easily accessible from Turin by a railway to Pignerol, whence a road, traversed by a diligence daily, takes the traveler to La Tour, the capital of the district. It is situated at the entrance of the Valley of Luserna or Val Pellice to the left, and of Angrogna to the right. Beyond Angrogna, and parallel with

it, but separated by a range of heights, is the Valley of Perouse, from which opens the Valley of St. Martin. Beyond are the French valleys. The present extent of the Waldensian valleys is about twenty-two miles in the greatest length, by eighteen miles in breadth. They include a population of 20,000, amongst whom about 3,000 Roman Catholics are dispersed.

Even apart from the stirring historical associations which make every spot memorable, the home of the Vaudois well deserves and repays a visit. Nowhere in the Alps is there to be found a more glorious combination of richness and beauty in the lower valleys, and wild magnificence and sublimity in the higher peaks and passes. Except at its upper extremity, the mountains of the Val Angrogna are covered, up to their very summits, with trees; bold masses of rock rising from out the foliage into splintered peaks. The lower portion has considerable patches of cultivated ground. The meadows are enameled with the white, sweet-scented narcissus, gleaming like pearls on green velvet. Above rise vineyards and little fields of rye or maize, intersected by mulberry-trees for the silkworm; while the dwellings of the peasant proprietors, with their overhanging roofs and rude verandas, rise amid the few acres they cultivate.

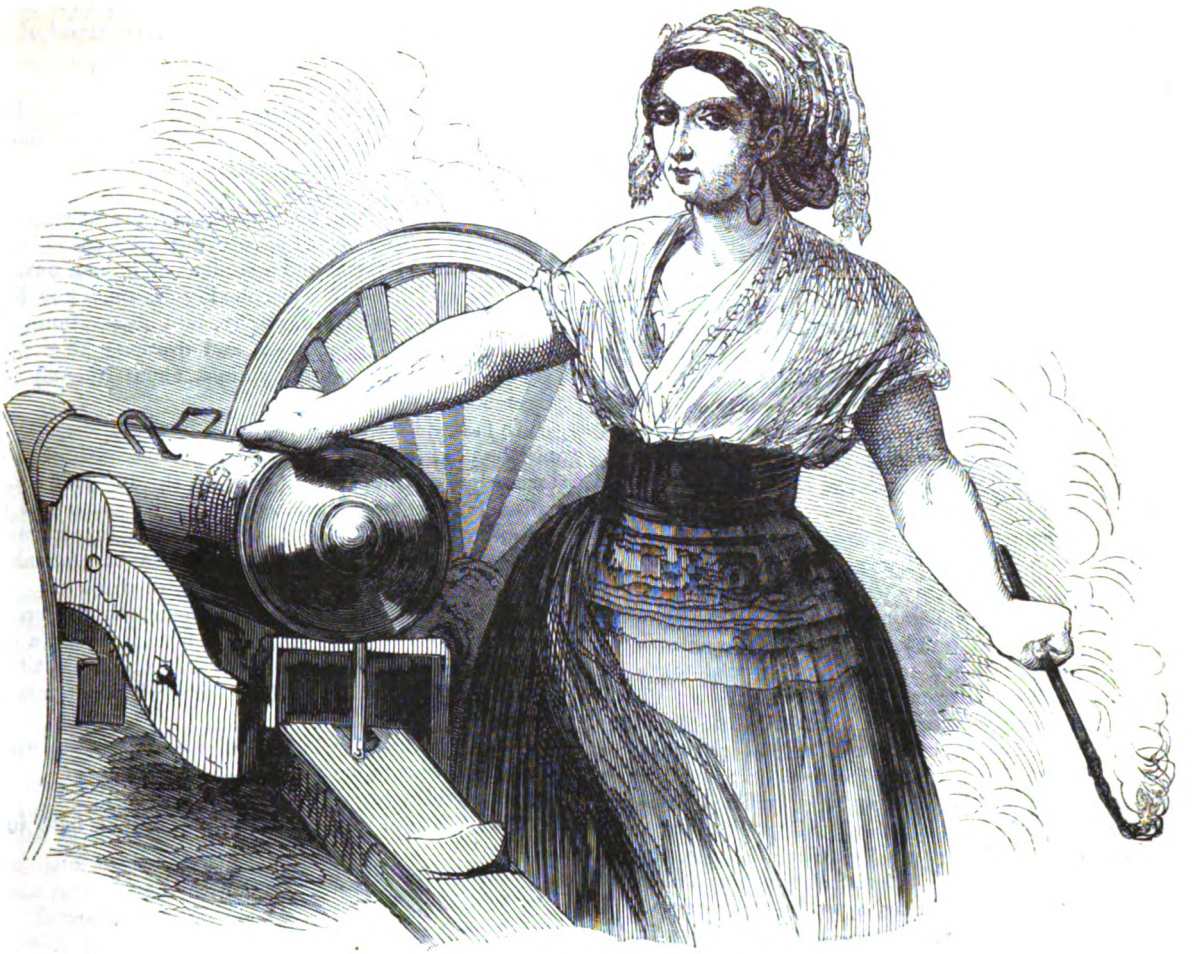
As the valley narrows, the path winds under cliffs, where saponaria and the rhododendron display their flowers, while moist nooks offer abundance of the Alpine auricula, and deep-blue gentian flowers. One cannot imagine a more delightful combination of wooded mountain, and nestling hamlets, and craggy peaks, and, far beyond, those dazzling snows which rise over all into the deep-blue sky. Angrogna is not only memorable for its scenery, but for its heroic defense by the Vaudois.

THE VALLEY OF ANGROGNA.—SEE PAGE 491.

UNDER THE CULVERT.

By C. Shackelford.

It was the best apartment at Lefevre's. The grand chandelier, whose hundreds of prisms had quivered with many a bacchanalian song, flooded with light a banquet-table gleaming with glass and silver-plate; and standing here and there, like inverted exclamation points in gold



GIUSEPPINA, THE HEROINE OF SICILY.—SEE PAGE 491.

and silver chokers, were long-necked bottles with martial mien and sides rich with the perfumed spirit of the grape.

Pictures like framed dreams hung against the crimson walls. White-robed waiters glided like Nubian ghosts about the room. Easy chairs, with downy depths and lethargic widths, were on duty for the night, and brought a week of rest within the compass of a few hours' weariness.

Luxury freighted the very air with its grandeur, and wealth weighed heavily upon the thickly carpeted floor.

In this little palace tipsily lolled no votaries of the "twice-born" Bacchus, but seven gray-headed, grizzle-bearded men grouped themselves around the table, sipping their wine like venerable sinners, and talking like great warriors of trade, whose wealth moved armies of men and fleets of ships.

It was a pleasant picture, with a homeliness about it that seemed out of place, so plain were the characters, so royal were their surroundings. But it was a *fête* to commemorate the sixty-fifth birthday of Solomon Clarke, merchant, as also the day which ended for ever his career as a man of business.

His was the feast, his the friends, filled with viands of Lefevre's best cooking, and giving lip devotion to the wine—friends whose footfalls had kept him close in view for years. They had come to eat, drink and be merry—as merry as old men make themselves—with their venerable co-worker, and to say *bon voyage* to him whose footsteps thereafter would be away from them and toward the grave.

They all knew it for their host, they all felt it for themselves, that from this night forth there would be a vacancy among them never to be filled. And when the eldest, a man of seventy, pledged the health of Mr. Clarke, and turned out a few fine sentences, the toast was tasted in silence, and the old men wondered a thousand things, and sat down again as solemnly as if the whole affair were a funeral ceremony.

"Thank you all, good friends, thank you!—thank you!" responded Mr. Clarke, nodding to them in turn. "I cannot make you a speech, because I am as scared as a schoolboy at the demand. I never was so frightened—excepting once. That was twenty years ago. And now that I have mentioned the matter, I see myself once more in that danger, though, good friends all, you are around me."

"A story!" "Tell it!" "Let us have it, Clarke!" came from the guests.

The old gentleman's face was whiter than usual as he brushed back his hair with one hand and pressed heavily upon the table with the other.

"It has been the poison of my life," he began, "this adventure you ask me to relate. I have kept it to myself always—always. But to-night—well, I don't know why, but you shall have a confession. Gentlemen, old-time companions, I believe I stand here to-night as a murderer."

At this announcement there were outcries of surprise from one or two; exclamations of "No!" "Impossible!" "You are joking!" came from others, while the rest looked at him with wide-staring eyes, as if they believed their aged acquaintance had suddenly gone crazy.

Then a painful silence reigned in the room, and even the waiters rested from their labors to note the quick change that had come upon the guests.

Clarke, with a twitching of his lips and an unusual quaver in his voice when he spoke, held himself erect, and repeated, as if it were an echo, the words:

"I believe I stand here to-night as a murderer."

A waiter, more intent upon the words and the scene than upon his duty, inclined his tray, and its load of wineglasses crashed upon the floor, as if to emphasize, unconsciously, the weird confession of the venerable merchant.

"Yet, my friends," continued Mr. Clarke, "I hope you will not, when I have told my story, think of me as one whose crime came through malice, for I have always thought myself more guilty in keeping silence for years instead of confessing, than guilty in the act committed. But of this you shall judge. If you will permit me, I will sit down, the story being a long one. Boys"—to the servants—"you will leave the room. We will call if anything is wanted.

"Twenty years ago I was a vagabond, idle, dissolute, friendless and penniless. I was a tramp, straggling from town to town, living by my wits and the absence of wits in others. I was never dishonest, save as to my time and abilities, whereof I defrauded myself. I never wronged a man knowingly. Luck seemed against me—that's all.

"It was against me from the moment I began life for myself until, twenty years ago, I shuffled into this city, clothed in rags from neck to toe. I've had luck since; it has brought us all together here to-night; but it comes late—late for myself, late for my wife, but not too late, I trust, for the good children who sit daily around my table. There's more luck in my good children, friends, than in all my other possessions. I feel that much as a blessing.

"But all this is wandering away from my crime. So let us go back twenty years, to a terribly hot day in August. All day long I had plodded along a dusty highroad in one of the southern counties of New York—what one I cannot tell, because I never knew—never asked to know.

"I had been on the move for a week steadily, looking for work, without finding it; sleeping in the hay at night; asking for my meals from charitable farmers. I was gray to my knees with dust, and my feet were so weary and sore that I could scarcely drag them after me.

"The sun was setting, and huge masses of black clouds were rolling up from the south, as I stood at a cross-road in the midst of a forest. Looking down the intersecting way at my right, I saw a man as mean and miserable in appearance as myself come limping forward. He seemed about my own age. Suffering was written in every line of his face, and shown in every motion of his body.

"'Good-evening,' I said, as he came up to me.

"'It promises to be a deucedly bad evening, if you'll allow me to express my opinion,' he replied, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead on his arm.

"As he did this, I noticed a bare streak of scalp, like a strip of yellow silk, that ran diagonally across the top of his head, as if he had been split asunder and badly stuck together again.

"He saw my glance and its object.

"'Mexican War,' he said, curtly, and put on his hat.

"'Look here!' I exclaimed, 'I'm lost. Can you point me out the way?'

"'Where ye goin'?'

"'To—to—— Well, I don't know.'

"And I didn't know, as I had no definite destination in view.

"'My fix exactly!' cried the stranger, laughing heartily. 'And I'm lost as well as yourself. How's that for two fools in a wood? Come, we need not be afraid of each other, I think, for I haven't a cent of money.'

"'Nor I,' was my response.

"'Very well; let us advance along this road. It will rain in less than an hour, and we must have shelter and get out of this wood as well.'

"'Agreed!'

"So we jogged along companionably, my new acquaintance, much to my surprise, proving very sociable, and, withal, a man of travel and a student of human nature, of which he was himself a perplexing lesson. For he was full of bits of quaint philosophy, odd observations about places and men he had seen, and dropped all along the road uncouthly expressed opinions about life and its requirements.

"In fact, he gave me but little occasion to speak, and only then to make answer to his questions. Night and the storm came on together as we went sturdily forward, and a dismal dusk enveloped us just as we came out upon a stretch of meadow-land with a little brook running through it, and at right angles a line of embankment that showed we had struck upon a railroad track.

"Close about a girdle of hills lifted their tree-crowned knobs; but not a house, a light, a human being, a living thing was visible. Nor was there a sound except that of our own voices, or the roar of thunder of the approaching storm.

"My fellow-traveler looked at me and tried to whistle. He stopped that to look in my face and remark:

"'Cheerful prospect!'

"'Yes,' I replied; 'and this road ends here in the meadow.'

"'Do you swear?' he asked, sadly.

"'Fluently,' I answered.

"'Then don't do so now.'

"A dash of rain came down like mimic shells of war, and sent the dust flying upward in thousands of little puffs. The forest behind us groaned. Flashes of lightning cut the skies like knives of fire. A gust of wind came out of the woods and went moaning down the valley.

"'We must run for shelter!' my companion exclaimed.

"'Shelter!' I cried. 'Where will you find it?'"

"*Under the culvert, you fool!*"

The little party to the supper all started from their seats. Somebody besides Mr. Clarke had spoken, and spoken with hysterical loudness. The story-teller paused, and looked at the gentleman at the end of the table—a tall, grave man, whose face was like a mourner's, and whose hair would have been gray if he had had any hair at all under his wig.

"You spoke, Mr. Friburt?" says Mr. Clarke, leaning anxiously forward.

"Did I?" asks Mr. Friburt. "I didn't know it."

"And," continued Mr. Clarke, "you said just the words my fellow-tramp said that night. How should you know?"

"Ah! how should I know?" Mr. Friburt answers. "I don't know. I saw the picture. I seemed to stand there with you; and I answered as I would have answered if I had really been there. I did not know I spoke, and you must pardon my interruption, though the words seem to have been rather strong in expression. Proceed, sir, please."

"That was a wonderful coincidence of utterance," says Mr. Clarke, continuing, after taking a swallow of wine. "I was standing again on the edge of the woods on that wild night, and right here in this room come to my ears,

as I tell the story, the very words given in answer to my question. I can understand why you spoke out, Mr. Friburt; but I am, nevertheless, a little shaken."

His voice was choked, and his hands trembled very plainly as he lifted his wineglass.

"Well," Mr. Clarke says, returning to his narrative, "we ran like deer to that culvert. It arched a brook that you could almost span with your fingers—a tiny thread of water, whose purling music could be heard above the voice of the storm. Add to that the songs of a colony of crickets, whose homes were in the grass-fringed crevices of the masonry. We could just stand upright in the culvert, and it was so wide that we could sit on either side of the brook without risk of wetting.

"Scarcely had we gained this hospitable shelter when the storm, so long threatening, burst upon us. In all my life, gentlemen, I have never seen the equal to it. The wind became a tornado, and whipped down the trees like corn-stalks. It tore through our refuge as if it would rend the rocks from their setting, and it took all our strength to save ourselves from being blown out and away from the culvert.

"In fact, we might have been forced out, had not some odd genius of a cattle-grazer nailed a few boards across the upper part of the culvert, in order, apparently, to keep his stock from crowding into so small a space. With the wind came rain in great sheets of water, looking by the flashes of lightning like a solid white wall, and hiding the woods from our eyes. While the storm was at its height a long train of freight-cars thundered over our heads, and at the same time we heard a strange sort of sound—a dull, heavy thud—for which we could not account. Meanwhile the little brook that ran through our retreat became swollen, and, overspreading its confines, so encroached upon our mound as to cause us to stand ankle-deep in the water. It was then that my companion, glancing out of the culvert in the direction whence we had come, exclaimed:

"'Good Lord deliver us! There is a lake on this side!'

"And I, peering over the boards at the other opening, cried out in alarm: 'There's a flood coming upon us. We are lost.' For, by the lightning, there was visible rolling down upon us a huge wave, as if a dam in the vicinity had been carried away, and the volume of water, unloosed, was advancing with a tremendous and resistless force. What to do, where to turn, how to escape, we knew not. The water suddenly rose to our arm-pits. Then we began to pray, or to try to pray. Think of us, gentlemen, two miserable vagabonds, useless to ourselves and the world, caught in a trap and trying to pray for life! Ever since that fearful night I have believed in the existence of a merciful God."

The old gentleman closed his eyes as if in prayer, and Mr. Friburt, at the end of the table, pushed back his chair, walked to the end of the room and back again with a nervous stride, muttering to himself as he walked, and then sat down again. Mr. Clarke resumed his narrative.

"'Look here, stranger,' said my consort, 'I think wadin' 'll help us more than prayer, just now, and we're losin' valuable time.'

"'But I can't swim,' I replied.

"'Nor I; but I'll try it.'

"I began to move forward to the mouth of the culvert, my hands upon the wall, and his hands upon my shoulders. We had not gone three steps when there was a crash and a roar, and I knew the torrent had crashed against the boards. I felt myself rising and floating rapidly along. A flash of lightning revealed within reach a projecting stone, and I grasped it with the clutch of death. At the same instant my companion seized me around the legs, and the fierce current at once swung him out at right angles. He pulled at me like a tug. A railroad tie was just over my head, and by a tremendous effort I managed to get my hands upon it. But my own weight with that of the man clinging to me weakened my hold. I could do nothing—neither save myself nor him. I told him so, told him that I must let go if he did not release me. But he clung to me, and begged me to save him for his wife, for his family, as I hoped to be saved now and hereafter. He pleaded for life as I hope never again to hear a man plead. It was a question whether both should be drowned or I should be saved. The water was rising rapidly, and increasing in rapidity. Twice one of my hands slipped from its hold as our bodies were swinging from side to side; and, finally, a floating fence-rail struck me in the side, knocking the breath out of my body, and making me cry out with pain. Again I beseeched the man clinging to me to let go and take his chances, but he would make no effort. What could I do, I ask you, under these terrible circumstances?"

Scarcely had the question left his lips, when once more the sepulchral voice of Friburt answered from the end of the table:

"Kick him in the face, and let him help himself, to sink or swim, float or drown. You did perfectly right, sir."

With a ghastly look upon his face, Mr. Clarke rose to his feet, and leaning over the table, stared, in apparent affright, at Friburt.

"Great heavens!" he exclaims. "How should you know? I have not said what I did!"

"Quite true," answers Friburt, coolly, in his deep monotone; "but any one can see that you had no other way of escape, and besides, that you are here to-night. I only answer your question."

"True, quite true!" sighed Clarke, sinking back to his seat. "But you answer as the dead man would answer if he were here to-night. My friends, I did kick that poor man in the face. I dashed him from his hold! *I murdered him!* (There! don't disturb me!—wait till I finish!) With a wild cry of agony, a man's shriek of despair, he threw up his arms. I saw it all by a flash of lightning—his body tumbling in the raging waters, his face spotted with blood from the cuts made by my boots, yet blue-white with fear, and the light from the angry skies above. Then he was gone for ever. It is a picture that is never out of my sight, even when I sleep. I have seen it many a day and night for twenty years."

The old man covered his face with his hands, and, for a minute, his body trembled like a leaf in the wind. His friends regarded him with looks of compassion, but said nothing.

When he did look up there was no sign of what he had suffered, save that his face was more aged, his mouth severer in its setting, his hands more trembling.

"This sight of my murdered victim so unmanned me," he begins again, in a lower voice, "that I lost my grip upon the beam, and dropped into the flood. But the Lord saved me, for before I had floated six feet I caught in the top of an overthrown tree. Thence, creeping and walking along the trunk, I touched the land back of the stone wall of the culvert. Here the water and the passing train had washed and shaken out a lot of dirt, leaving a gulley, into which I crawled, wet and slimy though it was, and lay down for rest. About five feet above me was the track; on one side the wall of the culvert, on the other a declivity of sand; at my feet the roaring water. I was in a fissure, the walls of which were steep, and, as I thought,

safe, as the storm seemed to be lessening. The flashes of lightning were less frequent, and between rifts in the flying clouds were strips of silver moonlight. I rejoiced at my security. I mourned over the act I had committed. The cries of my victim still rung in my ears, and, now that I was in safety, it seemed as if I might easily have saved his life. But I had no time to dwell upon my troubles, for, in a breath, the bed of sand upon which I rested began to move. Looking down, I could just discern a widening stream of water at the base of the bank, and on a line with the place where I sat came a gush of water that grew larger as I looked. The uprising lake above the culvert had touched a new point of weakness, and was bursting through the embankment underneath the track. I had barely time to get on my knees when the undermined slope of sand began to slide, and to slide faster than I could crawl upward. Then commenced a fight for life to which the struggle under the culvert was mere play. It lasted not more than a minute, thank heaven! but during that minute I suffered more mental agony than I expect ever to endure again.

"It was the condensation of a lifetime of misery. I crawled; I jumped—I almost flew up that descending plane. I plunged my feet and arms into the shifting sands, only to find myself dragged by an irresistible power toward the bottom, the water, and to death.

"As I have said, the struggle lasted not more than a minute. Then my feet suddenly became immovably fixed—held as if in a vise. I no longer descended; neither did I mount. The sand and water filled in around me. They crept toward my waist with the coldness of death.

"I shrieked—I cursed. I tore my clothing to tatters, and grew maudlin with fear. The fate of my companion was a luxury compared with the one I was slowly enduring.

"The storm having ceased, the silence became appalling. There was no sound save that of far-away thunder and the sullen roar of the torrent, not twenty feet from my place of imprisonment. Still the heavy death-flood crept up my body. It encircled my waist; it compressed my chest; it took me by the throat.

"Then I gave up hope of life. My arms, upstretched above my head, fell flat upon the mire in which I was immersed; my eyes closed; my lips, almost laved by the sands, opened no more in prayer or cry, and the sense of life went out.

"I do not know how long I was senseless. When I opened my eyes again, the moon was shining brightly above me, and the sand had settled back to my waist.

"I heard voices shouting to one another, the hiss of escaping steam, a laugh now and then, and the sharp clangor of sledge against iron. Above me, almost within reach, hung the displaced track of the railroad, which, it seemed, a breath of air might tumble down upon me. Then three faces of men on their knees peered down into my grave.

"'What a wonderful escape!' declared one of the men.

"'Three hundred feet more would have ended many a life!' said another.

"'It makes me faint to think of it,' commenced the third.

"As they appeared, I had tried to cry out; but my voice had left me. I could only whisper. That they could not hear. Then I beat my hands upon the sloppy sand.

"'Hist!' cried one of the men. 'There's an animal down there. Wait!'

"I heard a click, and then the report of a pistol and the whistling of a bullet. I stopped my alarm. I had no wish to be shot to death, after escaping other dangers.

"'Don't shoot again till I get a lantern,' said one man; and I could hear him depart on a run.

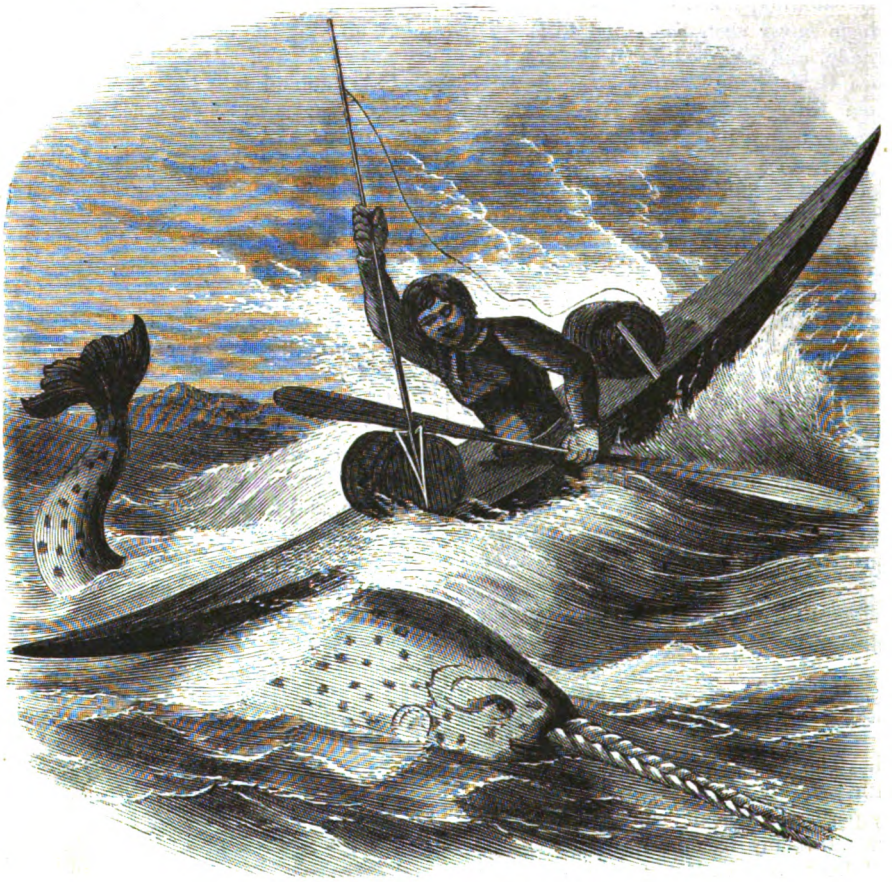
"He was back in a minute, and carefully lowered a light over the crumbling edge of the chasm, leaning over himself to see.

"'Great God! there's something down there that looks like a man!' he shouted, and dropped the lantern, as if he had seen a thing not of this world.

"The light rolled toward me without being extinguished. It stopped within reach. I set it up so that it would show my face.

"In a minute a hundred men were gathered above me. I was a human being—that they could see. I moved my arms—that indicated life.

"In ten minutes I was dragged out of my grave, washed, and dry clothes put upon me. My hunger was satisfied.



SPEARING THE NARWHAL.— SEE PAGE 490.

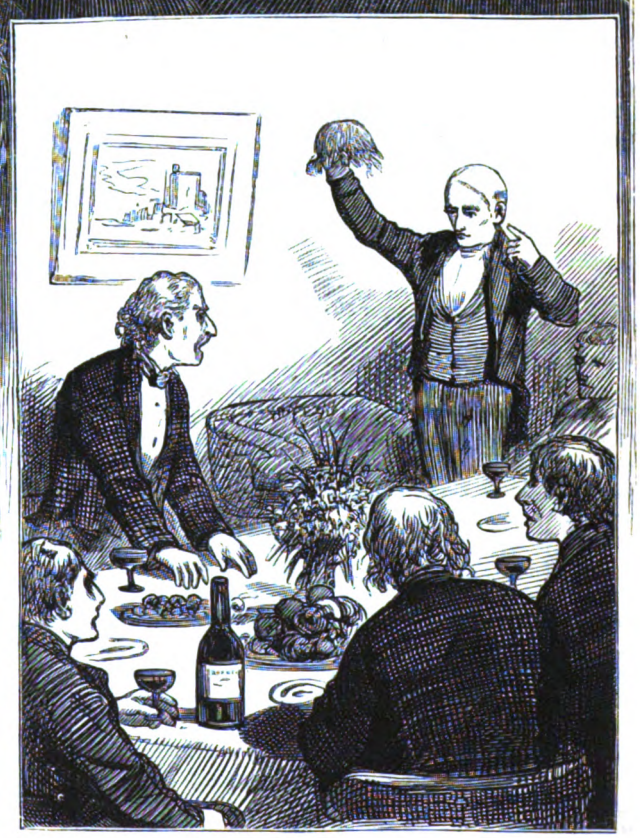
UNDER THE CULVERT.—"MY COMPANION SEIZED ME ROUND THE LEGS, AND THE FIERCE CURRENT AT ONCE SWUNG HIM OUT AT RIGHT ANGLES."

my thirst quenched. The rescued vagabond was treated with princely kindness.

"The story of my peril was demanded. I told it in whispers. But, my friends, I lied in telling it. I kept to myself my murder. I sealed my lips to any confession about my companion.

"At the very instant of my resurrection I began a life of deception. I have lived that life for twenty years. Until to-night that terrible secret has been untold. It has eaten like corrosive acid into my otherwise honest existence, but I have given no sign of my terrible remorse. I am a murderer. This occasion we have met to celebrate will end by my giving myself up to justice. That I had resolved upon when and before I came here. Though the man has been dead for twenty years——"

"The man is not dead, Clarke! Thank God for it, old friend—thank God for it!" was cried in a loud voice. "I declare it—I, Friburt. Gentlemen, listen to me!" he shouted, springing to his feet, and trying to quiet the commotion which followed the



UNDER THE CULVERT.—"'OH, CLARKE! DO YOU REMEMBER THIS?' SNATCHING HIS WIG FROM HIS HEAD, AND REVEALING A SCAR RUNNING DIAGONALLY ACROSS HIS BARE SCALP."—SEE PAGE 492.

close of the strange story of Mr. Clarke, and the still louder noise created by his astounding announcement. "Oh, Clarke! do you remember this?"—snatching his wig from his head and revealing a scar running diagonally across his bare scalp. "You saw it that day when we met on the cross-road through the forest. You said so yourself a few minutes ago. And have you forgotten that I wore one boot and one shoe that day? And can't you recall the tin-type I showed you of my wife and two children—twins, old fellow? Ah, you do remember them! You—— Catch him, quick!"

The old gentleman had grown very pale at Friburt's outburst and revelation. He had risen to his feet and swung to and fro in his place, his lips moving without sound, his fingers clutching at but grasping nothing.

Then, like a flash, he threw up his arms, and, with a little faint cry of "God be praised!" he reeled and fell backward in Friburt's arms in a dead faint.

In a little while they brought the old gentleman back to consciousness, and then Friburt told his story.

"It doesn't seem much to me now," he said—"nor did it that night, after I found myself safe, though it was hard to be kicked out of life. But it was your life or mine, Clarke, and I never blamed you for doing what you did. I went rolling and tumbling down that creek in lively style, until I was jammed against a log. I sailed away on that for half an hour, until it struck land. Then I jumped off, and, like a veteran tramp, put off for a farmhouse. The people there told me the railroad was eight miles distant, and as I thought you were either dead or in safety by that time, I turned in for a sleep. Newspapers weren't very plenty in those days, so that our little adventure never got abroad.

"We've both worked in this city, side by side, for a dozen years, and to-night's the first I've heard of this trouble of yours, or knew that you were my vagrant companion on that terrible night. You're not a murderer, Clarke—and the happiest moment of my life is to stand here to prove your self-condemnation to be false. Clarke, don't look at me so, and stop wearing out your old legs by waltzing around in that kind of style. Sit down, all of you, and let us drink to the health of our friend, who has found out that he is a better man than he thought he was. May the knowledge add twenty years to his life."

AN OLD SEA-DOG.

Sir William Monson was of a good Lincolnshire family, and at an early age entered Baliol College, Oxford, where he remained a couple of years, till the excitement of the war with Spain determined him to run away to sea, as he did not expect to get the consent of his parents. At this date, 1585, he was only sixteen years of age. "I put myself," says he, "into an action by sea, where there was in company of us two small ships, fitted for men-of-war, that authorized us by commission to seize upon the subjects of the King of Spain. Then made I the sea my profession, being led to it by the wildness of my youth." He had not long to wait for adventure. "A strong and obstinate ship of Holland" was encountered, whose captain had the audacity not to strike his flag immediately, when required to do so. The Dutch vessel had an English pilot on board, through whom communication was held; and the master of the privateer, by a ruse of navigation, ordering his helmsman in a loud voice to "port his helm," while in an undertone he instructed him to do just the reverse, nearly fouled the Dutchman, whose men got out oars and fenders to prevent the impending collision. "When we saw their people thus employed," says Monson, "and not to have time to take arms, we suddenly boarded, entered, and took her by this stratagem." Monson, when an old man, used to chuckle over his boyish share in this exploit, and includes it among "stratagems to be used at sea" in his "Tracts."

But he was to have speedily a better opportunity of distinguishing himself. The privateer on which he served—for she was nothing more—encountered a large Biscayan ship off the Spanish coast, whose captain refused to strike. A few of the English crew, including Monson, managed to board her, when the sea suddenly rose, and this mere handful were left on the Spaniard's decks, while the privateer was compelled to ungrapple. The storm increased, and it was not possible to succor the little band, who fought for *eleven* hours, from eight o'clock in the evening to seven the next morning. The Spaniards attempted to blow up the deck which they maintained, but "were prevented by fire-pikes," and at last surrendered, after a desperate contest. The decks were covered with the dead and dying. "I dare say," says the narrator of the event, "that in the whole time of the war there was not so rare a manner of fight, or so great a slaughter of men."

Monson, who had now received his "baptism of fire" with a vengeance, determined that nothing should take him from his adopted profession, and it is presumable that his friends became reconciled to it, for we find him suddenly raised, at one step, from the grade of a volunteer to the rank of captain, although but eighteen years old! Family influence, doubtless, had something to do with it. Gentlemen captains, who were often brave men, but who knew little enough about naval affairs, were common in those days. Raleigh distinguishes them very distinctly from the "tarpauling captain," or mariner, who had learned his profession from a youth up. Monson, however, as his writings prove, soon became an adept in navigation and all the arts of seamanship.

Passing over a voyage in which Monson was nearly shipwrecked, we come to 1589, when he accompanied the Earl of Cumberland in his expedition to the Azores. The crews were reduced to great distress from want of water, and while cruising among the islands, a grand spout was seen issuing apparently from one of their cliffs. Cumberland asked Monson to go with four men and find out whether it was available for their use. While they were rowing toward the land, a great whale, lying asleep on the water, was noted from the ship, and was mistaken for a rock, whereupon the vessel tacked about and put to sea, leaving Monson to his fate. (The original narrative does not explain whether the waterspout, noticed from the ship, had proceeded from the whale, before it fell asleep.) "I had no sooner," says Monson, "set my foot ashore, than it began to be dark with night and fog, and to blow, rain, thunder and lighten in the cruelest manner that I have seen. There was no way for me to escape death but to put myself to the mercy of the sea; neither could I have any great hope of help in life, for the ship was out of sight, and there only appeared a light upon the shrouds to direct me."

The narrative says that a countryman of Monson's prevailed upon his lordship, the Earl of Cumberland, to forbear sailing. This was, one would think, scarcely necessary, as Monson was his second in command; but stress of weather will probably account for the vessel being driven some distance. They rowed and rowed, but lost all sight of the ship. At length, in despair, they fired their last charge of powder from a musket. The flash was seen through the fog, and they were saved. "We were preserved," says the narrative, "rather by miracle than

any human act; and to make it the more strange, we were no sooner risen from our seats, and ropes in our hands to enter the ship, but the boat sunk immediately." The subsequent sufferings of the crew from continued want of water have rarely been equaled. "For sixteen days together," says Monson, "we never tasted a drop of drink, either of beer, wine or water; and, though we had plenty of beef and pork of a year's salting, yet did we forbear eating it, for making us the drier. Many drank salt water, and those that did died suddenly; and the last words they usually spoke were, 'Drink, drink, drink!'" There were five hundred men on board, and the mortality, though not expressly stated in numbers, is said to have been something fearful. At last they made the coast of Ireland, and obtained relief. So severely was Monson's health affected by this voyage, that he retired from the active pursuit of his profession for a year afterward.

Again he joined the Earl of Cumberland in 1591 on an expedition directed against Spain, off the coasts of which he successfully took two caravels by one of the stratagems for which he was famous. He had boarded one from the ship's boat; he manned her with a part of his boat's crew, and rowed back to his ship. The Spaniards on the other caravel, far in the distance, thought that the first, her consort, had been dismissed, and so shortened sail to meet her; and was consequently taken unawares by a mere handful of men. But Monson only wanted to obtain information as to the enemy, and let them both off. This act turned out fortunately for him; for shortly afterward, being left in charge of a prize taken from the Dutch, he was attacked by the Spaniards in six galleys—the consequence being that he was taken prisoner, when he found that his recent conduct toward the caravels had been reported favorably, and he was treated with more courtesy than had been usual before. But he was to suffer a long captivity for all that. At the Tagus he would probably have escaped, had not an unforeseen chance prevented. While the galleys were in the harbor, a Brazilian, master of a Dutch ship, chanced to come on board that on which Monson was confined, and, pitying his hard fate, offered to take him off on his vessel, if he could devise any plan which should not implicate himself. Monson gave out to the rest of the prisoners that, tired of his life, he intended to drown himself. His intention really was to drop quietly into the water, and if possible to swim to the friendly bark. But just before he had made his arrangements, the galleys were ordered to sea, and when they returned the ship had sailed.

It was probably fortunate for him that he did not make the attempt, as, had it been frustrated, he would have probably suffered death, as did an Italian a short time afterward, who had been trying to raise a general conspiracy on board. His execution was effected in the most horrible manner, his arms and legs being severally tied to the sterns of four galleys, which were rowed in four different directions, thus quartering him.

Monson was afterward removed to the Castle of Lisbon, from which an attempt on his part to escape was frustrated by the treachery of an English interpreter there, whom he had been forced to employ. Fortunately, the letter which he had intrusted to a page, who was to have conveyed it *in his boots* to Lord Burleigh, became so saturated and obliterated by rain that nothing could be made of it, and the whole matter was allowed to pass. Not so, however, after he had helped a Portuguese to escape, who had been condemned to death. The latter, aided by Monson's skill, managed to pass the sentinels disguised as a soldier, and then, lowering himself by a rope, effected his plans. The flight having been discovered, Monson was accused of having assisted him, and was taken before the judge. "But neither threats nor promises of liberty could induce him to confess. He pleaded that he was a prisoner of war, that he was subject to the law of honor and arms, and that it was lawful for him to seek his freedom; he urged the improbability of holding such intercourse as was imputed to him with one whose language he did not understand; and he concluded by cautioning them to be wary what violence they offered him, as he had friends in England, and was of a nation that could and would revenge his wrongs."

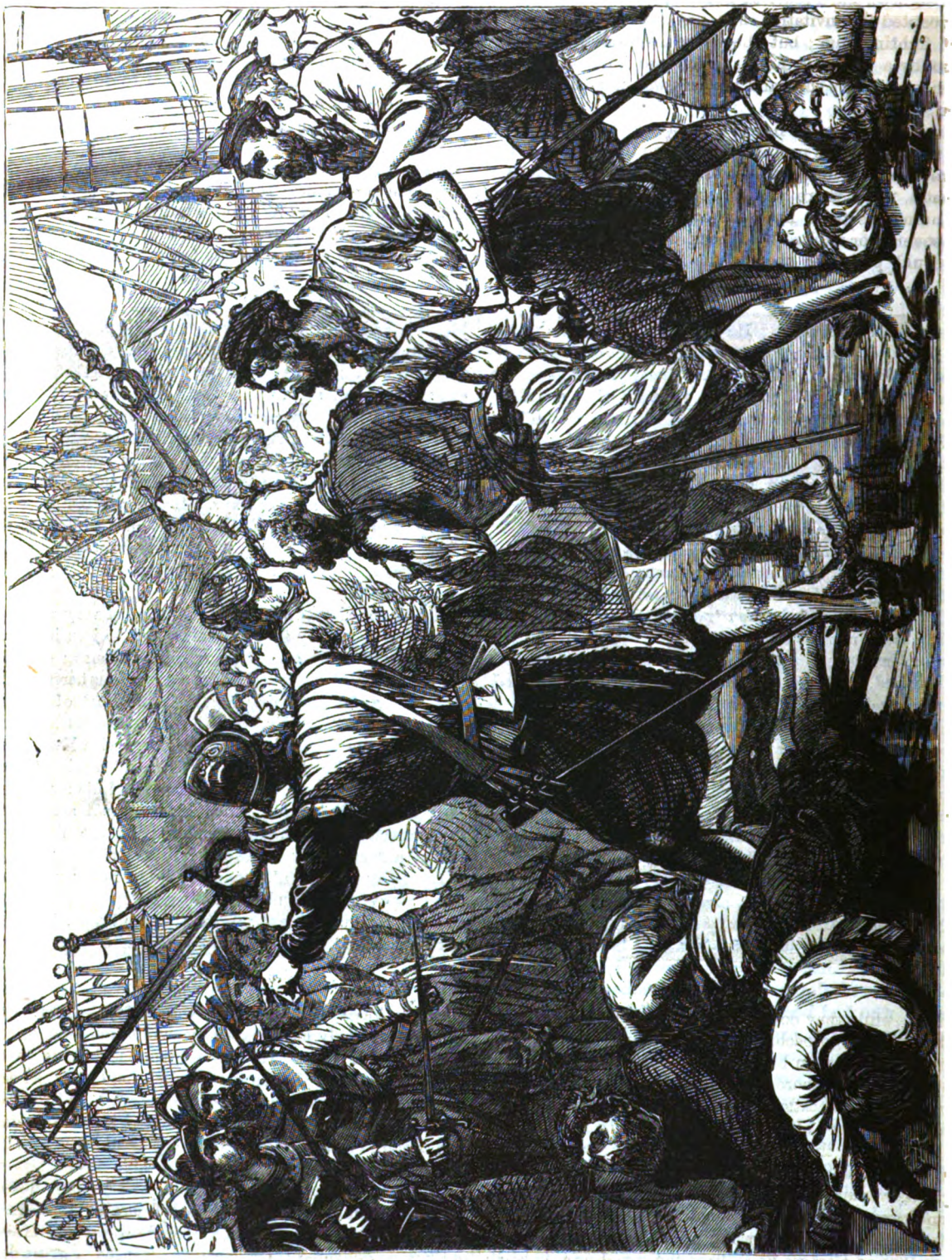
The latter argument probably it was that carried the day; but until released—no doubt by exchange—he was closely guarded.

In 1593, Monson again joined Cumberland, and considering the fidelity which he had always shown to that admiral, the latter seems to have treated him very badly. In the course of their voyage, a dozen Spanish hulks laden with powder were taken, half of which were left to Monson to haul over, while his admiral put to sea with the rest. Monson had with him only about fifty men. What was his surprise toward night, to find that Cumberland had released the hulks which he had taken, and that they were crowding on all sail to join their consorts in his charge, with hostile intent, which it would be madness on his part to attempt to frustrate. He barely escaped; when the enemy boarded him on one side of his vessel, he leaped into the long-boat on the other side, receiving a wound which remained all his days. Southey certainly puts it mildly when he says, "The conduct of the Earl of Cumberland in this affair admits of no reasonable or satisfactory explanations," for it looks far more like downright treachery.

A couple of years afterward, the earl very plainly declared his colors by first inducing him to join him in his voyage, and then superseding him. Monson could not brook this, and returned, after some adventures, to England, where we soon find him with the Earl of Essex, in the expedition to Cadiz. At that most remarkable siege, he was in the thick of the fight ashore with Essex, where he received a shot through his scarf and breeches; another shot took away the handle and pommel of his sword, while he remained uninjured. But his principal services were in connection with the destruction of the fleet, which meant a loss of six or seven millions sterling to Spain. "The King of Spain," says Monson, "never received so great an overthrow and so great an indignity at our hands as this; for our attempt was at his own home, in his own ports, that he thought as safe as his chamber, where we took and destroyed his ships-of-war, burnt and consumed the wealth of his merchants, sacked his city, ransomed his subjects, and entered his country without impeachment." Monson was knighted for his conduct at this siege.

The abundant "pluck" possessed by Monson is illustrated in the following example: In 1597, on the island expedition, Monson's ship was separated some distance from the admiral's squadron, when a fleet of twenty-five sail was noted approaching in the dead of the night. Not being able to distinguish their flag, he determined to reconnoitre for himself, before signaling to the English ships. He approached them in his boat, hailing them in Spanish, and they, replying that they were of that nationality, asked whence he came. He replied that he was of England, and told them that his ship, then in sight, was a royal galleon, and could be easily taken; his object being to make them pursue him, so that he might gradually lead them into the wake of the squadron. All he got for this impudently gallant attempt, was a volley of bad language and another of shot.

But all Monson's exploits pale before an action which occurred in Cerimbra Roads, in which a great treasure-ship was cut out, in sight of a fortress and eleven galleys, and within hearing of the guns of Lisbon. He was then associated with Admiral Sir Richard Lewson, but the principal part of the service was performed by himself. When the carrack and galleys were discovered lying at anchor, a council was held on board the admiral's vessel, which occupied the better part of a day, as many of the captains thought it folly to attempt to capture a great ship defended by a fortress and eleven galleys. Monson thought differently, and it was at length agreed that he and the admiral should anchor as near the carrack as they could, while the other and smaller vessels should ply up and down, holding themselves in readiness for any emergency. It is likely, as Southey remarks, that "the sight of these galleys reminded Sir William of the slavery he had endured at Lisbon in similar vessels, if not, indeed, in some of these



MONSON AND THE BISCAYAN SHIP.

identical craft, and he longed to take revenge upon them." Monson says that, in order to show contempt of them, he separated from the rest of the fleet, by way of challenging and defying them. "The Marquis of St. Cruz, general of the Portuguese, and Frederick Spinola, general of the galleys, accepted the invitation, and put out with the intention of fighting him; but they were diverted from their purpose by a renegade Englishman, who knew the force of the vice-admiral's ship, and that she was commanded by Monson."

The town of Cerimbra lies at the bottom of a roadstead, which usually affords protection for shipping. It had at that time a strong fortress close to the beach, and a fortified castle, while there was a troop of soldiers ashore, whose numerous tents lined the coast. The galleys were partly covered or flanked by a neck of rock, and the batteries could play over them, thus affording them great protection, while they could themselves keep up a continuous fire at any approaching vessel. Again, Monson tells us, "there was no man but imagined that most of the carrack's lading was ashore, and that they would hale her aground under the castle, where no ship of ours would be able to come at her—all which objections, with many more, were alleged, yet they little prevailed." Procrastination was perilous, and therefore, with all expedition, they thought convenient to charge the town, the fort, the galleys and carrack, all at one instant. This was done next morning, although a gale sprung up about the time of the attack. The admiral weighed, fired the signal-gun, hoisted his flag, and was the first at the attack; "after him followed the rest of the ships, showing great valor, and gaining great honor. The last of all was Monson himself, who, entering into the fight, still strove to get up as near the shore as he could, where he came to anchor, continually fighting with the town, the fort, the galleys and the carrack all together; for he brought them betwixt him, that he might play both his broadsides upon them. The galleys still kept their prows toward him. The slaves offered to forsake them . . . and everything was in confusion amongst them; and thus they fought till five of the clock in the afternoon."

Monson's stratagems and rapidity of action paralyzed the commanders of the galleys, and the men rowed about wildly to avoid him, not knowing what to do. The admiral came on board his ship, and, embracing him in the presence of the ship's company, declared that "he had won his heart for ever."

And so the battle raged till the enemy showed such evident signs of weakness that it was proposed to board the carrack. Here, however, the admiral interposed, as he wished to preserve the treasure on board. The ships were ordered to cease firing, and one Captain Sewell, who had been four years a prisoner on the galleys—from one of which he had only just escaped by swimming—was selected to parley with them. He was to promise honorable conditions, but insist that as the English held the roadstead, as several of the galleys were *hors de combat*, and the castle powerless, they must expect the worst in a case of refusal. The captain of the carrack would not treat with an officer who had so recently been a slave in their power, but sent a deputation of Portuguese gentlemen of quality, desiring that they should be met by those of similar rank in the English service. They were, of course, properly received, but having delivered their message, evinced a great desire to hasten back; they revealed the real state of affairs by admitting that it was a moot question on the carrack whether the parley ought to be entertained, or the vessel set on fire. Monson's promptitude saved the situation. Not waiting to hear any more, nor receiving any instruction from Admiral Lewson, he ordered his men to row

MONSON AT CADIZ.

him to the carrack. Several officers on board recognized him, and the commander, Don Diego Lobo, a young man of family, motioning his men apart, received him courteously. After some little palaver, Monson informing Don Diego of the rank he held in the expedition, and assuring him of his high regard for the Portuguese nation, the real business of their interview was approached. Diego asked that he, his officers and men, should be put on shore that night; that the ship and its ordnance should be respected, and its flags remain suspended; the treasure he would concede to the victors. Monson agreed to the first proposition, excepting only that he required a certain number of hostages whom he would detain three days, but laughed at the idea of separating the ship and its contents; and stated that "he was resolved never to permit a Spanish flag to be worn in the presence of the Queen's ships, unless it were disgracefully over the poop."

A long discussion followed, and Monson, who was determined to have his way, made a show of descending to his boat. His firmness won the day, and all his demands were eventually conceded, after which he conducted Don Diego and eight gentlemen on board his ship, "when they supped, had a variety of music, and spent the night in great jollity." This is Monson's account; it is doubtful whether the Portuguese were thoroughly enjoying themselves under the circumstances!

When next day Sir William accompanied them on shore, he found the Count de Vidigueira at the head of a force numbering 20,000 men, whose services were not of much account now. The disgust ashore at the comparatively easy victory attained by the English may be imagined. Besides the capture of the carrack, two of the galleys were burnt and sunk; the captain of another was taken prisoner, and the others fled during the engagement, although they were afterward shamed into returning by the heroic behavior of Spinola, who defended the carrack against desperate odds. The total loss of life in the town, castle and vessels, although never accurately known, must have been immense, while the victory was purchased by the English with the loss of only six men, scarcely a larger number being wounded.

The carrack, named the *St. Valentine*, was a vessel of 1,700 tons burden; she had wintered at Mozambique on her return from the Indies, where a fatal malady killed the bulk of her crew—indeed, it is stated that out of more than six hundred men scarce twenty survived the whole voyage. The Viceroy of Portugal sent the galleys before named to protect her, and put on board 400 volunteers. The value of this prize was close on £200,000. It is just to Monson to state that he offered Diego "permission to take out of her whatever portion of the freight he could conscientiously claim as his own." This proposal the proud young commander declined. His life afterward was a series of misfortunes. He was thrown into prison for losing the carrack; escaped from captivity only to languish an exile in Italy; and at last died just as fortune once more seemed to smile upon him by offering him a chance in his own King's service.

On the accession of James I. a general peace ensued, so far as England was concerned. All in all, the rest was beneficial to the navy, and many defects were remedied and reforms inaugurated. In one of the earliest reports presented to the King on the condition of the navy, after enumerating certain pressing needs, we find the estimate for its *annual* expenditure placed at rather less than £21,000—an amount which a single ironclad would have swallowed up entirely, and got considerably into debt. James caused one fine vessel to be constructed, in 1610, in which every improvement known at the time was introduced. She was christened the *Prince Royal*. Stow describes her as follows: "This year the King builded a most goodly ship for warre, the keel whereof was 114 feet in length, and the cross-beam was 44 feet in length; she will carry 64 pieces of ordnance, and is of the burthen of 1,400 tons. This royal ship is double built, and is most sumptuously adorned, within and without, with all manner of curious carving, painting and rich gilding—being in all respects the greatest and goodliest ship that was ever builded in England. And this glorious ship the King gave to his son Henry, Prince of Wales; and the 24th September, the King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Lady Elizabeth, with many great lords, went unto Woolwich to see it launched; but because of the narrowness of the dock it could not then be launched; whereupon the Prince came the next morning by three o'clock, and then at the launching thereof the Prince named it after his own dignity, and called it the *Prince*." Phineas Pett, one of a family of leading naval constructors of those days, was its builder. A well-known authority says, "Were the absurd profusion of ornament with which the *Prince Royal* is decorated removed, its contour or general appearance would not so materially differ from the modern vessel of the same size as to render it an uncommon sight, or a ship in which mariners would hesitate at proceeding to sea, on account of any glaring defects in its form, that in their opinion might render it unsafe to undertake a common voyage in."

A very large number of superior vessels were added to the royal navy during this epoch, but the commercial marine was in a bad way until late in James's reign. What its condition was at this time may be gathered from the fact that in 1615, half-way in the reign, there were not more than ten vessels of 200 tons burden each in the port of London. Less than seven years afterward, such was the improvement, that Newcastle alone could boast more than a hundred, each of which exceeded that tonnage.

During this peaceful epoch Monson had to fulfill an unthankful office as guardian of the narrow seas—*i.e.*, the English and Irish Channels, and adjacent waters. He had to transport princes and ambassadors while war was going on, and, as it would seem from a paper included in his "Tracts," at his own expense. This document runs at a first glimpse very curiously. Take one entry—"1604, August 4. The Constable of Castile at his coming over, 200 (followers) 3 (meals)." An unconscionable number of followers and very few meals, it would seem, for so many; but it doubtless means three meals apiece on the passage from Calais or Dunkirk to Dover. The retinue of "followers" sometimes aggregated as many as 300.

During this period Monson made some careful notes on the Dutch fisheries, then a most important source of revenue to that nation, while England's were almost entirely overlooked. Nine thousand Dutch vessels were thus kept employed, a considerable proportion of which were on the British coasts. Monson was employed at intervals for two years in combating similar encroachments on the part of French fishermen. "The adventurous spirit of the age," says Southey, "was averse to an employment so tranquil and so near home." Men would rather seek the uttermost parts of the earth in a vain search for wealth, than settle down to a certain, safe and profitable employment. Monson waxes eloquently indignant on the subject in one of his chapters. "My meaning is," he says, "not to leave our fruitful soil untilled, our seas unfrequented, our islands unpeopled, or to seek remote and strange countries disinhabited, and uncivil Indians untamed, where nothing appears to us but earth, wood and water at our first arrival; for all other hope

must depend on our labor and costly expenses, on the adventures of the sea, on the honesty of undertakers—and all these at last producing nothing but tobacco *—a new-invented useless weed, as too much use and custom make it apparent. . . . You shall be made to know, that though you be born on an island seated in the ocean, frequented by invisible fish, swimming from one shore to the other, yet your experience has not taught you the benefits and blessings arising from that fish. I doubt not but to give you that light therein, that you shall confess yourselves blinded, and be willing to blow from you the foul mist that has been an impediment to your sight; you shall be awakened from your drowsy sleep, and rouse yourselves to follow this best business that ever was presented to England, or King thereof—nay, I will be bold to say, to any State in the world. I will not except the discoveries of the West Indies by Columbus—an act of greatest renown, of greatest profit, and that has been of greatest consequence to the Spanish nation."

Exaggerated as all this may appear, Monson was right in his estimation of the profitable nature of the business. At that time the Dutch used to vend their fish in every European market, and obtain in exchange the productions of all countries. Monson also remarks on the carelessness of the English at that time in regard to lobsters, oysters and lampreys, all of which the Dutch obtained from the British coasts.

In order to encourage the fisheries, an Act had been passed prohibiting butchers from killing meat in Lent, and Monson wished it to be made compulsory on the rural population to consume fish. "Neither," says he, "will it seem a thing unreasonable to enjoin every yeoman and farmer within the kingdom to take a barrel of fish for their own spending, considering they save the value thereof in other victuals; and that it is no more than the fisherman will do to them to take off their wheat, malt, butter and cheese for their food to sea."

This agitation did good, in calling attention to a neglected industry. The great enemies of the fishermen then were the pirates who infested the coasts, and who, if they ran short of provisions, looked upon them as their natural providers, rarely, if ever, paying for what they took. And before passing to other subjects, let us accompany Monson—on paper—on a little expedition he took against some of the said pirates.

So considerable an amount of alarm had been caused by piratical adventurers on the coasts of Scotland, that King James was, in 1614, urgently requested to send some royal ships there. Sir William Monson and Sir Francis Howard were dispatched at once, and after calling at Leith to obtain information, and also the service of pilots, proceeded to the Orkney Islands. Touching at Sinclair Castle, the residence of the Earl of Caithness, situate on "the utmost promontory" of Britain, they learned that the accounts had been exaggerated. There were only two pirates known to the earl, and, indeed, one of them, whom Monson took, could scarcely be deemed such at all; he was a common sailor, and when he had found out the nature of the service to which he had been engaged, he had abandoned it as soon as possible. Clarke, the other adventurer, to whom the title of pirate more fairly belonged, had been ashore to the castle a day previously, and had been entertained in a friendly way, the fact being that the earl and his tenants were a little afraid of him as an ugly customer.

Hearing that Sir William was on the coast, he had fled. Monson, therefore, finding it useless and needless to remain at Caithness, sailed for Orkney, where he left Sir Francis Howard, while he proceeded to explore the coasts in detail, putting into every inlet where it was likely Clarke or other pirates might be hidden. He was unsuccessful in his search, and at length decided to make for Broad Haven, a noted rendezvous for pirates, partly on account of its remoteness and inaccessibility, and partly because one Cormat dwelt there, who, with his daughters, entertained these thieving adventurers with great cordiality. On the voyage he encountered a terrible gale, "that it were fit only for a poet to describe." One of his vessels was engulfed in the seas, and no traces of it or of its crew remained, while the others were dispersed and did not see each other again till all met in England. Monson had now alone to beard the lion in his den.

Arrived at Broad Haven, which he describes as "the well-head of all pirates," he made good use of the half-pirate he had secured, the only person on board who knew anything of that den of sea-thieves. This man, with some others of the crew who had had some experience in piratical pursuits before, were sent to Cormat, "the gentleman of the place," with a well-concocted story. Monson was described, for the nonce, as one Captain Manwaring, a grand sea-rover, liberal to all he liked, and whose ship was full of wealth. "To give a greater appearance of truth to all this, the crafty messenger used the names of several pirates of his acquaintance, and feigned messages to the women from their sweethearts, making them believe that he had tokens from them on board. The hope of wealth and reward set the hearts of the whole family on fire; and the women were so overjoyed by the love-tales and presents, that no suspicion of deceit entered into their minds."

Cormat proffered his services, and recounted how many pirates he had assisted, at great peril to himself; he further volunteered to send two "gentlemen of trust" on board next day, as hostages for his sincerity. He recommended that some of them should come ashore next day, armed, and kill some of the neighbors' cattle; this was intended, doubtless, to frighten the poor settlers round, so that he himself might derive all the benefit of Manwaring's visit. Next morning the farce began, the first part of the programme being followed as Cormat had directed: Captain Chester, with fifty men, was dispatched ashore by Monson; some cattle were killed, and the pseudo-pirates, swaggering and rollicking, were invited to Cormat's house, where they received a riotous welcome. Cormat's two ambassadors went on board Monson's vessel, and delivered a friendly message. When they had delivered it, Sir William desired them to observe everything around them carefully, and to tell him whether they thought that ship and company were pirates. It was idle to dissemble any longer, especially as these men could not, if they would, betray Sir William's design. He accordingly reproached them for their transgressions, told them to prepare for death, and ordered them to be put in irons, taking care that neither boat nor man should be allowed to go on shore until he was ready to land.

When he at length went ashore to visit Cormat, four or five hundred people had assembled on the beach to receive the famous "Captain Manwaring." He pretended to be doubtful of their intentions, when they redoubled their protestations of friendship, three of the principal men running into the water up to their armpits, striving who should have the honor of carrying him ashore. One of these was an Irish merchant, who did a thriving trade with the pirates; another was a schoolmaster; and the third was an Englishman, who had formerly been a tradesman in London.

* This contemptuous allusion refers, of course, to the tobacco brought from the newly-formed plantations in Virginia.

These gentry conducted Sir William to Cormat's house amid huzzas and shouts of welcome, everybody seeking to ingratiate himself with the supposed pirate. "'Happy was he,' says Monson, 'to whom he would lend his ear.'

MONSON AT BROAD HAVEN.

Falling into discourse, one told him they knew his friends, and though his name had not discovered it, yet his face did show him to be a Manwaring." In short, they made him believe he might command them and their country, and that no man ever was so welcome as Captain Manwaring. At the house a scene of revelry ensued; the harper played merrily for the company, who danced on the floor, which had been newly strewed with rushes for the occasion. The women made endless inquiries for their distant lovers, and no suspicion seems to have crossed the minds of any in regard to the fate of the two ambassadors, who were supposed to be enjoying themselves with the sailors on board.

In the height of the festivities, the Englishman was par-

ticularly communicative; showed Sir William a pass for the interior which he had obtained by false pretenses from the sheriff, authorizing him to travel from Clare to make inquisition for goods supposed to have been lost at sea, and which enabled him to journey and sell his plunder without suspicion. He even proffered the services of ten mariners who were hiding in the neighborhood, and Monson, of course, pretended heartily to accept their services, promising a reward. He asked the man to write them a letter, which at once he did, as follows: "Honest brother Dick and the rest, we are all made men, for valiant Captain Manwaring and all his gallant crew are arrived in this place. Make haste, for he flourished in wealth, and is most kind to all men. Farewell, and once again make haste." Monson took charge of the letter, and would, doubtless, have used it, had not the approach of night obliged him to bring about the *dénouement* of this play. The comedy was all at once to change into a tragedy.

In the midst of their riotous mirth, he suddenly desired the harper to cease, and in serious and solemn tones commanded silence. He told them that, hitherto, "they had played their part, and he had no share in the comedy; but though his was last, and might be termed the epilogue, yet it would prove more tragical than theirs." He undeceived them as to his being a pirate, and declared his real business was to punish and suppress all such, whom his Majesty did not think worthy the name of subjects. "There now remained nothing but to proceed to their executions, by virtue of his commission; for which purpose he had brought a gallows ready framed, which he caused to be set up, intending to begin the mournful dance with the two men they thought had been merry-making aboard the ship. As to the Englishman, he should come next, because, being an Englishman, his offense did surpass the rest. He told the schoolmaster he was a fit tutor for the children of the devil, and that as members are governed by the head, the way to make his members sound was to shorten him by the head, and therefore willed him to admonish his scholars from the top of the gallows, which should be a pulpit prepared for him. He condemned the merchant as a receiver of stolen goods, and worse than the thief himself; reminding him that his time was not long, and hoping that he might make his account with God, and that he might be found a good merchant and factor to Him, though he had been a malefactor to the law."

ACTION IN CERIMERA ROADS.

One can imagine the change which came over the assembly; all their high spirits were quenched in a minute, while the principals abandoned themselves to despair, believing that their hour was at hand. When Sir William left them to go aboard, the carpenter was still hammering away at the gallows.

Next morning the prisoners were brought out to meet their doom, and were kept waiting in an agony of terror, while the people generally were suing for their lives, and promising that they would never assist or connive at pirates again. Sir William had never really the intention to hang any of them, and "after four-and-twenty hours' fright in irons he pardoned them"; the Englishman being the only one who suffered any actual punishment. He was banished from the coast, and the sheriff was admonished to be more careful in granting passes for the future.

The very next day, while still at Broad Haven, Sir William nearly captured a pirate who was entering the harbor, when the latter took alarm at seeing a strange vessel, and stood off to sea, where he remained six days in foul weather. A day later the pirate anchored at an island near Broad Haven, and contrived to forward a letter to Cormat, who, having just escaped one danger, did not desire to risk his neck again; he accordingly showed the letter to Monson. It ran as follows: "Dear Friend:—I was bearing into Broad Haven to give you corn for ballast, but I was frightened by the King's ship I supposed to be there. I pray you send me word what ship it is, for we stand in great fear. I pray you, provide me two kine, for we are in great want of victuals; whensoever you shall make a fire on shore, I will send my boat to you." This just suited Monson, who had a particular aptitude for stratagem. He directed Cormat to answer his request in the affirmative. "He bid him be confident this ship could not endanger him—for she was not the King's, as he imagined, but one of London that came from the Indies with her men sick and many dead. He promised him two oxen and a calf; to observe his directions by making a fire; and gave him hope to see him within two nights." A few of the ship's company, disguised in Irish costumes of the period, were sent to accompany the messenger, with instructions to remain in ambush. The hungry pirates were keeping a sharp lookout for the beacon fire, and it was no sooner lighted than they hastily rowed ashore and received the letter, which gave them great satisfaction.

Sir William, meanwhile, was quietly laying plans for their capture. Guided by the Irish peasantry, he took a number of his company a roundabout trip by land and water till he brought them suddenly upon the place where the fire was made, and the pirates were taken so unawares that they yielded without an effort to escape. The whole gang was seized and taken to Broad Haven, where the captain was hanged as an example to the rest.

Monson so completely cleared the coast of pirates, and frightened those who had aided them, that on his way home, "groping along the coast," he could not obtain a pilot. Monson's active career, although it extended to the reign of Charles I., was now nearly over.

THE HAND.

By F. Jeffrey Bell, B.A., F.Z.S., British Museum.

In treating of any part of the body, we may deal with it in one of two ways: we may speak of its uses or functions, its present powers and its educated possibilities—that is, we may treat of it from a *physiological* point of view; or, on the contrary, we may deal with its structure, its variations and its history—that is to say, we may deal with it *morphologically*. In the present paper we shall speak chiefly of this second aspect of our subject, and we shall at once commence what we have to say with a short description of the human hand.

Like all similar parts, this may be divided into three regions, the simplest names for which are wrist (*carpus*), palm (*metacarpus*) and digits. Of the digits, or fingers, there are five, all but one of which are provided with three joints (*phalanges*); the single exception is the thumb, in which there are but two joints. The ordinary names for the other digits are: (1) pointer or index; (2) middle finger; (3) ring finger—so called as being that on which Christian brides, at any rate, have been in the habit of wearing the marriage-ring, and whence, as the beautiful fable reports, a vein goes direct to the heart; (4) little finger (minimus). That foot of a verse which is known as the *dactyl*, and which is made up of one long and two short syllables, is so called from the Greek word for a finger. The palm also exhibits the number five, consisting as it does of five elongated and slender bones, terminating in large rounded heads, on which the first joints of the fingers can easily play.

The wrist itself is short and broad, and in man is made up of eight bones arranged in two rows; on the one side it is connected with the bones of the palm, and on the other with the outer bone (*radius*) of the fore-arm, and indirectly with the inner bone (*ulna*). It will not be necessary to give all the hard names of these, but there are one or two which demand a special notice; and first of all, that which is connected with the thumb. As is well known, this digit is, in ourselves, capable of an extraordinary amount of movement, and, by itself, might be said to be nearly equal to all the other digits put together; thus, it is capable of movement in two distinct planes: it can move inward over the palm, and it can also move downward so as to be set at right angles to the palm and fingers. Such an arrangement has naturally enough excited the admiration, and at times inflamed the reason, of naturalists. The matter has been put in the clearest light by Professor Owen, and we shall do well to quote his words: "Man's perfect hand is one of his peculiar physical characters; that perfection is mainly due to the extreme differentiation of the first from the other four digits, and its concomitant power of opposing them as a perfect thumb. An opposable thumb is present in the hands of most Quadrumana—the apes, etc.—but is usually a small appendage compared with that of man."

It may, therefore, be supposed that the bone on which this thumb plays is of a peculiar character; and so it is, for instead of having a simple rounded head, or a correspondingly simple hollow to receive a rounded head, it is saddle-shaped on the face to which the innermost bone of the palm—or that for the thumb—is attached.

Occupying almost the centre of the wrist, though reaching to the palm, is a large bone, which is almost always known as the *magnum*, or great bone of the wrist; but it is curious to observe, as an example of the history of Comparative Anatomy, that in most animals this bone is of a comparatively inconsiderable size, while it may warn us against the too common error of arguing from what happens in man as to what will happen in the lower animals. Of the remaining six, one, the pea-shaped bone (*pisiform*), does not belong to quite the same series as the rest; while two are connected with the radial bone of the fore-arm, the boat-shaped (*scaphoid*) bone, and the semilunar.

These various bones are moved on one another by a number of muscles, which form the fleshy part of the hand, and these again are roused to activity by nerves, and enabled to effect their work by the supply of nourishment afforded them by blood-vessels. The muscles are arranged in two distinct sets—one, the so-called *flexors*, placed on the palmar aspect, flex or bend the fingers; while others, on the opposite surface, are the *extensors*, which draw the

finger-joints back again, or bend the back of the hand on to the arm.

It would not be right to give here a detailed account of the distribution of these muscles, but it will perhaps be interesting to explain the anatomical relations which, in the pastime of "Sir Creswell Creswell," prevent the tips of the ring fingers from separating when the middle fingers are flexed. The tendon which goes to the back face of the ring finger gives off two tendinous bands, one for the middle and one for the little finger; when, therefore, either of these fingers is flexed, the ring finger has its tendon held down, so that its proper action—which is, of course, to extend the ring finger, or bend it toward the back of the hand—cannot be put in use.

We must not describe in any detail either the nerves or the vessels, though with regard to one of each a word must be said. And first, as to the nerve, which is not only one of those which go to the muscles, but one of those by which we *feel* the action of various influences on the skin of the hand. We all know that when we strike the elbow at a particular point, a peculiarly painful sensation is felt in the hand; this, which is due, in the first place, to that law of nervous action by which irritation of a *sensory* nerve gives rise to a feeling in the parts to which it is finally distributed, is effected by the course taken by the so-called *ulnar* nerve, which comes very near to the surface at the elbow, and then passes on to the hand, giving off some branches to muscles and some to the skin.

The vessel to which we would refer, is that by which we "feel the pulse." It belongs to that series which carries blood from the heart, or the arteries, and is distinctively known as the *radial* artery. Unlike most of that series, it is at the wrist largely exposed, and so forms a convenient and ready method of testing the action of the heart, rising and falling as it does after each contraction of that organ.

As to the skin, we need only point out the complete absence of hair from the palmar face, and the comparatively slight extent to which it is developed on the back of the hand; still, a few words must be said as to the nails, without our attributing to them as much importance as do the Chinese, or those Africans who color them yellow or purple. The peculiar points about the nails of man are that they are all flat, and that they do not in any way seem to afford protection for the ends of the fingers by growing round them, as do the hoofs of the horse and cow, for example. As regards the flattening of all the nails, we must, however, observe that in the orang, the chimpanzee and the gorilla the same obtains, while in the gibbons it is only on the thumb (and on the great toe) that the nails are flat. The white part of the nail is known as the *lunula*; its appearance is probably due to the thickening of the "bed" of the nail at this point and to the less rich supply of blood-vessels, which shine through under the rest. Among other proofs of these parts being nothing more than somewhat altered parts of the skin, is the fact that they are made up, like the scarf-skin itself, of flattened scales, while the younger parts, just like the younger cells of the outer skin, are more rounded and softer. The best proof of all is afforded by some of the frog family, where the skin (*epidermis*) is merely thickened at the ends of the different digits. Instances have been observed of nails growing on the stumps of amputated fingers.

On account of the striking difference in the powers of the hand and foot in man, as compared with monkeys, the terms *Bimana* (two-handed) and *Quadrumana* (four-handed) have been applied to them respectively; but with regard to this it must be observed that there are numerous peculiarities which distinguish the hand (Latin, *manus*) and the foot (Latin, *pes*), and that with regard to these points the foot of the ape is as truly a foot as that of man; and again, if the word *hand* is to be taken as meaning merely a seizing organ, then many monkeys might be called five-handed, for their tail is as much of use to them as their hands or feet, and the elephant might at least be credited with a very powerful hand, for its trunk is a most useful, as well as a most amusing and dangerous, seizing-organ. The Greeks recognized this, as is shown by their having applied their name for the hand to the trunk of this creature. The difference between man and apes was insisted upon by Blumenbach and Cuvier; but the sagacity of Linnæus, the veritable father of modern zoology, had saved him from such a course, the ill-advisedness of which must strike every one who has seen, as it has fallen to the lot of the writer to see, in the Museum at Antwerp, a man, maimed of both hands, copying with exquisite precision some of the glorious masterpieces which adorn the walls of that building, in the city of Rubens. This artist—we cannot call him "this cripple"—held a brush between his toes, and, moreover, laid aside that brush to wipe from his brow the fated reward of his labor.

Having commenced with saying that we would deal more with the form than with the function of the hand, we might perhaps escape comment even if we said not a word as to right or left-handedness; but all functions depend sooner or later on structure, and the "common error," of which a distinguished writer on the hand has spoken, "of seeking in the mechanism the explanation of phenomena which have a deeper origin," cannot be fairly taken as applying to parts which owe all their activity to the supply of blood which they receive either directly or indirectly. The explanation to which the words just quoted referred was that "the superiority of the right arm is owing to the trunk of the artery which supplies it passing off more directly, so as to admit of the blood being propelled more forcibly into the small vessels of that arm than the left." This explanation, indeed, has not much anatomical evidence to support it; but that which ascribes the superiority to the freer supply of the blood to that part of the brain whence messages are sent to the right hand, has a strong basis in fact. The question is one which has been much discussed, and it is impossible to give all the views on it, but the ingenious explanation that those who advanced the right side first in battle would be less exposed to fatal wounds is one which it is right to mention. There is a peculiarity in some right-handed persons which is extremely curious—it is this: they always deal cards with their left hand, and that although for other purposes it is just as useless as in most men. Finally, it may be mentioned that an eminent surgeon is reported to have urged on his pupils that they should always *knock on a door with their left hand*—a forcible way of putting the fact that success in surgery will always come most largely to those who are *ambidexter*.

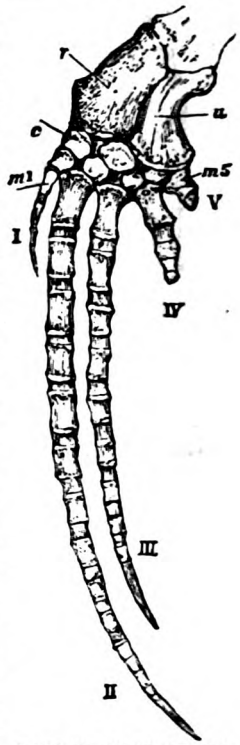
How far right-handedness is due to nature, and how far to education, is a somewhat barren question, as it is obvious that a habit, if long enough brought about by education, will come to be brought about by heredity—that is, by nature, if the word "nature" have any meaning at all in this question—a question which, it should be added, has been put often enough.

Turning now to the lower animals, to learn from them some of the changes which this organ may undergo, and to understand the degree of its perfectness in man, we commence with a few words on the higher apes. It has already been pointed out that the hand of the Quadrumana differs in no essential point of structure from that of the Bimana (man)—it "possesses not only every bone, but every muscle, which is found in that of man." The

SKELETON OF THE HAND AND FOREARM.

difference lies in the degree to which these are developed; thus, the thumb is in all cases smaller: but this of itself may be an advantage to them, as they use their hands more for climbing than for construction, and it is in those that are excellent climbers, or that live always in trees—in such forms, that is, as the American spider-monkeys, the Asiatic gibbons, or the African colobus—that we find the thumb most reduced. But the hand itself is but the terminal portion of an organ—the arm, which, it is to be observed, is proportionately longer in monkeys than in man. This peculiarity is also to be noticed in children as compared with adults, although, indeed, the representations of painters often obscure it, so that much of what looks false to nature in portraits of young princes, infantas, and so on, is due to want of correct observation on this anatomical peculiarity. This length of arm seems to be inconsistent with the upright position; but we must remember that the higher apes can move along without the aid of their hands, and although, as Mr. Darwin tells us of the gibbon, they move awkwardly and much less securely than man, yet when this ape does walk upright it is reported to only touch the ground now and then, just as does a man who carries a stick without requiring the use of one.

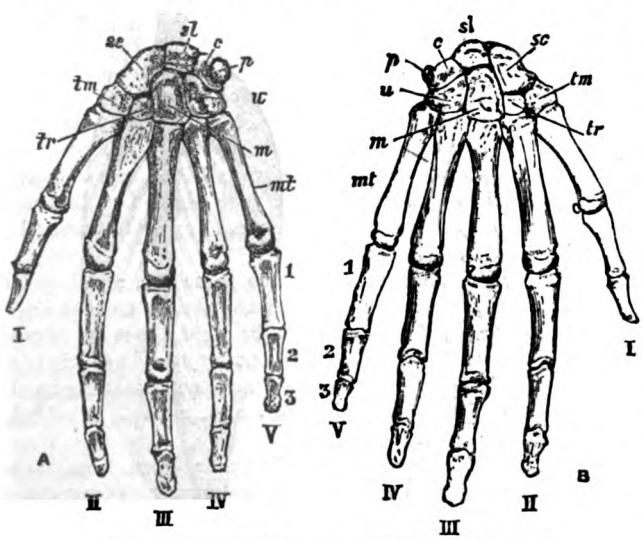
It is a general rule in all mammals—that class of the animal kingdom to which man belongs—to have never more than two joints in the thumb, and three in all the other fingers; and this rule applies also to the corresponding parts of the lower limb—the foot: in none of them, any more than in any bird, any living reptile, or any one of the frog class (*Amphibia*), are there more than five fingers to the hand—except, of course, in cases of monstrosity, such as in six-fingered men or women. To the first rule there is but one exception, and that is found among those animals which, though living in the sea, are veritable mammals, and which, like all others of their class, are unable to breathe the air dissolved in the water, and have continually to come to the surface to respire—these are the whales. In them the hand does indeed seem to be very remarkably metamorphosed; seen from the outside, there is no indication of the presence of separated fingers, not even the slight one that could be given by the presence on it of claws or nails—it is converted into a flipper-like paddle, set close to the body. When, however, the skin and muscles are removed, it is seen to possess wrist, palm, and four or five fingers, just as does man; but the joints of these fingers are not limited to two or three, and there may even be as many as twelve or thirteen phalanges in some of the digits. In those whales that develop whalebone in the place of teeth, many of the parts of the hand never become bony at all, but remain cartilaginous; the joints, too, between the different parts are not developed, and the only power that the hand has of yielding or bending is such as it can gain from the elasticity of cartilage.



HAND OF ROUND-HEADED DOLPHIN.

(I–V), Digits; (*r*) Radius; (*u*) Ulna; (*c*) Carpus; ($m1m5$,) first and fifth Metacarpal.

To show how variable the number of the phalanges is, it will be sufficient to state how they are set in the two forms of whales best known to most of us. The porpoise: this animal has two phalanges in the thumb, eight in the next finger, and then six, three and two; in the common dolphin there are two, ten, seven, three and one phalanges, while in the round-headed form there are as many as fourteen joints in the index finger. Of the mammal class there is yet another group which is purely aquatic, and, speaking generally, this mode of life is about their only point of similarity to the whales. Of these, the Sirenia (or mermaids), we now only know two living forms—a third form (*Rhytina stelleri*) has died out within the last century, but fortunately the figure of it was painted, and the anatomy studied a little by Steller, one of the companions of the celebrated voyager Behring. Owing, probably, to their mode of life, these animals have the hand converted into a paddle, and no signs of separate fingers can be made out in the living form; but the inspection of their skeleton reveals the

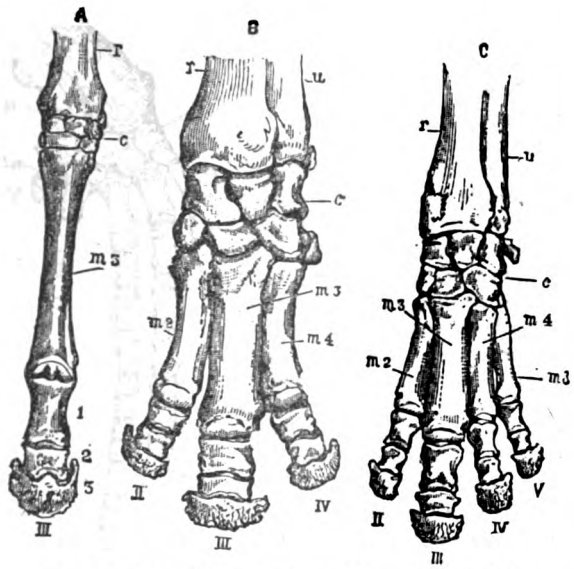


BONES OF THE HAND OF MAN. (A) PALM; (B) BACK.

I., II., III., IV., V., indicate the Digits on Fingers; 1, 2, 3 (see Digit V in A and B) mark the Phalanges or Joints; (*m*) Magnum; (*mt*) Metacarpals; (*u*) Ulna; (*p*) Pisiform; (*c*) Cuneiform; (*sl*) Semilunar; (*sc*) Scaphoid; (*tm*) Trapezium; (*tr*) Trapezoid.

HAND OF BAT.

(*p*) Pollex; (*sc*) Scaphoid; ($m1$-$m4$) the four Metacarpals.

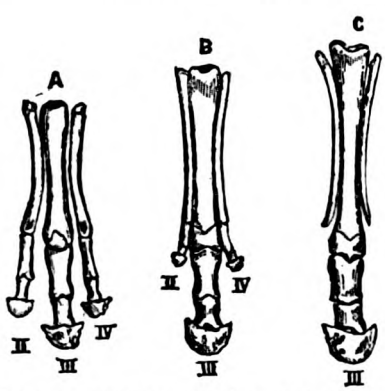


HAND OF HORSE (A), RHINOCEROS (B), AND TAPIR (C).

(r) Radius ; (c) Carpus ; (u) Ulna ; II., etc., mark Digits ; (1, 2, 3) Phalanges ; (m^2, m^3, m^4) Metacarpals.

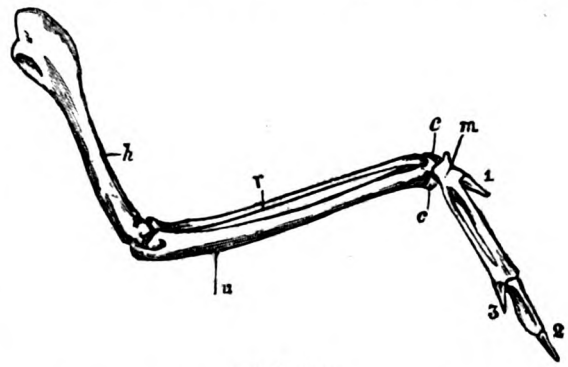
presence of a hand which, by the possession of five digits and the ordinary number of phalanges, agrees essentially with that of man.

There is another group of mammals which, unlike most of their kind, do not walk on land, but are flying animals; these are the bats (*Chiroptera*—wing-handed animals). The accompanying figure will show better than any description the difference between the arms of these animals and the arms of the birds who are, amongst vertebrates, the flying animals *par excellence*. It is therefore necessary only to point out that the surface required to support the animal in the air, and which is formed by outgrowths of the skin itself, is chiefly provided for by the great elongation of the bones of the hand; the thumb is not included in this fold of skin, but forms a claw by which the animal may support itself on trees and bars. The metacarpals (or bones of the palm) are greatly elongated, and, as a rule, are succeeded by *two* phalanges, which are also very long and very slender. It is striking to observe that, notwithstanding the extreme length of the bat's hand, the number of phalanges should be even less than in man. The other members of the mammalia which are able to fly—the flying lemur of the Indian Archipelago, the flying squirrels, and the flying phalangers of Australia—are not aided by any modifications of the hand, nor is their flight long-continued or steady. We shall shortly refer to what obtains in birds.



FOOT OF ANCHITHERIUM (A), HIPPARION (B), AND HORSE (C).

As we cannot deal with all the marvelous variations in the structure of the hand which are seen in mammals, we will pass on to a group in which the reduction of the digits affords one of the easiest, as well as one of the most instructive, series of changes which can be found in the whole realm of comparative anatomy: these are the hoofed animals, or *Ungulata*, of which there are two series, markedly distinguished by many anatomical differences. For our purpose the most important is that in one the number



BIRD'S ARM.

(h) Humerus ; (r) Radius ; (u) Ulna ; (c) Carpus ; (m) Metacarpus ; (1, 2, 3) Digits.

of digits is always even, and in the other always odd; to this, however, there are two curious exceptions. To the one group belong the tapirs, rhinoceroses and horses; to the other, sheep, oxen, deer, goats and pigs. But with regard to the tapir, that curious, old-fashioned-looking animal which is now found living only in such widely distant regions as South America and Sumatra, we have to observe that there are four toes on the hand, though only three on the foot, and that of these four toes the outer one has ceased to touch the ground. The other exception is also found in a South American form—the peccary; but the peculiarity here lies in the foot, in which there are only three, and not, as in the hand, four toes. Of all these beasts the most remarkable is the horse, in which only one digit is developed and touches the ground. The bones of this member are greatly elongated, and are very strong; the wrist, or carpus, is even here made up of seven bones, the largest and broadest of which is the one that we have already heard about—the *magnum*; in the metacarpus there are two narrow bones, one on either side, which represent the second and fourth metacarpals; these

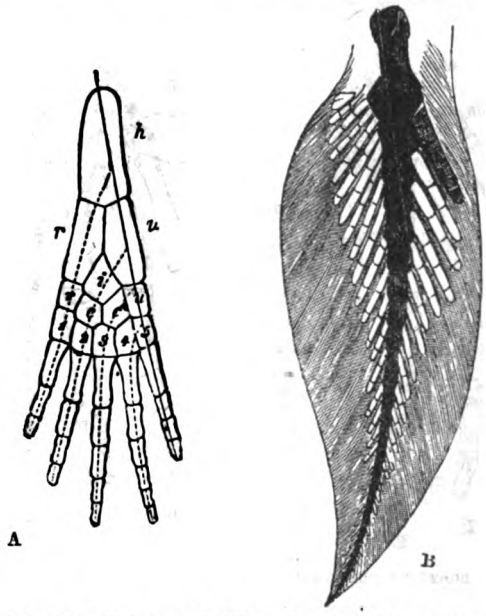


DIAGRAM OF FORE-LIMB OF (A) AMPHIBIAN; (B) OF CERATODUS.

A.—(r) Radius ; (h) Humerus ; (u) Ulna.

flank a large and long bone—the highly-developed third metacarpal; and this, again, is succeeded by three phalanges, the two lower of which are broadened out, and the last one most remarkably so. Owing to the length of the bones below the carpals, the wrist gets to be so high from the ground that it ordinarily goes by the name of the "knee."

In the rhinoceros, three toes touch the ground, but the middle one is larger than those on either side; while, as we see in the illustration, the tapir still retains its fifth digit, shortened a little though it be.

A still more instructive series of changes has been made out by the aid of a study of some fossil forms which were, without doubt, closer allies to the horse than are either the tapir or the rhinoceros. These are known as *Hipparion* and *Anchitherium*. When we compare—as by the aid of the illustration on the preceding page we are enabled to do—the hands of these three forms, we observe that the toes get shorter and shorter, until at last the digits cease to be developed. Nor is this all the story; to explain which we must say that the later periods of the history of our earth are, or may be, divided into five: Early Eocene, Later Eocene, Miocene, Pleistocene and Existing. Now, the modern horse is only known in the last two of these periods, *Hipparion* in the third and fourth, and *Anchitherium* in the second and third. A still earlier form, to which the ever-illustrious Cuvier gave the name of *Palæotherium*, has not been found in any layers which belong to a later period than the Later Eocene; in this form, again, there were only three digits. In addition to this, we have to observe that the rhinoceros has been found in Indian deposits of the Miocene epoch, and the tapir in the deposits of the same period near Auvergne. We see, then, a series of changing forms going hand-in-hand with changes in the earth's surface, while the scarcity at the present day of the almost unchanged tapir and rhinoceros, and their greatly restricted range, are full of significance as to the necessity of adapting oneself to circumstances, when one is desirous of continuing to exist.

Had we space, we might enlarge at greater length on this most interesting and instructive subject, and might draw many examples from the even-toed forms; but we must content ourselves with attracting attention as briefly as possible to the studies of a Russian anatomist, who illustrated the reality of the great republic of Science by drawing his examples from specimens in the British Museum. This gentleman has, by the study of fossil forms, shown that in some of these the median metacarpals did not seize on the outer carpal bones, when the digits with which these bones articulated dropped away; and that *such forms have disappeared*. In others, again, such as the deer or the ox, the carpal bones became connected with the remaining and median metacarpals, so that in them, just as in the horse, the number of bones in the wrist is not very greatly reduced, and "a better and more complete support for the body" is thereby gained; *such forms have not disappeared*. To these two modes Dr. Kowalewsky has given the appropriate names of *adaptive* and *inadaptive* modifications.

It is impossible to speak of the other mammals; and we must now begin to draw our notes to an end by giving a rapid sketch of the changes in arrangement which convert the typical five-fingered hand into part of a wing. In very nearly all birds there are three digits, one of which is the thumb, which does not here disappear so readily, as it were, as it does in so many quadrupeds. In many birds this thumb retains a claw, in some the index finger does so also, but in no known case is there a claw on the third (*median*) digit; the thumb is connected with a short metacarpal; the other two bones of the palm are very largely fused into one bony mass; and the bones of the wrist are reduced to two.

We come now to the final question: What is the meaning of these relations common to all hands? Why is the number five so constant and so characteristic, and yet why is it at times so extraordinarily modified? To answer these questions would be to write a chapter in the History of Creation; but at the same time there are a few facts which cannot be passed over. When we examine the arm and hand of one of the simplest of the five-fingered forms—a representation of which is given—we find (1) a single bone, (2) two bones, (3) a set of ten bones, (4) a set of five bones, and (5) five digits with a number of bones in each. Along this we can draw one straight line, and on one side of this four other lines, passing out like rays from a central stem. It is clear that the rays of the other side have been lost if the hand of the Amphibian is really based on a "type" of such a kind at all; whether it is so or not, it is curious to observe that such a "type" does exist in a remarkable form which has lately been found in the rivers of Australia, and of which an instructive figure is also given.

We have now traced the hand of man through various, though through few series, and have seen how, under varying circumstances, its structure becomes altered; yet, with all these changes, we have seen striking points of similarity in all, and we have lastly been able to see a possible origin for all these forms; so that we have had illustrated to us the two chief modes by which peculiarities of structure are brought about—"the influence of heredity," by which the "typical form" is preserved, and the influence of surrounding circumstances and of changed habits of life, which have effected the most wonderful changes in arrangement within a comparatively restricted area of structure.

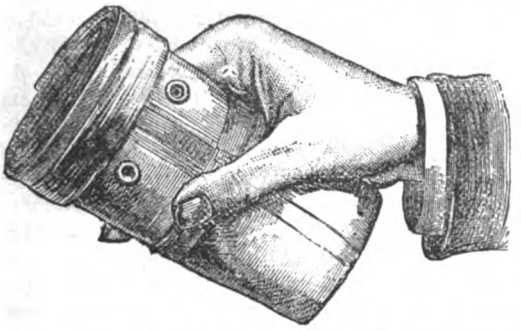
RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

MEDICAL USES FOR EGGS.—For burns or scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer, as a varnish for a burn, than collodion, and being always at hand, can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton," which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of this kind; and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied. The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestine, and, by forming a transient coating on those organs, to enable nature to resume her healthful sway over the diseased body. Two, or, at most, three, eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and since the egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

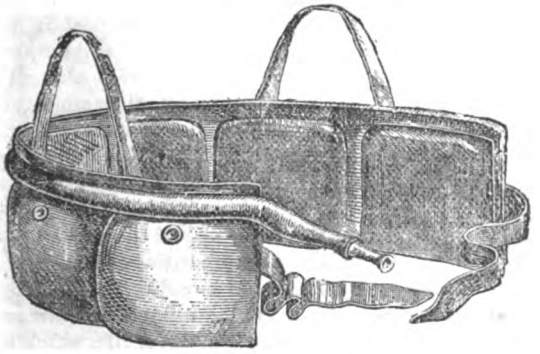
M. OBALSKI describes a pretty magnetic curiosity to the Académie des Sciences. Two magnetic needles are hung vertically by fine threads, their unlike poles being opposite one another. Below them is a vessel containing water, its surface not quite touching the needles. They are hung so far apart as not to move toward one another. The level of the water is now quietly raised by letting a further quantity flow in from below. As soon as the water covers the lower ends of the needles they begin to approach one another, and when they are nearly immersed they rush together. The effect appears to be due to the fact that when the gravitation force downward is partly counteracted by the upward hydrostatic force due to immersion, the magnetic force, being relatively greater, is able to assert itself.

MIGRATORY SAND.—It is a curious fact, not generally known, that at a certain point in the Upper Columbia, close to the water's edge, the fine sand is continually traveling up-stream in one eternal procession. Talk of the great army of Xerxes on the march—what was that to the myriad battalions that pace the marge of the mighty river? In comparison with these tiny travelers, what are the "leaves of the forest when Summer is green"? This sand is being continually washed ashore, and as the water falls away with the dearth of the season it dries, is taken up by the winds, carried back down-stream, is blown into the water, and makes another voyage; and so the work of transportation back and forth, by land and by sea, goes on for ever and ever.

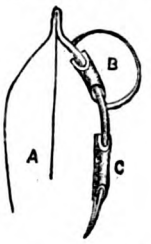
A POCKET LIFE-BELT.—Ordinary life-belts are so clumsy, that we welcome the new variety illustrated in the accompanying figures. It is the invention of Mr. R. E. Rose, of Gretna, La., and is



so light and convenient that it may be strapped on the person in combination with the usual dress, or folded up and carried in the pocket like a diary. The belt consists of several air-cells, A,



of the section shown in Fig. 3. These cells are provided with air-valves, C, which open inwardly. An air supply-pipe, B, running round the belt and communicating with each of the cells by a second air-valve, B, completes the whole, if we except the shoulder and other straps for fastening the belt about the body. The chambers are inflated by blowing through the supply-pipe, which is provided with a suitable mouthpiece, and they may be discharged by means of the valves, C. One great advantage of this kind of life-belt resides in the separate chambers, two or three of which may be accidentally punctured and discharged without destroying the floating efficiency of the remaining chambers.



MR SETH GREEN says that one morning when he was watching a spider's nest, a wasp alighted within an inch or two of the nest, on the side opposite the opening. Creeping noiselessly around toward the entrance of the nest, the wasp stopped a little short of it, and for a moment remained perfectly quiet; then reaching out one of his antennæ, he wiggled it before the opening and withdrew it. This overture had the desired effect, for the boss of the nest—as large a spider as one ordinarily sees—came out to see what was wrong and to set it to rights. No sooner had the spider emerged to that point at which he was at the worst disadvantage than the wasp, with a quick movement, thrust his sting into the body of his foe, killing him easily and almost instantly. The experiment was repeated on the part of the wasp, and when there was no response from the inside, he became satisfied, probably, that he held the fort. At all events, he proceeded to enter the nest and slaughter the young spiders, which were afterward lugged off one at a time.

ANALYSIS OF TWO ANCIENT SAMPLES OF BUTTER.—G. W. Wigner and A. Church have examined a sample of Irish bog butter, which cannot be traced with any certainty to a particular locality. There is no doubt, however, that it is a perfectly authentic specimen, probably 1,000 years old. The following results were obtained: Volatile fatty acids, calculated as butyric, 6 per cent.; soluble fatty acids, not volatile, 42 per cent.; insoluble fixed fatty acids, 99.48 per cent.; glycerol, minute traces. The insoluble fatty acids contained 9 per cent. oleic acid, and 91.0 per cent. stearic and palmitic acids. The other sample of butter, which is much older, was taken some time ago from an Egyptian tomb. It dates from about 400 or 600 years before Christ. It was contained in a small alabaster vase, and had apparently been poured in while in a melting state. In appearance, color, smell and taste, it corresponds closely with a sample of slightly rancid butter. Analysis shows that the sample has not undergone any notable decomposition.

BEES eject wax through their mouths in a frothy state, and it oozes out between their mandibles, while with these forming the cells. The bases of these are patches of wax, perhaps mixed with propolis, daubed on where the combs are fixed, and on which the cells are begun. Their first rudiments are triangles, formed by a peculiar appendage in the bees' mouths, having joints at the angles, which open and close as they proceed with the cells. When not in use this appendage is of a triangular shape, is serrated, and may be mistaken for the insect's fore-legs. I had the first glimpse of this curious thing, says Mr. Wighton, which, to suit my purpose, I call a pair of compasses, while watching a queen hornet making her nest. The rudiment of the first cell was a triangle, and soon five more were added to it. When the lonely insect was at work with her forceps, or mandibles, I observed she kept moving a curious appendage in her mouth, shaped exactly like that noticed of the bee.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

PLATELAYERS.—Butlers and waiters.

FAVORITE AIRS.—South and west winds.

THEY call sewing societies sew-cials. So so!

CABBY'S IDEA OF HIRE EDUCATION.—Knowing how to charge.

JONES says he is a wood workman—that is, he would work if it didn't make him so tired.

NEW PROVERB.—You cannot raise silver-crested Hamburgs by setting a hen on nickel-plated eggs.

WHY should young women bother so much about a wedding-dress? So it is a wedding-dress is enough.

A JILTED lover said to his belle, "If you dismiss me I will blow my brains out." "In that case"—with a sparkling laugh—"you will have to take mighty good aim!"

THE census enumerator gets two cents for every person he captures. Some persons are not worth that much, but no enumerator has had the honesty to return the change.

"SOMEHOW," said a philosopher, "things are usually kept at an equilibrium. For example, the more prices go up, the more everybody has to come down for everything."

REMONSTRANCE by an Italian minstrel on board the excursion-boat to passengers who decline to put anything in the hat: "What for you beat-a time with your cane-a, when we play-a, eh?"

THE man who will wait two hours for his girl to friz her hair to go out riding with him, will swear awfully if his wife keeps him waiting thirty seconds to fasten up a stray braid with a hair-pin.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.—*Aunt:* "Has any one been at these preserves?" Dead silence. "Have you touched them, Jimmy?" *Jimmy* (with the utmost deliberation): "Pa never 'lows me to talk at dinner."

A DEALER in musical instruments, in one of his advertisements, declares that his drums, among other articles that he has for sale, "can't be beat." Will he be kind enough to tell us what they are good for, then?

A NEW boarder spilt some milk on his coat, and was fearful lest it would leave a grease-spot. An old stager assured him that there was not the slightest danger, but that he might look for a chalk mark when it dried.

MUST LOSE.—A poet asks, "Who shall go first to the shadowy land, my love or I?" If they contemplate committing suicide, to which no objections should be offered, we suggest they toss up a penny—heads, he goes first; tails, she goes last.

ABOVE WATER.—A man jumped into a well because his wife and daughter ran him in debt. After he was rescued, he declared he wouldn't do such a foolish thing again, as he found it more difficult to keep his head above water in the well than out of it.

DOWN by the riverside they met,
Sweet Romeo and Juliet;
Her hand in his he placed, and said,
"Sweet Juliet, I would thee wed."
"Indeed?" she queried, "Ah! let's go;
Get in this boat, oh, row me, oh!"

UPS AND DOWNS.—No one knows who invented the fashion in society of turning down the corner of a visiting-card; but the fashion of turning down the corner of a street was first thought of by the man who owed a small bill to the tradesman he saw coming.

"AH, ME!" sighed a rising young genius, throwing down his pen and leaning back wearily, "you don't know how much pleasanter and easier it is to read these little poems of mine than it is to write them." Sympathetic but awkward friend: "Gad, how you must suffer, then!"

LADY.—"But tell me, Miss Jenkins, why you are not satisfied?" *Governess:* "Well, the fact is, madam, I should be perfectly contented to stay if Master Tommy were not so plain! But I am afraid of his being taken for my little boy some day when we are out walking, and that would be so very unpleasant!"

SWEET SUMMER DAYS.

CONDEMNED BOOKS.
From the Painting by Vibert

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. X.— No. 5. NOVEMBER, 1880. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

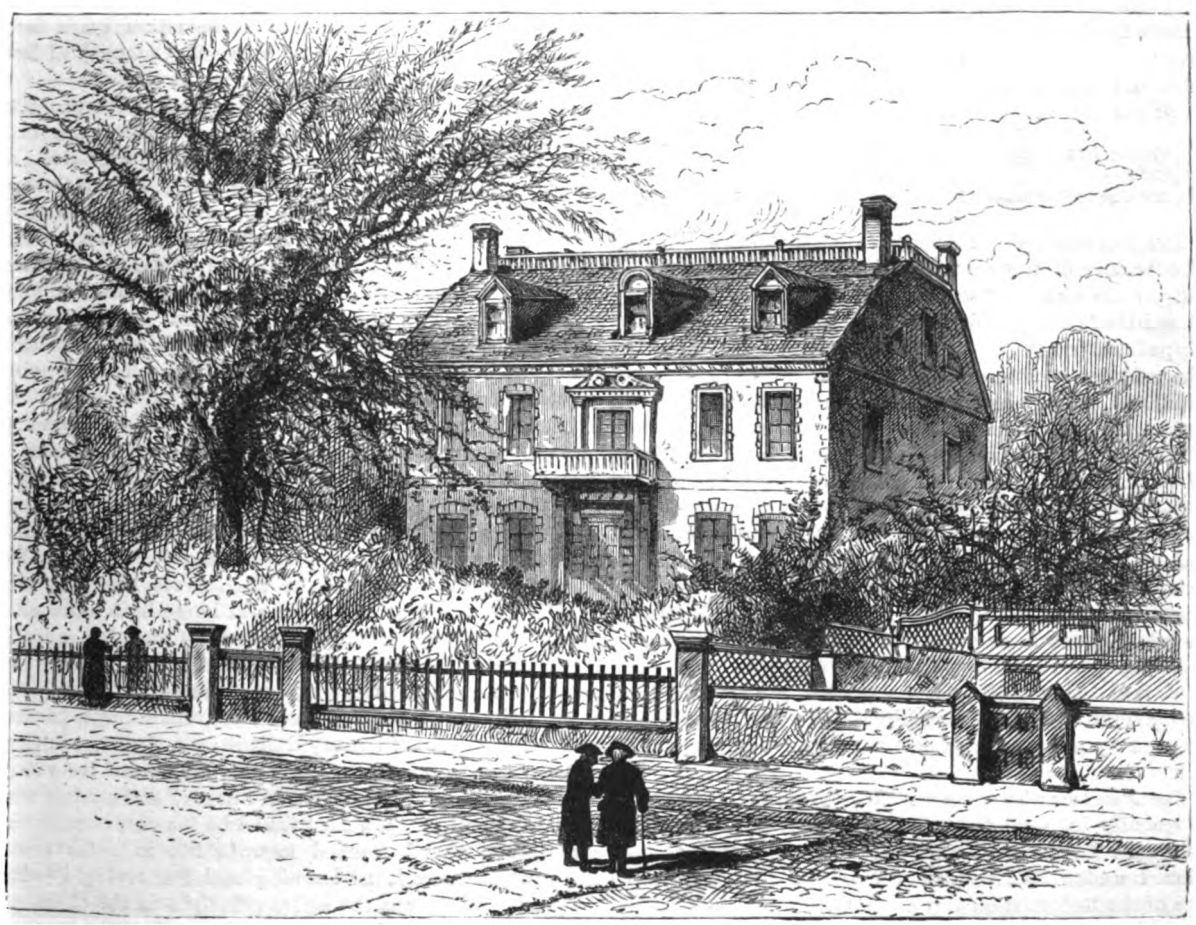
BOSTON, IN HER TWO AND A HALF CENTURIES OF EXISTENCE.

THE great New England city has just celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. She is not, by many a long year, as ancient as Saint Augustine or Santa Fé, but, while those old Spanish towns can boast of age, they have never exercised any influence on the country; and even New York, though she antedates Boston, cannot lay claim to have been as potent an element in American political and religious life as the capital of Massachusetts.

Boston has been the heart and brain of New England. To the old Canadian French, the people of all those colonies were Bostonians; and Indian tribes, from the Mohawk to the Columbia, gave the same name to all New Englanders, and, in time, to all inhabitants of the United States.

In the recent celebration, Mayor Prince eloquently said:

"Two centuries and a half make a small space of time in the history of a nation, and yet what astounding changes have occurred in our civic annals since John Winthrop, on the 17th day of September, 1630, landed with the Puritan settlers on this peninsula! The same ocean which bore the Pilgrims' bark to our shore still rolls in all its wild, mysterious grandeur. The same sun warms and lights the earth. In the same heaven still flames the bright belt of Orion—and its deep concave still shows the same vacant place, where the lost Pleiad conceals herself in shame for having wedded with a mortal lover. But all else, how



JOHN HANCOCK'S HOUSE, BOSTON.

different! Scarcely a feature of the landscape remains to tell us how nature looked before she was subdued by civilization. The sea has been converted into land; the hills have been leveled, the valleys filled up; the sites of the Indian wigwams are now those of the palaces of our merchant princes, and where 'the wild fox dug his hole unscared' Art has reared her beautiful temples for the worship of God and the dissemination of learning. Winthrop found in the territory but a single occupant, William Blackstone. To-day the population of our municipality, with that of its suburbs—which practically makes a part of our city—is nearly half a million. The domain of the great republic in the first year of our history was a wilderness, inhabited mostly by savage tribes and savage beasts. It is now the home of fifty millions of free, prosperous, happy and intelligent people, living in peace under the best government ever devised by man. Before Winthrop's arrival there were, it is true, some small settlements on the Atlantic coast. In Virginia a feeble colony was struggling to maintain itself. At Plymouth, a settlement commenced in 1620 was scarcely in a more prosperous condition. At Salem there were only three hundred colonists, who had come over two years before, and whose numbers were fast being decimated by sickness, suffering and the hardships of a settler's life. At a few other places attempts at colonization had been made, but they were all on the eve of being abandoned. Arrangements were made with certain companies holding grants from the Crown by the Pilgrims, by which they were permitted to establish a plantation in America. On the 20th of December, 1620, the *Mayflower* landed on Plymouth Rock, amid the snows and ice of a New England Winter, one hundred and one emigrants, weary, worn and tempest-tossed, but brave, hopeful and undaunted. One-half of these died during the first Winter from exposure and want; but the inflexible spirit and high resolve of the survivors did not abate, and none returned to their old homes.

"'Oh, strong hearts and true!—not one went back in the *Mayflower*—
No, not one looked back who had set his hand to that plowing.'

"The *first* century and a half of the history of Boston is the history of the colonization and settlement of the country; the history of the rise and growth of that invincible spirit of liberty which animated the people to assert their political rights, and ultimately led to the separation of the colonies from the mother country and to their erection into an independent nation. If we shall "make our annals true," no history of the Revolution nor of the United States, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to the close of the great civil war, could be written without narrating the *last* century of her history, for Boston has taken an active part in all the great political, social and military events which make this important epoch memorable. During all her 250 years of life, her thoughts, sentiments, policy, and political and moral principles, and the action of her representative men, native and adopted, have largely influenced, guided and controlled the country. Nor has she been actuated by the vulgar ambition to lead and direct: she has ever been prompted by the purest patriotism and the highest public spirit.

"The *Puritans* who came with Winthrop, and those who subsequently followed them, belonged to a different set of dissenters. They were dissatisfied with the Church as established under Elizabeth, and regretted that the principles of the Reformation had not been adopted to a fuller extent; but they did not wish to sever their connection with the English Church as completely as the Separatists.

"It has been claimed that the chief object of the emigrants was to provide an asylum 'where nonconformists might transport themselves and enjoy the liberty of their own persuasion in matters of worship and church discipline'; but it is difficult to see how they got this privilege through their charter. They could make laws and execute them, but they could make no laws 'repugnant to those of England.' All colonial legislation must accord with that of the mother country. As they were not allowed there to worship God as they pleased, they could not lawfully do so in the colony. The charter granted no such liberty, and, as Lord Coke declared, it could not grant any such liberty, because it would be in violation of the common law. Nor did the charter 'recognize the least departure in religious worship from that of the Church of England.'

"As has been observed, King James refused to allow the Separatists who settled at Plymouth the enjoyment of liberty of conscience and the free worship of God, and his successor, under the direction of Laud, followed the same policy. The letter of Winthrop and his associates, on their departure from England, expresses the warmest attachment to the Church of England, and we are warranted in inferring from it that the writers not only had no disposition then to separate from the church, but felt they had no power to do so. The period was auspicious for the emigration. The Government was so engrossed by home affairs, that it could only give a divided attention to colonial matters, and slight efforts were made to restrict those who desired to emigrate, whether they took or not the required oath of 'allegiance and supremacy.'

"The Rev. John White had attempted to form a settlement in Massachusetts Bay in 1625, but it was about being abandoned, when a scheme of colonization on a large scale was projected by the Massachusetts Company of London, and a royal charter obtained for the purpose.

"John Winthrop was elected Governor of the proposed colony. As he was also the founder of Boston, a brief sketch of this eminent man seems here appropriate. He was born at Edwardston, near the family seat at Groton, in the County of Suffolk, England, on the 22d of January, 1588, and was highly connected, being of an ancient family. He inherited a considerable estate, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, bred to the bar, and appears to have had a considerable practice. In 1627 he was appointed Attorney of the Court of Wards and Liveries, a trust which yielded a handsome income. This appointment seems to have been obtained through political influence; but, from some reason which does not appear—probably because he had reprobated the cruel treatment of dissenters and the policy of persecution which then obtained—he lost, in 1639, the favor of Government, and with it his office. He then reverted to the project he had often before entertained, of emigrating to America. His friends opposed it, and one of them wrote him that 'the church and commonwealth here at home hath more need of his best ability in those dangerous times than any remote plantations; that all his kinsfolk and most-understanding friends will more rejoice at his stay at home, with any conditions which God shall send, than throw himself upon vain hopes with many difficulties and uncertainties,' adding, with much force, 'that plantations are for young men that can endure all pains and hunger,' and closing with the just remark: 'How hard it will be for one, brought up among books and learned men, to live in a barbarous place, where there is no learning and less civility!' But the sense of duty was the active principle in the character of our governor, and the key to his conduct through all his useful and honorable life. The objections of his

friends were answered in a letter to his wife, in which he says: 'It had pleased the Lord to call me to a further trust in this business of a plantation than either I expected or find myself fit for, being chosen by the company to be their governor. The only thing that I have comfort in it is, that hereby I have assurance that my charge is of the Lord, and that He hath called me to this work.'

"It was the original design of most of the emigrants to be settled in one place, to be called Boston, after Boston in England, in honor of the Rev. John Cotton, who lived there, and who was expected to join them. Winthrop first landed in Salem, June 22, 1630, but, as Lieutenant-Governor Dudley said: 'Salem pleased us not,' and they soon left for Charlestown, where they proposed to settle. The water, however, proving bad, Winthrop removed to the peninsula which now forms the chief part of Boston. At a meeting of the court of assistants, held on the 7th of September, old style—the 17th of September, new style—1630, it was ordered that the peninsula previously called by the Indians Shawmut, and by the English Trimountain, should be called 'Boston.' We date the foundation of our city from that day. In 1632 the General Court declared 'that it was the fittest place for public meetings of any place in the Bay,' and from that time it has continued to be the capital of the Commonwealth. It seems that the Plymouth colonists had been attracted by the natural advantages of Shawmut as a place for settlement, for a party sent out by them soon after their landing, to explore the country, brought such favorable accounts of the place that they expressed the wish 'that they had settled there.'

"Among the first acts of the colonists upon their arrival in New England was the formation of a church. The covenant was signed July 30th, 1630, and this was the foundation of the first church of Boston. The meetings of the congregation were originally held under the shade of an oak-tree—literally a house not made with hands. The first meeting-house was built in 1632, and was said to have had mud walls and a thatched roof. It was located in State Street, where Brazer's building now stands. In 1639 a new house was built on the site, in Washington Street, now occupied by Joy's building. The cost was paid by the weekly church collections. This fact is interesting as showing that thus early the people of Boston initiated the policy of supporting religion by voluntary contributions, without recourse to rates or taxation by law. In 1711 the house was destroyed by fire and rebuilt. In 1808 the society removed to a new meeting-house on Chauncy Street, where it remained until 1868, when it removed to the beautiful church on Berkeley Street.

"The growth of Boston was at first slow. Those who came out with Winthrop suffered so much from sickness and scarcity of food that at times the safety of the colony was seriously threatened, and on this account Boston was called 'Lost-town.' It is a noteworthy fact, that when we were threatened with famine in 1630 the danger was averted by food sent from Ireland. So that the corn we gave in after years to feed her starving thousands was but the return of what we had of her in our own distress. Thus literally the bread cast upon the waters was returned after many days. In all the suffering and despondency of the first years of the colony, the courage, constancy and judicious management of Governor Winthrop never abated. With the skill of the statesman, the firmness of the magistrate and the tenderness of a parent, he encouraged and sustained the sinking faith of those who had been entrusted to his care, and animated them with renewed energy. The first settlers of Boston clearly saw the power of knowledge and the value of popular education. They knew their influence on social progress and the prosperity of the State. They knew that liberty, civil and religious, for which they had sacrificed so much, could never be maintained if the people were ignorant. They therefore provided, as early as 1635, for the maintenance of a 'free schoolmaster.' Winthrop, in his journal in 1645, notes that 'divers free schools were erected,' and it is quaintly observed in the law establishing these schools, 'that the stronghold of Satan consisted in the ignorance of the people, and all means should be employed to counteract the ould deluder.' Boston has always expended large sums for school purposes—'yearly contributions either by voluntary allowance or by rates of such as refused.' Thus it will be seen, that here in Boston was first established the principle, since almost universally adopted, of educating the people at the public cost. All the legislation of our ancestors shows their deep interest in this important matter, for they enforced upon the towns by penal enactments the obligation to support free public schools, and inaugurated a policy which in after years induced their descendants to provide by law for the compulsory school attendance of all children.

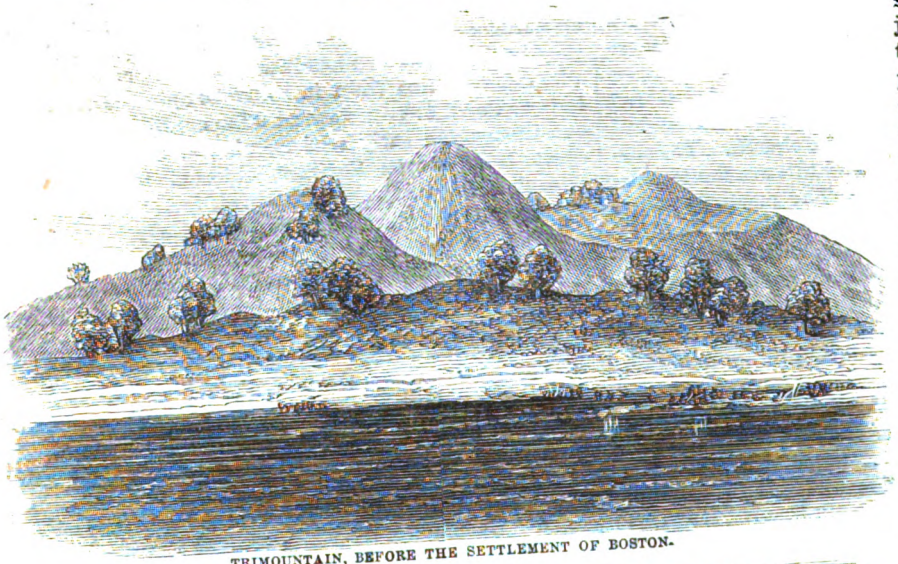
"In 1631 'an order was made that for the time to come none should be admitted to the freedom of the body politic but such as were church members.' 'This extraordinary order,' Hutchinson says, 'continued in force until the dissolution of the Government, it being repealed in appearance only after the restoration of Charles II.' Thus they kept in their own hands all power of preventing those who differed from them in religious opinions from interfering in civil or ecclesiastical affairs. By this curious inconsistency the early settlers, who, in common with the great body of the Puritans, objected to the union of Church and State in the Old World, found themselves advocating the same combination in the New.

"This jealousy of other sects was early shown toward the Episcopalians, when some of them, under the lead of Dr. Robert Child, ventured to present to the General Court a remonstrance and humble petition for 'their rights under the laws of England, which could not be disturbed by the Government here.' Not only was the prayer of the petition denied, but the petition was regarded as seditious, and the petitioners heavily fined.

"Most of the early colonial legislation had relation to church affairs. The church members, as such, decided all matters pertaining to both church and town. In fact, the church settled all religious and secular concerns. In order to make the people deport themselves in a proper and godly manner, their habits, customs, dress, modes of living and methods of transacting business were largely regulated by law; and nothing illustrates so well the temper and disposition of the people of Boston in the olden time as this curious, absurd and meddlesome legislation, so inconsistent with modern notions of personal liberty.

"But whether or not the first settlers entertained any disloyal intentions when they came here, it is clear that in 1634, to quote again from Chalmers, 'the nature of their Government was changed by a variety of regulations, the legality of which cannot easily be supported by any other than those *principles of independence which sprang up among them, and have at all times governed their actions.*' From their first arrival they viewed with alarm the least encroachment upon their liberties, from whatever source it came. There were growing fears that, when they should increase in wealth and numbers, there would be oppressive interference from the home Government, which would imperil, not only their material but their political interests, and there was a growing determination to resist and repel such interference at every cost. These fears,

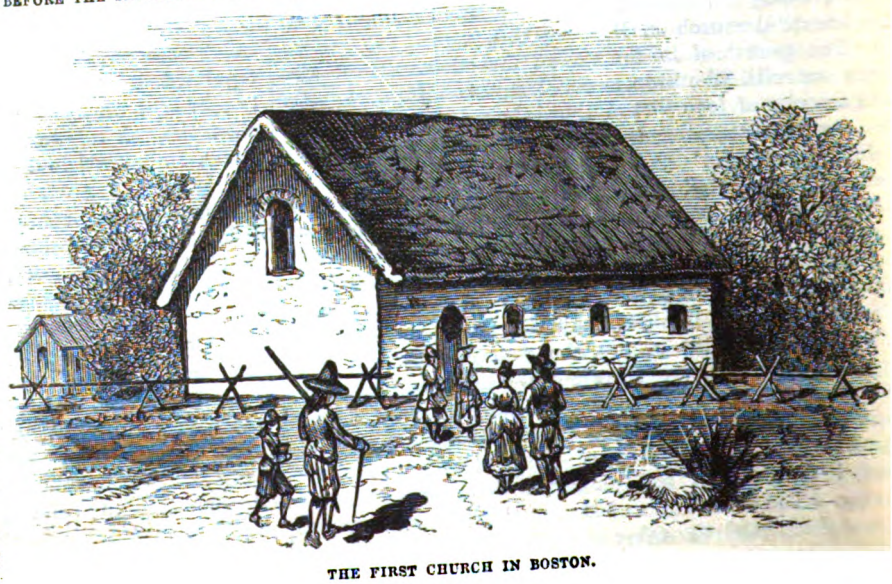
THE LANDING OF WINTHROP AND HIS ASSOCIATES IN 1630.



TRIMOUNTAIN, BEFORE THE SETTLEMENT OF BOSTON.

and this determination, found expression in no uncertain language, and it was evident to the slightest observer that, when the resisting power had sufficiently augmented, colonial loyalty would bear no heavy strain.

"The loss of their charter in 1684 did not dishearten the people of Boston, nor dispose them to abandon any of the political rights they had claimed under it. On the contrary, this hostile act of the Crown only served to make them more watchful of all encroachments, and awaken a fiercer spirit of resistance. Soon there was just reason for suspecting the Government of serious measures of oppression. The long-slumbering jealousy of the colonies began to be active. Their growing prosperity and power, their expanding commerce, their activity and enterprise on land and sea, their increasing manufactures, alarmed this 'nation of shopkeepers,' as Napoleon well called the English, not contemptuously, as many have supposed, but because trade has been made the chief object of national solicitude and care. The colonists must be suppressed, and Parliament adopted the unnatural policy of checking the industrial interests of English subjects in America by the most atrocious legislation. They showed that



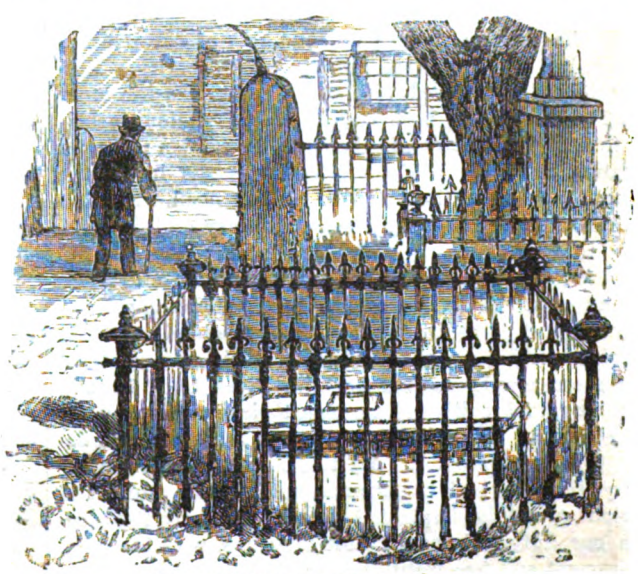
THE FIRST CHURCH IN BOSTON.

BOSTON STONE, CREEK SQUARE.

JOHN WINTHROP.

English blood had not degenerated in crossing the Atlantic, by counteracting measures of resistance. We treasure among our proudest historic reminiscences the fact that Boston led the way in this resistance. She began with protest and remonstrance. She denounced every measure hostile to colonial interests. She opposed the Stamp Act, the Revenue Act, the Writs of Assistance, the Tea Tax, and all other arbitrary measures. When the Crown, with the madness which despotic power has so often shown, persisted in its suicidal policy, and ignored the plainest claims of right and justice, she followed up her protest with the bold denial of the right of Parliament to make laws for the colonies, and the declaration of the principle on which the Revolution was subsequently based, that taxation without representation was tyranny. Through the eloquence of her statesmen she inflamed the sister colonies with the fire of her own daring, and created a public opinion on which was firmly based the resolution to resist to the end British tyranny, at every cost. Against her, as the cause, the *fons et origo* of revolution, the Crown directed its fiercest vengeance. Her port was closed, her commerce destroyed, her people proscribed, and a price put upon the heads of her patriotic sons, Hancock and Adams. The destruction of her material interests did not coerce her people to refuse

GEORGE ROBERT HEWES, LAST SURVIVOR OF THE TEA PARTY.



TOMB OF COTTON MATHER, COPP'S HILL.

the sacrifices that liberty demanded. Upon her altar every oblation was freely placed, with the pledges of life, fortune and sacred honor in her defense. The first threat of armed resistance was here uttered; the first act of resistance was here done; the first recommendation that independence be declared was here made; the first blood in the cause was here shed; and the steady valor of our "minute men" in what may be called the first battle of the Revolution—the battle of Bunker Hill—first assured Washington that the cause of American Independence was safe.

"Boston has always exercised great influence with the colonies. For a long period she was practically Massachusetts. She was, to quote again the words of the eloquent divine in 1730, "the chief part of the land." From the beginning she directed the affairs of the colony, shaped its legislation and formed its policy. Some of her acts have resulted in consequences of the greatest importance to colonial interests. She originated, as has been stated, under the sagacious direction of Winthrop, the colonial confederation of 1643. She suggested the congress of the colonies which adopted the confederation of 1775; largely through her influence the Declaration of Independence was made; during all the war of the Revolution she held a controling position; her voice was everywhere heard, her influence everywhere felt. Animated by her patriotic spirit, New England furnished more than one-half of that heroic army which achieved independence, of which Massachusetts alone contributed nearly one-third. Her ideas touching moral, religious, social and governmental questions have largely obtained in this country. They have greatly influenced American thought and action, and most of the important events of our history will be found, when effects are traced to their causes, to have had their origin in the Puritan principles which first germinated here. I may be permitted to observe that Boston not only established the first church, the first free school and the first college, as has been stated, but she built the first vessel, the first printing-press, the first hotel and first railroad. She started the first newspaper and the first temperance movement, when Governor Winthrop broke up the custom for everybody to be drinking his neighbor's health. She organized the first abolition movement, and the first Thanksgiving celebration. She originated stump speaking, when the Rev. John Wilson, in 1637, during the canvass for governor, addressed the people from a tree in behalf of Winthrop, who was elected. She created the first public park—in our Boston Common.

"We have reason to be proud not only of our political history, but of our material growth and prosperity. Boston originally contained 700 acres; to-day she has more than 23,000. As has been stated, her population, including that of the suburbs, is almost half a million; her tax valuation is nearly $650,000,000; her credit in all the financial markets of the world is unchallenged. She has 171 free schools; she has the largest library on this continent—containing nearly 400,000 volumes; she has 216 churches; she has 666 charitable, religious, literary, scientific and art societies. Her architecture, public and private, is for the most part substantial, convenient and elegant; her suburbs, with their varied surface, their sloping hills, their green meadows, their beautiful trees, their tasteful shrubbery, their cultivated gardens, their picturesque villas and charming cottages, are objects of attraction and delight to every spectator. All this is the product of industry, frugality and intelligence, and of those moral and religious principles implanted here by the early Puritans. It is our duty to transmit these blessings, with the good government and free institutions we have inherited, unimpaired, to the generations that are to succeed us. This trust is a solemn one, and can only be executed by maintaining the virtues of our ancestors, for the same agencies which enabled them to acquire will be needed to enable us to preserve."

The chief magistrate of the city could not, on such an anniversary, but dwell with complacency on the record of Boston. Yet every American will admit that the city is identified in many ways with the whole country, and has helped, perhaps more than any other, to fashion the thoughts and the ideas which have from time to time constituted public opinion.

The fierce dogmatism of its early days, when, without defining a distinct creed or system of church government, it established one of the most rigid theocracies ever seen on earth, has in our day yielded, indeed; but the character of a people formed in that school still continues, and one of the striking elements of that character is the activity, mental and physical, with which New England endeavors to impose on the country its ideas on all subjects. This energy marks her sons in every field; and it is easy to trace in all parts of the country, and in the workings of the National Government, the distinctive New England idea, pushed with energy, skill, adroitness and perseverance, till it is taken up as a national idea. And we look in vain over the country to find a city which has shown similar vitality or power.

The comparatively unproductive soil of New England at an early date induced emigration, and thus the West received its colonies of men determined to control and guide. The new communities, from the Firelands of Ohio to the State of Minnesota, all thus feel the early influence of Boston.

As a city, she has marked epochs. The struggle for religious unity, first against those who, acting out their original professions, wished still to cling to the Church of England; then against Roger Williams, whose varying mind led him from one extreme to another; then against Mrs. Hutchinson and her favorer, Sir Harry Vane, sending one to the frontier to be butchered by savages, and the other in disgust to England to end his career on the scaffold.

Even more bitter was the war against the followers of Fox; and sadly did the generous hearts that interposed in behalf of the Quakers pay for their temerity, while Boston Common hides to this day the bones, but not the memory, of the earnest Friends whose lifeless bodies swung from the gallows on that famous spot.

When Boston triumphed over dissent at home, and an iron rule had been established, it had to face a new difficulty. The very severity exercised against the Quakers attracted the attention of the indolent King Charles, and questions began to arise as to the validity of the acts of this Colonial Government.

Boston sounded the alarm. The self-government which Massachusetts had assumed and exercised was menaced. James, more of a statesman and a worker than his brother, planned a confederation, in which New England, blended with Dutch New York and the new Quaker colony of Pennsylvania, would lose some of its asperity and become more harmonious with England.

Andros, as Governor-General, became the evil genius of Boston. Royal troops, the established Church, customs—all were imposed on an unwilling people.

While Boston was fretting and chafing under the rule of James II. and Andros, news came, by way of Nevis, in the West Indies, that William of Orange had landed in England. It was a match to a magazine.

Men rushed for their arms, boys swarmed the streets with clubs, and in a few minutes the roll of the drum

echoed through the streets. A British frigate lay in the harbor; her captain was seized and secured; known adherents of Andros were arrested; others fled to the fort. Andros sent for the ministers, hoping to calm the storm; but as the colors were run up at Beacon Hill, and the militia moved upon the fort, Andros fled to the frigate.

The castle surrendered. The venerable Bradstreet and some of the old magistrates formed a temporary government, and there issued, April 18th, 1689, an elaborate "Declaration of the Gentlemen, Merchants and Inhabitants of Boston and the Country adjacent."

Boston had reasserted her independency. She proclaimed William and Mary, but the new rulers would not forego the opportunity of appointing a royal governor.

Then for years came the oft-repeated struggle of England to wrest Canada from the hands of the French. In all this struggle Boston took the lead, giving freely her means and blood. The first expedition—that of Sir William Phips—sailed from Boston with about two thousand men, in thirty or forty vessels. The utter failure of the expedition prostrated the colony, and Boston issued her Bills of Credit, the first colonial paper money. In all the subsequent attempts, like that of Walker in 1712; in the expedition against Louisbourg; in the operations against the Indian allies of the French—Boston did her share manfully.

Then came again the struggle for self-government. In resisting the Stamp Act and Navigation Acts; in her daring destruction of the tea in the harbor, Boston had marked herself out as a special object of hatred to the councils of Great Britain.

She was closed as a port, and regiments were sent over to intimidate her citizens. A feverish spirit pervaded all classes; boys pelted the soldiers, and a chance quarrel led to the firing of the military on a mob, in which several were killed. It was the famous Boston massacre, the memory of which was kept alive for years, and, by all the eloquence of Boston oratory, made a potent instrument in rousing throughout the country a hatred of British rule.

Day by day the spirit grew stronger, and England felt at last that if she was to maintain her power in America she must appeal to arms. She had no statesmen to dictate a wiser course.

Boston was, of all places, the one to be crushed. But, although to occupy that city was apparently easy, the army found itself in a trap. Not only from all parts of New England did troops flock to invest the royal army, but the Southern colonies sent their regiments to aid in driving out what had become an army of invasion. Boston had become the representative American city. Her Faneuil Hall was the first temple of American liberty, and here eloquence told the story of American wrongs in tones that reached throughout the land.

Once freed from the presence of English troops, she was never called upon to repel them again. There Parliament felt it could secure no hold.

After the war her progress was steady under the influence of the institutions she had done so much to create. Her ships whitened every sea; her credit has never been impaired, and all that capital and ingenuity can bring to develop her facilities for inland trade, and make her a foremost commercial port, are diligently employed. As a rival of New York, Boston has the advantage of a permanent government, and one administered by her best citizens, while New York, with her charter virtually annulled, a victim alike to legislature and to mob, is so fettered and crippled that her very greatness may be the cause of her decline.

The onward progress of such a city is best seen in occasional descriptions. In 1679, when two Labadists visited it, they pictured it thus: "As to Boston, particularly," say they, "it lies in latitude 42° 20′, on a very fine bay. The city is quite large, constituting about twelve companies. It has three churches, or meeting-houses, as they call them. All the houses are made of small thin cedar shingles, nailed against frames, and then filled in with brick and other stuff; and so are the churches. For this reason these towns are so liable to fires, as have already happened several times; and the wonder to me is that the whole city has not been burnt down, so light and dry are the materials. There is a large dock in front of it, constructed of wooden piers, where the large ships go to be careened and rigged; the smaller vessels all come up to the city. On the left hand side, across the river, lies Charlestown, a considerable place, where there is some shipping. Upon the point of the bay on the left hand there is a blockhouse, along which a piece of water runs, called the Milk Ditch. The whole place has been an island, but it is now joined to the mainland by a low road to Roxbury, between which you pass in sailing in and out. On one of the middlemost stands the fort, where the ships show their passports."

Just a century later, Blanchard, commissary in chief to Rochambeau's army, thus describes Boston, which he visited in August, 1780: "The City of Boston seemed to me as large as Orleans; not so broad, perhaps, but longer. It is likewise well built, and displays an indescribable cleanliness which is pleasing. Most of the houses are of wood; some are of stone and brick. The people seemed to be in easy circumstances. Nevertheless, the shops were poorly stocked with goods, and everything was dear, which resulted from the war. The bookstores had scarcely anything but prayer-books; an English and French dictionary cost me eight louis d'or. I saw on the signs of two shops the name of Blanchard, written like my own, one Caleb Blanchard, the other John."

The Abbé Robin, who arrived there the next Summer, after eighty-five days of steady sea-sickness, gives the following account, rather more in detail:

"We had doubled Cape Ann, we were in the great Bay of Massachusetts; we saw the sea beat on the rocks of Cape Cod; we were within a few hours of Boston, when a thick fog suddenly covered us, and in the midst of shoals obscured our course. We anchored, but soon after a heavy gale dragged our anchor, broke our cables, and threatened us with fouling each other or of striking on these dangerous shores. Most of the vessels put to sea. But at last, after two days of uncertainty, danger and—for me—of sickness, a fresh breeze took us into Boston Harbor. From this harbor, in which pretty little islands are scattered, we could see, between the trees on the west side, a magnificent perspective of houses arranged in an amphitheatre, stretching along for a half-circle of more than half a league. This was Boston. These high, regular houses, in the midst of which rose tall steeples, looked more like an ancient city adorned and peopled by the commerce and the arts, than a modern colony.

"The interior of the town corresponds to the first impression. A superb wharf, extending nearly 2 000 feet into the sea, is so wide that upon it are built stores and shops, for its whole length. This wharf leads you to the main street of the town, which is at right angles with it. It is wide and spacious, and follows the same direction as the shore. It is built of fine houses, two or three stories high, with small streets opening into it on each side. The shape of the houses is such as surprises Europeans. They are built wholly of wood, not in that heavy, sad look of our old towns, but regular and well lighted. The woodwork

THE TOWN CRIER IN BOSTON IN THE LAST CENTURY.

is light, carefully finished, and they are wholly covered with smooth little boards, which are ranged over each other as we arrange the tiles on our roofs. They are painted on the outside in neutral tints, which infinitely improves the *coup d'œil*. The roofs are adorned with little balustrades, undoubtedly on account of fires. The houses stand on walls about a foot from the ground. It will readily be seen how much more healthy they are than ours. All parts of a house are firmly braced together, and the whole weight is so small in proportion to their size, that they can be moved from place to place. I saw one of two stories which had been moved half a quarter of a league, at least. At Newport the whole French army saw the same thing. What we are told of the moving houses of the old Scythians is not so wonderful. The furniture is simple, but of costly woods like the English, which gives to it a certain sombre appearance. Rich people cover their floors with woolen carpets or mats—poor people with very fine sand. There are 6,000 houses, and 30,000 people. There are nineteen "temples" of all sorts of sects; these are all neat, and most of them are very handsome—above all, those of the Presbyterians and Anglicans. Their form is a long square, with a gallery all around, and arranged with uniform seats."

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

Robin thus describes the Neck and Beacon Hill:

"Boston is situated on a peninsula cut in by a bay on the seaside. It is connected with the main by a tongue of land, where at high tide there is only room for a broad

road. A hill overlooks the whole place, on which the Bostonians have placed a sort of pharos at a great height. In this is a barrel of turpentine, ready to be lighted in the event of an attack. At this signal more than 40,000 men will take arms, and will be at the gates of the town in less than twenty-four hours."

Boston, in our time, has suffered from a fire which desolated the best part of her commercial quarter, and destroyed millions of property, but she was too solid to be more than temporarily checked by such a disaster.

Boston has ever claimed to be the great literary centre of America, and there is some foundation for the assertion. There, the first printing-press was set up in Northern America; there, that monument of zeal, patience and learning—Eliot's Indian Bible—was printed; and there, in our days, publishing houses have issued more exclusively American works than those of any other city. While publishers in New York and Philadelphia were mainly reprinting works issued abroad, Boston brought out the creations of American genius and talent. In the colonial days, when theology absorbed all attention, the New England School, the Cottons, Mathers, Eliot, Ward and others, down to their greatest theologian, Jonathan Edwards, spread their writings before the world through the printers of Boston; and though science had few votaries, Anne Bradstreet issued her poems from the same press. The patriotic outpourings of the Revolutionary sages come next. In our own time, the writings of Channing, Parker; of the philosophic Emerson and Brownson; of the scholarly Everetts and Whipple; of Hawthorne and nature-loving Thoreau; of historians like Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Sparks, Parkman; of poets like Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes; and the grand eloquence of Webster—all are familiar to us under Boston imprints.

LINES

ON THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF BOSTON—1830.

By Grenville Mellen.

O thron'd enchanter of the proudest clime,
Cloth'd with thy sceptre wand—relentless Time!
That bowest empires to thy charter'd sway,
Thyself unchanged 'mid glory and decay—
Now the loud tribute of our joy we bring,
And the last wonder of thy magic sing.
Old visions of the past! The ancient land
Where, to the echo of a strange command,
Quick to the heaving earth, as fables sung,
From dragon's teeth a giant people sprung,
Scarce saw a nobler miracle than ye—
First of the Pilgrim heart and empire of the free!
Two hundred years their cloudy pinions spread
Above the still, green pillows of the dead,
Where the gray fathers with the children lie—
Each grave an altar-place of Liberty!
Two hundred years!—and on this hallow'd ground,
Now shaking with the joy that bursts around,
Where swings with solemn beat the sabbath bell,
Rang the green forest to the Indian's yell,
As forth he flitted with his sounding bow
To the tall pines' far music, wild and low!
There, too, where Freedom's shout the concave fills,
Oft slept unearthly silence round the hills;
The scatter'd smoke-wreaths up in quiet curled
Over the dim wood's lone, untrampled world;
And here, where sweeps a city's lengthening roar,
No sound save ocean's pealed along the shore!
Then wreathe the mantling cup—let incense rise,
Let every heart go forth in sacrifice
To the great God that bore our fathers on,
Till empire 'mid the wilderness was born!
Two hundred years!—the coming bard shall sweep
His ringing lyre, till sire and son shall weep
The fast, blest tears of ecstasy, to hear
The high and wondrous story of our cheer!
Already flashing to our glorious skies,
See spiry temples spring, and domes arise!
Here busy Art her hundred hands employs,
And Wealth pours onward with her ocean noise;
Taste, still severe, unvails her classic brow,
And countless shapes of Beauty round her bow;
Science in smiles unbars her radiant door,
And Grace, in woman, treads her golden floor!
So let it be for ever! Let our eyes
Catch still new glories with a glad surprise;
But yet those forest hills remembered be
Of thy young years—fair City of the Sea!
And while new wonders gather as we gaze,
May nobler splendor light thy coming days,
And hence each year in broader lines unfold
Tales proud as this which centuries have told!

SOPHIA'S PORTRAIT.

I, Comfort Harding, tell this story; that it is true, you may believe:

In the year of grace 1782, and on the 7th day of June, I went to live at Holcroft Hall, as companion to her ladyship, Lord Mark Holcroft's widow. Mark had been my cousin, and both he and his wife I counted as my best friends; so it was not strange that I, an old maid, poor and quite alone in the world but for them, should go when she bade me come. Holcroft Hall remained to the dowager, but at her death it would revert to the distant relative who had inherited the title.

Well, I had been in this happy home just ten years, when Monsieur Victorien, a famous French painter, who had been driven from his country by political troubles, came out to us to paint Sophia's portrait.

Sophia was my cousin's only child, and the offspring of his first marriage. She was a beautiful, graceful girl of eighteen, white as a lily, with wavy yellow hair and big gray eyes. Now, imagine her in a gown of pink satin, made square across the bust, and finished with a drawn tucker of the finest lace. The stomacher, of darker velvet, had a row of white satin bows, and in the centre of each of these was an enormous pearl. Deep ruffles of lace trimmed the sleeves, whilst around her wrists and throat were bands of black velvet, clasped with pearls. The petticoat trained royally, and was decked here and there with white bows like those upon the stomacher. Her hair was combed up from her forehead over a high roll r—of powder she would none—and two chains of pearls, slantingly encircling the roll, were tied together at the left side by a pink ribbon with fringed ends. On the other side of her snowy neck lay a single thick curl. Then, in her perfect hand, she held a bunch of opening roses—and there was Sophia, dressed for her portrait.

Never will I forget the day that Monsieur Victorien first saw her. Monsieur was a rising star in London. Royalty itself smiled upon him; consequently, monsieur must be had at any price. He was a tall, well-built man, with black eyes and hair, finely-cut features, delicate hands and feet, and a careless, good-natured way about him, which barely concealed a haughty temper and an indomitable will. His own people would describe a disposition like his as *main de fer sous gant de velours.*

Well, he came to the Hall expressly to paint that portrait, and proud enough was my lady at having secured his services; for, as you may believe, the gentleman was almost fought for, so eager were the women, young and old, to dress in their best and simper before him until he had got them down upon his canvas.

Since his arrival the previous day, Sophia had kept her room; consequently, the two met for the first time when she went to him arrayed, as I have described, for the momentous occasion. He, however, was not as I had seen him the evening before. Then he quite overcame me with the extreme gentility of his appearance in a suit—coat and small-clothes—of bottle-green satin, with gold buttons and lace ruffles; now, he received us in a damask gown, and his powdered hair was frizzed high in front and curled up at the sides, whilst at the back it was twisted, doubled and tied by a black ribbon with a large rosette. As for his manner, it was quite refined, earnest and delicate. In short, Monsieur Victorien was a gentleman.

Her ladyship, prim and precise, in a gown of snuff-colored taffety, presented him to Sophia.

"You must endeavor to do justice to my daughter, sir," said the dowager, glancing proudly at the young girl, who returned her stepmother's look with a sweet smile. (They really and truly loved each other, you see.)

"That would be impossible, my lady," declared the painter. "No one in the world could do justice to such incomparable loveliness."

Sophia colored crimson, my lady smiled graciously, monsieur busied himself with his canvas, and that was all, apparently. But I, Comfort Harding, a plain old maid, who had never had a lover nor heard a love-speech in my life, read from the two faces before me, as from the pages of an open book, that the first chapter in a life drama was begun that day, when Monsieur Victorien prepared to paint Sophia's portrait.

Sir Guy Marchmont, our neighbor, and the richest landowner in the county, had always loved Sophia. He was full seven years her senior, but from her childhood to her womanhood he had paid ceaseless court to her—at first in an awkward, boyish fashion; then, bolder and bolder, until at last he became the terror of her life. My cousin, be it understood, never dared put her dislike into words—that came of her tender-heartedness. Indeed, so gentle was she that she would not willingly have wounded the meanest of God's creatures; yet, try as she might, she could never care for Sir Guy.

He, at twenty-five, was tall, slim and smooth-faced, with a low, sweet voice, a deferential manner, and the most Christian-like temper imaginable. But all his Christianity could not bring him to friendliness with Monsieur Victorien. He was very civil to the artist, it is true, and he even praised the picture; but his civility was tinged with condescension, and his praises were rather directed to Sophia than to her counterpart. I saw that, and so did she.

One morning she came to me, as I sat working at my embroidery, and, throwing herself down beside me, commenced worrying with my silks.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, for I saw that she had something to impart.

"Sir Guy has asked me to marry him," she answered, without looking up.

"Well, that does not surprise me," I returned, smilingly.

"But I have rejected him," she continued.

"Then that will surprise her ladyship; for she has set her heart upon the marriage."

"I do not care," retorted my cousin, defiantly; "I shall not marry him."

"Pray, how did he take his rejection?"

"Oh, calmly enough. We are to be friends for ever and ever."

Silence for a moment; then I spoke again:

"My dear, if you do not love Sir Guy, whom do you love?"

"Comfort!" she cried, blushing rosy-red.

"Tell me," I persisted. "Is it Monsieur Victorien?"

"Oh, Comfort," said the poor soul, holding out her little hands pleadingly, whilst tears filled her eyes—"oh, Comfort, *yes!*"

* * * * * * *

The following week the portrait was finished, and monsieur, who had completely gained my lady's good graces, was urgently pressed to remain still longer with us as an honored guest. He consented, staying two days. On the morning of the third he bade us adieu; but on the morning of the fourth we found, to our inexpressible horror and dismay, that *Sophia had disappeared!*

Instant search was made, but searching was useless; no trace of the fugitive could be revealed. She had not left a word—not even a token—whereby a clew to her motive and movements might have been gained, or scanty consolation derived. To say that her ladyship suffered from this blow would be to say nothing at all. She loved her stepchild truly, but she was one of those grim old Spartans who could welcome death in preference to dishonor; and so, when she said to me: "I wish that I had killed her!" I knew that she really meant what she said.

As for Sir Guy he went about like one demented, and at the end of the week started off for London, solemnly pledging himself to find and restore to us our poor, deluded child.

Months dragged wearily, but we were still alone. Letters from Sir Guy came often, and although these served somewhat to buoy up our hopes, yet their refrain was always the same—"Take courage; I will find her! Take courage; I will find her!"

But we were only two poor women, lonely and longing, and our hearts grew fairly sick with hope deferred. I could see that Lady Holcroft was fast breaking down, notwithstanding her great affectation of stern determination. And how I yearned for the child! Our grand old home, with its stately gardens and broad avenues, and great jungle of a park well filled with game, seemed to me the veriest prison in a desert land, now that it had been robbed of the brightness and animation of Sophia's fresh young life. Her fresh young life! Ah, me, even then, in that time of my bitter woe, there were many sweet and tender fancies and remembrances of my darling that lay like Spring flowers around my poor old heart.

Just at that dolorous time it was that the storm which had so long been gathering burst upon that poor country, France. Not that we, so far from town, heard many details of those troubles across the Channel; but still there came to us faint rumors, then bolder assertions, and at last horrible facts concerning that awful French Revolution. And, to add to our suspense, Sir Guy's letters ceased for

a weary while; but imagine our delight when, one afternoon, he came unexpectedly back to us. Did he bring us tidings? Yes; the worst. He told his story to us in my lady's chamber—told it with a white face and sad eyes, and low, broken voice.

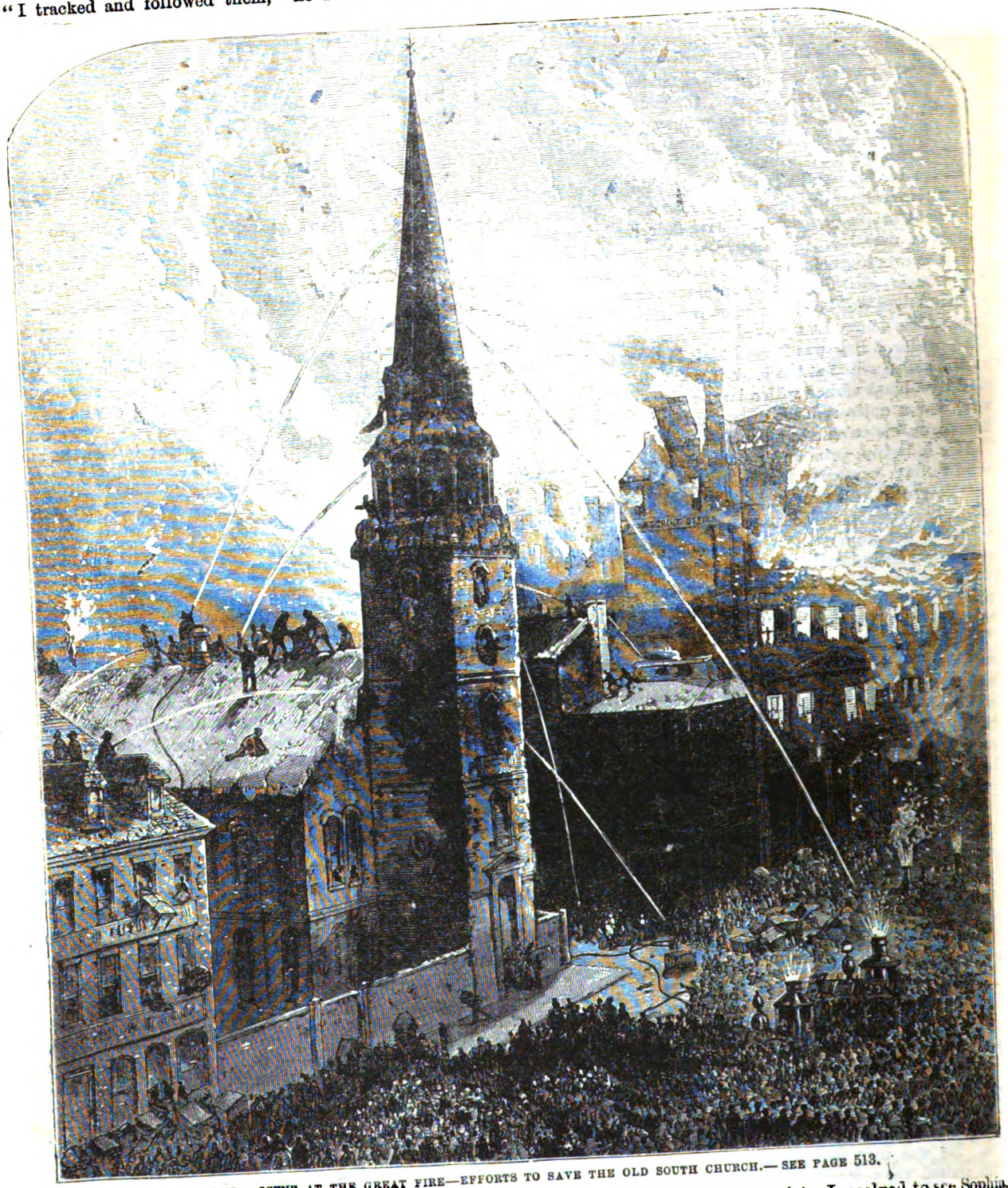
"I tracked and followed them," he said. "She was with him, and they went to France. For a long, long time I could learn nothing of their whereabouts. Victorien, as I heard from all who knew him, was simply a worn-out man of pleasure; so, very naturally, I dreaded a frightful fate for the woman I loved. Nor was I wrong; for——"

"He married her?" broke in my lady.

"He did *not* marry her," returned Sir Guy.

My lady closed her eyes and folded her hands, but, beyond that, made no sign.

"It is as I say," continued the narrator. "But this is how I found them: They were in Paris, and under *surveillance*. Half mad with anxiety, I resolved to see Sophia. So, dressed in a blouse, as an *ouvrier*, my face and hands stained as if by exposure and toil, I joined the maddened mob that patrolled the streets, shouting their frantic songs of liberty. The better to conceal my nationality, I pretended to be dumb; and, although my heart was sick



BOSTON.—SCENE AT THE GREAT FIRE—EFFORTS TO SAVE THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.—SEE PAGE 513.

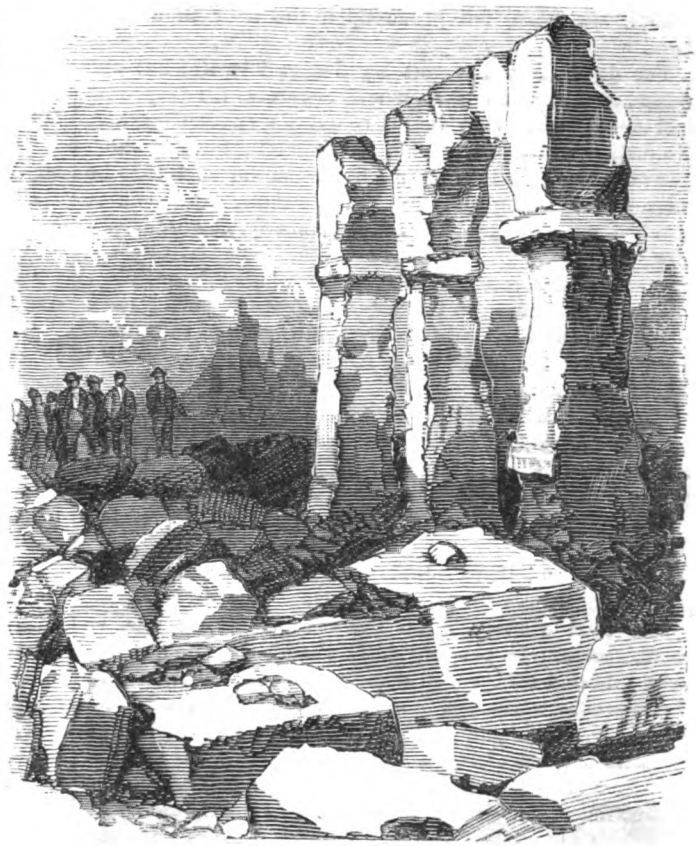
within me, I never once wavered in the accomplishment of my determination to find those whom I sought. One afternoon I went, as usual, to the Hotel de Ville. There, among the prisoners, were Victorien and Sophia. The farce of a trial was enacted. They were condemned, and——"

"Guillotined?" said her ladyship, as he paused.

"No—drowned!"

At this I cried aloud in horror, but my lady never quailed.

GENERAL WARREN.



RUINS AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF FRANKLIN.

"Go on," she said, still sitting there, with closed eyes and folded hands—"go on."

Sir Guy obeyed.

"Face to face, breast to breast, their arms around each other's necks, they were tied tightly together, then borne to the Seine. 'In the name of the majesty of the people!' shouted some one. Quick upon the words came a splash in the dark water, and—and—all was over!"

STONE MARKING THE SPOT WHERE WARREN FELL.

"But you!" I cried. "Great heaven! did you do nothing to save them!"

"Alas, madame! what could I have done?"

"He is right," said my lady, rising. "What could he have done? What should he have done? My God, my God! what should any honest——"

She ceased, threw up her arms suddenly, and,

HON. F. O. PRINCE, MAYOR OF BOSTON.

with a low moan, fell prone upon the floor in a dead faint.

For days Lady Holcroft lay desperately ill; but she rallied at last, and was soon able to receive Sir Guy, who had been unwearying in his solicitude concerning her. No further allusion was made to the doleful tidings which the gentleman had brought; but when he said that he intended returning in a few days to Paris, my cousin at first made no comment. Then, presently, she said, quietly.

"Fetch me something that was hers."

And he answered: "I will."

But, on the Wednesday before he was to go to Paris—shall I ever forget it?—my lady said to me, as we sat together alone:

"Comfort, what is the matter with you? You seem nervous and excited; you have seemed so all the morning. Have you anything to tell me? If so, tell it without hesitation. Nothing could shock me now."

"Well, yes," I answered, boldly—"I have something to tell."

And then and there I told it; but what it was may not be repeated here.

The next evening, when Sir Guy called, he was, as usual, received in her ladyship's chamber. The day had been wild and cold, but now had come a sudden silence, as if the whole world was hushed and sad. The wind, no longer storm-charged, barely moaned its old, old song, and the stars seemed clearer and brighter in the deep heaven than ever stars had seemed before; while just above the distant forest hung the pale crescent of a young moon, its faint beams of yellow, lambent light quivering across the lovely stretch of moor, and mountain, and wooded dale.

Within the chamber were Lady Holcroft, Sir Guy and I. This room, you must know, was a large one, hung with arras, and furnished in the heavy, quaint style of centuries ago. From the wide chimney a fire flashed softly, its cheery radiance on the polished floor being barred by long shadows from the stiff, high-backed chairs. There were no candles—only the firelight. In one corner stood the great bedstead, mounted upon a dais, and shut in by curtains of silk and lace. Of paintings there were but two—one of the late lord, my cousin; this hung above the mantel; another from the opposite wall beamed down upon us, bright and glorious—and this was Sophia's portrait. Near this sat her ladyship; just opposite was our visitor; whilst I, a little beyond, made a great pretense of industry over a bit of knitting work.

My lady spoke:

"My friend, I entreat you to recount to me that horrible story. Tell it all, word for word, as you have already told it."

"The story of their death?" asked the gentleman.

"Of their death," answered my lady.

Then the slow, even tones reproduced the sickening tragedy—we listening in silence. Ah, how sweet were those tones, how deferential the manner, how stealthily soft the side glances of those half-closed gray eyes!

When Sir Guy ceased, my lady raised her hands to heaven.

"Good Lord!" she prayed, "be merciful! Let the dead come to me—let her come, O Father, from her cruel grave!"

Quick upon the words, Sir Guy uttered a cry of horror, and started to his feet, glaring wildly at something beyond.

"What is it?" I cried.

But I needed to ask nothing more; for, following his gaze, I saw, standing beneath the portrait on the wall, *that portrait's counterpart—Sophia, dressed as she had been when Monsieur Victorien painted her!*—Sophia, pale, haggard, wan, but beautiful always!

At sight of this strange apparition I said not a word, but my lady, rising, said:

"My prayer is answered! Heaven has sent her back to me! Speak to her, Sir Guy!"

But the brave fellow only staggered back, his hand upon his heart, his face livid, his lips drawn, his eyes staring with affright.

"My God!" he moaned, "can the dead come back to us?"

"No!" cried a voice, clear and vibrant—the voice of a living, breathing woman—the voice of Sophia herself. "No, oh, coward! but the living can!"

"It is my poor girl!" exclaimed my lady—"no ghost—it is she!"

"Indeed, it is," returned the other, "your poor girl, truly and really; and not come a moment too soon." Then, turning to Sir Guy, who still stood like one dazed, she went on, in fine scorn: "Madame, that villain had me stolen from you. In the park there, I was overpowered by masked men, who gagged and bound me, and bore me away in a coach that awaited them. To a cottage near London they carried me, stopping but seldom on the way, and then taking every precaution that I should give no alarm. That cottage was my prison, a wretched old woman my jailer. Then this gentleman came to me and offered his terms—freedom, if I first became his wife—and I refused. Ah, how the knave threatened me! But he left us at last; and here I am. I have escaped, you see, sir. Did you really believe, as my keeper believed, that, in despair, I had drowned myself? No danger! The bolt is not yet forged, sir, that you can draw upon me, nor the stream running that I need ever seek."

"It is a vile falsehood!" protested Sir Guy, daring now to speak. "I swear——"

"Swear not!" commanded my lady. "Swear not, but hear me now." And then there fell from her lips such bitter, scathing words that I fairly trembled. But he said never a word; just stood there, white and downcast, until there came the stern, contemptuous command, "Begone, sir! begone!" a command that was instantly obeyed.

Was it a plot? Well, Sophia's sudden appearance was. The child had arrived only the day before, and foot-sore and weary enough was she, to be sure! That was the secret I told my lady. She had escaped, and made her way to us as best she could. One and another had given her a lift on the road by day, and then by night there was always a shelter for her in some farmhouse. Verily, God had protected her, and now she was ours again.

But it was I, Comfort Harding, who had been inspired to plan the scene whereby that villain was unmasked and shamed. My lady had entered into my little plot. We were to have no candles lighted, and the door nearest the picture was to be left ajar, so that, at the moment when the dowager appealed to heaven for Sophia, and Sir Guy's attention was attracted thereby, our darling might slip in and take her place.

Of course Sophia knew nothing of Monsieur Victorien, nor could we learn anything. My lady was uneasy about him, and so was I. Sophia, however, said nothing; but this I noticed—*she was changed.* No longer full of song and laughter, she had grown quiet, pale and thoughtful. For all suitors—and she had many—there was but one answer, "Nay"; but for my lady and me she had an infinite number of tender ways that made her dearer and dearer to us as the long months went by.

"She will never marry," said my cousin to me, one

bright Summer morning, as we sat together on the terrace.

"Never," I was about to answer, when I raised my eyes, and something that I saw made me cry out, joyfully:

"Yes, she will! Oh, cousin, she will marry Monsieur Victorien!"

"Comfort!"

"Oh, look!" I cried. "Look, and see who is crossing the lawn!"

My lady turned quickly; and there, coming toward us, hand-in-hand, flushed and happy, were Sophia and Monsieur Victorien!

Monsieur Victorien no longer; but Victorien Charles Philippe, Marquis de St. Hilaire. Love of art and a willful ambition had impelled this scion of a noble house to endeavor to make a name for himself; and when political troubles drove him to England, there, simply as an artist, he won honors innumerable. Then, having seen our Sophia, he loved her, and would have declared his passion had it not been for that cruel Revolution. So he left us, and returned to France; and now that peace was restored, he was here, and would not go away again without——

Here a pause, which my lady filled quickly.

"Without Sophia," said she.

"Without Sophia," he returned, gravely.

Then my lady did something so gracious, graceful and womanly that I am sure an angel from heaven must have prompted her. She arose, and, taking a hand of each of the lovers, joined them:

"I give you my child, Monsieur le Marquis," said she. "I give you Sophia; but I shall keep—I shall always keep—Sophia's portrait."

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.

A SINGULAR case, bearing in some degree on the right to mislead a patient, was described a few months ago in a public address by a well-known physician. A young lady in one of the Western States was convinced that a bristle of her tooth-brush had become imbedded in her throat, and was causing mischief there, which would terminate fatally if the foreign body were not removed. The family doctor, and after him several physicians of repute, examined her throat, and all agreed in assuring her (which really was the case) that there was no bristle there at all. She continued to grow worse, the imaginary bristle causing all the effects which a real bristle might perhaps have caused—at any rate, all the effects which she imagined that a real bristle would cause.

At last a young surgeon was consulted, who followed a different line of treatment. Looking long and carefully at her throat, and examining the afflicted part with several instruments, he at last gravely assured her that she was quite right—a bristle was there, and the inflammation she experienced was undoubtedly due to it. He could not, he said, remove the bristle at once, as the only instrument which would effectually reach it was at home. He went home for it, as he said, but really to inclose in an instrument of suitable form a bristle from a tooth-brush. Returning, he carefully nipped the skin of the throat where the young lady felt the pricking of the non-existent bristle, and after causing her enough discomfort to satisfy her that this time the operation of extracting the bristle was certainly in progress, he withdrew the instrument in triumph, and along with it the bristle, which had, indeed, first entered her mouth in that instrument's company. From that time she recovered rapidly; for it will be understood that, though there was no real cause for her fears, a real irritation had been excited by them, and organic mischief had resulted.

The story ends here, so far as our present subject is concerned, though as a tale it may seem to many incomplete without a few words more. The young surgeon, we are told, was highly in favor thenceforth. He had not only saved her life, as she supposed, but had shown her to have been right, and all her friends, as well as the other doctors, wrong. She would have accepted his hand but for the circumstance that, having already a wife, he omitted to offer it. She blazoned abroad his fame, however, until he had become famous "throughout the whole State."

All would have ended pleasantly had he not, in a moment of weakness, confided the true explanation of the young lady's cure to his wife—of course, under promise of strict secrecy—which, however, did not prevent the story from reaching the young lady's ears in a few hours. It is scarcely necessary to say that thenceforth her feelings toward the doctor were the reverse of those she had entertained before. True, she owed her cure to him, but the cure was worse than the illness.

GLASS IN EGYPT.

EGYPT offers us the earliest positive evidences of glass-making. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson mentions that glass bottles containing wine are represented on monuments of the fourth dynasty, more than 4,000 years ago; and in the tombs at Beni Hasan the process of glass-blowing is represented in an unmistakable manner.

The earliest specimen of glass—bearing an inscription from which its date may be ascertained—which has as yet been met with, is the lion's head now in the Slade collection in the British Museum. This was found many years ago at Thebes by Signor Drovetti. It is formed of opaque blue glass of a very bright and beautiful color, as may be seen from a fractured part, but time has changed it externally to an olive-green. Dr. Birch states that the hieroglyphics which are on the under side consist, on the right side, of an urceus wearing the *hut*, or white crown of the upper world or upper Egypt, and representing the goddess Sati (Juno); on the left side an urceus wearing the *tesh*, or red crown of the lower world or lower Egypt, and representing the goddess Nat or Neith (Minerva); while the central hieroglyphics form the prenomen of Nuantef IV. of the eleventh dynasty, whose date, according to Lepsius's chronology, was B.C. 2423–2380.

A bead found at Thebes bears the prenomen of Hatafu, a queen who is conjectured to have lived about 1450 B.C.; this is of a dusky green glass, quite transparent, and is stated to have the specific gravity of bottle glass. It has been suggested that the material is not artificial glass, but obsidian, which abounds in Egypt, and is occasionally of a green tint.

Many colored fragments are found in the tombs of Thebes, and a vitrified coating, usually blue or green, was given to objects formed of earthenware, and even of stone or granite.

A high value seems to have been attached to colored glass at an early date; and vessels of fine opaque blue glass of Egyptian manufacture exist, edged with a tolerably thick plating of gold.

Glass, if the Syrian, Greek and Latin versions of the Old Testament are correct, is placed (in the Book of Job) in the same category as gold; the English version renders the word "crystal."

BOSTON CELEBRATING HER TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.—THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY REVIEWED BY THE MAYOR.—SEE PAGE 512.

SCENES FROM LONDON LIFE.—A CATS'-MEAT MAN.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

SCENES FROM LONDON LIFE.

FROM HAND TO MOUTH.

By T. E. Ruutz Rees.

NO IMAGINATIVE tale has ever reached the pathos of real life. Every great city furnishes scenes which out-rival any that sensational writers can invent.

In London, the largest city in the world, thousands awake daily to the problem of existence without means. Standing for a while in any of the great city thoroughfares, it is amazing to watch the tide of humanity. It has been truly said that one half the world does not know how the other half lives; and, apart from the question of how they are provided with the means of keeping body and soul together, one is tempted to ask where they all find refuge.

A visit to some of the byways of the metropolis would throw a little light upon the subject. In no city in the world are luxury and squalor to be found in such close proximity. The palatial residences of the aristocracy and gentry are flanked by the haunts of the miserable and the vicious. A few moments' brisk walking will bring us to squalor and poverty which are as great in their degree as the lavish expenditure of the more fortunate upper class is astonishing.

Petticoat Lane, which has a fame of its own, is well worth a visit of inspection—an expedition which is not to be lightly undertaken, and scarcely a desirable one for a solitary ramble. Here live a large number of the vast population that underlie the respectable classes. Itinerant venders, hawkers, cheap-jacks, street-singers, children plying their trade of picking and stealing, bird-fanciers, "the man with the dog," and fortune-tellers, jostle one another, as, toward evening, they approach their homes, to reissue when the darkening twilight admits of more objectionable occupations.

If we select one house out of the many in the overcrowded lane, we shall find it swarming with tenants whose continued existence from day to day is a problem. A few broken steps conduct us to the underground cellar, which, lighted only from the street, is tenanted by a family of nine. Here a broken-down laborer supports, or tries to support, himself and family by making matches. Of his seven children, five assist in the occupation. Their united earnings scarcely suffice to provide them with bread, and how they contrive to clothe themselves, or escape starvation, is a question which they themselves cannot answer. Pale-faced and stunted in growth, the father and elder girls speak in hoarse, rough tones, the sulphur which they use affecting their respiratory organs.

They have one source of consolation, upon which they dwell with much eloquence: in the midst of such unenviable surroundings, they have kept "honest"; there's not a thief among them. What the father boastingly asserts is more than can be said for some people! The mother, poor, wretched woman! affords an example of the possibility of living and bearing children, under circumstances which make existence unendurable. Her face sufficiently indicates that she has lost all hope of better things, and is submissive to her lot.

Full upon the street opens a low Jew's shop, the proprietor fattening like a spider upon the flies whom he lures into his den. Second-hand wearing apparel, ornaments, broken umbrellas, articles of the most miscellaneous description, are flanked by an array of handkerchiefs of every size, pattern and quality, which irresistibly recall the inimitable Fagin and his victims.

The shop is so little inviting, and its proprietor so unshaven, greasy and forbidding, that we do not cross his threshold, but proceed up the unclean staircase to the first floor. The rooms are numbered, each boasts a different tenant. A soiled card, nailed by one corner, announces in a curious caligraphic scrawl that Madame Birt is the owner of No. 1, and that she makes artificial flowers in paper and in wax. Her neighbor is a dressmaker, whose sole furniture consists of a truckle bed and sewing-machine. She pursues her avocation seated upon the edge of her bed. She prefers working out by the day. To all appearances she starves when she stays at home.

A rough, coarse voice in No. 3 appeals against intrusion. Here is a nurse of the old type. Mrs. O'Flanagan disapproves of visitors. She is much in requisition in the neighborhood, assisting at most of the miserable births and deaths in her own street and the next. Her money earnings are the least of her profits. She is welcome everywhere, and generally shares a meal wherever one may be found. Her calling leads her to intimate association with cookshop and public, and her plump appearance is suggestive. She takes her fees in kind. Half a dozen little heads suggest that baby-farming is also a part of her profession. She is very loquacious in claiming proprietorship in the "childer," whose mammy she calls herself.

Ascending a rickety stair, which swarms with children, and is made extremely lively by an animated conjugal dispute, we reach the second floor, to find dirtier rooms and more miserable tenants. Two shock-headed viragoes accost each other in no very choice terms from their respective doorways; children undistinguishable, save by the maternal eye, reproduce the language of their elders in a way which shocks and revolts; while on the ledge of the narrow window which lights the staircase stands a basket of smoked fish, the owner of the property being at present engaged in settling his wife.

A girl with a basket of faded flowers upon her head comes dreamily up, and ascends the rickety ladder which leads to a large attic under the roof, which is partitioned off. Several sets of people find homes in each partition.

We will be content with one, in which we find a drunken bricklayer, recovering from a night's debauch, swearing below his breath as he calls in sleepy accents for unobtainable drink; whilst his wife, in much the same condition, sits in a broken chair, one child at her breast and another miserable object wailing at her feet. In the centre of the compartment two dwarfed children squabble over some broken victuals, whilst in the far corner a quiet group, consisting of a man, a woman and a boy, are busily engaged in the construction of a toy which is destined to delight some more fortunate child.

Here, then, we see the people! they who should be the nation's life.

In Summer their discomfort is comparatively slight. Inured to misery, dirt and squalor, both these attendant evils do not materially affect them. True, they are swarming with vermin, poisoned with foul air, and the heat of the noonday sun has drawn all vitality from them—still, provisions are cheap, and life after all is more endurable than it is in the Winter months. Occupation, too, is more easily obtained. There are many avenues open for industry—pleasant ones, too, as the pea-shelling and fruit-picking in Convent Market, where women and children

gather under an awning and earn their bread without any great exertion. So, toward Autumn, many find their way into the country fields and gain a day's work, with fresh air and sunshine; or join the hop-pickers, disreputable and low as it may be they are, still for the time free from many of the lowering influences of their lives.

When London is enveloped in fog, when the raw east winds pierce the marrow; when daylight fades, and drizzling rain or sleet, or snow defiled of all purity, fall incessantly, then the misery of the poor is at its height—a misery, too, which is never reached, which all the philanthropic efforts of the most lavishly charitable city in the world never overcomes. It is not the loud, rough man, who persecutes the quiet citizens with his clamor, or the bustling woman, who goes taxing parish authority with her tale of woe, who are the greatest sufferers. They must be sought among the weak, the pale, the sad.

The deserted wife; the deluded girl, who realizes that the villain she has trusted has no human heart; the mother whose little ones, dear to her even in her starvation, clamor for the food she cannot earn; the children, left too young in years, however old in vice, who huddle together in the vain hope of warmth—these are the victims.

The corner of any London street, on a rough, bitter day in Winter, furnishes an example of the struggle for existence. See the young woman, with her scanty dress and threadbare shawl, whose whole fortune is embarked in the charcoal fire over which she roasts her chestnuts. She has paid a deposit for the stove, and probably invested her last farthing in the few quarts of chestnuts and a handful of coke; and now her very existence, and probably her child's also, depends upon the sales she can effect. Her customers are of the poorest, and are few. The driving wind penetrates to her very marrow, the pitiless snow nearly blinds her; her only comfort, and one which she greatly appreciates, is the warmth from her little fire. Still, she is more to be envied, after all—cold, wet and miserable as she may be—than the girl or boy who follows you up a leading thoroughfare, bareheaded, barefooted and in tatters, with a few boxes of fusees, the only stock in trade, begging for the coppers which surely few are hard-hearted enough to refuse.

Practical people discourage almsgiving in the street—and rightly so, no doubt, in part. They will tell you, with great show of reason, that the law provides shelter and food for all who are shelterless and starving, and remind you how much is given away in charity—how great an effort is made to meet all these crying needs.

No doubt it is so; yet the sternest moralist must admit that the suffering of the little ones, the misery of the weak, is never reached. Better, surely, to run the risk of giving to an unworthy recipient, than of "offending" one of those whose souls were worth a ransom.

Shelter, moreover, is *not* provided for all. The scenes outside the refuges provided for the casual pauper have been too often described to need more than a passing reference. Here, as everywhere else, strength wins. The weakest goes to the wall; and in the crowd that waits admission, the sickly woman, the tender child, are last to gain attention.

The appreciation of these refuges is attested by the numbers who clamor for admittance. In spite of many shortcomings, they do, on the whole, supply a great need. Here the really poor obtain a supper, a night's shelter and a morning meal. In many of them work is demanded of the able-bodied in exchange—work grudgingly performed. There are many charities in connection with these temporary homes, and mission work of all kinds is carried on.

For several successive Winters the distress at the East End of London called for prompt measures. Soup-kitchens were organized upon a gigantic scale, and it appeared as if the wants of all must have been promptly met. Unfortunately, these lavish donations, carefully as, in the main, they were administered, increased the pauperism of the district; yet it is equally certain that, without it, thousands must have perished.

The saddest side of the life of the London poor must yet be glanced at. The national ill of drunkenness finds its stronghold in the lowest and most degraded haunts of the vast city. There, at the corner of the poorest street, and in the centre of the lowest neighborhood, stands with glittering effrontery the root of all this misery—the gin palace. The scenes enacted round the bar, the terrible realities of life which scarcely attract a passing notice from the inhabitants of the district, are indescribable. No pen has yet been found bold enough to paint, in true colors, the brutality, demoralization and vice of these neighborhoods. Enormous fortunes are accumulated by the sale of liquor—fortunes which surely carry a curse with them, wrung, as they are, from the very life-blood of the people.

By legislative enactment, the public-houses are closed during the hours of service on Sunday. They open at one o'clock, and, as the hour approaches, the unseemly crowd gathers—besotted men, still reeling from last night's debauch, unsexed and unnatural women, the young, the old, the decrepit, take their stand. The child, barely able to speak, is there, fully alive to the necessity of procuring father's glass or mother's dram; knowing, too, that it is to be procured at the expense of the children's food. Temperance societies have done much; but much, terribly much, remains to do. Workmen's institutes and temperance tea-meetings may attract a few, may strengthen some against the terrible temptation offered by the flaming gin palace, but, after all, the good they effect is but as a drop in the ocean.

Drink is the parent of every vice—the crying iniquity of Great Britain; a cancer which is spreading through every rank, which counts its victims by increasing thousands, finding them, alas! too often among men and women of culture, as well as among those whose misery is their great excuse.

The wretched woman who, but for her infant, is alone in the wide world, and who, craving drink to escape from memory, is thus led on from crime to crime. She cannot bear the hunger which presses upon her; she seeks to stay her longing with a glass of the burning poison, which will only too surely lead to a desire for more. Money she has none. The road to ruin is easy; the first theft is so lightly accomplished, the goods stolen from the cobbler's stand so easily disposed of, that her future career is a settled thing. Once a drunkard, once a thief, there is little hope of her redemption.

Amid all the squalor and misery of the lowest London streets, one comes, sometimes, upon a sight that is both touching and pretty. An organ-grinder finds his way into the crowded lane or thoroughfare. He is eagerly welcomed by the teeming population. He is one of them! He, too, lives from hand to mouth. Halfpence are scarce in the neighborhood of Petticoat Lane, but no matter—he plays. Soon a space is cleared, girls and children dance to the merry tune. Women with infants in their arms come out upon the pavement, heads appear at every window. In a moment quarrels are arrested; the music appeals to them all; strife and envyings are put aside, and girls, who, in all their tawdry finery, are still not without the grace of womanhood, dance merrily together. The infants forget to fret, and the tottering baby is aroused to ambitious imitation. The [illegible]

a lad far from country and home; yet he, too, forgets his woes, and grins in pleased delight as he turns the handle, quickening the measure all he can. And so, in the midst of some of life's most painful scenes, a pleasant quarter of an hour speeds all too fast. At last the organ-grinder hoists his stock in trade, and turning his back upon the appreciative audience, proceeds upon his way, followed by many of the waifs and strays, anxious to mingle with the next crowd he can attract.

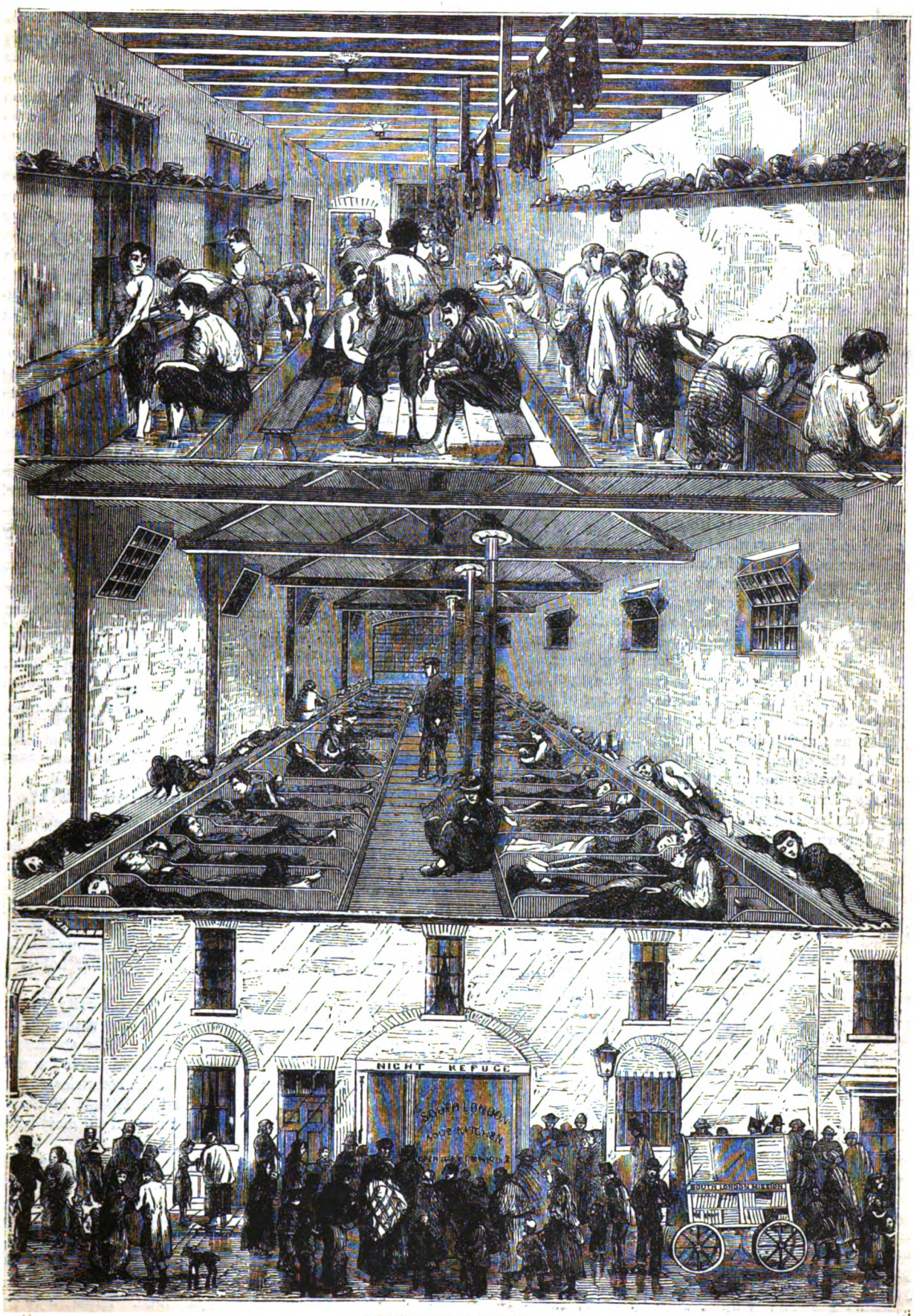
THE HOT CHESTNUT VENDER.

And so life goes on, varied by incidents and excitements. An everyday occurrence, of course, is the arrest of a thief, who is followed on his way to the police-court by a crowd of sympathizers, each expecting that his or her turn may come next, while the policeman who has him in charge is the subject of much wit and eloquence.

Scenes from low life give one so little hope of improvement, depress one so deeply by their degradation and misery, that one needs to pause and reflect that even from these suffering masses men may and do rise to better things. Small beginnings have been made which have led to happier things. The lad whose mind, even when his field of labor is but a crossing, and his stock in trade a broom, finds scope for energy, and fashions intricate pathways in his muddy kingdom, will some day find a fresh opportunity. From the possession of a broom he passes to the purchase of some small stock. Perhaps his tastes lead him to the vegetable line. His first attempts may probably be in watercresses and radishes. Then a penny gained is carefully hoarded, until, from a willow basket, with its few scant bunches, he owns a tray or stand. From thence, by comparatively easy transition, he becomes possessor of a barrow. Now things brighten; he has a cheerful temper, good strong lungs, the power of repartee. His earnings increase, his stock becomes varied, vegetables appear upon his barrow; in due time he finds his way further afield; he hawks his wares in some large thoroughfare; and as the years pass onward, in spite of a few mishaps and occasional losses, he is steadily gaining ground. His coming is looked for, his wares are to be relied upon, his prices moderate.

Soon Petticoat Lane sees him no more. He is rising. Before he has ceased to be a young and hopeful man his future, with moderate care, is secure. His next investment is a donkey, and the new possession, carefully fed and tended, increases his respectability tenfold. He is a thriving costermonger, one of the most familiar denizens of suburban streets. His load of tempting vegetables, with here and there a bunch of flowers cunningly introduced, is eagerly expected by the inhabitants of the side streets.

In early Spring, his cheerful call is the first token of the breaking frost. He has the earliest vegetables, and hawks rhubarb about while the shops are still grudging its price. His peas, later on, are always less a peck than any one else's. The people of the neighborhood, with their small weekly incomes, prefer dealing with him for cash, to running accounts at the small shops. They think he can supply more cheaply, too, for he has no expense of rent



A LONDON NIGHT REFUGE.

or tax to meet. Honest and enterprising, his success is assured. It is not long before he retires from that particular branch of his trade, and opens a little shop, to which he allures many of his former supporters, charging them less, for old acquaintance's sake. More probably than not, he has induced some smart housemaid, or active maid-of-all-work, whose character he has had ample opportunity of studying, to join her savings to his, and between them the foundation of a sure success is laid.

Scarcely less enterprising, and, like the costermonger, rising from very low life, is the cats'-meat man. He begins life as a lad, by investing in half a pound of horse-flesh, for the moderate sum of twopence. The only other stock in trade necessary is a piece of wood. Soon he has a multitude of pegs, on which he temptingly displays his neatly-cut bits of horseflesh. Wherever he may start, be sure the cats and dogs will soon proclaim him. His first receipts are small—cats in low neighborhoods must seek their own provender; but once let him come into a better neighborhood, and pussy's claims are recognized and allowed. Cats are the favored pets of every London home, and the halfpenny is readily and willingly bestowed upon a meal for the children's friend and playmate. It is a comical sight in the city, to watch the excitement of Tom and Tabby as the hour for the arrival of their feast is proclaimed by the unmelodious cry of their purveyor.

Although he announces himself as the particular friend of cats, he is looked upon with no mean favor by the homeless and indigent curs who haunt the metropolis, and he is usually surrounded and followed by a number of hungry and unprotected admirers, who gaze with longing eyes at his stock-in-trade. His enterprise is soon rewarded. His barrow in due time gives place to a tax-cart and pony; and the cats'-meat man delivers his wares at the buyers' houses with as much regularity as the butcher or baker.

Rag-picking is not a very nice occupation, yet, like dust-sifting, it provides bread for a large number of poor. The dust-heaps of a London contractor have been immortalized by Dickens; and it is by no means an uninteresting sight to watch the operations of the women and children employed in sorting and arranging the miscellaneous articles that they have rescued from the dust-bins. Articles of great value have been found at different times—silver, carelessly thrown in by servants, articles of wearing apparel, books, and even bank-notes of considerable value—all of which, having no owners, go to swell the receipts of the dust-contractors.

It would be difficult to find a more marked feature in the stirring life of the great metropolis than the newspaper boy, with his importunities. He has not the entire monopoly of the trade, however, although his demeanor might lead to that supposition. The smart, active lad who is in the paid employment of a stationer, or is one of those sent out by Smith's enterprising agents, carries the palm. The slipshod man who has invested his last shilling in copies of the *Standard* or *Telegraph*, has need of all his agility to compete with him at all. His success depends upon his arousing attention by the announcement of startling news, and if he is of an imaginative temperament he usually invents it, careless of the consequence, if he can only get rid of his stock.

Of a lower social grade is the man who stands about selling colored prints, or picture-books, or who, at festive seasons, invests all his fortune in congratulatory cards, buying them first-hand and selling them far below shop prices. He is intimately allied to the dissipated-looking young fellow who enlarges upon the beauty and merit of a penny toy, and dangles a silver watch and chain in the face of omnibus passengers.

The London gamin is more obtrusive and annoying than any specimen of his class to be found in other cities of Europe. It is impossible to shake him off. Always on the alert, if a cab is called he is there, opening the door, shielding a lady's dress from the wheel, and with his "Copper, sir?" expressing his own value of the service he renders. If he meets with no response he will keep pace with the vehicle, and turn up a mile or two further on to suggest, "Forgot me, I suppose, sir?" Impudence often wins, and the street gamin whose only capital is his effrontery does a thriving trade. He is, perhaps, the best example that could be found of living from hand to mouth in the great heart of England. Truly, he is most aptly named a street arab, for his hand is against every man, and every man's against him. With no regular place of abode, sleeping now under the arches, now in the shadow of some court that is likely to escape police vigilance, he is at once a scandal to and a blight upon a Christian community.

He has no parallel elsewhere. Homeless, parentless, friendless, what course is open to him but a career of crime? To this he takes kindly in very early life. Instances are on record of lads too small to look over the dock accused of most varied crimes, stealing being the very lightest of them, and committed to long sentences for repeated offenses. Reformatories may do something to mitigate this evil, but prevention is better than cure, and the training ships, which offer a refuge, and subsequently a respectable career, to the waifs and strays of city streets, are of more practical use.

It is increasingly difficult to meet the wants of the lower orders, and until the probational period of the present educational movement has passed away, it will be impossible to know, with any certainty, whether their position will be improved by it or not. But, as the street arab is the representative of the very lowest social scale, an effort in the right direction has been made in the attempt to civilize him, and employ his superabundant energies in the cause of the nation.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF THE STAG BEETLE.

The Longicorn Beetles, or Stag Beetles, as they are sometimes called, on account of their long, cylindrical antennæ, which look like horns, belong to the family of the *Cerambycidæ*. The adults are made for walking well, and they have usually very strong, and, indeed, occasionally enormous, mandibles, differently toothed according to the species, and the jaws of the lower lip present many decided modifications of form, according to the peculiar habits of the insects.

The beetles are leaf-eaters, and the diversity in the structure of their mouths depends upon the nature of the vegetable matters upon which they feed. The species are world-wide, but their abundance is in distinct relation with the richness of the vegetation of different countries, so that South America, India, Ceylon, and the Islands of Sunda and the Moluccas contain a great number of the most beautiful and largest capricorns.

It is impossible to confound a beetle belonging to this family with that of any other. There is the greatest resemblance amongst the larvæ of the whole family, and they look like stout, elongated white worms, and the segments of their bodies are very much alike in all. All the segments are a little swollen, the first, however, being the largest, and being covered above and below with a leathery plate. They have rudimentary antennæ. These larvæ live in the trunks and branches of trees, and in the cellular

structures of some herbaceous plants. As they never come to the light, they are colorless, and have soft integuments; but as they feed upon the wood out of which they form galleries, they have very strong jaws and a very stout head. As they do not want to walk much in a narrow gallery, they have no legs, or else they are in a most rudimentary condition, but their swollen segments enable them to climb.

This history of the peculiar structures of the larva presents striking analogies with that of the wood-eating larvæ of the *Lepidoptera* and *Hymenoptera*; and the existence of similar adaptations in very different insects, in order to enable them to live under the same conditions of existence, is very remarkable. But the weak jaws of *Chalcophora Mariana*, which are presumed to do the same kind of work as those of the *Cerambycidæ*, must be remembered in considering such generalizations. The strength of the jaws of the larvæ of the *Cerambycidæ* differs according to the density of the tissue of the plant in which the particular species live.

The abdomen of the female beetles of some genera is provided with an ovipositor of considerable length, by means of which they can insert their eggs into the crevices of trees or plants, in the interior of which their larvæ live and are hatched. The larvæ make a cocoon by joining together fragments of wood and little bits of vegetable tissue with their saliva, and are transformed into nymphs. Some of the beetles are remarkable for the emission of a fragrant odor not unlike that of attar of roses.

THE ANTIQUITY OF CHEESE.

Cheese and curdling of the milk are mentioned in the Book of Job. David was sent by his father, Jesse, to carry ten cheeses to the camp, and to look how his brothers fared. "Cheese of kine" formed part of the supplies of David's army at Mahanaim, during the rebellion of Absalom. Homer says that cheese formed a part of the ample store found by Ulysses in the cave of Cyclops. Polyhemus, Euripides, Theocritus, and other early poets, mention cheese. Ludolphus says that excellent cheese and butter were made by the ancient Ethiopians; and Strabo states that some of the ancient Britons were so ignorant that, though they had an abundance of milk, they did not understand the art of making cheese.

There is no evidence that any of these ancient nations had discovered the use of rennet in making cheese. They appear merely to have allowed the milk to sour, and subsequently to have formed the cheese from the casein of the milk, after expelling the serum or whey. As David, when young, was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses and an *ephah* of parched corn, the cheeses must have been small.

COFFEE CULTURE.

When Berson, the Lieutenant-General of Artillery, gave his coffee-plant to the Jardin des Plantes in the last century, he little dreamt that 600,000,000 pounds of the fruit would be one day produced from plantations which all had their origin in the sample given by him to the Paris Museum, of which a shoot was carried to the West Indies. Nor might his surprise have been less real had he been told that at no very distant date as much as 5,000,000 francs worth of the beverage made from the berry would be sold at the *cafés* of the boulevards, and that in 1878 the estimated production of coffee throughout the entire world would be set down at 1,080,000,000 pounds.

ON THE RIVER.

Side by side in our tiny skiff,
  Floated along by the tide,
My love and I watched the fading light
Of the Summer eve die into the night,
  And the moon through her queendom glide

Floating along where flexile trees
  To the brink of the river had grown,
And with drooping branches its waters brushed,
As in mimic rapids they brawled and rushed
  O'er a fallen trunk, or a stone.

Then I gazed by the chastened light
  In the light of my dear one's eyes;
But they met not mine in their calm repose,
For a troubled gleam from their depths arose,
  And her smiles had vanished in sighs.

Then she clung to my side, and told
  Those haunting fears on my breast:
"Beneath these waters that ripple and play,
The tangled weed and the darkness stay,
  And the dead in its bosom rest.

"Side by side we may float a while—
  Calm waters and peaceful skies—
Yet the waves of life, like this river, gleam
But to merge our fate in the darker stream
  That under the surface lies."

Then I raised the drooping face of my love
  Till the moonbeams fell on her brow—
Till the gloomy shade of the trees on the shore
And the haze of the night she saw no more.
  Nor the treach'rous current below.

And the light of a trusting heart came back
  To dwell in her radiant eyes—
Now her hand clasps mine as borne by the tide,
Wherever it listeth, through life we glide,
  With our gaze on the changeless skies.

"HE CURSED ME WITH MY HEART'S DESIRE!"

By Jane G. Austin.

A KEEN fresh wind was blowing in from the Atlantic, bringing little particles of salt upon its wings, which struck and pierced the skin like Liliputians' arrows, and, as the sun sank, drove all idlers and loiterers from the beach to their homes, and the great driftwood fires roaring up almost every chimney in the fishing hamlet of Kylp. But nearly a mile out of the village one solitary figure remained, when all else were gone, seated upon a rock nestled beneath the shelter of the cliff, and seemed to have no present intention of stirring.

It was that of a girl a little more than twenty years old, one would say—tall, lithe, vigorous as the daughter of a race of seamen should be, and handsome withal, in a bright, dark style only forced into richer bloom by the exposure and exercise that would have altogether washed away the delicate loveliness of a blonde. Handsome, and something more, she looked to-night, with the thick masses of her rippling chestnut hair blowing out upon the wind, whose pungent sting had reddened her cheeks and lips to their most ardent bloom, and brightened her great brown eyes to dazzling radiance. Salt water, too, it was that hung upon the thick, curling lashes and dropped unheeded upon the

shapely hands folded upon the girl's knee; and there was something in the wistful gaze fixed upon the wintry sea, glittering so frigidly beneath the sun's last rays, that told of loss and longing and inward bitterness too deep for one so young.

A heavy step sounded upon the shingle and out from behind a projecting rock appeared the figure of a young and fine-looking man, dressed in ordinary sailor garb, but so muffled about the face, by means of a great scarf and a low-drawn hat, that even an intimate could scarcely have recognized him, had he not, in advancing, unwound the muffler and raised the hat.

SCENES FROM LONDON LIFE.—SUNDAY AFTERNOON—WAITING FOR THE PUBLIC-HOUSES TO OPEN. SEE PAGE 530.

At the sound of his step, the girl turned her head with a frown of annoyance, changing, as her eyes fell upon his face, to a look of startled wonder, doubt, and, finally, a wild delight that first sent all the blood surging to her temples, then drove it back, leaving even her lips white and quivering.

"Mark Halford!" ejaculated she, more in the tone of one who sees an apparition summoned by her own longing than a veritable figure of flesh and blood.

But, at the sound of his name, the sailor sprang forward, seized both the hands—raised as if to ward him off—and, drawing the girl close to his breast, covered her face with kisses, murmuring all the while such terms of passionate endearment as soon restored the frightened color to her face.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS—A SKETCH OF LOW LIFE IN DRURY LANE, LONDON.

A LONDON DUST-YARD.

"I told you that I would come again, dear Myra—come for you, I said, you remember!" cried the young man, at last, as Myra decidedly withdrew from his embrace.

"And I said, Mark, that if you could come openly and

boldly, and claim me in the face of God and man, and if John Hislop did not die from the effects of that cruel blow——"

"How could I stand his boast that you should be his wife within the year, if he chose to marry you? And the boathook was in my hand already; I did not look for a weapon; I had no thought of killing him until I saw him lie cold and white at my feet, and you came running up, and bade me fly before the others came. It would have been no murder, even if he had died; and he did not die."

"How do you know that, Mark? It is more than two years since——"

"Two years and four months, Myra. Oh, I have kept account of the time, I promise you, and have kept account of your promises, also, my dear! Your words were, 'I am yours, dear Mark, whenever you can come to claim me.'"

"'Honorably to claim me,' were the words, Mark, as I remember them," replied the girl, sadly. "And, dearly as I love you even now, I will never consent to become your wife until you dare to come into my uncle's house, and claim me before God and man——"

"Not forgetting your cousin Alick," sneered Mark Halford, an angry color rising to his cheek, an angry light in his eyes. "You see I know what has gone on in these two years, better than you expected."

"You can know of no harm that I have done, and if Alick loves me, it is not my fault, or through any encouragement of mine," said Myra, wearily, as she rose and drew her shawl about her, for the sun had set now, and the wind was growing shrewd and chill.

"Do not go home yet, at any rate, Myra, darling," said her lover, eagerly, as he stepped closer to her side, and the evil light in his eyes grew brighter and more ominous. "I cannot show myself in the village, or at your uncle's house, nor do I care to shorten the distance between myself and it just at present; but I have much more to say to you before we part—perhaps for ever, if you prove as inexorable as you profess to be—so walk along the beach as far as the Cove, and then you can take the road across the Neck home, and not be so very late, after all. Alick can wait half an hour or so, can he not?"

"Oh, Mark, Mark! why will you make it all so hard and bitter for both of us?" exclaimed Myra, passionately, as she almost unconsciously allowed her former lover to place her hand upon his arm and to lead her in the direction of the Cove, a small inlet of the bay about a mile further from Kylp than the point where he had found her.

Halford's answer was an earnest petition that, forgetting or setting aside all points of difference, all bitter recollections, Myra should, once for all, place her happiness in the keeping of one whose life should be devoted to its preservation, and fly with him that very night to a home in the far South, already—as Mark declared—prepared for and expecting her.

To this wild petition Myra steadily refused to listen, nor did all her lover's earnest arguments or passionate appeals shake for one instant her resolve.

"No, Mark, no!" said she, at length. "I never will become your wife, I never will see your face again, if I can help it, until you come openly, as an honorable man can always come, and ask me at the hands of my uncle and guardian, and make me your wife in the sight of all men, and in the church where we two used to worship together in the dear old days of innocence and peace. Here we are, at the Cove, Mark, and there is my road home, and here we part. Oh, my dear, dear love! it all depends upon you when and where we meet again, for you cannot, you dare not, doubt my love, and it is only in jealous madness that you can ever think of my caring for or marrying another man."

"And this is your last word, Myra? You positively and finally refuse to go with me and become my beloved and honored wife this very night?"

"I refuse, finally and absolutely, Mark."

"Then, Myra, you compel me to a course for which I am sincerely sorry, and would never have taken but in the last extremity."

And, stepping a little behind the astonished girl, Mark imitated the melancholy cry of the loon so perfectly, that Myra turned and looked at him incredulously.

"Was that you, Mark? I should have thought it certainly was a loon if you had not been so close."

For reply, Mark put his arm about her waist and led her toward the shore. Glancing in that direction, Myra saw a boat, manned by four stout fellows, pushing out from a sheltered spot behind a detached boulder, where it had lain hidden, and directing its course toward them.

"What's this, Mark?" exclaimed she, turning suddenly pale. "This boat——"

"Is mine, dear, summoned by that cry, and it waits to take us to my ship, just outside this harbor—the ship that will bear us to that fair Southern home of which I told——"

"But, Mark, I told you then, I tell you now, that I will not go; I refuse, altogether and entirely. Take away your arm, sir! Surely you will not try to compel me to obey your will by force?"

"I would never do it, Myra, if you would but leave it possible for me to pursue any other course; but I have sworn not to leave this place without you, and I will fulfill my oath. You must go, Myra—willingly, if you will but do so; but if you will not, why, then—by force. Come, my darling, my love, my wife—come!"

And again he tried to urge her toward the boat, which was now waiting upon the beach, scarcely a rod distant; but Myra drew back resolutely and indignantly.

"I never would have believed this of you, Mark Halford!" exclaimed she, struggling to free herself from his hold. "Let me go this instant, or I will shriek for help, so that the whole country shall hear me!"

"No, you won't, my poor child, for I shall prevent it. This way!"

And by a dextrous movement the desperate man twisted the light shawl falling from the girl's shoulders about her head and neck, almost stifling her, and completely muffling the cries she furiously uttered; then, seizing her in his arms, he ran down the beach to the boat, stepped into the stern, and gave the command, "Push off, and look alive, my lads!" almost before Myra knew what had occurred or where she was.

That night, or, rather, evening—for it was but eleven o'clock—the Reverend Peter Hynes, the venerable clergyman of the two hamlets of Kylp and Westlynn, was informed that a man stood at his door, refusing to enter, and asking to see the minister at once.

The good man went, and found a muffled figure standing in the shadow without the door, who addressed him in a low and hurried voice:

"A poor woman over at Kylp has sent for you, sir, to see her before she dies."

"What!—Martha Blount? Is she worse?" demanded the clergyman, hastily.

"I believe that's the name the girl spoke, sir. She came up to the Pair of Sculls, where I am stopping for a day or two, and wanted the landlady to send over, and as I had nothing to do, I offered to go. I know the house well enough, but I didn't mind the name."

"Yes; Martha Blount, no doubt, and the girl was her granddaughter, Katy. Well, I will go over immediately, and walk along with you, if you like, as it is a little late and dark. Won't you come in while I put on my shoes and coat?"

But the obliging stranger preferred to stand upon the doorstep, and, as the reverend pastor joined him, moved still further from the stream of light thrown in his direction by the candle in the hand of the inquisitive housekeeper, who accompanied her master to the door. Nor could the priest, with all his endeavors, keep pace with his silent companion, or draw him into any extended conversation, even after he had secured a hearing by linking his arm in that of the man, who strode along, apparently in great haste to reach the footpath leading along the beach toward Kylp, and at one point skirting the little cove where Mark Halford's boat had awaited him at sunset, and where it again was waiting now, at nearly midnight, for the unconscious passenger who was now led thither by the surly guide detailed to entrap and fetch him.

As the ill-mated companions reached the head of the cove, the stranger paused, and, after peering cautiously into the darkness for a moment, softly called:

"Bill!"

"All right, Jack!" responded a voice from the darkness, and presently another burly figure appeared close at hand, while a voice eagerly inquired, "Did you get him, Jack?"

"Here he be," replied surly Jack, while poor Mr. Hynes, turning his bewildered head from one to the other, stammered feebly:

"What is this? Who are you, my friend?"

"No harm's meant, parson," replied the man called Bill, in a voice of gruff good-humor. "Only you've got to go along with us for a bit of a v'y'ge, and when it's over you'll be brought back safe and sound, with, maybe, a fistful of shiners for yourself, or for your poor folks, just as you fancy. But come along, now!"

"But Martha Blount!" exclaimed the clergyman.

"Martha Blount be hanged!" replied surly Jack. "It was you that cheated yourself that time, old man. I never heard of no Martha Blount till you spoke her name. But come along—boat's ready."

"Ready for what? Come where?" demanded Mr. Hynes, a touch of the old Adam striking through the habitual meekness of his voice.

"Never you mind where, nor what for," replied Jack, approaching close behind the unsuspecting old man; and, suddenly lifting him from his feet, he threw him across his shoulder like a sack of corn, and running down the beach, sprang into the bow of the boat, passed to the stern, set his burden carefully down, and seized an oar to help push off from shore, before the reverend gentleman in the least knew what had happened to him.

Resistance was evidently useless, and after a few stern and severe words of reproof and intimations of punishment, temporal and spiritual, the ill-used clergyman subsided into silence, continuing until the boat lightly grazed the quarter of a long, low-lying schooner, whose black-painted sides and bare masts made very little show against the night sky. A rope ladder and several pairs of strong hands soon transferred the old man to the deck, whence he was at once led to the cabin, a small but sumptuously fitted apartment, with a large and elegant stateroom extending along the whole starboard quarter, and opening by folding-doors into the cabin.

As the clergyman entered and looked about him, a young man came forward from the stateroom and greeted him respectfully; but Peter Hynes gazed at him with cold and displeased astonishment.

"Mark Halford! Is this you, and is it by your orders that I have thus been insulted and kidnapped?"

"It is Mark Halford, reverend sir, and it is by my orders that you have been brought on board my schooner to perform a great service to two of the lambs of your fold; but if you have been insulted or maltreated by those whom I sent to fetch you, they shall swing for it before to-morrow's sunrise."

"Man of violence and bloodshed——" began the parson, with uplifted hands. But at that instant another figure appeared on the threshold of the stateroom, a trembling and hesitating figure which wavered for an instant—then, with a great cry, came running toward the old man and threw herself upon her knees beside him.

"Myra Staines!" exclaimed he, his voice softening to a tone of affectionate remonstrance. "You here! and why?"

"Oh, Father Hynes, it is not my fault; even he will tell you that," moaned Myra, kissing the hand of the good pastor and struggling with the tears she would not suffer to flow.

"It is true, sir," said Mark, as the pastor glanced at him in stern inquiry; "Myra was kidnapped, as you call it, very much in the same fashion that you were, and with no more consent of her own. You know, sir, that she was my promised wife——"

"Before your many crimes and offenses forced her, by my counsel, to give up all intention of ever fulfilling that mistaken promise," interposed Mr. Hynes.

Mark waved his hand with a mocking smile.

"Thanks, reverend sir, for the advice my silly girl acted upon only too resolutely; for when, this afternoon, I met her upon the beach, and tried my best to persuade her to elope with me, I might as well have talked to the rock she sat upon. So, having come prepared for the worst, I just picked her up and brought her away; and as we sail at sunrise, and I have no wish to make Myra mine other than in the regular fashion, I have sent for you—not quite in the regular fashion, I confess—to request you to perform the ceremony, to give Myra a certificate for the satisfaction of inquiring friends and future children, and to tell the good people of Kylp when and how she has vanished, and that she has been married by her own parson in the most approved style. So the sooner you get to work, dear sir, the sooner you will be set ashore."

"And supposing that I refuse to sanction this unhallowed connection?" demanded the priest, sternly.

"Then, my dear sir, you will be set safely ashore all the same, and we shall sail all the same, and Myra will be my wife all the same, only without the ceremony, which, I suppose, to her and you makes some difference, although I confess it makes none to me. It is quite a matter for your own conscience and her fancy, so I leave it to her to finish the argument, only asking you to remember that there is but a couple of hours' tide left, and that in about an hour I shall have to send you ashore, whether or no. It depends upon yourself whether you leave this young woman Myra Staines, or make her Myra Halford; she is my wife all the same."

"And what is your wish, my poor child?" asked the clergyman, turning to the girl, who had risen to her feet, and stood looking at her abductor with an expression of horror and almost loathing.

"My wish, father, is to escape from this place in any possible way, even by death; but I know that man's resolution, I know his stubborn will, and that here among his creatures you and I are no more than two straws in his hand. He will hold me as he says he will, and lest I should not find the means of self-destruction [illegible]

lest he should be suffered to degrade and pollute me, as he threatens, I ask you to make me his wife before you leave me, marking at the same time my solemn protest that my consent is extorted by violence, and only yielded through fear of a worse fate. Some day, perhaps, this testimony will help to undo the bond to which I now submit."

"Don't flatter yourself, my dear," interposed Mark, who had listened with some anxiety for Myra's reply. "The remainder of our lives will be spent in a locality where divorce courts or law of any sort have very little to say. I am the king, the pope and the law in my own domain; and my wife, if she choose, shall be my queen-consort, and if she don't, my prisoner for life."

Speaking thus, Halford unlocked the cabin door, and called for the two officers whom he had previously appointed as witnesses of his marriage, should it take place.

While his back was turned, Myra hastily whispered:

"Tell Alick, please, that Mark Halford is a pirate, and that his home is upon a rocky islet near the southern point of Florida. Bid him warn the Government, and come with a ship to rescue me, and—to punish him!"

She hissed the last words between her teeth, while her uplifted eyes seemed to burn into those of the priest, who shook his head reprovingly.

"You may turn his heart, my daughter; the believing wife may convert the unbelieving husband——"

"You will deliver my message, father—will you not?"

"Yes, daughter—I will. And now come with me, and let us pray for grace and help in this our sore distress."

THE METAMORPHOSES OF THE STAG BEETLE.—SEE PAGE 534.

An hour later the clergyman was on his way to the shore, the farewell words of the new-made wife still throbbing through his brain:

"Remember my message to Alick, father—remember it as you would the last charge of the dying."

When the reverend gentleman next placed his hand in his pocket, he found another parting word from the bridegroom, whose money and whose hospitality he had sternly refused while on board. It was a little bag of gold coins, with a paper attached, bearing these words:

"For yourself or your poor—from one who is not, perhaps, so thoroughly bad as you believe. Pray for him."

* * *

It was the noon of a sultry day, and Gumbo, the black cook, butler and factotum of the peculiar household to which he belonged, set down his water-buckets beside the spring, sheltered thickly by a grove of tropical shrubs and trees bound together by llianas and thorny cactus, and wiping his sable brow, stooped to drink before filling the vessels for the use of the house. Still in this defenseless position,

"HE CURSED ME WITH MY HEART'S DESIRE."—"ONE SOLITARY FIGURE REMAINED, WHEN ALL ELSE WERE GONE, SEATED UPON A

Gumbo was suddenly aware of a rapid movement behind him, and then of two nervous hands so tightly clutched about his throat as to render the slightest sound impossible, and to cause both tongue and eyes to swell and protrude to a very disagreeable extent.

"Do you feel this knife at your throat? One word, and you're a dead man!" whispered a voice in his ear; and as the cold, pungent steel of a sharp blade pressed emphatically against his skin, the choking grasp was removed, and Gumbo stared amazedly up into the two faces bent closely above his own.

One he knew; it was that of Samaro, a vagabond Indian, who had not long since been driven from the neighborhood of the house, under threat of scourging and hounding should he ever be found there again. The other was a white man, a stranger, and one whose resolute face and stalwart figure conveyed the idea of a person likely to carry through any plan he might have undertaken. It was to him, therefore, that Gumbo addressed himself in sullen submission:

"What you want, mas'r?'

"You're house-servant at that piratical den yonder, are you not?"

"I's de cap'in's and de cap'in's lady's house-servant—yes, sir."

"Captain—oh! Well, I have heard that the lady likes you, and trusts you."

Gumbo's face cleared in an instant, as he leaped to his feet, still jealously guarded by Samaro with the knife, and demanded:

"Golly, mas'r! be you dat cousin we's been looking for so long?"

"She has been expecting me, then? She has bid you keep on the lookout? Yes, of course; the Indian said she talked with you and with no one else, and led me here to wait for you."

And the dark, strong face of the young man softened as beneath a pleasant thought.

"You, Sam! What business 'you 'got to say nuffin' 'bout me, I like to know?" muttered the negro, clinching his fists, and scowling upon the Indian, who, scarcely stirring a muscle of his face, retorted:

"Nigger man not dare touch Samaro now. White man's knife much sharp and strong."

"Attend to me, Gumbo—and, Sam, hold your tongue. You would like to help your mistress, would you, and at the same time earn a good sum of money, and a berth in a United States gun-boat?"

"Like all dose, mas'r—'specially help my mistress."

"Very well, then; take her this note at once, and bring me her answer. I will wait here. Be quick and cautious."

"Bof of 'em, mas'r; but I must fill de buckets, or some of de folks will notice. Dere's six or seven fellers and lots of women in de huts; all de rest are off wid de cap'in."

"Captain, indeed! Well, hurry all you know."

And Gumbo, tucking the penciled note under his red sack, hastily filled the buckets and departed, reappearing in about twenty minutes again with the empty buckets.

Alick Staines and Samaro emerged from their concealment so soon as they were certain that he was alone, and the former hastily tore open and read the note the black cautiously produced and handed to him. It ran thus:

"Thank God, my dear cousin, that you have come. I will myself meet you at the spring soon after sunset, and tell you my plans. Be very cautious. Your unhappy MYRA."

A few moments later the spring was deserted, Gumbo returning with his water-pails to the house, and Alick, with his Indian guide, cautiously retracing his steps to the spot where their canoe lay hidden, while the *Gadfly*, the gunboat to which Staines was attached, cruised in the neighborhood, ready to take off the young man, or to send a boat's crew ashore to his aid so soon as a preconcerted signal should be given.

For Father Hynes had faithfully delivered Myra's message to her cousin, and Alick, who had made one cruise in a United States frigate, and knew in what quarter to make his application, soon succeeded in obtaining the detail of a gunboat to cruise the Southern waters in quest of a pirate schooner already reported as harboring there; while he himself, having told the story of his cousin's abduction in a manly and straightforward fashion appreciated by the secretary who paused to listen to it, received a semi-official position on board, quite adequate to his expectations and wishes.

Thus it came about that, having landed upon the Floridan coast for exploration, Alick fell in with Samaro, who soon showed himself able not only to betray the haunt of the pirates, but to guide their enemies thither safely and secretly, and also to give late and minute news of Myra's life and condition.

The meeting of the two cousins behind the hidden fountain was one of the most intense emotion, Alick not concealing his thirst for Mark Halford's life, or his horror at the ravages which grief, remorse, watching and fasting had wrought in Myra's beauty, while she, sternly putting aside all pity or sympathy, seemed bent on vengeance alone, and detailed the plan she had been for months perfecting with a clearness and precision that left nothing for her rescuers to do but to follow it implicitly. His parting words were:

"Remember, now, Alick. You have the chart of the islands and the channels, and where I have made the red cross will be a safe and hidden harbor for the *Gadfly* to remain in until the *Flash* comes in and is safely anchored and dismasted. Then, when you see the fire on the point, you will send your two boats' crews ashore, and bring round the *Gadfly*, and you know the secret entrance to the fortress, as they call their den; and, once in, Alick, spare none—no, not one—not one, Alick—and my only hope is that I shall be killed among the rest."

Nearly two weeks more went quietly by, and then, one moonlight night, the *Flash* came quietly gliding in through the tortuous channel leading to her hidden haven, and almost before her anchor had grappled the mangrove-roots carpeting her dock, her captain was on shore, and speeding toward the artfully hidden and high-walled retreat not inaptly called the fortress, and within whose walls were sheltered his own house, the magazines of ammunition and provisions, and a row of huts for a refuge in time of trouble for the women and children, who ordinarily dwelt in a disorderly nest of cabins close beside the shore.

That night Mark Halford was aroused from his first heavy slumber by a hand upon his shoulder. He opened his eyes to find his wife seated beside him fully dressed, her white, stern face bent resolutely upon him.

"Rise, Mark, rise and dress yourself. There is work in hand for you to do," said she, slowly.

The man rose to his feet with the quick apprehension habitual to those who carry their lives in their hands and feel themselves for ever haunted by the offended law.

"What is it, Myra? What have you heard or seen—where is the danger?" demanded he, hastily clothing and arming himself as he spoke.

"I have heard and seen nothing," replied Myra, coldly. "But it is past the hour, and I know that the avenger is

at hand. Samson, the Philistines be upon thee, and I am the Delilah who has invited them."

She stood up white and defiant before him, and her eyes turned meaningly upon the dirk he at this moment was thrusting into his belt.

"You have betrayed me, Myra? You?"

"Yes, I, Mark Halford. I have sold you and all your den of pirates to the Government, and at this instant a band of men, with Alick Staines at their head, are waiting my last signal to burst in upon you through a secret passage wrought under my orders, and closed only by a door of which Alick has the key. Your hour has come, Mark, and you must die, leaving me to become the wife of your executioner."

"By heavens, that, at least, shall never be!" exclaimed Halford, snatching the dirk from its sheath and seizing Myra by the arm.

She made no resistance, only closed her eyes, and rapidly murmured some words, inaudible to human ears.

Halford raised the weapon above his head, then suddenly flung it from him, released his wife's arm, and folding his own, strode suddenly across the chamber, and stood staring from the window into the sultry, starless night.

Myra stood regarding him for a moment, then went to pick up the dagger and brought it to him.

"What! know that you are betrayed, sold, mocked at by your wife and her lover, and not dare to revenge yourself! Not man enough to care that your murderer should inherit your wife!"

He turned and looked at her long and silently, then slowly said:

"I see. You wish for my death, but you dare not meet the remorse that awaits you for having given me over to the assassin. You wish to taunt me into killing you first. Well, I will not do it. Be silent and quiet now. You have secured the doors and windows before wakening me. Your accomplices have already arrived, for I hear them below. When they appear I shall know how to sell my life, and to you I leave my forgiveness and my contempt. Now, let me alone; your vengeance is certain."

But she, falling suddenly at his feet, embraced his knees, all the passion of her mood bursting into sobs and tears, while she cried:

"Oh, Mark, Mark, kill me! Kill me, if ever you loved or cared for me, for I cannot live and know that it is I who have given you to death! Oh, Mark, I love you, I have always loved you!"

Then, indeed, the icy calmness of his manner changed to a passion that stilled hers as the fierce thunderstorm calms the raging of the sea. Catching her up in his arms, he held her upright, and gazed deep into her streaming eyes.

"You love me, Myra! You love me still, and never have ceased to reproach and taunt me since the day I brought you hither!"

"Because I loved you so, Mark, and could not forgive myself or you that I still loved when I ought to hate you. I prayed and begged God so much while you were gone, to bring you back, and I said to Him that I would rather have hell with you than heaven without you, and at last He lost patience, and cursed me with my heart's desire, and brought you back, and allowed you to carry me away in my own despite; and then, when I found what you were, and that I was your wife against my own will, I hated you, and thought that my only wish was to give you up and have you punished; but, oh, Mark! I never meant to listen to even one word of love from Alick, or any other man living, and I hoped you would kill me in your rage when you found what I had done; and when you would not, and when you said you left me forgiveness and contempt —— Oh, Mark, I cannot bear it! I cannot! Kill me, my husband, kill me before they come, or—— No, I have a thought—it is not too late; these windows are directly over the wall, and below is a dense thicket. Here is the key of the gratings I so vilely locked, lest you should escape. Make haste, Mark; tie these sheets together, and we will escape together, you and I! The negro is waiting with his canoe for me, and we will reach the mainland and be safely hidden before morning, and then we will escape, and you will lead another life, and we will yet be happy, dearest, dearest Mark——"

"Stop, Myra, beloved wife! It is useless to make these preparations, these plans. I shall never desert the poor, ignorant fellows whom my counsel, my leadership, has led where they stand to-night—if they must die, I shall die with them. Do you see this?"

And hastily unscrewing what seemed but a mere ornamental projection in the molding of a window, Halford showed the end of a bit of string with a small ring attached, hidden in the cavity beneath it.

"What is it, Mark?" gasped Myra.

"To the end of this line is attached a percussion-cap resting upon an iron rod imbedded in a cask of powder. Pull this ring out and let it snap back, and this house, with all it holds, is blown to atoms. I shall wait until your friends enter this room; I shall kill as many of them as I can, and then I shall pull this ring. First of all, however, Myra, beloved and darling of my life, I shall avail myself of this window you have unlocked, and lower you through it to a place of safety. Live, dearest—live to pray for my imperiled soul and for——"

"Hark, Mark! They are tired of waiting for the signal, and are unlocking the secret door. Kiss me, my husband—kiss me once more, the last time, and then——"

She threw her arms around his neck, pressed her lips to his, and, while yet he folded her close, close to his heart, she extended a hand behind him, seized the brass ring, and pulled it sharply.

* * * * * *

In the dim morning light old Gumbo, peering among the smoking ruins, came upon the blackened and wounded but still breathing body of a man, and, dragging him to a spot of safety and shelter, applied such restoratives as were at hand until he moved and opened his eyes.

"It's me, Mas'r Alick—poor old Gumbo; and 'sides you and me, dere ain't a livin' man on de island. De gunboat came up and seized de *Flash*, and de fellers all got killed or took prisoners, 'cept dem dat runned away, and a great lot was killed 'long wid de explosion, and de *Gadfly* all ready for sail, only I 'termined to look once more for you, and somethin' dat was her'n; and look!"

He held up, as he spoke, a little broken chain, to which was attached the small gold cross Myra had always worn since her dying mother clasped it around her neck; and Alick Staines, pressing the holy emblem to his lips, wept, as strong men must sometimes weep, those tears of agony which burn deep, deep into the soul, and whose traces are never effaced.

"Is that all, Gumbo?" asked he, at length.

"All, mas'r. De whole house, and all dat was in it, was blown into de air. I found de chain over by de spring, and saved it for you. Came, mas'r; dere's no more to do here."

And, leaning upon the shoulder of the faithful black, Alick stood for a few sad moments gazing upon the blackened, smoking heap of fragments, amid beneath which

his love lay buried, and then turned away with covered face and tottering steps.

Half an hour later the *Gadfly* cautiously steamed out of the channel, followed by the *Flash*, with her prize-crew, and the lonely pirate isle was left to the desolation, the ruin and the evil reputation which ever since have been its only occupants.

INDIA.

India! land of the "lac"; of idols with diamond eyes; of the Koh-i-noor; of nabobs and nuggets; of gold-enshrined rajahs, and bejeweled begums; of bungalows and compounds; of Himalayas and howdahs; of the punkah and the puggaree; of tiffins and tigers; of chotohassaree and currie; El Dorado of British younger sons; liver-destroying and bitter-beer consuming. India! with a history dating fourteen centuries before the birth of Christ; with a civilization akin to the marvelous; with buildings which defy the craft of all the architects of the present time; with religions strong as Holy Writ. Land of jungles and elephants! The very word chinks upon the ear like gold coin. It breathes spices and odors; it flings before the flashing gaze of the imagination a series of dazzling pictures, supremely rich, gorgeously magnificent.

In the ancient region of Brahmavartta are found the first landmarks of Indian history, and, although actual facts have been clouded over by the lapse of ages, by myths, and by the license of the poet, enough still remains to make the country classic ground in the eyes of Hindoos, and not wholly uninteresting to others.

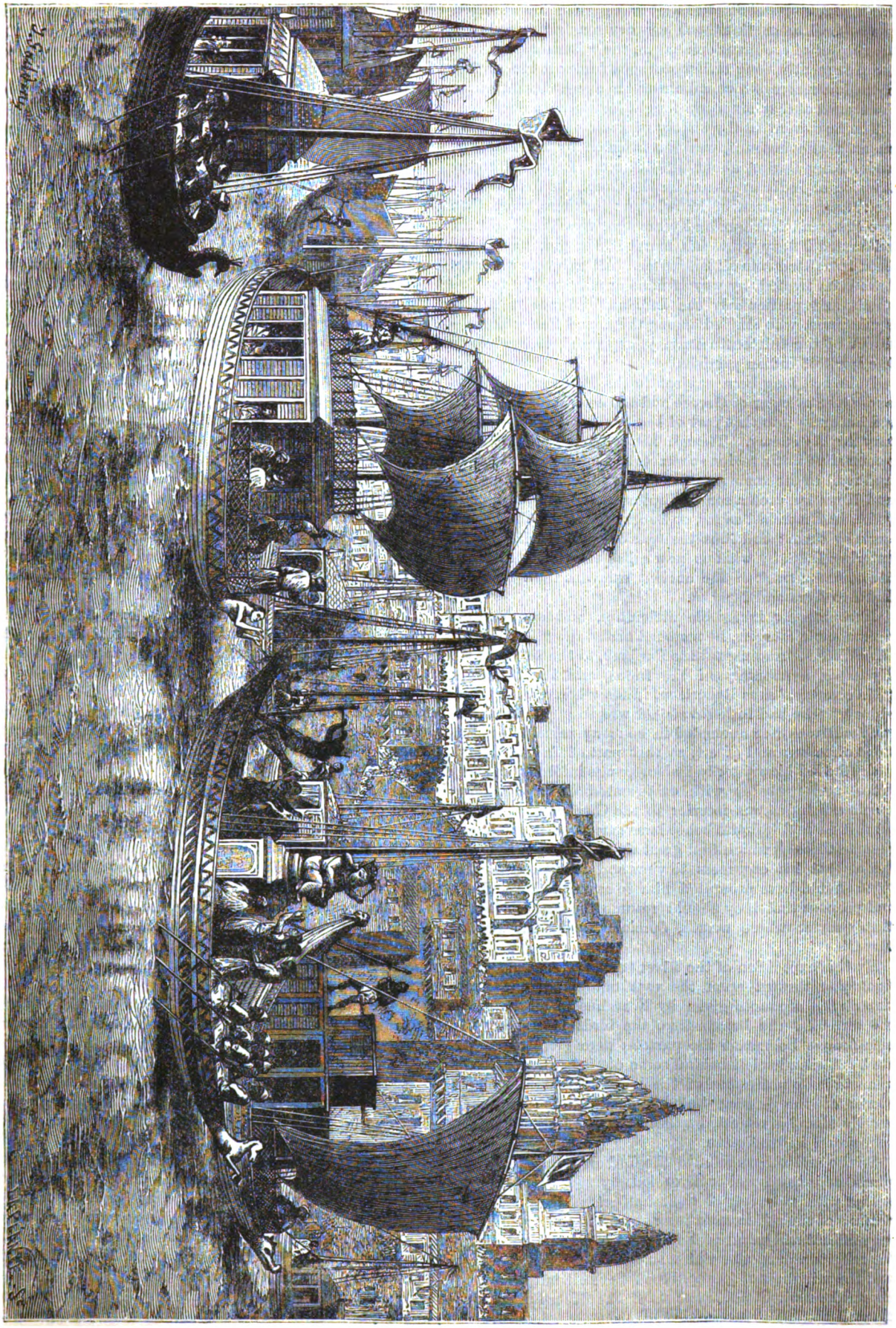
Of the earliest period of the history of India, little is known with certainty. The sacred writings of the Hindoos give to their ancient history an incredible chronology, extending over millions of years, and treat of heroes, kings and dignitaries, in most instances probably merely mythical or fabulous. It is the general opinion of the best authorities that the Hindoos were not the first inhabitants of the country, but were an invading race, who subdued and enslaved the aborigines, who are still represented by rude tribes in the central and southern parts of India—such as the Bheels, the Kolees, the Gonds and the Shanars. The distinction of caste did not exist among these people, and their religion seems to have consisted of the worship of a variety of spiritual deities.

The Aryan Hindoos are supposed to have entered the country from the northwest, probably from regions between the Hindoo Koosh and the Caspian Sea. They brought with them the Brahminical religion, and formed the institution of caste by dividing themselves into the three higher castes of Brahmins, Kshatriyas and Vaisyas, while the conquered people constituted the Sudras, or servile caste.

It is not known at what period this invasion took place, but it was undoubtedly prior to the fourteenth century B.C. The language of the conquerors was probably the Sanskrit, in which their sacred books were written. The Vedas, supposed to have been compiled about the fourteenth century B.C., are esteemed the holiest.

Two great dynasties—the kings of the race of the sun, who reigned in Ayodah, the modern Oude, and the race of the moon, who reigned in Pruyag, the modern Allahabad—figure in the legends of their early history, and their contests are recorded in the poem known as the

ON THE RIVER.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 535.



INDIA.—A FESTIVAL AT BENARES.

"Mahabharata." The most celebrated of these sovereigns was Rama, or Ramchunder, who is supposed to have lived in the twelfth or thirteenth century B.C. His deeds are the subject of the great epic poem, the "Ramayana."

Subsequently, long civil wars raged amongst the princes of the lower race, which culminated in a great battle, where the armies of fifty-six kings fought for eighteen days.

The first event in the history of India of which we have an authentic account, was the invasion by the Persians, under King Darius, about 518-521 B.C. Long before the invasion of India by Alexander the Great, the Greeks traveled there in search of knowledge; for there, more than two thousand four hundred years ago, says Voltaire, "the celebrated Pilpay wrote his moral fables, that have since been translated into all languages. All subjects whatever have been treated, by way of fable or allegory, by the Orientals, and particularly the Indians." Hence it is that Pythagoras, who studied among them, and Pachymerus, a Greek of the thirteenth century, expressed themselves in the spirit of Indian parables.

India had long been subject to the Persians, and Alexander, the avenger of Greece and the conqueror of Darius, led his army into that part of India which had been tributary to his enemy. Though his soldiers were averse to penetrating into a region so remote and unknown, Alexander had read in the ancient fables of Macedonia that Bacchus and Hercules, each a son of Jupiter, as he believed himself to be, had marched as far, so he determined not to be outdone by them; and thus the year 327 B.C. saw his legions entering India by what is now called the Candahar route, the common track of the ancient caravans from northern India to Agra and Ispahan.

Encountering incredible difficulties, and surmounting innumerable dangers, he marched across the "Land of the Five Waters," now named the Punjaub, to the banks of the Hydaspis, a tributary of the Indus, and the Hyphasis. "No country," says Robertson, in his "Historical Disquisitions," "he had hitherto visited was so populous and so well cultivated, or abounded in so many valuable productions of nature and of art, as that part of India through which he led his army; but when he was informed in every place, and probably with exaggerated description, how much the Indus was inferior to the Ganges, and how far all that he had hitherto beheld was surpassed in the happy regions through which that great river flows, it is not wonderful that his eagerness to view and take possession of them should have prompted him to assemble his soldiers, and propose that they should resume their march toward that quarter where wealth, dominion and fame awaited them."

By this expedition of the adventurous Greeks, a sudden light was thrown upon the vast nations of the East; though the accounts given by Nearchus of all he saw—the serpents, the banian-tree, the birds that spoke like men (unless he meant the parrots) were greatly exaggerated. Alexander left behind some of his hardiest Macedonians to keep possession of the conquered country on the banks of the Indus; but his death, which happened shortly after his retreat, hastened the downfall of the Persian power in Hindostan.

Strabo and others refer to the Indian sects of philosophers, and the peculiar lives led by the Brahmins, together with the piety of their half-crazed ascetics, called *fakirs;* of the self-immolation named the *suttee;* and their magnificent and wonderful fairs, festivals and gatherings for religious purposes, which successive foreign conquests and the mingling of foreign blood have all left to-day unchanged as when the trumpets of the Macedonians proclaimed the fall of Porus.

During those dark ages that followed the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, the Oriental trade with Europe, small though it was, became greatly diminished; but some of the productions of the East had been necessary for, and consecrated to, the services of the Church. Even in the remote island of Great Britain, and in the poor, semi-barbarous Saxon period, the Venerable Bede had collected in his bleak Northern monastery at Jarrow some of the spices and scented woods of the East. At the dawn of England's civilization, in the reign of Alfred the Great, English mariners are said to have found their way to the coast of Malabar. There, in the sixth century, a merchant of Syria settled with his family, and left his religion, which was Nestorian; and as these Eastern sectarians multiplied, they called themselves Christians of St. Thomas.

Vasco de Gama's discovery of the way to India by the Cape of Good Hope in 1498—where, according to Camoens, he saw the Spirit of the Mountain and the Storm—led to a great commercial revolution. The Eastern trade, which hitherto had had its emporiums at Constantinople, Venice and Amalfi, whither goods were conveyed from India, Persia and Asia Minor, or by way of the Red Sea, was turned into the Deccan and a new channel. Hence the most valuable part of that important trade was placed in the hands of the Portuguese merchants and conquerors, who, by holding the Straits of Malacca, secured the commerce of the Indian Archipelago, and monopolized it from all Europe during the sixteenth century; till, the English, Dutch and French beginning to find their way round the dreaded "Cape of Storms," and to appear on the shores of India, the Portuguese lost their influence as rapidly as they had won it.

In 1588, the year of the Armada, one of the bravest navigators of the Elizabethan age, Captain Thomas Cavendish, returned after a two years' exploration of the Molucca Isles, where he had been kindly received by the natives, who assured him that they were quite as willing to trade with the English as with the Portuguese. He and others applied for a small squadron for India, but the English Government did not think the subject deserving of consideration.

The first genuine English expedition to India partook more of the piratical than the commercial element, and was rather a species of cruise against the Portuguese. It was fitted out in 1591, but it never saw India; and after three years of wreck and disaster, almost the sole survivor, Lancaster, arrived at Rye, a ruined man.

Another expedition sailed the same year under Captain Wood. He was bearer of a letter from Queen Elizabeth vaguely addressed to the Emperor of China. The last survivor of this fleet of three vessels was heard at Porto Rico in 1601.

It was not until the great Sir Francis Drake captured five large Portuguese caravels, laden with the richest products of India, belonging to certain merchants of Turkey and the Levant, and brought from Bengal, Agra, Lahore, Pegu and Malacca—and undoubted intelligence of the wealth of the country had begun to flow in through other channels—that any anxiety was manifested by the English to participate in the riches of the East; and the departure of the first Dutch expedition in 1595 under Cornelius Hootman, their natural pride and rivalry were thoroughly aroused. In one of those five caravels taken at the Azores, named the *St. Philip*, there were found many papers and documents from which the English fully learned the vast value of Indian merchandise, and also the method of trading in the Eastern world.

Accordingly a company was suggested for that purpose in 1599, the petitioners being certain worthy knights and

aldermen of London, numbering fourteen, and upward of two hundred more, being those "of suche persons as have written with their owne handes, to venture in the pretended voiage to the Este Indias (the whiche it maie please the Lorde to prosper), and the somes they will adventure—xxij September 1599."

Such was the origin of that wonderful commercial body of merchants who, in time to come, were to carry the British colors to the slopes of the Himalayas, to Burmah, Ava, Java, and through the gates of Pekin. The sum subscribed amounted to a little over $150,000, and a committee of fifteen was deputed to manage it. They were formed into "a body corporate and politic" by the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London, Trading in the East Indies."

"Few great things have had a smaller beginning than that stupendous anomaly," the British Empire in India. It was in the course of 1612, in the reign of James, that the agents of the Company timidly established their first little factory at Surat. At this period, the nominal sovereigns of the whole of India, and the real masters and tyrants of a good part of it, were the Mohammedanized Mogul Tartars—a people widely different in origin, manners, law and religion from the Hindoos, the aboriginal, or ancient, inhabitants of the country.

The Company was allowed to build a factory at the mouth of the Hooghly, by a firman from the Emperor Shah Zehan, granted in 1634. In 1669 the whole of Bombay was ceded to them by Charles II., who had acquired it as part of the dowry of his wife, the Infanta of Portugal. It was in Bengal, however, that the Company began to acquire military and political power. They moved the factories on the Hooghly to Calcutta in 1698. They took with them paid bodies of native troops, who were called Sepoys, and were armed and trained in the European manner, and with the aid of these mercenaries they soon acquired a considerable degree of influence in the country.

In 1744, France and England being at war in Europe, hostilities broke out between the English and French in India. Clive came to the front on the part of the former, while Bussy displayed admirable generalship on the part of the latter. In the year 1756 Surajah Dowlah seized upon Calcutta, and clapped 146 of the English into the "Black Hole," where all but twenty-three persons perished in a single night by suffocation.

The student of the modern history of India is familiar with the names of Warren Hastings, who was elected Governor-General of India, Hyder Ali, and his son, Tippoo Saib. Lord Cornwallis, who figured so prominently during our War of Independence, conducted a war against Tippoo Saib with such energy that he compelled the latter to cede about one-half of his dominion, and to pay in money $16,000,000. In the war which broke out in 1803 between the English and the Mahrattas, Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington of the future, and hero of Waterloo, did signal service, making a name that was afterward to be emblazoned on the bead roll of illustrious warriors.

The annexation of Sinde, in 1843, was followed by the wars with the Sikhs, who had been organized into a powerful military State by their great sovereign, Runjeet Singh. These hostilities led to the annexation by the English of the Punjaub.

The next important event in the history of India was one which attracted the attention of mankind in all quarters of the globe, and forms, unquestionably, the most impressive incident in the annals of British India. This was the great Sepoy revolt.

The year 1857-8 was the Hindoo Sumbut 1914, in which long predicted that in this year the power of the East India Company would terminate for ever. In the early part of 1857 it became apparent that a mutinous spirit had crept into the Bengal army. The military authorities had resolved to arm the Sepoys with Enfield rifles, and a new kind of cartridge, greased, in order to adapt it to the rifle bore, was introduced into many of the schools of musketry instruction. A report spread among the native troops that, as the cartridges in loading had to be torn with the teeth, the Government was about to compel them to bite the fat of pigs and of cows, the former of which would be a defilement to a Mussulman, and the latter would be a sacrilege in the eyes of a Hindoo. The wildest excitement prevailed for a time, but the substitution of the old for the new cartridges temporarily prevented an outbreak. Meanwhile, though the greased cartridges had not been used elsewhere, the cry of danger to caste and creed was raised in many other stations. Disturbances occurred on February 19th at Burrumpoor, on March 29th at Barrachpoor, where the first blood of the revolt was shed—the leader in the revolt being a private Sepoy in the Thirty-fourth Regiment, named Mungal Pandy—and April 24th at Meerut.

On May 10th a formidable rising took place at the latter station. The Europeans were massacred, and the mutineers marched to Delhi, where the garrison fraternized with them, and a second butchery was committed. In the northwest provinces simultaneous risings took place, and Benares, the sacred city on the Ganges, was in revolt on June 4th. On June 27th took place the horrible massacre at Cawnpore, under Nana Sahib, Rajah of Bithoor. Lucknow, the capital of Oude, mutinied. The Punjaub was saved by the administrative capacity of Sir John Laurence. The Presidency of Bombay was but little disturbed, and that of Madras was tranquil, with scarcely an exception. Delhi was stormed September 14th, after a siege of three months., Two sons and two grandsons of the King were made prisoners by Captain Hodson, who shot them with his own hand. Cawnpore and Lucknow were taken from the rebels, and Gwalior was the last great battle of the campaign. The whole population was disarmed in the course of the Spring and Summer. One thousand three hundred and twenty-seven forts were destroyed, and 1,367,406 stand of arms captured. Of the number of Europeans killed and wounded during this mutiny no accurate estimate can be procured. Hundreds of English women and children were put to death after horrible outrages, many stories of which were, perhaps, fictions or exaggerations, though, unhappily, the substantial truth of the accounts of these atrocities cannot be doubted.

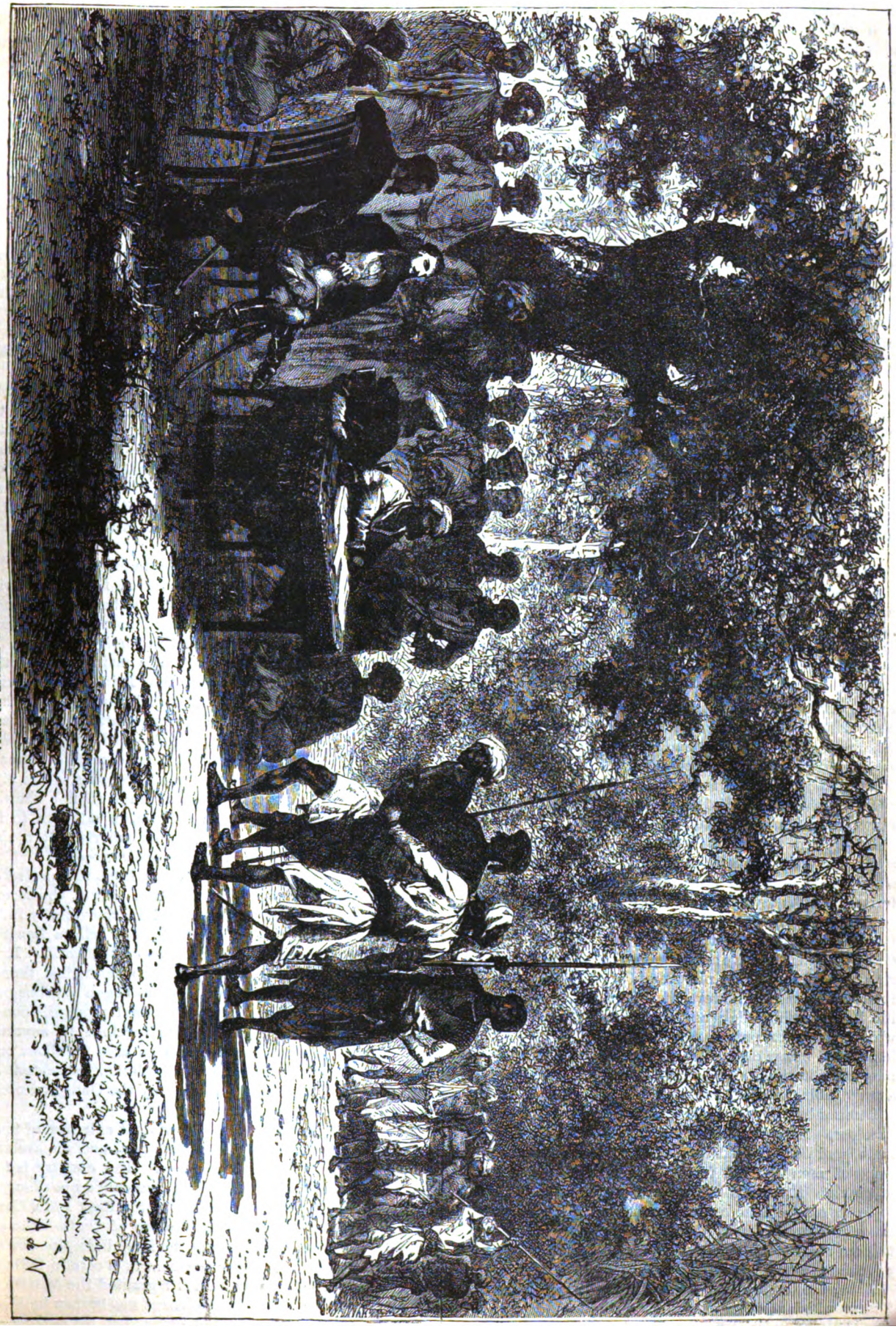
One very important result of the mutiny was the transfer of the government of India from the East India Company to the direct authority of the British Crown. This was accomplished by an Act of Parliament, providing substantially for the system of administration which now exists. The creation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India may also be said to be an outcome of the new state of things.

The extreme length of India, from north to south, is 1,900 miles, and its extreme breadth from east to west, exclusive of British Burmah, about 1,700 miles. The Empire of India, with its feudatory States, embraces a territory of 1,556,836 square miles, with a population of not less than two hundred millions. The climate varies from that of the temperate zone in the Himalayas to the tropical heat of the lowlands; on the central and southern tablelands the climate is comparatively mild, the thermometer falling as low as the freezing point in Winter; but on the

bulk of the population, the heat during the greater part of the year is excessive, frequently rising to 100° and 110° Fahrenheit.

A marked influence is exercised on the climate and seasons of Hindostan by the winds called Monsoons, which blow half the year from the southwest, and the other half from the northeast. The southwest monsoon begins in the South of Hindostan early in June, and in the North somewhat later. It brings with it from the Indian Ocean floods of rain, which continue to fall at intervals until the

HINDOO WOMEN OF THE LOWER CASTES.



A COURT OF JUSTICE IN INDIA.

end of September. During the rainy season the fall of rain in Bengal is from fifty to eighty inches. The northeast monsoon begins about the middle of October, and brings rain from the Bay of Bengal, which falls in torrents on the Coromandel coast until the middle or end of December, during which period the opposite coast of the peninsula enjoys fair weather and northerly breezes. From December to June is the dry season, during which little rain falls.

In none of the fine arts, except architecture, have the Hindoos attained much eminence. Their paintings are of very little merit, though the walls of temples, of palaces, and of the better class of private dwellings, are often ornamented, at great cost, with pictures illustrating the characters and events of their mythology. More attention has been paid to sculpture than to painting, and in the temples, cut from the living rock, great numbers of statues are contained, some single figures and others large groups.

In many districts of India splendid monuments of architecture abound, mostly the work of past ages, and many of remote antiquity, such as the temples of Jain and Ajmeer, and elsewhere, some of which were built long before the Christian era, and are distinguished not only for size and splendor of ornamentation, but for symmetry, beauty of proportion, and refinement of taste. The mosques, palaces and tents erected by the Mohammedan emperors are the finest specimens of the Saracenic style of architecture in the world. Those at Agra, Delhi and Lucknow are especially remarkable for their delicacy, beauty and taste. The most wonderful structures in the country are probably the great rock temples in the western part of Deccan and those near Bombay.

Benares is celebrated as being the ecclesiastical capital of the Hindoos. It is situated on the left bank of the Ganges, 390 miles northwest of Calcutta, and 75 miles east of Allahabad. It is the metropolis of a district of the same name, which forms a part of the northwest provinces. Although so far inland, the altitude of Benares above the sea level is only about three hundred feet. A bridge of boats crosses the river to the railway station on the opposite bank. The width of the Ganges here varies with the season, sometimes exceeding half a mile.

The ascent from the river-margin to the city is very steep, and is for the most part occupied by long and handsome flights of broad stone steps, called ghauts. These terraces are the favorite resort of the Hindoos in all their outdoor pursuits. Above these rise the palaces, mosques, towers and temples of the city, which, as seen from the Ganges in their massive and gorgeous architecture, present a striking and impressive picture of Oriental grandeur. The interior of Benares, however, is by no means so attractive, the houses being high and closely built, with no streets wide enough to permit the passage of carriages. The loftier and better class of dwellings are built of brick, and have an interior courtyard, but many of the houses are simply cabins of dried mud, roofed with tiles.

Benares has been appropriately termed the Mecca of the Hindoos. A true Brahmin regards it as the holiest spot on earth, and believes that future blessedness is secure to the worst of men who are fortunate enough to die within its precincts. Hundreds of invalids are brought to Benares to be sanctified by so enviable a death. Even the water of the sacred Ganges is holier here than elsewhere, and quantities of it are taken from the ghauts and conveyed by pious pilgrims to every part of India.

Along the terraced riverside, fires are continually burning, on which smolder the bodies of the recent dead. The sacred Brahmin bulls roam in large numbers through the narrow streets at will, frequently disputing the right of way with foot-passengers. There are not fewer than one thousand Hindoo temples in the city. The golden temple of Shiva, the reigning deity of Benares, is one of the most celebrated, but is neither beautiful nor attractive.

The Dhoorga Kond, the famous temple of the sacred monkeys, although ostensibly devoted to the worship of the goddess Dhoorga, is in reality the dwelling of swarms of large yellow monkeys, who overrun a quarter of the city. They are maintained and carefully tended by the Brahmins, who imagine them to possess certain holy attributes. The temple overlooks one of the finest tracts in India.

The Hindoos are the dominant race in Benares, constituting nine-tenths of the population. On important religious occasions, throngs of pilgrims, sometimes to the number of 100,000, come from all parts of Hindostan to visit the Holy City. The Mohammedan mosques in Benares number more than 300, that built by Aurungzebe in the seventeenth century being the most prominent. It occupies the site of an ancient Hindoo temple in the centre of the city. Its 28 minarets rise each 232 feet above the surface of the Ganges, the foundations extending to the water's edge. The architecture of the building is variously described as beautiful and unattractive. The observatory of Jai Singh, established during the Mogul supremacy, is a massive structure, furnished with curious astronomical instruments and ancient Oriental drawings of the celestial heavens.

A Hindoo Sanskrit college was founded in 1792, to which an English department was added in 1832, providing instruction in mathematics, history, belles-lettres and political economy. There are other Hindoo and Mohammedan schools, and several Christian foreign missions. A court of civil and criminal justice is maintained by the British Government. Secrole, the British settlement, containing the official residences and cantonments, lies between two and three miles out of the native town. It is an unhealthy station, and much dreaded by European troops. The manufactures of Benares comprise cottons, woolens, silks and magnificent gold brocades. The city is the centre of a large provincial trade in fine shawls, muslins and diamonds, which articles, in addition to its own manufactures, form the principal exports. It is also a great mart of distribution for European goods.

The modern City of Benares dates from the period of Mohammedan ascendency in the latter part of the seventeenth century, but the ruins found in the vicinity indicate a much earlier origin. The Hindoos believe Benares to have been founded at the creation of the world. It is noteworthy that three great religions flourished there: Buddhism, the founders of which there began to propagate their faith; Mohammedanism, which was temporarily dominant; and Brahminism, which has regained its supremacy. The district of Benares has an area of about one thousand square miles, and a population estimated at 800,000. It is abundantly watered by the Ganges, Goomtee, and many smaller streams.

The climate is characterized by violent extremes of temperature, with a mean of 77° Fahrenheit, and an average rainfall of more than thirty inches. The country is fertile, and well cultivated, producing abundant crops of sugar, opium and indigo. It was ceded to the East India Company in 1775, by the King or Nawaub of Oude—who acquired it after the destruction of the Mogul Empire—on an agreement providing for the payment of a certain tribute. The East India Company in 1776 granted the district to Rajah Cheyt Singh. This agreement was broken by Warren Hastings, and its violation was one of the charges on

which he was subsequently impeached, an impeachment made memorable by the magnificent speech of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Lucknow, the capital of the Province and former Kingdom of Oude, is situated on the River Goomtee, about 580 miles northwest of Calcutta. The population is about 285,000. The Goomtee is here crossed by three bridges, one of iron, one of stone and one of boats. A distant view of the city, with its numerous turrets and pinnacles, conveys an impression of splendor surpassed by few Indian cities. But this is somewhat lessened by a closer inspection of its numerous narrow, filthy streets, and mean mud or bamboo houses, thatched with straw.

The streets are generally ten or twelve feet below the level of the shops on each side, but the English quarter is well built, and adorned with gardens. In contrast with the dwellings of the native population, there are many public buildings of remarkable beauty. The Shah Nujeef, or Imambana, is a fantastic brick structure, coated with white cement, and topped with several Moslem minarets and pointed Hindoo domes. It consists of a number of buildings surrounding two courts, which are entered by magnificent gateways. The name Imambana denotes a kind of edifice erected by Mohammedans of the Shiah sect for the celebration of the festival of the Mohurrum. Of the five royal palaces in the city, the principal are the Fureed Buksh, a long range of buildings on the river-bank, more remarkable for size than beauty, and the Kaiserbagh. The Kings of Oude had also many magnificent palaces in the neighborhood, the most superb of which is the Dilkoosha—Heart's Delight—about two miles toward the south of the city. The Begum Kothee is a collection of palatial edifices formerly occupied by native princes. "Constantia" is the name given to a curious mansion, loaded with incongruous ornaments, which was erected by the French adventurer, Claude Martin, who went to India as a private soldier, and rose to great power and opulence under the native Government. A better monument is the Martinière, a college for half-caste children. An English church, an observatory and a hospital are the principal buildings. The Church of England, the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and the Roman Catholic Church have missions at Lucknow.

The British residency was destroyed during the siege at the time of the mutiny of 1857. Since that event, many changes have also been made in the plan of the city, as whole streets have been pulled down in accordance with the system of defense adopted by the British in 1858. Lucknow is now connected with the East India Railway—with Calcutta and Delhi by the Oude and Rohilcund Railway, a branch line to Cawnpore.

During the mutiny of 1857, the British garrison in Lucknow, numbering about 1,700 men, was besieged by about 10,000 mutineers. After twelve weeks' defense, during which the British lost Sir Henry Laurence, their commander, and suffered from the ravages of cholera, smallpox and fevers scarcely less than from fire and assaults of the enemy, Generals Havelock and Outram fought their way in with a relieving force, September 25th. The defense was now resumed with fresh vigor, Sir James Outram, as senior officer, taking the command. On November 17th, Sir Colin Campbell reached the city with reinforcements. A few days later the residency was evacuated, the British withdrawing by night to the Dilkoosha, where, on the 25th, Sir Henry Havelock died of dysentery. General Outram was left with a division at Alumbagh—the King's Summer palace, about four miles from the residency—to watch the enemy, and the rest retired in safety to Cawnpore. In January, 1858, Outram was subjected to desperate attacks at the Alumbagh by 30,000 rebels, whom he defeated with about one-tenth that number of troops; and on February 21st, with 6 guns, and not quite 400 men, he routed another force of 20,000.

In the meantime, the insurgents had fortified Lucknow, and occupied it with a large force. Early in March they were besieged by Sir Colin Campbell, who effected a partial entrance on the 4th; but the capture was not complete until the 21st, when the city was abandoned by the enemy, most of whom made their escape.

The Thugs, of whom we give an illustration, derive their nomenclature from the Hindoo word *thugna*, which means "to deceive"—and were a sect of assassins now happily exterminated by the British Government. They roamed about the country in bands of from 30 to 300, and strangled to death such persons as they could decoy into their company. Their atrocious practices were not followed so much from impulses of plunder or malice, as from religious motives. They were worshipers of the goddess Kali, who presided over sensual indulgence and death.

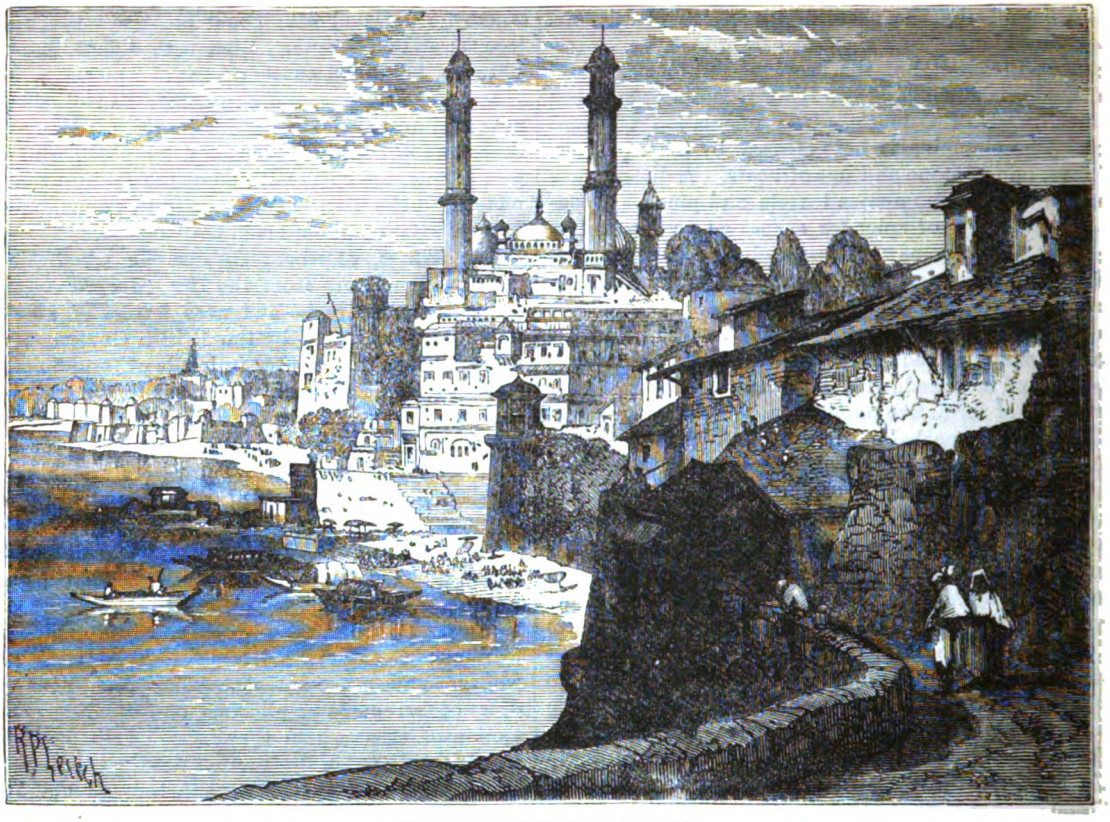
The members of the sect belonged to different Hindoo castes, and each had its functions. The bands were under a *junadar*, or *sirdar*, who was the leader, and a *guru*, or teacher. Its members were classified into spies, who were learners; stranglers, entrappers—who were sometimes women—and grave-diggers. They usually assumed the dress of merchants or pilgrims, and often craved the protection of those whom they intended to destroy. Their usual instrument of destruction was the handkerchief, with which, by a dextrous movement, they strangled their victims. The spies having informed the band of the route, habits and circumstances of their intended victims, the members traveled in such lines as to be near one another, and the entrappers, by artful management, attracted them to a spot remote from dwellings, where the stranglers executed their office; and, having stripped them of whatever they possessed, the grave-diggers buried them with such precautions as generally to prevent discovery.

The plunder was divided, one-third to the widows and orphans of the sect, one-third to the goddess Kali, and the remainder to the partners in the assassination. After a murder, the Thugs who had committed it united in a sort of sacrament, eating consecrated sugar. Their deities were carefully consulted before going on these expeditions, and unless the omens were favorable, the Thug would not go. Neither women nor old men were victims. Europeans were never killed, as there would have been danger of detection.

There were also bands of Mohammedan Thugs, of the sect of Mooltanees, and it is possible that, at first, the system of *thuggee* originated with Mohammedan banditti, though it afterward became more of a Hindoo than a Mohammedan practice, and the words used are of Sanskrit origin.

Thugs were found in all parts of India. Attempts were made to exterminate these bands of murderers in several of the native States, even prior to the present century; but their connection as a widespread religious fraternity remained unbroken till 1829, during the administration of Lord William Bentinck, who undertook to break up the organization. This was successfully accomplished by the arrest of every known Thug in India.

The movements of the professional dancing women of India are as graceful as they are wonderful. Their agility is something marvelous, and their "chic," if occasionally a little too expressive, is decidedly fetching. The *nautch* or dancing girls of Calcutta are a separate and distinct corps of dancers. They dress in massive folds of silk down to



VIEW OF BENARES FROM THE GANGES.

the ground, and are decorated with a profusion of jewelry—bracelets, bangles and other ornaments. Their movements are wild and voluptuous, but seldom pass the bounds of modesty, as some writers have stated.

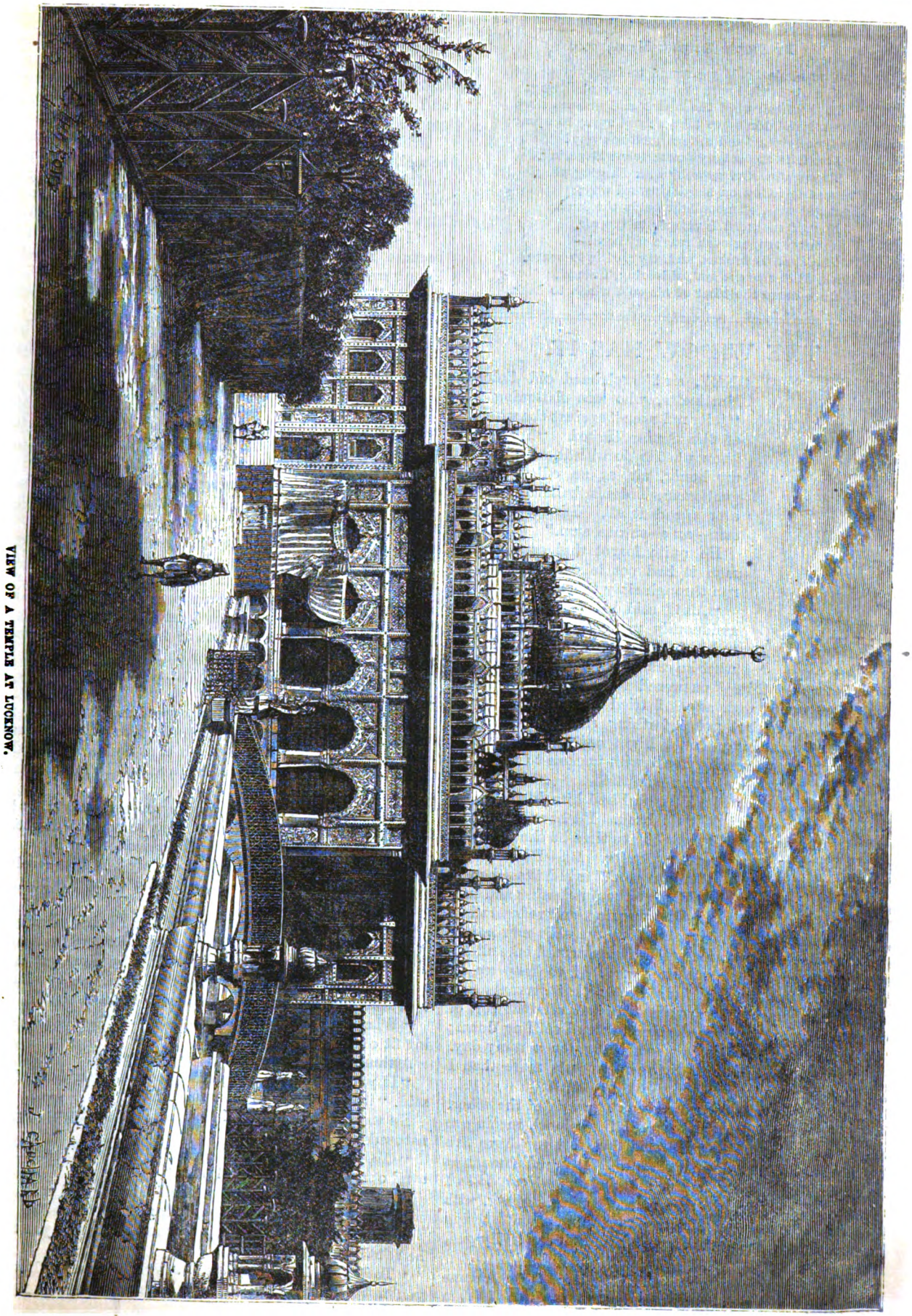
Another class of dancers are the egg-dancers — girls who, dressed in scanty but gorgeous attire, place eggs on the ends of sugar-canes radiating from a circular frame adjusted to a pad on the head, dancing the while to the music of the tom-tom, and whirling round and round till the eyes of the on-lookers become giddy in the gazing. The egg-dance is a very quaint and curious performance, and one which no visitor to India should fail to see.

India advances in gigantic strides toward civilization and progress. Her commerce, which is capable of almost indefinite extension, increases every year. The rich natural productions of Hindostan are being more fully developed under the appliances of Western civilization; thus, while wool comes from Afghanistan, and 28,000,000 acres of land

A HINDOO FAKIR.

are already under cotton cultivation, and 1,200,000 acres under indigo, the silver blossoms and tender leaves of the tea-plant are beginning to cover the slopes of the Himalayas and hill districts of the north-western provinces; rice is being grown in the South, and thousands of logs of teak are now furnished yearly by the forests of Tenasserim, of Martaban and Malabar. The mineral wealth of India, too, is being developed, and she is immensely rich in coal, copper and iron, plumbago and lead, gold, silver and precious stones. Railways are being constructed, and works for the purpose of irrigation, the lack of which breeds famine, since the failure of the rice crop to India is equivalent to the potato-blight in Ireland.

England is "awfully jealous" of Russian influence, and very sensitive on the subject of Russian intrigue, and the "barrier" is watched, by both War Department and diplomacy, with a degree of vigilance which shows how keenly alive Great Britain is to the "cleavage of the thin line."



VIEW OF A TEMPLE AT LUCKNOW.

A PARABLE.

By Philip Bourke Marston.

A magic circle holds me round to-day.
The air is vital with the young, sweet Spring;
In the fresh wind the leaves and grasses sing.
The songs of birds are blown from spray to spray;
The time is pure and ardent, and how gay!
Now falls the saintly dusk; low whispering,
The gentle wind goes by with flagging wing,
The sun to follow on his downward way;
Great quietude of moonlight holds the land.
Now, if *one* word I whisper to the air,
If one way turn, or even reach my hand—
The spell is broken, and, my Spring to scare,
Comes Winter back; and, shivering, I stand,
Once more the blast of his cold winds to bear.

THE WIDOW HAS IT.

"MONEY, sir!" exclaimed old Colonel Martinette, who was flattening his "jolly red nose" against the window of the Senior United. "He won't know what to do with it. I give you my honor, sir, as an officer and a gentleman, I don't believe he can ever spend it all. It's an e-mense sum—an e—mense sum."

He quite forgot that as a young man it had not taken him long to run through sixty thousand pounds.

"Ah!" said his friend, who was assiduously using a gold toothpick to his false teeth, "you don't know what he can do till he tries."

"I know one thing," answered the colonel—"that he won't part easily with any. I tried him on, sir, for a couple of thous.; but not a farthing, sir—by the living Harry! not a farthing—could I get out of him. I, his uncle, went away from his house with pockets to let."

"Well, that was hard lines, colonel!"

"Lines, sir! hang him! I wish I had him in the lines. I'd break the infernal fellow's back. I'd have a roll-call every two hours; and the rest of the time he should be at rope-drill, or in heavy marching-order. I'd—I'd——"

"But what excuse did he give you?" asked the other.

"Excuse! Why, he said that the purchasing and furnishing of his town-house—the painting and redecorating of his country one—his yacht at Cowes—his new horses and carriages—with various other items, would take all his spare money; that he was now expected to keep up an appearance and position in society; that servants and large establishments were expensive, and all that sort of rot; that he had an idea of marrying and settling down; and the necessity of saving something for a rainy day. Why, hang him! his box at the opera costs more than I have for a year's income. By gad, I——"

"But did he actually refuse you?" persisted the other.

"Well, no, not exactly," replied the colonel, turning as red as he well could. "He said he'd let me have five hundred if I'd put down a certain little establishment at Brompton. Hang it, sir, I'm a bachelor, and can do as I choose. Fancy, sir, a young man of six-and-twenty, with thirty thousand a year, dictating to his uncle, and offering him five hundred pounds on certain conditions! By gad, it's monstrous!"

Young Arthur Martinette, the inheritor of the fortune alluded to, was the only son of a dry salter, who had taken his leave of the world some months previous to the time we are speaking of. He had died unknown and unheard of, except by his city friends and acquaintances.

Arthur, who had been left everything, burst like a meteor on the town. All were eager to know him and make his acquaintance; poor relations turned up in scores, and rich ones he had scarcely ever heard of now condescended to know him—his uncle amongst the number.

Arthur Martinette had not been educated at a public school, where a lad can make swell acquaintances who are useful in after life; but he had been well educated; his old father had not been niggardly with him; he had made him a fair allowance, and let him live like a gentleman.

"I don't want my boy," he said, "to wish for my death because I won't give him sufficient for his expenses. Young men will be young men, and Arthur shall do as the rest do." So Arthur had his couple of hunters and a small manor to shoot over.

He was a nice, quiet, gentlemanly, good-looking fellow, with plenty of common sense, which is not a common thing with young men of means of the present day.

He rode fairly, fished fairly, and shot fairly. He detested the dry-salting business; but it was too good a thing to give up. So when he came into the property he left it to the management of his father's old confidential clerk, whom he knew he could trust.

George was fond of farming; he had a nice estate in Wiltshire, not too far from London, and a canny Scotchman as his bailiff. He liked yachting—in fact, all country amusements.

A friend of his having made the pace too hot to last, Arthur took his hundred-ton schooner off his hands at a moderate price. He was not a racing or betting man, but he liked to see a race, and was fond of horses; so he kept his two riding ones, and three or four for carriage-work, and was now on the lookout for half a dozen hunters for the coming season. He had a stall at the opera, which his uncle magnified into a box.

As Arthur Martinette had plenty of means, he did not see why he should not enjoy himself, like other men similarly situated. Many men of his club had volunteered to introduce him into society, though as yet he had declined all offers.

His uncle had been most pressing on this point; but as that gentleman's acquaintances were somewhat doubtful, he had not availed himself of his services.

Arthur wished to get into good society; and he resolved that if he, with his fortune, could not get into the best, he would go into none.

One night, as he was waiting his turn for his carriage to come up to take him from the opera, a fine, white-headed old gentleman, who had been standing by him, was taken suddenly faint, for the heat was oppressive, and two ladies who accompanied him were in a great state of mind.

"What shall we do?" they exclaimed. "He has a fainting fit coming on."

Arthur's carriage was at this instant called.

"If you will allow my carriage to take you home," he said, "it is perfectly at your service."

He was a good-natured fellow, and liked doing a good-natured act.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" they said. "We will gratefully avail ourselves of your kind offer."

Arthur gave his arm to the half-fainting old man, and conducted him to his carriage, followed by the ladies.

"Where will you wish my coachman to drive you to?" he asked.

"To No. — Eaton Square," answered one. "But are you not coming, sir? It is a shame to deprive you of your carriage!"

"Not at all, ladies; it is quite fine, and I prefer walking home. I have not far to go," and, raising his hat, he wished them good-night.

The next morning he was loitering over his breakfast, and looking through the *Morning Post*, when his servant entered and handed him a card.

"The Duke of Westmoreland! What on earth can his grace want with me? Show him up instantly."

Martinette's rooms were always proper and ready at all times to receive any one. He was somewhat surprised to see in the duke the old gentleman of the evening before.

"I have called at this unseasonable hour, which I hope you will excuse," he said, "to thank you for your very great kindness to me last night. I really do not know what I should have done without your well-timed assistance. I was very ill last night, but quite myself this morning. I am unaccustomed to London life, and the heat totally upset me. I have not been in town for more than ten years, for the place and its gayeties have no charm for me. The duchess was too fatigued to accompany her nieces last night to the opera, so I went on duty in her stead."

Martinette bowed, and expressed the happiness it had given him to be of the slightest service to his grace.

"If you will excuse a short invitation," continued the nobleman, "it will give the duchess and myself great pleasure if you will dine with us this evening. We have a few friends and an evening party afterward."

Martinette accepted at once. Here was what he wanted, what he had been looking for, what he had so much desired; the thing which had before appeared so difficult, almost impossible, had been accomplished in the simplest manner, all through a little act of kindness.

He found the duke and duchess nice, plain, unaffected people, and he thoroughly enjoyed his evening; was introduced to several people of standing and returned home highly pleased.

He was not wanting in callers or invitations now. No end of dainty little notes were to be seen on his table, and a basketful of cards on his hall-table.

"By gad, sir," said old Colonel Martinette to his factotum, "look here!" showing the *Morning Post*. "Why, hang me, if my nephew was not dining at the Dooke of Westmoreland's last night! How the dooce did he know him? By gad, he's got into the line at last. Confound the fellow! in with that old cattle-breeding humbug, too!"

"I never heard his grace was an old humbug," replied his friend. "I have always heard him most highly spoken of. A thorough country gentleman. Nothing can beat his herd of short-horns; his hounds are first-rate; his men well horsed. He rides forward, is liberal with his game, and beloved by his tenantry and all who know him. No, no, colonel; hang it, be just!"

The colonel had got his answer, and went grumblingly away.

There was no denying it. Martinette was the man of the day, and was invited everywhere. Operas, balls, dinners, passed in rapid succession. The season was wearing away. Arthur had danced, flirted, picked, done flower-shows and morning concerts, races, with all the leading belles of the day; yet not one had managed to hook and land him. Mammas with marriageable daughters were beginning to despair. Yet thirty thousand a year is not so easily found every day. It was worth trying for, so they still had hopes.

Arthur was not so much in town after May. He was constantly away at Cowes. The fact was he was already sick of London and its gayeties. He liked his yacht and would run down to Wiltshire, and look over his farm and stock.

He was one evening sauntering down Ryde Pier, about the middle of July, when he saw before him one of the most beautiful figures he had ever beheld, tall and elegant; and the wind, which every now and then blew her dress aside, revealed a most perfect foot and ankle.

"If her face is only half as good as her figure," soliloquized Arthur, "she must be simply perfection."

She was walking with another lady, who seemed, by her feeble gait, to be an invalid. Arthur was by far too gentlemanly and well-bred a man to pass them and look; so he lounged quietly behind, in the hope that they would presently turn. But this they did not do; for on arriving at the head of the pier, a sailor in yachting costume touched his hat to them, and handed a shawl to the younger, which she was placing on the shoulders of the elder, when she dropped her parasol.

Arthur instantly darted forward to restore it; and the lady, on receiving it with a bow and a smile, revealed a face so exquisitely lovely that Arthur was startled.

In his hurry and confusion he quite forgot to see if the name of the yacht was upon the man's cap, or guernsey, and when he thought of it, the boat into which they had stepped was too far away. He had not his glasses with him; there were a large quantity of vessels lying about, and the boat which he was so eagerly watching was soon lost amongst them.

He was returning home in a very thoughtful mood, cursing his stupidity for not finding out the vessel the ladies belonged to, when he ran against his uncle.

"Why, Arthur, my boy!" said his uncle, "what the dooce brought you here? I thought you were a Cowes man."

"And why not a Ryde man, uncle? I am here, there, and everywhere—Ryde, Cowes, Torquay, Southampton—anywhere as the wind serves. My vessel is lying off the pier-head. I am starting to-morrow; at least, I was going to start"—he had determined to remain a few more days, in the hope of seeing the beautiful face that was running riot in his thoughts. "By-the-way, uncle, you could do something for me."

A bright idea had just occurred to him.

His uncle saw an opening in an instant, and answered:

"Can I, my boy? what is it? You must make haste, for I am off to-morrow."

He had not the least intention of going for a week or two, for it was necessary he should absent himself from the "little village" till his next payment became due, for there was an awkward kite flying about, which, had he shown in town, would have caused him some little trouble. So to his London tradesmen he was on the Continent till September.

"Going to-morrow?" said his nephew, reflectively. "Well, that's a pity."

"I would stay with pleasure, my dear fellow; but this place is so cursedly dear that I can't stand it."

"Oh!" replied Arthur, brightening up, "don't let that trouble you. Be my guest for a week."

"It will be dooced inconvenient, Arthur; for I intended to run about a little, I am so dooedly seedy; but a few days will make no difference, so I'm your man." And, hooking his arm into that of his nephew, he walked toward his lodgings to get his portmanteau. That being done, they went on board his nephew's yacht.

"If I don't bleed him of some coin for this," thought the uncle, "my name is not what it is."

"So you say she is perfectly beautiful, Arthur," re-

the saloon of the *Firefly*, "and you have not the least idea who she is, or what yacht she went to?"

"Not the slightest," returned his nephew.

"Well, I must do what I can," remarked Martinette, senior. "I must inquire of every one I know—you must do the same. What a muff you were, Arthur, not to notice the vessel's name, or the man's cap, or even the boat; all then would have been easy sailing. However, I will do my best for you; but, upon my soul, you must find some coin. My creditors are become clamorous; I shall have to make an arrangement with them, or something of that sort, unless you help me."

"What do you suppose, at a rough guess, your debts might be?" asked Arthur.

"I should say about two thousand."

He owed about three or four hundred, but he thought it would be as well to stick to the sum he had first asked his nephew for some time ago.

"That is a heavy sum; but I tell you what, uncle—when we have finished this hunt, we will go up to town together. Bring me the bills, and I will see what I can do."

The next day they made every inquiry, but a lot of yachts had sailed during the night, and no one knew anything about the ladies. They cruised about the different vessels, and went on shore, but no tidings could they gain.

Day after day this went on, and the old colonel was so footsore he could scarcely walk. They then had a turn at Cowes, Southampton, and several other places, but with no better success.

At last Arthur was obliged to give it up as a failure, and both gentlemen proceeded to London for a few days.

Directly the colonel got there, the first person he called on was his tailor, a low scoundrel.

"Glad to see you, colonel. Thought you were on the [illegible] Hamburg."

The man knew well enough the old gentleman had not been out of England, but only playing hide-and-seek for a time.

"No, Mercer, no; was going—in fact, had started, but my nephew persuaded me to have a cruise in his yacht. Splendid vessel. It has done me an immense deal of good. Now, Mercer, you want to be paid."

"Well, colonel, I should like my little account settled—or, at any rate, a part. I've not troubled you, but really——"

"Ah, yes, I know," interrupted the colonel. "Well, how much is it?"

"Well, sir, it is over two hundred—with interest, and one thing and the other, two-fifty."

"Over two hundred? Then make the bill out for five hundred, and let me have it to-morrow; my nephew pays"—here he winked at the other—"twig, do you? Mind you're mum hand over the balance, and I'll give you a good order."

To all his creditors did the wily old man go with the same tale.

Arming himself with these documents, he, the next day, went to the house of his nephew.

"I have brought all the bills, Arthur," he said, in a light, airy way; "and a dooce of a lot there is, I can tell you. Had any news?"

"Not any. I leave town again to-morrow. To-night I am obliged to go out to dinner, but I will see to your matters in the course of the morning."

The colonel, seeing it would be of no use staying any longer, presently took his departure; and directly he did so, Arthur looked through the bills, and made a little note on each with his pencil.

"I believe you are my uncle Colonel Martinette's tailor?" he asked, on entering that person's establishment.

"Yes, sir—I have that honor. May I hope to——"

INDIA.—A HINDOO GIRL DANCING THE EGG DANCE.—SEE PAGE 544.

HINDOO BOATS ON THE GANGES.

"I have come to try if I can settle his account," intercepted the other, shortly. "Look here, Mr. Mercer, it is a large sum—five hundred pounds. I have no doubt it is all correct, and as moderate as you could make it under the circumstances; but I must tell you candidly there is not the slightest chance of my uncle being able to pay you. He has not the means; and if you give him more such credit as this, you are sure to lose. Now, I am prepared to write you out a check for two hundred and fifty pounds—just half the amount—that is, if you give me a receipt in full of all demands."

"Good gracious, Mr. Martinette! Why, that will be only ten shillings in the pound!"

"I am quite aware of that, but it is better than losing all. I am in no way responsible for my uncle's debts. I shall not give one sixpence more."

"Well, sir, rather than lose all, I suppose I must take what you offer"—he was afraid of his books being asked for. "It's very hard on me—a heavy loss; and I am quite astonished at the colonel."

"Don't give him long credit again," said Arthur, as he pocketed the receipt, and proceeded to the next one.

He settled all the bills in this way, and that afternoon inclosed them to his uncle, with a note, saying he hoped that now he was relieved of his liabilities, he would get into no more trouble.

The colonel was in great spirits when he received the note and receipted accounts.

"Now, this is what I call doing the trick handsomely," he said. "You're a clever fellow, Colonel Martinette—a very clever fellow. I must go at once and touch the balances."

His tailor's being the largest, he went there first.

"Well, Mercer," he exclaimed, on entering, "I am come to bleed you. I see you are paid, and in full, of all demands. Two hundred and fifty to shell out to me."

"No, colonel, not a farthing."

"Do you mean to say, Mercer, you are going to pocket the whole?" and his face got purple with anger as he asked the question.

"I am only going to pocket what belongs to me, colonel. Your nephew would only pay half the account, getting a receipt in full. There is the check, so you can see for yourself."

"Done brown—bowled out, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the colonel, as he rushed from the shop.

He found that the same had been done to all creditors—half paid, and a receipt in whole given; so the little pickings that the ex-military gentleman expected, vanished in the air.

The old gentleman was very irate at getting, as he called it, none of "the ready"; but when he cooled down he considered it was not such a bad stroke of business, after all. His bills had in reality been paid in full, and, though he had not been able to pocket anything by his proposed rascality, yet he was a free man.

Arthur was still unsuccessful in his endeavors to find out the lady who had made such an impression on him, and at last he gave up the search in sheer despair. It was now the latter end of August, and on the first of September he was to go down to the duke's for a month's shooting. It was a promise he had made the old nobleman, who had taken quite a fancy to him; so he laid up his vessel, and proceeded to get all his shooting things in readiness and order.

Westmoreland Castle was a fine old place, and when Arthur arrived he found a large party assembled. There was Sir Peregrin Falcon, a great sportsman—a bachelor, who [illegible] fortune by racing, steeple-chasing, betting and play; but he had the sense to pull up whilst he had sufficient to live on. He was a handsome though dissipated man of five-and-thirty, and was now, before he lost his good looks, seeking a wife with money. As yet, he had not had much luck, for his principles, if he had any, were rather lax, and ladies, as a rule, were afraid of him.

There was a Colonel Kennedy, devoted to shooting, a man of first-rate family but small means; he was accompanied by his daughter, a very stylish girl of two or three-and-twenty. Then there was Lady Foxley, with her two grown-up daughters, dashing girls on the lookout for husbands; Mr. Craven, a fine young man with a nice fortune; and several more.

It was a merry party, and both the duke and duchess tried their best that all should be happy, flirted and comfortable.

The gentlemen shot, fished, played billiards, rode or drove, just as it pleased them. The ladies played croquet, walked or drove, and flirted if they got the chance.

Martinette was the lion of the party—thirty thousand a year was not to be sneezed at. Besides his means, he was a quiet, gentlemanly fellow, good-tempered, and always obliging.

"Mr. Martinette, will you come and play a game of croquet with me?' asked Miss Kennedy, one day after luncheon; "that is, if you have nothing better to do. A single game, you know; I hate a double game, it takes so long to play."

She would have liked to play one double game, though—marriage.

"With all my heart, Miss Kennedy; I am not much of a hand, though."

"That's what I call mean," thought Lady Foxley. "That is not fair!" she exclaimed; "all would like to join."

"Well, there is plenty of room for one or two more sets," said the young lady, looking triumphantly at Lady Foxley. "Mr. Martinette is going to play a single game with me."

"It is a little game," whispered Sir Peregrin to the irate lady, "that she wants all to herself."

The baronet, though pressed, would not play. Mr. Craven was out shooting, and as the two Miss Foxleys did not see the use of playing with old or married gentlemen, they were obliged to content themselves with a drive in the pony-chaise.

The duke was amused at the dead set made at his young guest.

"That's the advantage," he laughingly said, aside, to him, "of having lots of money, Martinette. You've had a pretty good turn this year; but wait till you see the widow.

"Widow!—what widow, your grace?'

"Oh, a very nice dear creature, who is coming here next week with her aunt—only twenty-three, poor thing! She married, by her aunt's wish, old Sir Samuel Whitehead, at eighteen, and was a widow at nineteen. The most beautiful creature I ever saw—so gentle and good—all you young men will be at loggerheads about her. She has five thousand a year at her own disposal. I doubt if she will ever marry again, though. Falcon, they say, proposed and was refused. But come and look at my short-horns—talking of widows, I'll show you one. My best cow is called 'The Widow,' and a beauty she is."

So the two gentlemen strolled off to the home farm.

"Mr. Martinette, will you do us a great favor?" asked the two Miss Foxleys, as that gentleman entered the drawing-room after dinner.

"Certainly; what is it?"

"Why, take us for a ride to-morrow after luncheon. We are so lonely here, and nothing to do."

"Of course I will. I shall be ready at three o'clock."

"What were you and Mr. Martinette talking so earnestly about just now?" carelessly asked Grace Kennedy; her quick eye had noticed all

"We were only arranging a ride to-morrow," said the elder of the two. "Mr. Martinette is going to take us both out for a ride."

The other crimsoned up with passion. She was done, for she was no horsewoman; but she concealed her chagrin by saying "she hoped they would not fall off."

All this amused Arthur. He saw the fight for him; and as he had no intentions toward any of them, determined to treat all alike.

Grace Kennedy was an old hand, and had quickly discovered that Martinette was not to be caught, so she struck up a serious flirtation with Sir Peregrin Falcon; but the Misses Foxley gave Arthur no peace, and, by their mother's desire, made the running as hot as they could, and rang the changes between him and Mr. Craven.

Arthur one evening returned late from shooting, and had only just time to run up to his room and dress. On entering the drawing-room, a tall, graceful woman was standing with her back to him, talking to the duke, who turned as he entered.

"Ah, Martinette!" he exclaimed, "you are late this evening. I want to introduce you to a very dear friend of mine, Lady Whitehead."

Arthur felt all the blood rush to his heart, as on bowing, he encountered the gaze of the beautiful unknown of Ryde Pier.

"I have had the pleasure of seeing Lady Whitehead before," he said.

"Have you, Mr. Martinette?—where?" she asked, smiling, and looking ten times more beautiful than Arthur even dreamed her to be.

"Not very long ago, Lady Whitehead, on Ryde Pier; you were putting a shawl on a lady, and dropped your parasol. I picked it up."

"Oh, yes, I remember perfectly. My aunt was with me. There she is, sitting with the duchess. Yes, we sailed that night for Cherbourg. We were having a short cruise in a friend's yacht. I am very fond of sailing."

Further conversation was put an end to by dinner being announced.

Arthur felt himself a new man now; he had been low and moody for the last month. He was desperately hit, and head-over-ears in love; he had heard from his host that Sir Peregrin Falcon had been refused by her, and he was more than gratified to see that her manner toward him was exceedingly cold and distant.

But the duke had also told him that she was not likely to marry again; so he felt there was but little chance for him. Sir Peregrin had his eagle eye on him, for whenever Martinette approached the widow, the baronet, with some excuse or other, was always by their side.

"If you please, your grace," said the head-keeper, coming up to the duke one morning, as they were starting for shooting, "we have an otter in the lower mill-dam; perhaps you would like me to send for the hounds, and draw for him instead of shooting? I know he is there, for I saw the *seal* of him this morning, and have tracked him to his *crouch;* and the *spraints* are quite fresh."

"By all means, Martin, send for the hounds."

His grace kept a few couple of otter-hounds for this particular amusement.

"Ladies," said the old gentleman, going into the morning-room, "we have given up all idea of shooting to-day for another sport, at which you can all be present—an otter-hunt."

"Oh, how delightful!" they exclaimed, jumping up.

"Then go and get ready, quick," said he, "for all the gentlemen are gone to put on their flannels and light clothes. This, Lady Whitehead, is a water-lark. Will you join us?"

"I should like to see it, of all things, your grace. I will go and put on my things at once."

Grace Kennedy and the two Miss Foxleys had already left the room, and soon returned, ready.

"It is very late to draw, your grace," remarked Martin; "but as I know he is at home, it is a certain find."

The mill-dam where the otter was *crouched* was a deep, dull pool, which had been the scene of many an exciting hunt before.

The duke was dearly fond of the sport, and entered into it. Craven, too, was an adept at it. Sir Peregrin Falcon might have been, but he betrayed no interest whatever in it.

Martinette had never seen an otter-hunt, so it was perfectly new to him.

The sagacious dogs were not long in sending the fish-slicer into his native element.

A burst of music greeted the ears of the sportsmen as he flopped into the water, the dogs swimming wildly about.

"Watch the ford below!" exclaimed his grace, all excitement; "we shall have great fun here."

Sir Falcon undertook this post with Craven. No spears were allowed, only poles.

"He *vents*, your grace!" halloaed the keeper, from the other side of the dam, as the otter came up for a breath; but the hounds had seen him as well, and were at him.

Hardly pressed as the poor animal was, there was plenty of life in him yet; and he was under again.

"Down the stream, sir!" roared the keeper to Craven; but that gentleman was on the *qui vive*. And as the otter endeavored to shoot the ford, he poled him and lifted him clean out of the water, and threw him back into the dam.

The ladies were all excitement, and rushing about. In vain did the otter dodge up and down, endeavoring to baffle his pursuers; his only chance for life was the ford again.

"Down the stream again!" was the cry, as he was seen to *vent* preparatory to taking another turn.

"There he goes!" halloaed the duke, as his quick eye saw him stealing along under water, leaving a wake behind him. "He is to you, Falcon—*tail him!*"

But the baronet was not an adept, and the animal slipped by him.

"Down the stream!" was the cry, as dogs and men rushed indiscriminately along the bank.

The ladies entered fully into the sport now; they had been half an hour at it, and as yet the otter had beat them, and had escaped into a lower ford, which was a swift and deep one. Here he beat the hounds for some time, and for an hour or more it was a scene of wild excitement.

"There he is!" exclaimed Lady Whitehead, as she saw the nearly exhausted animal come to the surface again for breath. She was full of eagerness, and her face was flushed and her eyes glittering with excitement. "There he is—look!" she said, pointing with her parasol at him; but as she spoke the bank gave way, and she, with one of the Miss Foxleys, fell with a splash into the water beneath.

There was a cry of horror as the ladies disappeared, but were seen immediately after, being whirled away in the

rapid stream; their light clothes kept them up for a second or two, and then the treacherous current sucked them under, and they disappeared.

Craven and Arthur were in on the instant, and striking manfully out; but Sir Peregrin did not offer to stir; he remained pointing to where they were last seen, and bawling out. Martin, the keeper, could not swim; but he, with others, had waded in as far as they dared. The poor duke ran hither and thither, like one distracted.

Martinette and Craven were both good and strong swimmers; they had kicked off their shoes and torn off their waistcoats and coats, so were not much incommoded. They struck out boldly, the stream taking them in the same direction that it had swept the ladies away.

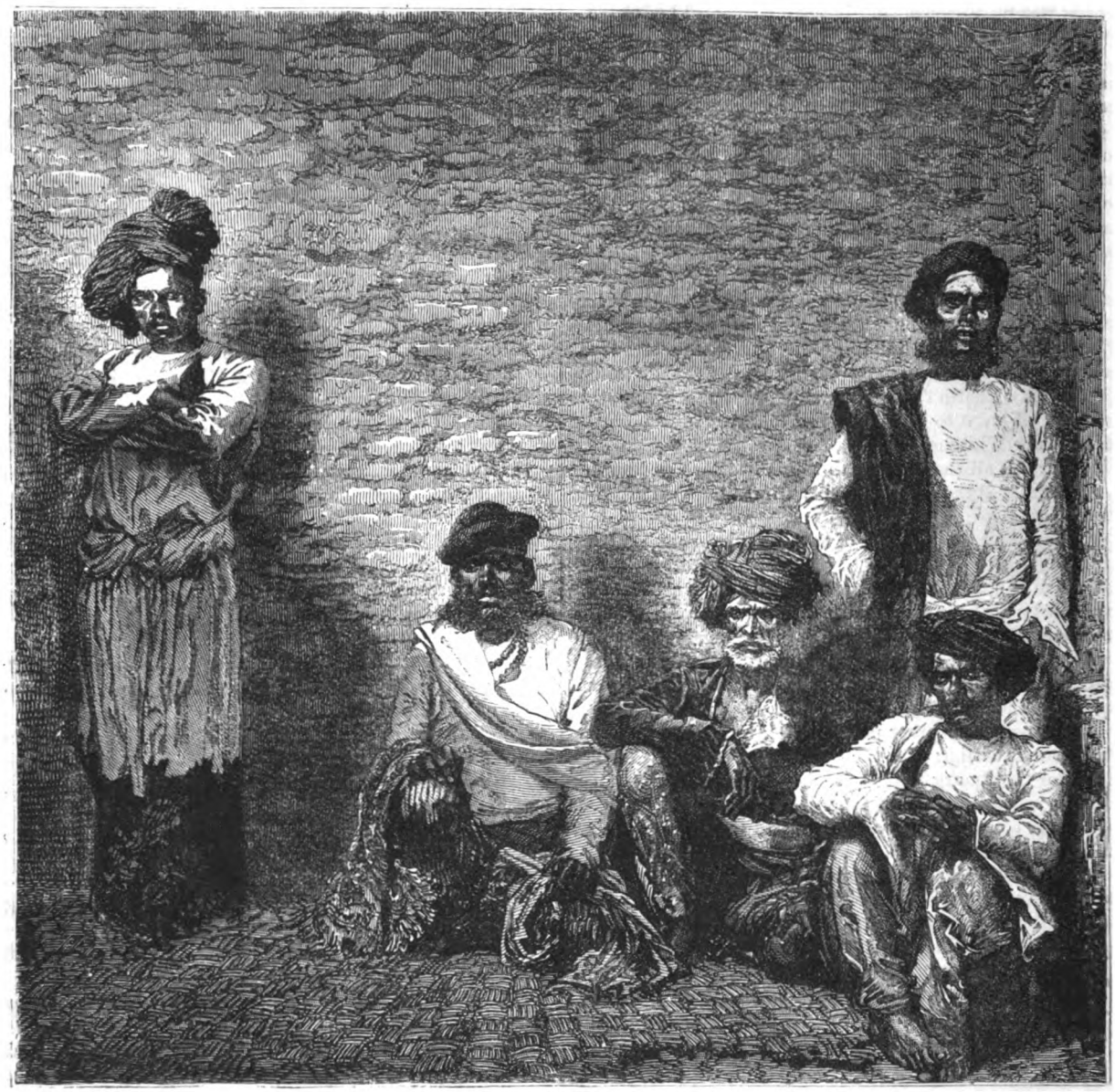
"Do you see them, Craven?" hoarsely demanded Martinette, who was swimming close by the other; but as he spoke, the dresses of both ladies appeared close by, and the arm of one of them was thrown up.

"Go for the middle of the pool!" yelled the keeper; "there's a shallow there. You cannot bring them to land, the stream is too swift."

Craven had caught Miss Foxley by the arm; the poor girl tried to clutch him; but he was a powerful, resolute man, and kept her off at arm's-length.

"For God's sake, don't try to hold me!" he exclaimed; but he might as well have spoken to the winds as to the insensible girl, who struggled violently to close with him; but in a few strokes he brought her to the shallow in the middle of the pool, which was but knee-deep.

"The others are drowned!" were the first words that caught his ear.



INDIA.— A GROUP OF THUGS.— SEE PAGE 544.

"Where are they?" he piteously uttered. "I can't leave Miss Foxley—she is dead, or has fainted."

He was holding her in his arms.

"There they are again!" was the general cry, as Martinette and Lady Whitehead appeared above the water.

The half-drowned man had managed to extricate himself from the death-clutch of the senseless lady; and seizing her again by the neck as she was about to sink, held her off and struck out; he was too exhausted to swim, and merely paddled to keep himself up, the stream bringing them nearer and nearer Craven.

THE WIDOW HAS IT.—"THE MILLER'S SON, A FINE YOUNG FELLOW, WHO COULD SWIM LIKE A DUCK, VOLUNTEERED TO POLE THE RAFT TO THE MIDDLE OF THE POND WHERE THEY WERE."— SEE PAGE 554.

"Keep up, Martinette, for God's sake!—use every endeavor!" he cried out. "I will come in as far as I dare."

The young man heard him, but was too exhausted to answer.

Craven, without losing hold of his burden, waded out as far as he could. The hounds were swimming round him; he saw he could not reach his friend, and in his extremity he cheered them on.

"Elew—at him!" he shouted, pointing to Martinette.

One hound, bristling for blood, seized Arthur, without knowing what it was, and Craven, getting hold of the hound, dragged his friend into his depth.

Both ladies were either dead or senseless—no one knew which; and to get them on land was the next thing to be done. There was no boat within two miles. Sir Peregrin now made a great display of going in, but the duke quietly told him that it was useless.

"The miller's two large gates, your grace," said his keeper, "lashed one over the other, will make a good raft. That is the only way I can think of."

It was no sooner thought of than three or four of the men started off, and in less than a quarter of an hour they were in the water. Ropes were sent in plenty. There was now a large party of laborers, their wives and others assembled. Blankets were there; also, brandy and other unfailing remedies.

The miller's son, a fine young fellow, who could swim like a duck, volunteered to pole the raft to the middle of the pool, where they were. A rope was made fast to the raft and coiled down. This was to be thrown to Craven and Martinette, so that they might bring their vessel to them all the quicker.

As the young man gave a push against the bank with his pole, the ponderous gates floated off; but it was some time before he could get near enough to throw the rope, for, though the distance was small, yet the eddy was so strong that it turned the gates round and round. At last, however, he was near enough to cast the rope, which he did, and it was caught by the one hand at liberty of Craven.

"How many do you think it will hold?" exclaimed Martinette.

"It will take the two ladies and me," replied the man. "You see I did not sink it half an inch in the water."

"The better way, then," said Arthur, "will be for me to swim ashore and bring more light rope back with me, fasten it to that you have, and then swim to land again with it. You can then be hauled in, which is safer and quicker than poling."

"Right you are, sir," replied he on the raft. "Give me the lady—I see both are all right, and breathe regularly—they are coming round. Please God, we'll have them in bed in ten minutes. It's nothing more than a faint, like."

Martinette was quickly on shore.

"Thank God, my dear, dear fellow!" exclaimed the old nobleman, as the young man was given a hand and scrambled up the bank. "Take a nip of brandy; you are shivering."

He mechanically did as he was told, and putting the rope over his neck and the flask under his shirt, was, in two minutes more, by the raft.

"Here, Craven, is the brandy; give each a little. They are chilled to death." And fastening the ropes together, the intrepid young man swam ashore again. "Are you all right?" he asked, as he stood on shore to haul.

"Yes, sir," replied the miller; "haul away."

This he did, the others helping him, and the impromptu boat was away again, Craven swimming by it.

"Now, then, bear a hand—quick!" ejaculated Sir Peregrin—he was all life now. "Take them up to the mill."

There was no occasion for him to say anything—there were plenty of willing hands. The ladies were each wrapped in a blanket, and carried to the house close by, undressed, and put to bed.

They sighed deeply as they were being rubbed by the miller's wife, Grace Kennedy, Miss Foxley and others, and by degrees came to.

"Will you come up, your grace, and see them?" asked the woman, entering the large kitchen where all the gentlemen were assembled. "Dear hearts! they be coming round nicely; hot bottles to their feet, and each have drank some warm spirits-and-water. We was obliged to force it down them; but they be all right and out of danger."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the nobleman, as he followed the bustling housewife up-stairs.

There they lay, deadly pale and nearly helpless, Edith Foxley in a half doze. Lady Whitehead smiled faintly, and tried to hold out her hand to the old gentleman, who burst into tears.

"Don't, my dear child," he sobbed, "attempt to speak. The carriage and the doctor are sent for. Don't be alarmed—all will be well."

By six o'clock they had so far recovered as to be moved to the duke's residence and put quickly to bed.

It was a piteous sight to see poor Lady Foxley crying over her child, and the aunt over her niece; but the old ladies, when they saw that there was no danger, further than that of a cold, and were assured by the medical man that quiet only was necessary, were more reconciled.

As for Craven and Martinette, it had not affected them in the least. They looked as if nothing had happened, and the dinner passed off gayly enough.

Sir Peregrin said but little, but the little he did was in a sneering way:

"It was nothing, after all, to make such a fuss about."

The two ladies passed a quiet night, and the next morning appeared after breakfast.

As it happened, Martinette was quite alone, writing a letter, when they entered. Both looked pale and somewhat fatigued.

"We have come, Mr. Martinette, to thank you and Mr. Craven for our lives," said Lady Whitehead.

"I am only too delighted, Lady Whitehead, to have been partly the means of rendering you such a service. And so, I am sure, is Craven, who is out shooting. We should have done the same for any one, for we could not have stood by and seen a fellow-creature perish before our eyes without an effort to save life, if possible; but I trust you and Miss Foxley are none the worse for your immersion? Are you both prudent in venturing from your rooms?"

"We are none the worse, Mr. Martinette, I can assure you," broke in Miss Foxley; "not even the slightest cold—thanks to the care that has been taken of us. You, too, do not seem to have suffered."

"My sufferings, Miss Foxley, were over when I knew you were both safe and out of danger. It was a narrow escape for all four of us, and we have reason to be thankful."

"Indeed, we have," returned the young lady, "notwithstanding Sir Peregrin Falcon says the danger was much exaggerated."

"A pity he did not try to help," returned the young man, somewhat dryly, with the slightest curl of scorn on his lip—"especially as he says he can swim so well."

"The coward! the paltry coward!" muttered Lady Whitehead. "But where are you going to-day, Mr. Martinette? We ladies have determined to walk down to the scene of disaster, and to thank the miller for his kindness and attention to us. If you have nothing better to do, will you come?"

"There is nothing I should like more, Lady Whitehead. We will go, by all means, and have a look at the place. But are you and Miss Foxley prudent in venturing out so soon?"

"It will do us all the good in the world. We shall be ready in half an hour."

At the time mentioned, Lady Whitehead, Grace Kennedy, the two Miss Foxleys and Martinette set out.

They were a merry party, but on returning, Lady Whitehead gave evident signs of being fatigued.

"I thought it would be too far for you," exclaimed Arthur, as he offered his arm.

"Well, I must own I am a little tired," she replied; "but we have not any distance to go;" and they saunntered quietly along.

On entering the park, they met Sir Peregrin walking slowly along, smoking his cigar.

"What folly have you been guilty of, Lady Whitehead?" he asked, a heavy frown overspreading his face. "Is it possible that you are out, after such a wetting as you had yesterday?"

"I or Miss Foxley are not the least the worse for it, Sir Peregrin," she answered, somewhat stiffly.

"The doctor said it would do us all the good in the world," put in Miss Foxley. "We have all been to look at the pool. But I see we are going to have a shower of rain, and you have no overcoat, Sir Peregrin."

"Oh, water will do me no harm," replied the baronet, somewhat shortly.

"I am certain it will not," replied Lady Whitehead.

She uttered this in such a marked manner, and in such an unmistakable tone of voice, that every one understood the allusion.

The baronet looked furiously, said nothing, but kept close to them during the remainder of the walk home.

"We have had a very pleasant walk—at least, the first part of it, Mr. Martinette," remarked her ladyship, as they entered the hall. "We are much obliged [illegible]

And she slipped out without deigning a look at Sir Peregrin.

"Why, Arthur, my boy!" exclaimed a well-known voice at his elbow, as he was standing in a brown reverie; "what the dooce are you thinking about?"

He turned, and saw his uncle and the duke.

"How on earth did you come here, uncle?" he asked, in the greatest surprise.

"On my way from the North to town. I've been popping at the grouse; so thought I would take you on my way." He had never been near Scotland, but had come down expressly to say he had found the unknown of Ryde Pier, to draw a little money on it, and, if possible, to scrape acquaintance with his grace. "The duke has most kindly asked me to remain a few days. I've been to look at his short-horns with him. Magnificent—splendid! By gad, sir, they're the finest I ever saw!" He knew as much about a short-horn as he did about an angel. "That was a dooced narrow escape of yours, Arthur, yesterday!"

"Never mind that, colonel, now. We have just time for a couple of games of billiards before dinner," remarked his host.

Arthur was not pleased at his uncle's coming in this way, but could say nothing, so he resolved to make the best of it.

"You don't seem pleased to see me, Arthur," remarked his uncle, the first opportunity he had—"and bringing you news, as I do, of the beautiful unknown of Ryde Pier."

"Oh, do you?" responded the other. "Where is she?"

"Why, with her aunt—at Ryde now."

"Well, that is odd; because the lady I mean is here with her aunt—in this very house, at this very identical time. It was her I saved yesterday."

"Then the beautiful widow the duke has been telling me about is the lady of Ryde Pier? so I must be mistaken. Have you made running, and put it beyond a doubt?"

"No, uncle—not a word has been said. Sir Peregrin Falcon is an ardent admirer."

"Falcon here?" interrupted the old gentleman, hastily. "You don't mean it! Well, I can settle his pretensions. If ever you get a chance, just say 'Pawlet' to him. He does not think I know anything, but I do. Old Jack Martinette is up to a little. Hang it, sir, I'm a wonder!"

The opportunity arrived somewhat sooner than Arthur had calculated on, for at dinner that day the duke said:

"We are to have some gay yeomanry races in the park next week; and for one race my guests are requested to name and nominate a horse. Come, Sir Peregrin, you shall name my steward's horse. What will you call him?"

The baronet was deeply enraged and embittered against Martinette. He had seen the beautiful widow hanging on his arm, and walking and talking familiarly with him. He had rescued her, too, from death the day before, and he felt that his chance with her, always hopeless, was now still more so. He knew what Arthur's father had been, and that the business had descended to the son. So he determined to insult him quietly.

"What name, your grace? 'Salt Fish' is a capital name, because he is a good one for a fast day, and my horse must be a winner; but 'Salt Fish' is an old name and an old joke. Suppose we call him 'Dry Salter'?" And, as he said it, he looked Arthur Martinette full in the face.

The duke understood the allusion, and looked exceedingly angry. Colonel Martinette turned purple with suppressed rage, but uttered not a word. The ladies did not understand what it meant, but glanced from one to the other inquiringly. Arthur, although he knew perfectly well what was meant, took it with the utmost coolness and good temper, and never changed a muscle.

"Now, Martinette," continued his grace, after a somewhat awkward pause, "what will you call your horse?"

He was afraid the young man would retort by naming "Penniless," "Roué," or something of that sort.

"I will name my horse after a well-known racing man, your grace," and he looked Sir Peregrin full in the face as he uttered "*Pawlet*."

The effect was instantaneous. The baronet turned deadly pale, and hastily gulped down a glass of wine to hide his confusion.

The old colonel chuckled to himself as he played with the preserved ginger on his plate.

"Here, Arthur, my boy," he said, when they rose to leave the table, "come to my room."

"All right, uncle; I'll go with you now;" and the two gentlemen left the others.

"Arthur," commenced the colonel, "you'll be having Sir Peregrin at you presently, no doubt; so it is as well I should put you in possession of what I know of him. Some four years ago I was stopping at Pawlet, in ——shire, on a visit" (he had been hiding from some creditors), "and one morning there was a private marriage in the village church—it was Sir Peregrin, with a poor though good girl. He has three children by her; and I suppose, from what you say, he is going to desert her, and commit bigamy. There, now you are as wise as I am, and prepared for him."

The ladies had sauntered out on the lawn. Lady Whitehead had taken a path to herself, leading down to the river's edge, which ran through this part of the gardens. She had wandered on in a musing fit, when her name was pronounced close to her. She turned, and confronted Sir Peregrin Falcon.

"Mabel," said he, "I am come once again—my last chance. I will, I must have an answer—a favorable one."

"Sir Peregrin, I shall give you no answer but that you have already had. I do not know that there is any one I dislike more than yourself, and you know it well."

"What!" he exclaimed, in a voice hoarse with passion, "is it to hear this I have followed you for more than a year, and striven heaven and earth to gain you, as man has never striven before?"

"If you were to follow me ten years, my answer would be the same. Let me pass, sir."

"By heaven, you sha'n't!" he uttered, in a voice choked with passion. "Your thoughts are on that fellow, Martinette—you have thrown me over for him—and because he picked you out of a duck-pond."

"Manly, gentlemanly remarks, these!" she replied, calmly.

"By heaven, woman! you shall answer me!" He was frenzied by passion and wine. "Will you be mine—now and for ever?"

"No, Sir Peregrin, never!"

He paused for an instant, and looked back; they were close to the edge of the deep and rapid stream; there was not a soul in sight; the evening was fast fading into night; a sudden frenzy seized him.

"Then you die!" he almost shrieked. "Let him who saved you yesterday save you now!"

And he caught up the terrified woman in his arms; but as he did so he was hurled violently back, and she fell from his grasp.

"Coward and madman!" exclaimed Martinette; "what

A MOTHER'S SONGS.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,

And thou must go; but never when there
Forget the light of Home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;

Like the meteor's flash 'twill deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But when sails are shivered, and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of Home—

And then like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright;

For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame? 'twill gild the name,
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;

And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim these beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!

But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of Home.

But the hearth of Home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire;

'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;

would you do? By heavens, sir, if you are not away from this on the instant, I'll brain you where you stand. Go back, while you are safe; go to your unfortunate wife and children. Leave the duke's house quietly and at once, and not a word of this shall ever be known; but if you do not, it shall be the talk of the whole country before another twelve hours are over your head, and yourself arrested."

The baronet uttered not a word, but, casting a look of withering hatred on both of them, strode away at a rapid pace.

"It is all well, Lady Whitehead," he said to her.

She was standing, white and motionless, without the power to utter a word, but a hysterical fit of sobbing seized her, and she leant for support on the young man, who gently placed her on one of the garden seats. She was presently more herself.

"Twice saved!" she murmured. "What could have induced that man to act as he did?"

"Wine and disappointed hopes, Lady Whitehead. It was lucky I was on the spot. I had seen you go down here, and followed by a different path; then I saw him steal after you, keeping himself out of sight, and I felt certain he was after no good."

"And you, too, were following me, Mr. Martinette? What for?"

"I will tell you presently," he gently said; "that is, if you feel equal to conversation."

She replied nothing, but remained silent.

"Lady Whitehead," he commenced, presently, as he saw she uttered not a word, but sat beating the gravel with one tiny foot, "do you remember Ryde Pier?"

"When you picked up my parasol? Of course I do."

"Then, Lady Whitehead, ever since that moment I have madly loved you. I sought you high and low; you have never been out of my thoughts. Lady Whitehead—Mabel—may I hope? It is an ill-chosen moment, I know, to make such an appeal, but will you be my wife?"

What her answer was, the breeze only heard; but her head fell on his shoulder, and, as it rested there, he pressed one passionate kiss on her marble forehead.

"Do not, I beseech you, utter a word of our engagement to any one for a few days," she murmured, as they strolled toward the house. "I could not bear it now; I am too upset with yesterday and this evening. You promise me, do you not?"

"Not a word, Mabel, to a living soul, till you give me permission."

They found all the party on the terrace on their return.

"Where have you been?" asked Lady Foxley, who had seen the couple as they slowly made their way toward the house, and felt sure if Martinette had not proposed he soon would. There was one chance yet, and that she determined to embrace the first opportunity.

The duke looked toward his wife, and slightly smiled, as the lady asked the question.

"Arthur," said the colonel, approaching him, and drawing him apart, "he is gone—Falcon, you know; he came in just now, said he had met a messenger with a telegram for him, which called him at once to London. He has started to catch the night train. You've cooked his goose, at any rate. I thought 'Pawlet' would be one too many for him."

"Mr. Martinette, may I have a minute's conversation with you?" asked Lady Foxley, as the colonel left.

"Certainly, Lady Foxley. Shall we walk to the end of the terrace?"

"Mr. Martinette," commenced her ladyship, directly they were out of earshot, "I am sure you will excuse a mother's anxiety, but I feel it my duty to speak. I have noticed, with pleasure, your attentions to my eldest daughter, and I am afraid the poor girl has given her heart to you. I am sure you are too manly, too gentlemanly, to trifle with her."

"My dear Lady Foxley!" exclaimed her astonished listener, "I am grieved to hear you say this, for I can assure you on my honor my attentions to your daughter have been nothing more than I have shown to any other of the ladies here. I am not aware, nor do I think they have been remarkable. I am sure you will forgive me for speaking so plainly, but I have never had the slightest intentions toward your daughter, or any unmarried lady in the house here."

"Well, Mr. Martinette, of course I believe you," answered the lady, making as light of it as she could. She saw the game was lost. "Not a word of this to a soul, I beseech you."

She was forced to submit with as good a grace as she could.

Arthur had said "any unmarried lady." She was now quite certain that the widow was the attraction, and that as far as her daughter was concerned, her case was hopeless.

Grace Kennedy had long since given up all idea of

AUNT SOPHRONIA'S STORY.—"'AND I HAVE BEEN SORRY FOR TWENTY YEARS,' SAID LOT. 'RHODA, IS IT TOO LATE TO FORGIVE EACH OTHER NOW?'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

getting him, and now, as she had lost Sir Peregrin, made strong running with Craven; but, somehow or other, the young man did not seem to bite, and was generally to be found at the side of Miss Foxley, who was really a nice girl.

"Now that Sir Peregrin is gone, Mabel, I suppose I may make known our engagement?"

"If you like, Arthur. You can tell your uncle, and I will inform the duchess."

And so it was settled.

"By gad, your grace!" exclaimed the colonel, meeting the duke on the terrace, "what do you think? *The widow has it*—she has beaten the field in a canter."

"I knew it, colonel," he responded, gleefully rubbing his hands; "there is no such cow in England—not in the United Kingdom. This makes seventeen prizes she has won; she is worth five hundred if she is worth a pound."

"Five hundred! you mean five thousand a year. Cow! what cow?"

"Why, my short-horn—The Widow."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the colonel. "No, no, duke; I do not mean your cow, but Lady Whitehead. My nephew, Arthur Martinette, has proposed and is accepted."

"I am very glad to hear it, colonel—very glad. A good, worthy, young man. They must be married from the castle. I shall insist on it. He proposed here, and he must be married from here. I will take no refusal."

Such a wedding had seldom been seen as that of Martinette's. Presents to the bride showered in right and left; triumphal arches were erected, and the duke was thoroughly done up with excitement.

"God bless you both!" he uttered, as he stood at the hall door, with his white hair waving in the wind—"God bless you both! long life and happiness to you!"

And, as he spoke the last words, the carriage whirled them away.

AUNT SOPHRONIA'S STORY.

DO YOU see this bit of ashes-of-roses silk? It is a scrap of Rhoda Daniels's wedding-dress; and it was twenty years after it was bought for her wedding that Rhoda wore it to be married in.

Let me tell you the story.

At sixteen years old, Rhoda was a beauty, and no mistake. Fair as a blush-rose, and with a pile of yellow curls on her shoulders, such as would drive the young ladies frantic with envy nowadays; bright as a button, and modest as a daisy, there wasn't her equal nowhere round Plumside.

We were a plain class of people, believing in virtue and sobriety; Rhoda wasn't spoiled in bringing up, though she was a beauty. She could make butter with the best of the old wives; she was always seen at church; she spun and wove her own wedding-sheets.

She was brought up with Lot Lambert. He was five years older than she. The two loved each other honestly and truly, all the friends were willing, and one year after they commenced keeping company regularly, the wedding-day was set.

Then it was that old Mr. Lambert, Lot's father, made Rhoda a present of her wedding-dress, an ashes-of-roses silk, brought all the way from London. It was not often that such a dress was seen in our place. All Rhoda's friends, for miles about, had a look at it; everybody admired it, and I presume some of the young girls envied Rhoda.

Then, too, Lot Lambert was rather a "catch" at Plumside; he was a tall, straight, bright-eyed fellow, the only son of his father, who was the richest man in the community; and he had given Lot a house and farm in prospect of his marriage.

The house was just on the other side of the road from Rhoda's old home. The new furniture came, and Lot and Rhoda put down the carpets and set up the things, and they seemed just as good as married.

But there came a quarrel between the young folks, the beginning of which was a word dropped by the village gossip, old Huldah Lane, about some remarks Lot's friends had made on Rhoda's father.

Mr. Daniels was a drinking man. In those days everybody drank, more or less; but Mr. Daniels, though a hard-working and an honest man, a kind neighbor and a good farmer, was too fond of his cups; and it was a source of great mortification to Rhoda. She was sensitive on the subject, and when she heard that Lot's Aunt Nancy, who had brought Lot up, had said that "he might do better than to marry a toper's daughter, pretty as Rhoda Daniels was," she sent word to the old lady by Lot, that "the toper's daughter should not marry Lot's relations, if she married him"—a message which Lot refused to carry, and denied that his good aunt had ever made the reported remark.

That was the beginning—it ended in the breaking off of the marriage. How many lies were told, and how many heartaches the young folks endured, before they became estranged by the intermeddling of busybodies, I cannot exactly tell you. But the marriage was broken off.

It made talk for three months in the country round about.

The new house was shut up. There it stood, with all its new furniture, for a year. Lot and Rhoda would pass each other in the road without speaking.

Rhoda grieved, but she was proud and unrelenting, like her mother, and made no offer of reconciliation. Lot, also, was proud and passionate, and, at the end of the year, to show, perhaps, that he was not heart-broken for Rhoda Daniels, he married Mercy Ray.

She was a good enough girl, but Lot Lambert never loved her.

She bore him children that died. They lived together until they were middle-aged people.

But Rhoda did not marry. She had other offers, I presume, but Rhoda's trouble changed her. She no longer cared for society; she kept close at home with her father and mother. When Mrs. Daniels sickened and died, she devoted herself more than ever to her father, who was much broken by the blow of his wife's death. It was Rhoda who kept him at home from the public-house, and from falling into deeper dissipation. Then her aunt died, and left two young children, and Rhoda took them to bring up.

Long before this she had put up her yellow curls, and the rose-color had died out of her face, and Rhoda was no longer the village beauty. But she was a fair, pleasing woman, saintly with long walking in the paths of duty, and if men and women found her "cold," as they complained of doing, little children never did. She brought up her little orphans with gentleness and love. She buried her father with such prostration of grief that a long sickness followed.

About this time, Mercy Lambert died. Lot was left a

widower. He went to his father's house to live, and again the house across the road was shut up.

Rhoda Daniels was now thirty-five years old. The little girls were grown, and launched in life for themselves. One had a trade; the other was school-teaching. Rhoda lived alone at The Blackthorns, as her old place was called. She had prospered; she kept a man and a maid. To avoid being solitary, perhaps, she extended much hospitality to her friends and neighbors. But only part of the great farmhouse was in use. The south side, looking toward the house that was once to have been hers, was kept shut up.

One night a strange sound awoke the quiet village. It was the cry of fire.

Rhoda sprang from her bed. Lot Lambert's house was on fire. The flames lighted her chamber so she could see to pick up a pin. Indeed, she was separated but by a few rods from the burning building.

The village was all aroused and on the spot. At first, only one side of the house was on fire, and willing hands brought out the furniture. Sideboards, bedsteads, tables, chairs, were placed by the roadside until morning, when, the house lying in ashes, and his father's house being out of the village, Lot came to Rhoda's door and asked leave to place his furniture in her unoccupied south rooms until he could remove it to another place of storage.

It was the first time the two had spoken to each other in twenty years. Rhoda was pale, but she gave quiet, ready consent. Lot and his men brought the things in, and went for the night.

It was June weather. In the morning Rhoda went into the south rooms and opened the windows and blinds. The sunlight fell upon the household goods of Lot Lambert, every article of which she remembered.

There was the little sewing-chair he had bought her; there was the dining-table which Lot had laughingly said must be proportioned for a large family; there was Lot's desk, and the bedstead upon which she had never rested.

The drawer of a bureau had been broken open in the removal, and Rhoda glanced in this. She saw a silk dress, ashes-of-roses in color, lying still unmade in its wrapper.

The color had crept out of her lips. She stood with her hand to her brow, in bewilderment and pain, when a step came. Lot Lambert stood beside her, and his eyes, too, sought the silk dress in the bureau-drawer.

A tight feeling came about Rhoda's heart. She looked up into Lot's face, and he was looking at her.

"I am sorry," she faltered, scarcely knowing what she was going to say.

"And I have been sorry every day for twenty years," said Lot. "Rhoda, is it too late to forgive each other now?"

In a moment her arms were round his neck, and he was kissing her as he had never kissed Mercy Ray.

Soon they were married. And Rhoda would be married in no other but the ashes-of-roses silk, which she had once sent back to him; and this strip which I have in my hand is a bit left from the making.

PALIMPSEST MANUSCRIPTS.

In olden times writing materials were not so plentiful as they are now, and the people who could write were not so numerous either. Those who could do so were principally the monks, who, in their convents, had more leisure than the busy toilers in the outside world. In the convents were many old parchments and vellum manuscripts, which were not regarded with much reverence by the monks, who, when they were in want of vellum to write down various items concerning their Order or convent, would wash out the lamp-black or coloring matter of the ink upon the old parchments, and sometimes rub it down with pumice-stone, or scrape it. And parchments which had been thus used were termed *palimpsest*, from a Greek word signifying twice scraped.

The ink used, however, was made with vinegar, and later with an infusion of iron, and both these materials sink into parchment, so that though the surface coloring may be rubbed off, yet the iron or vinegar, having sunk into the parchment, still remains.

Ink being a combination of iron and a solution of *galls*, it has been found that if with a light brush a solution of galls is applied to a palimpsest manuscript, the original writing is restored, and in this manner many manuscripts have been restored to their first condition.

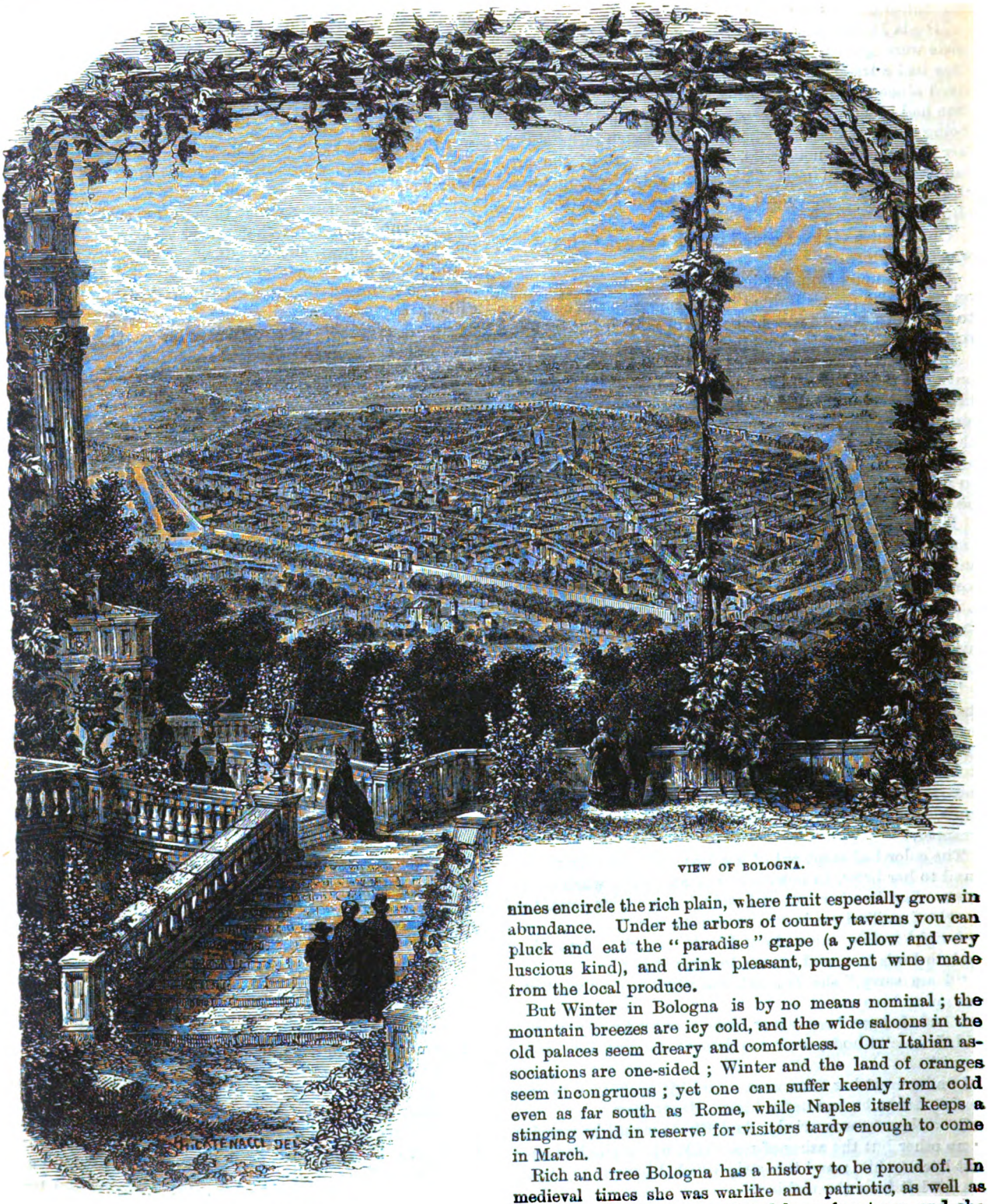
ELIZABETHAN DRESS.

Living though we do in days of great material wealth and luxury, there can be no question that in extravagance of dress we fall far behind the Elizabethan age; men certainly do, a very long way, and ladies no little way, except upon those rare and great occasions when they appear in dresses of fabulous value, on account of the costliness of the fabric, or when they deck themselves in jewels worth a prince's renown.

In these days it is only the absurd custom, the offspring solely of feminine vanity and female rivalry, of considering a dress *passé* after it has been worn once or twice, that makes milliners' bills such formidable foes to marital peace. Dress materials are much less costly, nor are fashionable and beautiful dresses necessarily made from the most costly materials. It is, then, quantity, not their quality, which makes the mischief. Then it was both silk, satin, lace and velvet formed the groundwork of dress for both sexes. Sumptuary laws were necessary to insure the occasional wearing of less expensive fabrics. Upon these sumptuous materials were showered a proportion of ornamental articles, lace and gold and silver and jewels; garments slashed and girded and laced with "points," gave opportunity for a blaze of ornamentations, of which, happily, our modern costumes can give us no conception.

THE TOMBS OF THE BONAPARTE'S.

The statues and ashes of the Napoleons, writes a foreign correspondent, have suffered strange vicissitudes. Twice has the statue of the First Napoleon, which stands in the Place Vendôme, been dragged to the ground, first by royalists, then by radicals, only to be re-erected, while his ashes were restored to France on the demand of another dynasty, to be respected even during the Commune. Louis, the ex-King of Holland, removed his father's remains from Grenoble to St. Leu, to which place his own ashes were in time removed from Italy. The eldest son of Louis, regarded by Napoleon as his heir, and who died when but six years old, was at first laid in St. Denis, but the Bourbons, when they returned to France, had the body translated, and the "little Napoleon" now rests in the same vault as his father and his grandfather. Jerome alone reposes under the dome of the Invalides with his great brother; the ashes of the other Bonapartes lie scattered here and there, and are to be found at Rome, Florence, Vienna and Chiselhurst, and somewhere in Calabria.



VIEW OF BOLOGNA.

BOLOGNA.

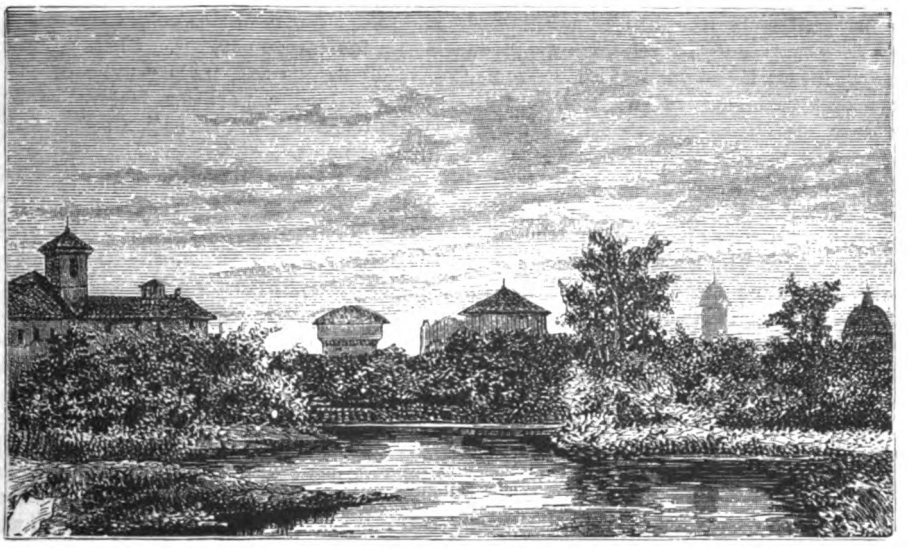
By Lady Blanche Murphy.

"*Bologna la Grassa*," or, "The Wealthy and Well-fed," has less of a modern aspect than its continued prosperity would lead one to expect. The belt of shade-trees around its walls is a modern but beautiful feature; and the view from the Villa Reale (an ancient monastery with a frescoed courtyard) is very attractive. Three little rivers zigzag in and around the town, and the chestnut-covered Apennines encircle the rich plain, where fruit especially grows in abundance. Under the arbors of country taverns you can pluck and eat the "paradise" grape (a yellow and very luscious kind), and drink pleasant, pungent wine made from the local produce.

But Winter in Bologna is by no means nominal; the mountain breezes are icy cold, and the wide saloons in the old palaces seem dreary and comfortless. Our Italian associations are one-sided; Winter and the land of oranges seem incongruous; yet one can suffer keenly from cold even as far south as Rome, while Naples itself keeps a stinging wind in reserve for visitors tardy enough to come in March.

Rich and free Bologna has a history to be proud of. In medieval times she was warlike and patriotic, as well as learned; the Empire constituted her a free town, and she used her independence against the encroaching successors of the friendly Emperor Charlemagne. But internal dissensions between the rival families of distinction who ruled the republic brought about foreign arbitration, and in 1512 she lost her freedom and became subject to the warrior-Pope, Julius II. After that, her fortunes were inglorious; she fell a prey to Napoleon, and then to the Austrians; but briefly distinguished herself in 1848, when the latter were forced to evacuate the city. Just before

succumbing to Julius II., the mob destroyed that Pope's statue in bronze by Michael Angelo, which stood, sword and keys in hand, over the chief entrance to the cathedral; and the fragments were sold to the neighboring Duke of Ferrara, who recast them into a gun that he called "Giuliano."



THE LAKE IN THE MARGHERITA GARDENS.

Probably the University is the best known characteristic of Bologna; it is one of the oldest in Italy, second only to Salerno—the school of medicine, to which Longfellow makes his hero and heroine journey in the "Golden Legend"; but, unlike Salerno, which has dwindled to a name, Bologna has survived and progressed The old quarters of the University (now styled "Archiginnasio Antico," and used as a town library) included a quadrangle, where each student of noble birth hung up his shield as a perpetual memento—a custom observed in other places besides colleges; for the Chamber of Commerce, or "Loggia de' Mercanti," a building dating one century later than the old University, is adorned in the interior with the armorial bearings of all the lawyers who taught and practiced law there. The law-school was the distinctive feature of this University, as the medical was of Salerno; but anatomy was early taught, and galvanism was first discovered there by Joseph Galvani in 1789.

Shakespeare's Portia had equals at Bologna, for the records have it that many women (legend says they were all beautiful) took degrees and gave lectures on mathematics, Greek, anatomy, chemistry, etc. One of these lectured vailed—another version says concealed by a curtain. Propezia de' Rossi, a female sculptor, and Elizabeth Sirani, a painter, were natives of Bologna.

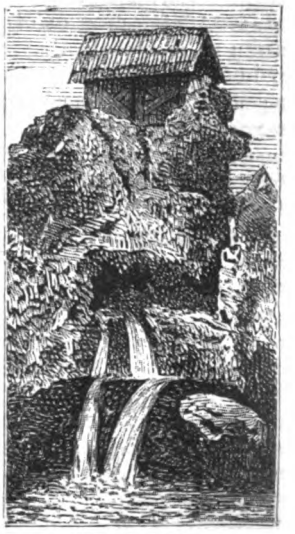
The greatest family of this town were the Bentivogli, whose romantic history is traced to the captive son of the Emperor Frederic II. King Hencius, or Enzio, as he was called, was taken prisoner at the battle of Fossalta in 1249, and kept in honorary confinement for the rest of his life, like the Scottish King James, whose story forms the romance of Windsor Castle. Like James, Enzio found comfort in the love of a lovely woman, Lucia Vendagoli, from whom the powerful Bentivogli are descended. The decay of those great Italian families is one of the sad social features of the country at present. Everywhere historical names are borne by the impoverished and nearly extinct kindred of the ancient rulers—an old maid or a few orphans represent a princely house; the palace is let in shabby apartments to foreign tourists; the old spirit is dead within the depressed representatives of the family, and often the latter disappear from even the sorry position of poor nobles into that of absolute paupers.

THE EAGLE HOUSE.

The scene of Enzio's captivity is the Palace of the Podesta, or Chief Magistrate, with its immense hall called after him, where a Papal conclave sat in 1410. It is now a municipal building, containing the city archives and a museum. Enzio and Lucia lie buried in the Church of St. Dominic, but the family chapel of their descendants is in San Giacomo, and was begun early in 1486, when they had already been powerful, and almost supreme, for a hundred and fifty years.

The two Francias, father and son, the former originally a goldsmith, are painters of the Bologna school, though their Madonnas and Saints bear a great likeness to the first named of Raphael and that of his predecessors, the Umbrian artists. Domenichino and the two Carracci modernized and broadened the style of this school, while Guido Reni expressed its softer and more heathen side. The galleries are full of specimens of these and many other painters, but we will not inflict catalogue-talk on our readers, further than to mention that Bologna possesses Raphael's St. Cecilia, a picture often photographed, and probably well known. The Cathedral of St. Petronius has a more unusual memento, in the shape of a meridian line drawn on the pavement of the north aisle, by the astronomer Giovanni Domenico Cassini, in 1653; and on the pilaster between two mortuary chapels are two clocks (1756) by Fonasini, respectively marking the solar and the mean time.

Books at Bologna are more plentiful than in some cities in Italy; the University library, which is free, has 100,000 volumes, besides curiosities in literature; and the town library is also large. The old gymnasium, where the latter is kept, holds to its



THE CASCADE.

connection with the University by its halls adorned with armorial bearings of professors (the historian Muratori was among the more recent) and of scholars, arranged according to their provinces; its anatomical lecture-room, with statues of the best professors of anatomy, and its carved woodwork over the chair, supported by life-size, correct anatomical figures; and, lastly, by its museum with domestic utensils, dug up in the Etruscan burial-ground, near the present cemetery; Greek fighting-cocks in marble, life-size, and miniature cloaked figures playing at *morra*, the guessing game which you still see played in the streets, with the same cries and gestures that historians describe as common in Italy two thousand years ago.

St. Dominic's history is associated with that of Bologna, and historical in the church of his name, where a supposed authentic portrait of St. Thomas Aquinas, the medieval philosopher, also exists. In the same chapel lies buried the womanly painter, Guido Reni.

The oddest thing in the city is the group of two leaning towers, one of them intentionally built so, as an experiment. They are homely, enormously high, and provided with rough stairs; crazy-looking buildings, standing in an irregular piazza, formed by the junction of five narrow streets. Here and there, on these streets, you pass the old palaces of once great families, some with grand entrances and rich gateways, and catch glimpses, through elaborate but rusty iron gates, of colonnades, arches, niches with shell-shaped headings, and sometimes corner staircases, with lovely but battered carvings along the rails. Grass grows thick in the chinks between the stones, and green fungi cover with a velvety growth the broken statues on disused fountains, while luxuriant shrubs, that seem to thrive best when let alone, make living pictures and trellises among the gray and yellow marbles. Nowhere do scarlet pomegranates and rose-colored oleanders and star-shaped orange-blossoms, all with dark glossy leaves, show better than against such a background. The "Romeo and Juliet" balcony scene meets you at every turn in Italian cities, and in these unexpected "bits," much more than in the churches and galleries that you conscientiously "do," to justify your stay in the city at all, lies the real charm of Italian travel.

One strange church, however, is worth notice, as peculiar in grouping, consisting as it does of seven different buildings, incongruously overlapping each other. The whole goes by the name of St. Stephen's, though each chapel has a distinct dedication. The ancient portions are the most interesting, one fragment going back to the ninth century, and containing marble reading-desks and low pulpits, whence the Epistle and Gospel were publicly chanted. The old temple of Isis has contributed fifth century columns and capitals, incorporated into twelfth century masonry, the tomb of a patron saint having been built in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. St. Peter and St. Paul give their names to an ancient, small basilica, where, as is usual in this form of building, copied from Roman judgment halls, the altar takes the place of the magistrate's chair, and stands clear of the wall at the eastern end, the officiating priest standing facing the people. Ninth century bas-reliefs, very quaint and archaic, represent men and animals on the sarcophagus of a local martyr, St. Agricola, who is himself figured with wings; but the earliest Christian memento is a font of the eighth century, in which a Lombard King is said to have been baptized. This stands in a circular church, called the "Court of Pilate"; but the real baptistery, surrounded by an outer circular corridor on pillars, was the church now known as the Holy Sepulchre. The "Trinity" is raised upon pillars higher than a man's stature from the ground, and in the centre of this colonnade are a few pillars with Byzantine carved capitals. Close to this are the delicate carved columns and tracery-work of the fourteenth century cloisters, a peculiar feature of Italian Gothic, in which ingenuity and invention seem to have reached their furthest point.

Bologna is the birthplace of the linguist, Joseph Mezzofanti, who was once librarian and professor at the University, and subsequently cardinal. He could speak at least twenty-two—some say more—languages and dialects fluently, and could master a language within a week; besides which, he was also a good classical scholar. Rossini studied in Bologna, under Mattei, and, later, built a house in which he lived for some years, and which he adorned with inscriptions from Latin orators and poets.

The suburbs of the city are very picturesque, dotted with convents and churches, and broken into hilly terraces and winding roads. They lead to various points whence map-like views can be had of the town and plain, rivers and mountains; and one road, bordered with arcades, leads to the cemetery in the grounds of the old Carthusian Monastery, the common graves being in the centre, and the special ones under shelter of the cloister gallery. Here, again, the professors of the University take the post of honor, with bas-reliefs representing scenes from their lecture-rooms disposed above the graves as monuments.

Coming back from the cemetery, one can branch off t the pilgrimage church of the Madonna of St. Luke, the shrine of one of the many traditional, dark-colored Byzantine pictures, on panel, ascribed to the artist-evangelist.

THE USE OF TORTURE IN ENGLAND.

The history of the use of torture in England is curious. From the hesitation to apply it to the Templars in the reign of Edward II. (1310), as well as from the express statement of Walter de Hemingford, it appears to have been at that time unknown in England, either as an act of prerogative or as an instrument of criminal inquiry in the ordinary course of law. Nevertheless, Holinshed relates that in 1468 Sir Thomas Coke, the Lord Mayor of London, was convicted of misprision of treason upon the evidence of one Hawkins, given under torture; and that Hawkins himself was convicted of treason by his own confession on the rack, and executed.

From this period until the Commonwealth the practice of torture was frequent and uninterrupted, the particular instances being recorded in the council-books, and the torture-warrants, in many cases, being still in existence. The last instance on record occurred in 1640, when one Archer, a glover, who was supposed to have been concerned in the rioters' attack upon Archbishop Laud's palace at Lambeth, "was racked in the Tower," as a contemporary letter states, "to make him confess his companions." A copy of the warrant, under the Privy Seal, authorizing the torture in this case, is extant at the State Paper Office. With this instance the practice of torture in England ceased, no case of its continuance being discernible during the Commonwealth or after the Restoration.

But, although the practice continued during the two centuries immediately before the Commonwealth without interruption, it was condemned as contrary to the law of England, and even declared to be unknown in that country by judges and legal writers of the highest character who flourished within that period. Thus, Fortescue, who was Chief-Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and who wrote his book, *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, in the reign

of Henry VI., and who writes of a case of false accusation under torture (which was probably the case of Sir Thomas Coke above mentioned), condemns the practice in the strongest terms, though he does not expressly deny its existence in England. Again, Sir Thomas Smith, a very eminent lawyer, statesman and scholar, who wrote in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, says that "torment or question, which is used by the order of the civil law and custom of other countries, is not used in England. It is taken for servile." And Sir Edward Coke, who wrote in the reign of James I., says: "There is no law to warrant torture in this land; and there is no one opinion in our books, or judicial record, for the maintenance of them." Notwithstanding this explicit denunciation of the practice as against law, both Smith and Coke repeatedly acted as commissioners for interrogating prisoners by torture; and the latter, in a passage which occurs in the same book, and only a few pages before the words just cited, implicitly admits that torture was used at examinations taken before trial, though it was not applied at the arraignment or before the judge.

There is also a direct judicial opinion against the lawfulness of torture in England. In 1628 the judges unanimously resolved, in answer to a question propounded to them by the King in the case of Felton, who had stabbed the Duke of Buckingham, "that he ought not to be tortured by the rack, for no such punishment is known or allowed by our law."

And yet several of the judges who joined in this resolution had themselves executed the warrants for torture when they held ministerial offices under the Crown. Possibly the explanation of this inconsistency between the opinions of lawyers and the practice may be found in a distinction between prerogative and law, which was better understood two centuries ago than it is at the present day. It is true, as the above authorities declared, that torture was not part of the common law; it was not used in judicature as it was by the Roman law, and the legal systems derived from it in Germany, Italy and Spain; and, therefore, in England, no judge could by law direct the torture to be applied, and no party or procurator could demand it as a right.

But that which was not lawful in the ordinary courts of justice was often lawful for the prerogative of the Crown, which authorized the mode of enforcing the discovery of crimes affecting the State, such as treason or sedition, and sometimes of offenses of a grave character, not political—acting, in this respect, independently of and even paramount to the common law, asserted so early as the reign of Edward I. This view of the subject is confirmed by the circumstance that in all instances of the application of torture in England, the warrants were issued immediately by the King or by the Privy Council. Objectionable as the use of torture was in all countries and under all circumstances, it was in no country so unjust and dangerous an instrumental power as in England.

In other countries, where it formed part of the law of the land, it was subject to specific rules and restrictions, fixed and determined by the same law which authorized the use of such an instrument, and those who transgressed them were liable to severe punishment. But in England there were no rules, no responsibility, no law beyond the will of the King. "The rack," says Selden, "is nowhere used as in England. In other countries it is used in judicature, when there is *semiplena probatio*—a half-proof against a man; then, to see if they can make it full, they rack him if he will not confess. But here, in England, they take a man and rack him—I do not know why nor when—not in time of judicature, but when somebody bids."

The modes of applying torture were as various as the ingenuity of man is fertile in devising the means of inflicting bodily pain. The rack, which was common throughout Europe, was a large frame, in shape somewhat resembling a mangle, upon which the examinant was stretched and bound; cords were then attached to his extremities, and by a lever gradually strained, till, when carried to the utmost severity, the operation dislocated the joints of the wrists and ankles. This engine is said to have been brought into the Tower of London by the Duke of Exeter, in the reign of Henry VI., and was hence called "the Duke of Exeter's Daughter." Besides the rack there were endless varieties of "the lesser tortures," such as thumbscrews, pincers and manacles. In England, one of the most dreaded engines of this kind was the "Scavenger's Daughter," so called by a popular corruption from Skevington's Daughter, being invented by Sir William Skevington, a lieutenant of the Tower in the reign of Henry VIII. The engine was found in "Little Ease," in the Tower, in 1604, by a committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire as to the state of the dungeon so called. In Scotland the instruments were the boots, called in France *le brodequin*, in which the torture was applied by driving in wedges with a hammer between the flesh, and iron rings drawn tightly upon the legs; the thummikins; the pinniwinks, or fulliwinks; the caspitaws, or capsicaws. The particular construction of these barbarous instruments it would be difficult at the present day to ascertain; but several of them were in practical use in Scotland within twenty years from the final abolition of torture in that country in 1708.

Mr. Jardine has shown fifty instances of the infliction of torture. The last torture-warrant is stated to be signed with the sign manual of King William III., is dated at Kensington Palace, and is for the torturing of Norvill Pain. With the form of that terrible instrument of torture, the rack, we are familiar from the plates to the early editions of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

Dr. Lingard, in his account of the different kinds of torture used in the Tower in the times of the Tudors, says, "A fourth kind of torture was a cell called 'Little Ease.' It was of so small dimensions and so constructed that the prisoner could neither stand, sit, nor lie in it at full length. He was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting posture, and so remained several days." Randle Holme tells us that "there was a similar place at Chester, where it was used for the punishment of petty offenses. In the House of Correction is a place cut into a rock, with a grate-door before it; into this place are put renegadoes, apprentices, etc., that disobey their parents or masters; robbers of orchards, and such like rebellious youths; in which they can neither stand, sit, kneel, nor lie down, but be all in a ruck, or knit together, and in such a lamentable condition that half an hour will tame the strongest and stubbornest stomach, and will make him have a desire to be freed from the place."

We have various evidence of the use of the rack in England. Sir Walter Raleigh, at his trial, mentioned that Kentish was threatened with the rack, and that the keeper of this horrid instrument was sent for. Bishop Laud told Felton that if he would not confess he must go to the rack. Campion, the Jesuit, was put to the rack in the reign of Elizabeth; and in Collier's "Ecclesiastical History" are mentioned other instances during the same reign. Bishop Burnet, in his "History of the Reformation," states that Anne Askew was tortured in the Tower in 1546, and that the Lord Chancellor, throwing off his gown, drew the rack so severely that he almost drew her body asunder. It appears from the "Cecil Papers" that

VIEW OF BOLOGNA FROM THE MARGHERITA GARDENS.— SEE PAGE 568.

all the Duke of Norfolk's servants were tortured by order of Queen Elizabeth, who also threatened Hayward, the historian, with the rack. Ben Jonson alludes to the rack being threatened in his time: "And like the German lord, when he went out of Newgate into the cart, took orders to have his arms set up, etc. . . . The judge entertained him most civilly, discoursed with him, offered him the courtesy of the rack, but he confessed," etc.

CORNERED BY A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, BY DR. P. HOFFMAN.

IN '65 I was in the service of Datu Abubakar, Rajah, Maharajah, Srirajah Tummongong of Sohore, a powerful Malay prince, on the peninsula of Malacca.

There was no other white man in the service, and I was the first who ever had been engaged by him, and, as a matter of course, there was a great deal of animosity shown to me continually by the native court favorites, who were jealous of the good graces into which I, the detested "orang putsh" (white man), had managed to work myself by success in my profession, and my accurate shooting when out on hunting expeditions in the jungle.

Often had I been stopped by the natives in my ramblings through the woods, and innumerable questions asked me about my gun, the way in which I ran my bullets, and if I put any "obat" (medicine) into it.

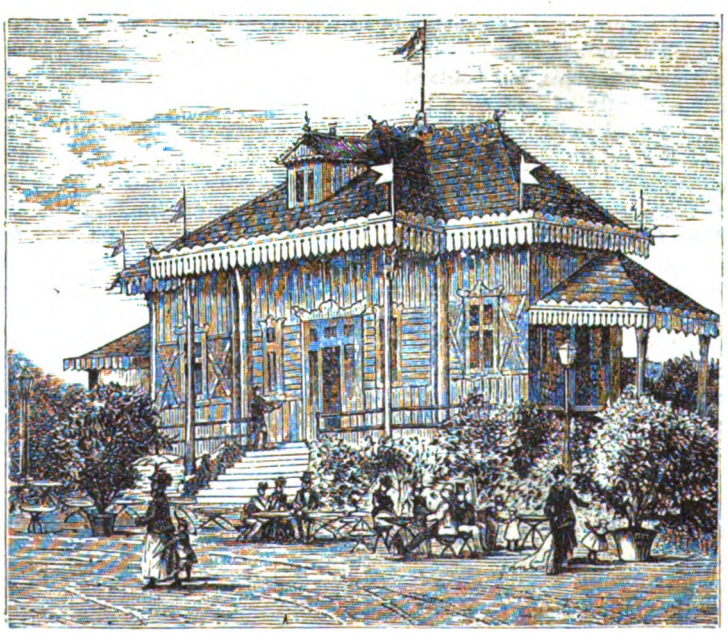
When I protested that it was a common rifle, common powder and common lead, run in the common way, they would wistfully gaze into my eyes, and declare:

"Tuan punyah mata mata bagoose skali, tymbang bye bye" (Master's eyes are good—shoot well).

Although cordially hated by the nobles, at least some of them, I was a general favorite with the people, and, best and most important of all, with the Rajah, who did his utmost to counteract all animadversities shown to me.

On the whole, my position was a comfortable one. The people had unbounded confidence in my skill as "tukan obat" (medicine-man), and what with tiger-shooting and pig-sticking, I managed to pass my time tolerably well.

There was a steam saw-mill, belonging to the Sohore Steam Saw-mill Company, about four or five miles from Tanjong Putri, where the Rajah held his court, and where I, of course, lived with him. The mills, like myself, were a new institution, and, as may be imagined, the coolies employed there, being unaccustomed to circular saws, never having seen such things in their lives before, were constantly sawing themselves to pieces instead of the sleepers they had to saw, thus reversing the order of things, and making sleepers of themselves.



THE CHALET IN THE MARGHERITA GARDENS.

Disagreeable as must have been their waking on finding themselves *minus* an arm or a hand, it was not much less so to me, as I had to come over daily, and often several times a day, in a broiling hot sun—the thermometer ranging from a hundred and ten to a hundred and twenty degrees in the shade

the year round—to fix up some unfortunate fellow who had been clumsy enough to put his hand on the saw.

The management of these mills was in the hands of a few Scotch people, and the director—a Mr. McPherson, a genial, hearty fellow—and we had not only learned to respect each other, but a warm feeling of friendship had sprung up between us. Often, when I had been out in the jungle, shooting, and came past his bungalow, I would slip in, and if he was not there himself, his jolly little wife was sure to make me feel as comfortable as I would have felt in my own house.

I was quite a factotum with Mrs. McPherson. Whenever anything went wrong, the cry was: "Oh, never mind; the doctor will be here very soon, and he will set things aright."

When a snake or a mongoose or a guiava had depradated in the henroost, and made off with some of Mrs. McPherson's favorite Bantams or Chittagongs, it was: "Oh, but the doctor will get square with him."

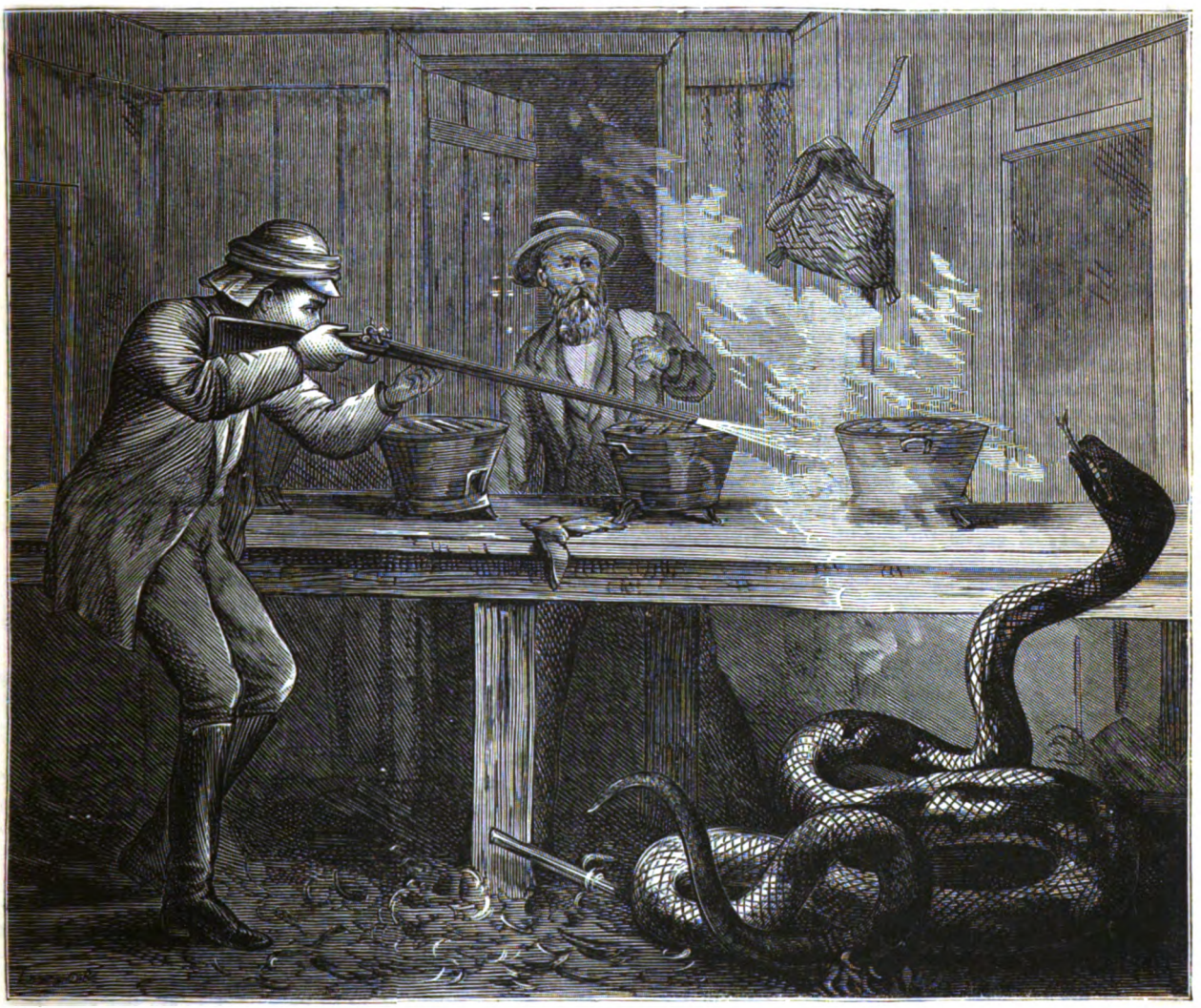
If one of her chubby, rosy little youngsters had been exhibiting a little fit of ill-temper, he was told that "the doctor won't like him any more." And, altogether, I was looked upon as part and parcel of the household, almost.

One afternoon I had been out in the woods, shooting, and had managed to kill a splendid porker, the hams of which I had strung over my shoulders, and whose head—a rare delicacy—I was bringing to Mrs. McPherson.

Evening was coming on fast, and as there is no twilight in India, darkness setting in as soon as the sun has sunk below the western horizon, I hurried up, to reach the bungalow before it became quite dark.

I just managed to get there before dinner, and after excusing my shooting-jacket—people in India being very rigid in their etiquette—I sat down to partake of the hearty cheer put before me.

We had got through dinner, and were raking up old memories, talking of former days, of bonnie Scotland, and of a subject which more immediately concerned and interested us, namely, an intended war against Imhiuandola, the Rajah of Pahang, the neighboring territory.



CORNERED BY A BOA CONSTRICTOR.—"TO BEAR THE GUN TO MY SHOULDER AND PULL THE TRIGGER WAS THE WORK OF A MOMENT, BUT NONE TOO QUICK, FOR, JUST AS I FIRED, I SAW THE REPTILE MAKE A FORWARD MOVEMENT."

The table was loaded with the most delicious fruit; we were discussing a glass of sherry, and smoking our after-dinner cigar; Mrs. McPherson had taken up her guitar, and was singing to us some quaint old ballad, when one of the servants rushed in, pale and breathless, crying:

"Tuan, tuan, dalum roomah cookie ada ula busar!" (Master, master, there is a big snake in the cookhouse!)

This was grand news for me; nothing could have suited me better.

I ascertained from the boy that the snake had been in

the fowlhouse, that it had swallowed several ducks and chickens, and had come into the cookhouse, quietly but determinedly taking charge, to the great discomfort and consternation of its lawful occupants.

I took my trusty double-barreled rifle and cautiously approached the cookhouse, which, like all other Indian cookhouses, was detached from the dwelling.

A cookhouse must not be imagined to be anything like a kitchen, though they both serve the same purpose. A range, an oven, and other appurtenances found in well-appointed culinary temples are wanting, and all the apparatus set aside for cooking is a table, running from one wall to the other in the middle of the room. On this table a number of small charcoal-stoves are fixed, and this is all that is necessary in India, where people do not go in for heavy dishes, and one makes one's dinner of a lot of little nicknacks, highly flavored and seasoned, with the inevitable curry for a staple. Under this table the kindling-wood, charcoal, shavings or straw for lighting the fires usually are kept, and Master Ula had taken possession by cozily coiling himself away among these, and was no doubt enjoying a luxurious *dolce far niente*.

If I had not happened to be there, I verily believe they would have been obliged to abandon the cookhouse altogether, as the snake, an immense boa constrictor, did not seem to be disposed to move until his dinner had been fully digested, which it might have taken weeks to do.

A cocoanut oil-lamp was hanging over the dresser, shedding an uncertain, flickering light through the room, by which I could plainly distinguish the huge folds of the snake, but could not get a glimpse of the head anywhere.

I was fully aware that it would be worse than useless to fire into the coil, as there would not have been the slightest chance of killing, or even disabling, the brute, and the dead certainty of either turning him upon myself, or, as bad, almost, letting him escape in the dark.

So I conjectured to get over the table, and bring the snake between the light and myself, to get, if possible, a look at his head.

To effect this, I had to crawl over the table, which I proceeded to do with great caution, lest I should arouse the snake from his beginning lethargy, and provoke an attack upon me before I was prepared to receive it.

I reached the other side noiselessly, but, on turning round to watch my enemy, I involuntarily and clumsily knocked the butt of my rifle rather sharply on the floor.

I was by no means in a position of defense—I had but just landed on the other side.

The noise instantly brought about the result I had desired, but too early to be pleasant.

The boa raised his head, and at a distance of about three feet from the ground slowly waved it to and fro, staring at me with his mischievously twinkling, horrid green eyes, which seemed to take the position in at a glance.

I have never experienced fear, but I must confess that it made me feel "peculiar" to be stared at by the boa, although it could not have been longer than a few seconds.

I expected every moment to see him dart forward, enfold me in his deadly embrace, and crush every bone in, and every ounce of breath out of, my body.

The tongue was thrown forward, protruding quite a foot, oscillating and vibrating, drawn in, pushed out again, waved from side to side with that quick, whip-like, almost electric movement peculiar to snakes; the hissing grew more and more audible, the motions quicker and quicker.

I knew from old experience the brute was preparing to leap upon me, and I stood there, unable to stir an inch.

I felt that if I could not shake off this feeling, I must meet my death in another few seconds.

One strong effort, and it was over. To bear the gun to my shoulder, squint through the sight, and pull the trigger, was the work of a moment; but none too quick, for, just as I fired, I saw the reptile make a forward movement, as if about to spring upon me.

But then came the most disagreeable part of the business.

It was natural that the concussion of a gun in a small room should extinguish the lamp—a necessary consequence which I had failed to think of in the excitement, and simultaneous with the flash and crash of the rifle came utter darkness.

And how dark it was, to be sure! Egyptian darkness is child's play as compared with the inky, impenetrable darkness which surrounded me.

Here was a pretty pickle to be in! McPherson ran off to the house to get a light, and the boys with him, and I was alone—alone with death in the shape of a monstrous boa-constrictor.

I jumped back until I reached the wall, and, feeling my way along until I got to a corner, tightly squeezed myself into it, with a view to prevent the brute from passing his death-dealing coils around me.

If ever a man got into a small space in his life, it was I. I am tolerably sure that I cannot have been much more than half my usual size.

A hundred different plans of action rushed through my brain; but I kept cool—at least, as cool as I could—and decided to remain where I was.

With suspended breath almost, and carefully guarding against the slightest noise, not to give the monster a clew to my whereabouts, I stood there, flattened into the corner, momentarily expecting his cold, scaly body to glide over mine.

I heard a rustling among the shavings—an evidence of my opponent's vivacity.

The perspiration beaded in large, cold drops on my forehead; moments seemed ages, and ages eternity.

At last, after a few minutes, which, however, seemed to me so many hours, I heard McPherson shout:

"Doctor, are you alive? I am coming with a light; hold out a little bit longer. We'll help you, old boy!"

Of course I did not dare to answer, fearing to betray my position, and really I did not know if it was advisable to light up the place, as that would at once reveal me to my antagonist; but then I could use my rifle again.

"Yes—by all means, let us have light."

"Here we are, old fellow!" shouted McPherson, bursting open the door, a candle in one hand, and a monstrous cavalry sabre in the other. "Halloa! Where the—— Oh! there you are! But is he dead?"

The first ray of light had revealed to me the real state of affairs. The snake was dead—stone dead—shot through the head, which had dropped in just the position in which I had last seen it in the act of striking at me.

Then all uneasiness was at an end, and I courageously (*sic*) said:

"You are a fine fellow, to leave me all alone! Why, what are you afraid of? Why don't you come in, and stop flourishing that sword? You look like a fencing-master going through his exercises. Come and lend me a hand to haul the brute out."

"Good Lord! is he dead? Tell me, quick! Is he dead? Did you shoot him? Tell me, for heaven's sake?"

"Why, yes. Come, Mac—don't be a baby. Take hold of his tail—and, now, out with him!"

"Take hold of his tail! Lord, man, give us your hand to take hold of! I knew you had shot him—I knew it! I was na scared awa'."

With the assistance of the boys, we succeeded in pulling the monster out. He measured twenty-four feet, and had a medium thickness of about a man's thigh.

I skinned him, and the Malays took the body to render out the fat, one of their most reputed and powerful *obats*. The skin I have in my collection now.

The noise I heard among the shavings could either not have been any noise at all, or some mouse or lizard, and not my then harmless, but nevertheless dreaded, enemy. McPherson's chickens fared better after that.

ONCE AND FOR AYE.

He sang as he lay on a Highland mountain,
That English knight who had never known love,
"What song so sweet as the chiming fountain?
What blue so blue as the heaven above?"
Fond heart! for nearer and nearer drew
A sweeter voice and an eye more blue.

"Oh, what can blush by the purple heather?
What gold with the gorse-flower dare compare?"
He turned, fond heart, and found them together
On her glowing cheek and her glittering hair.
Now what for the knight are the hill-flowers' dyes,
The fountain's voice and the sapphire skies?

She had lost her path, that Lowland lady,
Whose heart had never a lord confessed;
Oh, bright she blushed, and gently prayed he
Would guide her over the mountain-crest.
And little loath was the gallant knight
To squire the steps of that lady bright.

So he took her hand, and they passed together,
The knight and the lady unlearned of love,
Through the golden gorse and the purple heather
Oh, laughingly beamed the blue above.
And the fountain sang as their feet went by,
The Sibyl fountain—"*For aye—for aye!*"

FISHING DAYS IN CANADA.

In some of the deep, still pools, where the surface is under a shadow, and we can see the depth below, it is very curious to watch the salmon. If we cautiously approach the ledge of an overhanging rock, we can count the fish, and see them apparently enjoying life for its own sake; nothing but the fins are in motion, and that slowly, to counteract the slow current. If a fly is thrown very lightly and delicately over a hundred fish, they may not notice it for ever so long; but one will perhaps gradually leave the crowd and deliberately float up to the surface to seize it. It requires two fishermen to enjoy the scene—one to stand away from the ledge and throw, and the other to cautiously approach and take the notes; for if the fisherman stood where he could see them, and took a cast, all the salmon would vanish too quickly for the eye to follow.

What charming recollections the days on the Lower St. Lawrence bring back! We had, on one occasion, quarters in a French farmhouse, and went out the morning after our arrival to try our luck with the fly. Mine was made of the dull gray hackles from a cock's neck, that are called in old books "smoky hackles"; but if we look at these against the light we shall find that they have a few transparencies, and this shows clearly from the water. It is supposed that, to the eye of a salmon, these resemble a prawn, and of course that was his most delicate food during his visit to the seaside.

We walked a mile up the river to get to a pool, and took several casts at likely-looking eddies, though without success; but the pool we arrived at was clearly a halting-place for salmon, and we kept away from the edge so as to throw a long line. My companion went some distance further on, where a mountain stream met the main river, and had scooped out another small black pool in the Lawrentian rocks.

After a few throws, I heard him call out that he had got a fish. I could see his silvery sides in a leap he took out of the little pool, and, as it was an awkward corner, I sent my man, who was an adept with a gaff, to be of assistance to him, should it be necessary. It was quite clear that the fish meditated a rush for a nasty rapid, where there were two or three rocks just showing themselves above the broken water. Here the man had stationed himself, for he had seen the fish making for them, and, fortunately, the captive was checked for a moment before dashing into the foam, when the unerring gaff deposited him on the bank—her, I should have said, for it was a beautiful fresh-run female fish of thirteen pounds in weight. The sides would have shamed any production of the mint, and the little head was scarcely too large for a moderate-sized trout. Ten minutes did not elapse from the time of hooking her before she lay on the bank.

I had been giving a divided attention between my friend and my own casts, which were rather of the careless kind, when there was a rise at the fly, but the looseness of the throw gave the fish the benefit. In three more throws over the same place the salmon rose again, and was well hooked. He reeled out fifty yards of line, and turned; a multiplying reel gathered in the slack—and here I cannot too strongly recommend these reels. Many old anglers say, "Avoid a multiplier," but the great probability is that they have used an inferior article.

It is clear that such a reel must be of the most perfect construction, or else it will not bear the strain, and you must also remember that a little extra precision in turning the handle is not thrown away. The slack of the line is gathered up so rapidly that you may always have your fish in hand. The salmon made a rush toward the place where I was standing, and at about fifteen or twenty yards' distance began to show fight indeed, leaping out of the water to strike the line, and making several runs; but at the end of half an hour he showed signs of weariness, and came rather helplessly to the surface. Still, there was life in him yet, and with the shortest breathing time he would be off again; but about ten minutes longer brought him within reach of Baptiste's gaff. We got three or four trout on our way to the farmhouse, which stood on high land overlooking the St. Lawrence estuary, here about thirty miles wide, and all the clubs in New York could not have pretended to give us such a breakfast as we enjoyed there. We had excellent black tea, thick cream, fresh butter, new-laid eggs, and about four or five pounds of salmon steaks, that were but too fresh. The lattice of the French cottage casement pushed away a great gathering of red and white cabbage-roses, which fell back on the sill when the window was opened. Far away were the hills of Rimouski, and a pearly haze from the St. Lawrence foretold a hot June day.

There was, as we came in, a slight appearance of smoke in the distance looking down the estuary, and this had so far increased before we finished our breakfast that we could discern the hull and funnel of the steamer *Polynesian*. The day was certainly very warm, but the water was in excellent condition, and we took, before evening,

ONCE AND FOR AYE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 575.

thirteen fish—weighing 147 pounds in all. Of course, this is absurdly small sport as compared with the bags on the Godbout, where standing nets have been quite abolished; but there is plenty to entice an angler to try it, and with the free access of salmon to their spawning-grounds, so often insisted on before, our take in this river might have been doubled. The first day was our best, and the seven subsequent ones brought us in nine, eight, ten, eleven, four, twelve, eleven, averaging about eleven pounds per fish. The days passed pleasantly enough—sunny skies and drowsy nights were the rule—till we found our time was up, and we had to return to Montreal.

There is a slight circumstance that left an impression on my mind as we staid for a couple of days at the splendid hotel at Tadousac, by the mouth of the Sagounay, on our way home. An enormous whale came rolling into the bay, but kept a respectful distance from the shore, and it seemed to be known to every one quite well. It was seen daily from the windows of the hotel, and generally made its appearance at early morning. Its gambols—if such gigantic turns can be called by such a name—uphove the surge and made it sound as if a heavy gust had struck it; and when it spouted up water, Madison Square would indeed have hidden its diminished head. The creature was called a "sulphur whale," useless almost for commerce, and very dangerous to attack. It was a wonderful sight to see its great dusky back rise slowly from the water, and, after a roll or two, disappear just as slowly. We judged that a length of about eighty feet w s seen at one time, and the oldest inhabitant remembered the same fish from his infancy; this gentleman was then about eighty years old, and he said that his father had often described it to him just as it appeared now. There is no mistaking it; other whales come into Tadousac Bay, but this one is all alone; the surge he makes in the water is more than a whole school of them can raise, and he always seems to keep the same hours, and to frequent the middle of the bay.

The sulphur whales, of which he must be almost the monarch, are so dangerous that harpooners avoid them; they tow a boat out at once into deep water, and sink it. Yet they must be possessed of more than common shrewdness, for the Tadousac one has for generations passed by reefs that would leave him dry at low water; and if he had made a single mistake it would have been enough, and the receding tide would have left him lying in cold obstruction.

ANCIENT GOBLET WITH AN ARABIC INSCRIPTION.

THIS goblet, of exquisite workmanship, is preserved in the Museum of Chartres, under the name of "Hanap de Charlemagne." It was supposed to have formed part of the presents which the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid sent to the Emperor Charlemagne, who presented it to the Abbey of St. Madeleine, at Chateaudun. When the abbey was sequestrated it was placed in the town library of Chartres, where it remained until the formation of a local museum, in 1834.

Modern antiquaries assert that, to judge by the workmanship, the goblet cannot be dated back earlier than the twelfth century, and probably was brought to France by a crusader. However that may be, the workmanship of the goblet is exceedingly elegant and interesting. It stands about eight and a half inches high, on a foot of silvered copper, the latter elaborately chased and engraved. The interlaced band in the middle of the glass vase is formed of gilt lines, filled in with small white and blue spots of incrusted enamel. Above is an inscription in Arabic, the characters in gold, within outlines in blue. The inscription has been translated thus: "May his fame be never-dying, and his life long and prosperous: may his fate be happy, his period auspicious, his fortune perfect."

THE Liverpool Museum has just been presented with a fine specimen of the giant crab of De Hann, from the Japanese seas. The crab measures eleven feet from tip to tip of the claws.

THE difference between those whom the world esteems as good, and those it condemns as bad, is in many cases little else than that the former have been sheltered from temptation.

AN ANCIENT GOBLET.

THE AMBER WITCH.—"WE HAD NOT GONE FAR BEFORE WE FOUND MADAME, WITH A SHAWL DRAPED AROUND HER AND HER FEET BARE, STANDING BY THE WALL, OVER WHICH SHE WAS PASSING HER HANDS WITH THE ACTION OF ONE SEARCHING FOR A DOOR-HANDLE."

THE AMBER WITCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE WITH AN L," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHEVALIER'S DIPLOMACY.

I HAVE told Clemence as much as I choose her to know about Philippe Germont, and she knows that it was he who saved me from disfigurement at Madame de G——'s masquerade. She said to me:

"You cannot emerge from your chrysalis, then, *mon petit papillon!*"

"No; I must still endure these odious braids. You cannot think how I detest them!"

"But they make you look so very young, and, in fact, change the character of your face altogether. With them, you have quite the *Marguerite* expression."

"Should we find ourselves at a loss for something to do, we might get up the opera of 'Faust.' Germont is *Mephistopheles* himself, and, from what I hear, I should judge that you are not disinclined to play the part of *Martha.*"

Clemence reddened. I knew, from Maud and Blanche's insinuations, that she had shown a disposition to coquette with Germont, who has already called upon her, as a countrywoman of his own, has also sent his sister to call upon us, and has this very afternoon invited us to drive out with them. *I* shall stay at home. I don't like the way in which he looked at the braids of my hair that day of the races. I mentioned this to Clemence as she stood before the glass, arranging her hair under her bonnet.

"I believe I shall allow *my* hair to regain its natural color," she said.

"You would not think of such a thing!" I exclaimed.

"And may I ask why I should not? No one is ever expected to be able to tell the original color of a woman's hair in our days. I can assure you that half Paris thought the color of yours was artificial. (Impertinence!) I can say that I changed the color of mine because I wanted to wear black velvet, and gray hair is always superb with that."

"But Monsieur Shirley!—won't he suspect?"

"Monsieur Shirley knows that I am a Frenchwoman, and what man ever calls a Frenchwoman to account for her whims?"

"You are sure you have no designs upon Germont, Clemence?"

"Should you object? He was never a lover of yours, was he?" with a quick glance at my face in the glass. "But, as long as I do not interfere with Monsieur Shirley——"

"Perhaps it is on his account that you wish to recover your beautiful black hair?"

"Perhaps. You remember how becoming it used to be to me, dressed *en Pompadour*, and worn with a certain amber-colored silk? That silk has escaped the sea-water"—here she laughed—"and gray hair does not accord with amber."

I do not like the airs of equality that Clemence has assumed lately. She very seldom calls me "madame," now; it is always "petite," or "chère amie," which is all very well before others, but not when we are alone; then, I expect to assume my own individuality. And I am so entirely in her power, that it would do me no good to resent it. I think she fully recognizes this, and intends to avail herself of it to the utmost. Women have no greatness of soul.

To my surprise, soon after Clemence had driven off with the chevalier and his sister, Monsieur Shirley came into the room where I was sitting alone, feeling so helpless, so humiliated, that I believe there were actually tears in my eyes. "You did not go out with Lady Amberside?" he said. He very seldom calls her *aunt*. Is it because he thinks her *so young?*

"You see me here," I replied, trying to speak carelessly.

"And you wished to go?"

"I! Oh, no!"

"I had thought——" here he paused. "Are you not happy, Beatrix?"

"Very happy, now."

He changed color, glanced at me quickly, then averted his eyes, and went on:

"I am glad that you did not go."

"So am I, now."

He looked at me again.

"You are very frank, Beatrix. I like that trait, and it is not what I had expected from your French education."

"Don't you like the French?"

"To speak as frankly as yourself, Beatrix, I do not."

(N. B.—My small demon, he must never know that *I* am a Frenchwoman.)

"You do—not—like—mamma?"

"I do not mean that. I find Lady Amberside very agreeable, but I would not wish to do as my uncle did."

"You mean you would not wish to marry mamma?"

"A man does not marry his uncle's widow, and I would not wish to marry *any* Frenchwoman."

(If Germont should betray me!)

"I am glad *I* am not a Frenchwoman," I said.

(What an advantage it gives one to be *supposed* to be no more than seventeen!)

He took my hand, he looked at me very kindly.

"My dear little cousin," he said, "do you really like me?"

"Don't you *know* that I do?"

How his eyes softened! He bent toward me, then drew back suddenly; a look of mingled pain and aversion clouded his face, and he released my hand.

(Will he never forget my resemblance to the Amber Witch?)

"I had something that I wished to say to you, Beatrix. You have met Madame D'Arbrai?"

"That red-headed woman? Yes."

He smiled.

"Do you like her?"

I could honestly answer "No," to this question.

(Tell me, my scarlet familiar, does one handsome woman ever really like another handsome woman? You know she does not.)

"I am glad to find that you have not been attracted by her, for you are just at the age when an impressionable girl often makes an idol of an older woman."

(If he only knew that she cannot be many years older than I am!)

"Don't you like her?" I asked.

"I neither like nor dislike her; but I fancy she belongs to the present generation of *fast* women, and I would not like to see a little lily like yourself become a poppy from the force of fascinating example."

"I will do as you wish, monsieur."

"Why do you call me monsieur, Beatrix?"

"I thought that I must."

"We are cousins, you know, and even if I am so much older, I still should be Laurence to you."

"Laurence!" I said, and looked up at him; and, Frenchwoman and "Amber Witch," as I am, I was for that one moment but a grateful, dependent woman, regarding her protector—and such a strong, tender, beautiful protector! As he stood before me I caught the hand nearest to me in both of mine and kissed it. He sat down by me, and taking me in his arms, pressed me gently to his breast.

"You seem like my own little sister," he said to me.

As if moved by an irresistible impulse, I put both my arms around his neck.

"And you will be a brother to me always?" I said.

He looked into my eyes, and I was satisfied. I am sure that, from this time, he will be more than a brother to me.

(If I can only keep my secret!)

When Clemence returned from her drive, I saw by the subdued excitement of her manner that something had happened.

"Was your drive a pleasant one?" I asked.

"It was by no means as tame as I had expected. I went out to shear a sheep, and he turned into a tiger."

I felt myself growing pale.

"You mean Philippe?" I said, faintly. "He hasn't——"

"Shown *me* his claws? Oh, no; but I fancy that his sister sees them, once in a while. And I think I have discovered something else, also."

"Not that Germont suspects——"

"What *could* he suspect? I don't suppose he had ever heard of Monsieur Shirley's relations; and if you continue to act the *ingénue*——"

"You will be the *first* to forget yourself. Now, tell me your wonderful discovery."

"I am sure that Madame d'Arbrai has a secret of some kind."

"She isn't the only one who has."

"Very true; but let me go on. The chevalier questioned me as to the length of our stay in Naples, and our future destination. I thought there would be no use in telling him anything but the truth, so I replied that Florence was to be our stopping-place, while in Italy, and that we were going directly there from Naples.

"While I was speaking, I happened to look at madame. Her face was like a piece of marble, and, although her eyes were fixed upon my face, she did not seem to be looking at me, but at some dreadful object a long wa...

"'My sister and I shall be in Florence at the same time with yourselves,' said the chevalier.

"'Not in *Florence*, Philippe!' said madame, catching her breath like a bather when a great wave of the sea rolls over his head.

"'In Florence, my sister.'

"Can't you hear him say it?

"'I will not go, Philippe!'

"This was said with fixed eyes, like a woman who speaks when in a trance.

"'You will stay here without *me?*'

"Here the claws began to show a little.

"'No, Philippe; I will go back to France, or anywhere, only—*not to Florence!*'

"The chevalier seemed to look at her in astonishment, and I think he *was* surprised.

"'This is more than a whim,' he said.

"'I had a dream—a *dreadful* dream—about being there. I—I cannot go. It would kill me!'

"Her brother looked at her fixedly.

"'No one was ever killed by a dream,' he said. 'It is *realities* that are deadly.'

"'Dreams come true, sometimes. I am superstitious—I am *very* superstitious, you know, Philippe.' And she smiled; but that dreadful pallor was still on her face, and a horror in her eyes. I actually pitied the woman.

"'You are fanciful, Rose Marie, and you quite frighten miladi with your dreams. Do you believe in such things, miladi?'

"He was studying my face, to find out what I thought of his sister's agitation.

"'Not at all,' I replied.

"'Fortunate woman! Without weaknesses, one of your sex becomes all-powerful.'

"'But lose our charm for your sex.'

"'Not when strength takes your shape, miladi.'

"To tell the truth, petite, I should like to chain that tiger; and while he is roaming around loose, you may well fear him."

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

We took Miladi Amberside to drive this afternoon, and in the course of conversation Florence—dear, hated name!—was mentioned, and Philippe said that he and I would be there some time during the English family's stay. In a paroxysm of grief and horror, I said something—I have lost all control of myself in this familiar atmosphere—and, I fear, roused Philippe's suspicions, for he came to me after our return, and told me that he is very anxious to visit Florence, and wishes that I would overcome any private prejudice that may lead me to dislike to accompany him. While he was speaking, he searched my face with his "judicial eyes," as D'Estaing calls them, until I felt as if all my thoughts lay bare before him. I was so glad to have my embroidery, with which to busy my shrinking eyes and trembling hands.

"Why do you wish to go so much?" I asked.

"And why do you wish to stay so much?" said he.

"I have given you my reason."

"'The baseless fabric of a vision!' Give me something more solid on which to build my belief in the good sense of your refusal to accompany me."

"I will go with you, Philippe."

"Notwithstanding that dream?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, my sister," he said, kissing my forehead. "And you will not go as a martyr?"

"If a martyr, a triumphant one."

"Speak, Philippe."

"Make yourself charming to this Englishman."

"Which Englishman, Philippe? I have met so many."

"Bah! You know well enough whom I mean—the American."

"There are two of them."

"Rose-Marie, you are trying my patience. Of course I mean Monsieur Shirley, the *rich* one."

"I am courteous, Philippe."

"Be more than courteous. You know how to win men."

"But suppose this one should be already won? The blonde cousin is charming."

"I only saw her braids of hair; *they* were beautiful. I had thought but *one woman* could have such hair."

"Her face is even more beautiful than her hair; and when I was calling in miladi's apartments the other day, I thought I saw in Monsieur Shirley's eyes, when he looked at her, that she is very dear to him."

"You are positively sentimental, Rose-Marie! But how do you know that she cares for him?"

"I fancy she could not help it."

"Bah! Girls of that age have no hearts—only stomachs. I will wager that I could win all the affections she has with a pound of bonbons; and if you have any scruples on that score, I will promise to do it."

"Philippe, I will go to Florence, since you wish it, but I will not try to win this man's affections from the English daisy to a withered weed like myself."

"You may not succeed, fascinating as you can be, my sister. I ask only a degree of that charm that you exercised over the young Prince di Rospigliosi."

I went down under this cruel blow. I haven't even heard him *named* before, all these years. Can Philippe have known, all this time? When I came to myself, I could only gasp:

"I was his wife!"

"Then Josephine has no right to her father's name."

In my agony, I had forgotten that I have a daughter. I could say nothing now. I could not rob my child of her father's name. Innocent, I must appear guilty in either aspect of my past!

"You will do as I wish you to?"

I bowed my head, and he left me.

Oh, my God! who alone canst see the whiteness of my soul, would that I lay dead before Thee!

CHAPTER VII.

THE BRACELET WITH THE PANSY CLASP.

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

We are in Florence, now, and have taken rooms in a palace! And a palace that belongs to the descendants of one of the noblest families in Italy—the Palazzo Rospigliosi.

But what a bare reality, after one's ideal of an Italian palace! To be sure, the rooms are immense, and so very lofty that I cannot make out the ornaments of the ceiling; but they are very gloomy, very destitute of furniture; and one ascends to the windows by flights of steps, which, when the massive stone walls of the exterior are taken into consideration, savors strongly of a residence in a prison. The damp mosaic floors have no carpets upon them, and there are no fireplaces, the Florentines never making use of them. But we have a stove, and a square of gorgeous tapestry before it, which is the nearest approach we can make to English comfort.

The palace is built around a court that is paved with

of flowers. It seems that the Florentines carefully exclude vegetation from the region of their dwelling, by reason of the dampness arising from it. The palace is apparently unen ting. There are two families besides ours residing in it, and any number of occupants of single apartments, among whom are Mr. Carrington, O'Neil and D'Estaing, who tells me that the chevalier has engaged a suite of rooms for his sister and himself on the same floor with ourselves. I wonder what "my cousin" will say?—or, as I may call him now, Laurence.

Laurence! What a fathomless abyss that one word has bridged over! It is no longer the penniless French adventuress, with a doubtful past and still more doubtful future, but the young English gentlewoman, secure in a long line of stiff, precise ancestors; in heirlooms of much valuable but ill-set jewelry; in the bearing of an old name, hard to pronounce, but, oh! so *respectable!* Why have we no similar word in the French language? It means so much—one is so safe—bucklered behind it. Ha, ha, ha!

As I write this dull but magic word between your two red covers, my little book, to whose pages I confide my most secret thoughts, I fancy how, if you were really the small familiar demon the witches of old were favored with, your scarlet legs would caper, and your fanged mouth stretch from ear to ear in a never-ending laugh, when you should see the word *respectable* coupled with the name of Florestine d'Estampes!

The grand staircase of our palace is common to all its residents, and I have often met them, either going up or coming down. As I was thus in constant danger of meeting the chevalier, I have taken the precaution to wear a thick vail when I have not on my large hat, and coming in from the court-yard this morning, where I had been taking what Laurence calls "a constitutional," I saw him going up the staircase, some distance ahead of me, and was surprised to see him stop suddenly and call out "Beatrix!" for he had his back to me as he spoke, and had evidently not seen me.

I could hear the click of his heels on the marble floor of the corridor leading from the landing on which he had paused, and I then saw him hurry down that corridor as if in pursuit of some one. I felt as one does in a dream. Here was I, and yet my "cousin" was following me down the corridor above me. I ran up the stairs, but I could see nothing, either of him or my suppositious self.

I stood motionless, conscious of a vague fear, a possibility of danger shaping itself dimly in the unknown future, when I heard footsteps coming up the stairs behind me. A man passed me, and turning to look at me as he passed, I recognized Germont. "You have lost a bracelet, mademoiselle," he said, proffering me a slender gold band enameled in blue, and clasped by a pansy of dark sapphire and topaz. I was about to disclaim the ownership, when I saw engraved on the inner side of the clasp these two words—"Beatrix Amberside." I stood looking at it, unable to say a word, for I coupled this bracelet and the phantom of myself whom Laurence was then pursuing.

"You are Miss Amberside, are you not?" asked Germont.

I shuddered, and looked around me. Suppose the true Beatrix Amberside should appear, if I claimed her property!

The chevalier shrugged his shoulders; he evidently thought me a tongue-tied schoolgirl, and at this moment, to my great relief, Laurence appeared.

"Naughty girl!" said he. "Why did you run away from me just now? I beg your pardon; I had not seen you, Monsieur Germont."

This was said with the haughtiest of bows, and in a by no means cordial tone.

"It must have been then that mademoiselle dropped her bracelet," said Germont, glancing quickly from Laurence to me. "I am happy to have been the means of restoring it to her. Monsieur Shirley, you must bring your cousin to call on my sister; we have apartments on the same floor with you."

Laurence's "I shall be happy to do so" seemed to stick in his throat, but was brought out, nevertheless, and then the chevalier bowed and went up the staircase; while Laurence, taking me familiarly by the arm, asked me why I had tried to tease him by running away from him.

"Because I—I thought you were that man."

"The chevalier!—has he ever dared to annoy you?"

(I tell you, in your ear, my small red demon! that I would have said *Yes*, had I thought that Laurence would have *annihilated* him. Such things *have* been done, in the annals of *old* Italy, but the present age is degenerate.)

"Oh, no; but I am afraid of him—he is so white! and his eyes glitter so!"

"You poor little darling!"—his breath was warm on my cheek—"he *is* peculiar-looking, but I fancy has no more harm in him than any other Frenchman. But you are too young to be wandering about this barrack of a place alone. You must make me your escort, when you wish to ramble about the courtyard, and, remember, you must *never* go into the street unattended."

I could see that he was in a mood that I might have changed to tenderness, but I was still too much alarmed and bewildered to take advantage of it; I was only in a hurry to get to Clemence, that I might show her this bracelet that was so strange to me, and yet had my assumed name engraved upon it.

Clemence stared at the slender blue band, with its innocent pansy clasp, as if it had been a snake.

"*Beatrix Amberside!*" she repeated. "And you say that Monsieur Shirley thought he saw *you* on the corridor of the fourth story? Florestine, she must be in the house with us!"

Danger, like death, puts those who share it on an equal footing. I no longer resented Clemence's assumption of equality, by her use of my baptismal name. I only clung to her, hoping to find her better prepared than myself to meet this threatening danger. Clemence stood, with frowning brow and compressed lips, evidently turning over all the possibilities in her mind.

"Could she and her aunt have been saved, and have followed Monsieur Shirley to Italy? But, if they have done so, and are here in this house, why should they shun making themselves known to him?—especially as they find him here with two ladies who are known as his aunt and cousin. They would, at once, and naturally, expose the impostors, and claim their kinsman's protection. By not hastening to proclaim their identity, they lose all chance of establishing it later. People will say that the impostors must be those who stood in the background and let their claim lie dormant, instead of bringing it into the light of day."

"Clemence, you speak like a lawyer, and I will wear this bracelet, since the date engraved under the name on the clasp, with the initials and private mark of the jewelers from whom it was purchased—which, you see, are on the inside of the band—will prove that it must have been in my possession before I came to France."

"I think I will call on Madame d'Arbrai," said Clemence. "The chevalier may have seen that mysterious person who so much resembles the Amber Witch, and that may be his reason for taking rooms in this palace. He is

such an enigmatical personage, that I never could hope to find out anything from him; but his sister impresses me as singularly artless, for one who has seen so much of the world."

"You must remember that the perfection of art is to appear artless."

"How oddly that bit of worldly wisdom sounds coming from a young person with long braids of hair, and a peach-and-cream complexion! I wonder what your 'cousin' would say if he heard it."

"I assure you that everything I say to *him* is flavored with 'pig-tails' and bread-and-butter. I wonder he doesn't tire of it."

"He does *not* tire of it, then, it seems?"

"Do go, Clemence, and find out all you can. I shall get to looking as old as the Pyramids if I have to endure this suspense much longer."

"Heaven forbid!—with the chevalier's keen eyes, and your haunting 'double' to perplex us! Let me make you a tisane, and then lie down for a while."

"'Not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,' will give me rest until I know what I have to fear. Give me a palpable danger, and I will face it—but these shadowy terrors—— Clemence, you *must* find out something!"

"I will do my best. If I could only discover Madame d'Arbrai's secret, it might give us a hold on her brother."

As she finished speaking, some one knocked at the door. Clemence went to open it, and as she did so, I heard her say:

"Ah, Monsieur the Chevalier!"

If this was intended as a warning for me, I was no more able to take advantage of it than is a creature which is being charmed by a snake, to escape. I sat there, slowly freezing from head to foot, as he approached me; but pretending to be absorbed in clasping my bracelet. I looked up, and he was standing before me, his keen, obliquely-set blue eyes bent upon me with the old magnetic gaze. A little pulse of color beat in his cheek for a moment, and then his face resumed its usual immobility. Intimately as I have known him for these several years, I could not tell, at that instant, if he recognized me.

"Beatrix is so much obliged to you for finding her bracelet," said Clemence. She had grown very pale, and her voice trembled slightly, as she spoke. She was conscious of this, for she added: "Its loss could never have been supplied. It was her father's last gift."

"The design is a peculiar one," replied Germont; and I fancied that there was a shade of sarcasm in his voice, as if he might mean the plot arranged by Clemence and myself.

"Have you ever been in Italy before, mademoiselle?"

"My daughter has but just left school," said Clemence.

"Are you fond of pictures, mademoiselle?" he went on, still addressing me.

All at once there came to me the recollection that he had never heard me speak!—or, rather, that he had never heard "Miss Beatrix Amberside" speak. I hoped that Clemence would still answer for me, but she did not; and I was obliged to reply, which I did as briefly as I could, in the monosyllable, "No."

"But you must have seen some since you have been in Italy?"

"No, sir," speaking in English, and biting at one of my braids which I had drawn over my shoulder, as if overwhelmed by bashfulness.

Germont turned to Clemence.

"I have a request to make of you, miladi. My sister She is not feeling well—being, in fact, excessively nervous, and the sight of a familiar face would be better than medicine. Will you do her the favor to call, and bring mademoiselle with you? My sister loves the lilies."

"My daughter is something of a tiger-lily, chevalier; but I am sure she and I will both be happy to oblige Madame d'Arbrai."

"Could you make it convenient to come with me, now? I am expecting my sister every moment, and I dread the impression that these vast, bare-looking apartments may make upon her nerves. Two or three pretty, cheerful faces furnish a room so much better than so many chairs or tables."

Clemence rose to accompany the chevalier, making me a sign to follow.

I thought their suite of apartments presented a much more habitable appearance than our own. There was a stove with an open grate, in which a cheerful fire was burning; the windows were curtained with a warm-hued tapestry, and a couple of magnificent Sèvres vases were filled with fresh flowers.

"My sister is very fond of flowers," said Germont, bending over one of the vases, and taking a lily from its centre. "So I have placed these here to give her a silent welcome. Mademoiselle, allow me to restore your sister to you."

As he laid the lily in my reluctant hand the door opened, and madame came in—not walking with her customary grace and ease, but staggering rather, with her bright color changed to an ashy pallor, her eyes staring, her hands extended before her, the fingers working convulsively.

This apparition so alarmed me that I was unable to move; but her brother went to her, took her in his arms, and said:

"Rose-Marie—my sister, what ails you? Are you ill?"

"Oh, Philippe! how could you? This air poisons me!"

"It is the flowers. Mademoiselle, if you would do me the favor to set the vases without the door?"

It took both Clemence and myself to do this, they were so heavy. When we returned, madame was sitting on a sofa, still deadly pale, but composed—with her hair, which was loosened and falling over her shoulders, drenched with cologne.

I did not suppose all that mass was her own!

"You are pale, mademoiselle!" said Germont. "My sister regrets the alarm this nervous attack has caused you. She is recovered now, as you see."

Madame inclined her head, but did not raise her eyes, from which a tear rolled now and then down her white cheeks, apparently unheeded.

"I will get you some wine, Rose-Marie, if these ladies will be so kind as to stay with you while I go for it."

He left the room, and Clemence went and sat on the sofa by madame, and tried to draw her head down on her shoulder. Madame repulsed her almost rudely, and rising, began to walk up and down the room, saying that she found it impossible to sit still when suffering from such an attack.

Clemence got up and followed her.

"Do let me persuade you to lie down," she said, "and make some passes over your forehead. I am said to possess considerable mesmerism, and, in cases like yours——"

Madame looked at her wildly.

"The patient *speaks*, doesn't he? Miladi, I should frighten you."

Clemence gave me a look across her shoulder.

ravings of a delirious person. But the relief is unspeakably great. Let me try only a few passes."

"Not for the world," said madame, shrinking away from her.

"What is the matter now, Rose-Marie?" asked Germont, as he came in with a decanter and two or three glasses, set on a superb silver-gilt salver.

"Miladi wishes to mesmerize me. Don't let her do it, Philippe."

"Miladi is at liberty to mesmerize me instead," said her brother, giving Clemence a glance that sent even her well-ordered blood to her forehead.

"As you hoped that our presence would benefit your sister, I was resolved to do all I could to relieve her evident suffering in these Lady-Macbeth-like trances." Here Germont, practiced word-duelist as he is, showed a red streak across his marble forehead. "I am sorry that madame mistakes the kindness of my intention."

"If *she* mistakes it, miladi, *I* do not. Pray do not hurry away in this manner."

But Clemence, with a haughty adieu, took my arm and led me out into the corridor.

"Insolent!" she said, between her teeth. "That woman has a secret worth knowing, and I will never rest until I have made myself mistress of it."

"You had better apply your powers to the keeping of our own secret."

"Bah! he doesn't even suspect that we have one."

"You do not know him as well as I do."

"What! you do not think——"

"I will assure you of this; that man is so impenetrable that, well as I know him, I actually cannot tell at this moment if he suspects me or not."

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

I AM here in that accursed house, and wonder that I am alive to tell it. Philippe did not let me know where he had taken rooms, and all at once I found myself before these dreadful walls. How I got up the staircase I know not, nor how I found the rooms belonging to us. But when I went into them I was almost a maniac; and Philippe had brought those two Englishwomen there to meet me! Yes; he said that he thought I would control myself in the presence of strangers—as if a madwoman *could* control herself! As if a mother could be calm in the tomb of—— Oh! that I were there also!

I do not know how much Philippe knows, and he does not tell me. Had he known the whole dreadful truth, would he have had the heart to bring me here? He says nothing, but looks as impenetrable as ever, and watches me with those cold, relentless eyes, until I feel as if under the influence of a spell.

How well the dead keep secrets! "Silent as the tomb," they say, and the tomb could not be more silent than this dark old house as to the secret it contains. All these gay young people hear nothing, suspect nothing, while the very air is to me full of mysterious whispers, low cries, shuddering sobs and moans of despair. The English family call it nervousness, and miladi recommends mesmerism. Can one mesmerize an unfortunate wretch stretched on the torturing rack of memory?

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

I went to bed with madame's face and figure, as they appeared when she entered that room in that distracted manner, so vividly impressed upon my imagination, that my sleep was haunted by them. I thought that I stood at an open window, looking down upon the Corso at Naples, around which the famous Turkish horse and its rider were flying at lightning speed. They passed beneath our window, and then I saw that it was madame who rode, and was looking back over her shoulder, as if in expectation of pursuit. In an instant Germont appeared upon the scene on his black horse, and wearing the dress of *Mephistopheles* in the opera of "Faust."

Madame put spurs to her horse, and Germont followed, looking like a scarlet streak on the emerald turf. Madame rode furiously, but he came up with her just as she reached the goal, and raised his whip to strike her from her horse. But it was not madame who was there, but the victor of the races, who said:

"Do not touch her! she is mine!"

Again, we were on Vesuvius, and madame stood on the brink of the crater, from which arose a red column of flame. From this her brother emerged, dressed in the scarlet robes of a judge, and approached her with a menacing expression. She trembled, and he seized her by the hand and drew her toward the gulf, which was rolling in flame at her feet. She screamed, and I awoke—I awoke; but the cry still rang in my ears, and I heard a door open, and a rush of feet through the corridor, then low wails and stifled sobs, which grew fainter and fainter as the sound of the footsteps was lost in the distance.

I sat upright in bed, shuddering in an agony of fear. Another door opened, and another, and two or three persons seemed to be in the corridor, speaking in suppressed tones. I put on my slippers, wrapped myself in a *peignoir*, and noiselessly opened my door. I saw Laurence, with a pistol in one hand and a lamp in the other; and I saw Germont, looking as composed as if it were noon instead of midnight, the lamp that he held in his hand shedding its light on his dressing-gown of crimson silk, in which he looked preternaturally white, his delicate profile seeming to be cut from ivory.

"I think she went in that direction," said Laurence, pointing down the corridor.

It was madame, then!

"No; she went past my door," said I, presenting myself.

Laurence opened his eyes wide. Germont bowed, without appearing to glance at me.

"Let me go with you, Laurence," I said. "I'm afraid to be alone."

"And I'm afraid you will take cold; but if you insist——"

"I do insist," I said. And Germont led the way, while I followed, clinging to Laurence's arm, and shivering with terror and the damp of the corridors.

We had not gone far before we found madame, with a shawl draped around her and her feet bare, standing by the wall, over which she was passing her hands with the action of one searching for a door-handle.

"Good heavens! Rose-Marie!" said her brother.

"Did not you hear a child cry, Philippe?" she asked, without seeming surprised at all to see us.

"I did not. And if there were fifty children crying, why should you be here, and in this costume?"

"I care for nothing but the child! I *cannot* hear it cry!"

"There is certainly no child here; for, as you perceive, there are no rooms in this part of the corridor—nothing but blank walls."

"But it is somewhere! I heard it cry—didn't you?" turning to Laurence.

"Come, Rose-Marie," said her brother. "People will think you are mad!"

"There is no child in the house, that I know of," said Laurence.

"There is one in the German family," said I.

"This child called 'Madre mia!' A German child would not call for its mother in Italian."

"Monsieur Shirley, will you please precede us with the light? Now, Rose-Marie, I shall carry you to your room, for you must not again cross this damp floor with your bare feet. And you had better lock your door upon yourself at night, if you are often visited by such a nightmare."

Madame said nothing more, but allowed her brother to raise her in his arms.

I think we must have been an odd-looking procession, and I wish we could have been sketched, with the Rembrandt lights and shadows of the corridors, and our own Doré-esque grouping.

I slipped into my room when I reached it, and went to bed, laughing at the grotesque aspect of my retreating companions.

CHAPTER VIII.

GUIDO.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

I was certainly mad last night when I thought I heard my child cry, and rushed out into the corridor, where I was found by Philippe, Monsieur Shirley and the beautiful "cousin," who is even prettier *en déshabille* than in costume.

Philippe said that I screamed, but I did not know it. When he had carried me back to my room he told me, with that satirical air of his, that I must be tired of behaving like a woman of sense, and he hoped I would continue to make a fool of myself; it would be so very agreeable to be asked if his sister had been taken from a lunatic asylum.

"I may have to go there before long, Philippe, if you do not take me from this dreadful place."

"Can you give me any good reason for leaving this place?"

"Do you not know of any?" I stammered.

"None but your caprice—and I am not one to be governed by a woman's whims."

"No; you are iron."

"And velvet—as you told some one once. Be reasonable, and you shall feel only the velvet; but persist in moping melancholy, and these frantic outbursts, and, by heaven! you shall feel the iron!"

He seized my wrist as he spoke, and grasped it with such violence that he hurt me. I did not shrink, however, but looked him in the face, although the pain made me feel faint. He released me, and I rolled back the sleeve from my bruised arm.

"I have felt the iron. One day it may enter into your own soul, Philippe."

"Pardon me, Rose-Marie," said he, with his mephistophelian politeness; "it was the force of my feelings that discolored that lovely wrist. I will get a bracelet to cover it."

As I was going down the grand staircase to-day I met the English blonde, she who always moves with a languid and deliberate grace, that strikes me as singular in so young a person, flying up the stairs like a boy. As she passed me she half paused, looking at me very much as a young man looks at a woman who attracts his attention. I called her name, holding out my hand, English fashion. She blushed up to her beautiful hair, and her eyes—they are large and brown, like a seal's—flashed haughtily at me, as she replied, "You mistake me for some one else."

How could I mistake her? Her beauty is of so singular a character. But these Englishwomen are as variable in their moods as the sea that girdles their little island.

Philippe has given me the promised bracelet. I would have liked to fling it in his face, but refrained, from prudential considerations. How many women sit down to eat their hearts in silence, in obedience to a constraining necessity! I will not wear it, however, though it is very beautiful, but will bestow it upon some friend. Not upon my Josephine—she shall never feel the weight of her mother's shackles. My dear little nun, in the quiet garden at Amiens, pure as the lilies you walk among, may your mother be allowed to suffer both for herself and you! Philippe wishes me to go with him to-night to a ball at the French Ambassador's. He has procured cards for the English family. He tells me that he hopes to see me with my usual color and in my usual spirits.

Oh, how I dread to dance to-night! and the glare and the odors and the weary rattle of empty heads and silly tongues! I am pale, and Philippe will be angry, and look at me with wolf's eyes. I wish I dared to tell him that I will not go.

He came to me a little while since, and said:

"Ah! you are dressed, my sister. The arrangement of your hair is charming, and your dress is ravishing; but you are pale—very pale. This is not usual, and will be remarked. Where do you keep your *rouge?*"

"I have none—I never use it."

"Then you have a bit of scarlet ribbon. There! I dip it in a little water, and rub it gently over your cheek; the touch would not fray a rose-leaf, and now, there you have a rose in the place of your sickly lilies. And in this flask is a subtle elixir that will make your step light and your glance brilliant."

He poured out a glass of cognac as he spoke, and made me swallow the odious draught. Then putting my cloak over my shoulders, he led me down to the carriage with the air of a good brother.

We met the English family in the ballroom, but Miss Beatrix was not with them. Miladi, who was superb in amber with garnet-velvet reliefs, and with *black* hair—I fancy she suits her coiffures to her toilets—said that she did not choose that her daughter should lose her freshness by indulgence in any kind of "dissipation."

Monsieur Shirley did not ask me to dance, although Philippe more than hinted that he should do so. Philippe was angry; he came to me, and said:

"Why are you so stiff—like an Englishwoman? Unbend, and attract; no one knows better than yourself how to do so."

His terrible eye was upon me, and I *did* exert myself to be gay, but oh, with so sore a heart! I know that I must have succeeded, for I saw a dazzling creature reflected in the mirrors that lined the wall, and was quite surprised when I gradually recognized myself. It seemed so strange to see myself so sparkling and gay with such an aching heart in my bosom. I looked at the radiant creature in the mirror as she danced, and saw that she showed no trace of care, but danced more lightly and wore a more joyous smile than any in the merry throng.

Philippe approached me in an interval of the dance, and said:

"You are more than beautiful to-night, my sister! You are like one of the sibyls."

As he finished, some one behind me spoke. I thought that I had heard the voice before. It was singularly sweet, and thrilled me like a strain of music remembered

in my happier days. I looked around, and saw—oh, so beautiful a face! It was that of a young man, with rich chestnut hair, with golden lights in it, an oval face, wonderful eyes of a violet blackness, and a sweet and haughty mouth, the lips as crimson as his face was pale.

He was carelessly watching the dancers, with his profile to me; but, as I continued to look earnestly at him, he flushed a little, turned his head, and looked directly at me, as if moved by some secret sympathy. He was still looking at me, when a friend of mine passed him, and was stopped by his detaining hand. A few words were exchanged, and they both approached me, the baron introducing the stranger as one who desired the honor of my acquaintance. He bowed very gracefully, and, as the baron passed on, said:

"You wished to speak to me?"

I said something about not actually having formed the wish, but being very glad to gratify the desire that had been nascent in my mind.

"I am mistaken—it was *I* who wished to speak to *you*," he said.

"Ah, signor?"

"You do not remember me, do you? You have never seen me before this evening?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Neither have I any recollection of having ever seen you before to-night; but yet, as I looked at you, I felt sure that I had once known and loved you."

"You are very young, signor."

"No!"—he shook his head—"I am old, very old, for I have seen much sorrow."

"You have my warmest sympathy, signor."

"How kindly you say that! But you can never have known sorrow—you, who are so young and beautiful!"

"How old do you think me, signor?"

"Beauty has no age, madonna."

"That is true; I have seen beautiful old men, and lovely old women."

"They have kept the heart young. Will you honor me with your hand for this dance?"

"I had rather talk with you. There are so few with whom one can talk in a ballroom."

"But, madonna, I wish to dance with you. This galop is enchanting."

I saw miladi bearing down upon me, interrogation sparkling in those black eyes of hers, and assented. A few steps whirled us away from her into a maze of revolving couples. When we paused, we were at the other end of the hall, and I sank into a seat.

"Madonna," said my partner, bending over me, "will you keep a little place for me in your memory?"

"If you will tell me by what name to remember you. The baron mumbled your appellation."

"Call me Guido, madonna."

He bent his lips to my hand, and was gone.

Miladi now came up to me, with malice in her very black eyes.

"Madonna, do you know with whom you have been dancing?"

"Miladi, should I dance with any one of whom I know nothing?"

"But—a—such a person!—one whom I had supposed to be no better than the lazzaroni."

I saw the baron passing, and beckoned to him.

"My partner was introduced to me by Monsieur le Baron Thibault-Delassy. Baron, this lady is inclined to think that you introduced to me one of the lazzaroni, in the person of my late partner."

The baron twisted one side of his gray mustache.

"Madame is perhaps unfamiliar with the Italian language? She may imagine lazzaroni to mean his excellency, or most noble count."

"I believe lazzaroni means a low person," said miladi, with an indescribable air.

The baron twisted the other side of his mustache.

"Allow me to inform miladi that the term lazzaroni is applied to the fraternity of beggars, to which the possessor of an income of half a million can scarcely be said to belong."

"He was my daughter's guide in the ascent of Vesuvius."

"If miladi's daughter is a beautiful young lady, I would act as her guide myself, without injury to my reputation as a gentleman."

As miladi walked away, the baron said to me:

"I will confess to you, madame, that I know nothing whatever of the young man in question; but seeing him here, supposed him to be unexceptionable. You will pardon me if I have done wrongly?"

"I would not have pardoned you had you done otherwise, my dear baron."

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

CLEMENCE went to the French ambassador's ball last night. Fortunately, I was *too young* to go, not having made my *début*—for, if Germont should see me in a ball-dress——

Of course, such a sweet innocent as I could not be left alone! No; Fiamina, miladi's maid, was to stay with me. How I laughed—to myself, be it understood—when I saw Laurence slipping some scudi into her hand, as he informed her that she was not to lose sight of "the signorina" for a moment. Fiamina, who had already made her arrangements for meeting her Pedro that evening, promised, with many appeals to the saints to witness her truth, that she would never leave the signorina until she should see her fast asleep in "her little white bed, where she will look like a dove in the snow, your excellency," she added, with the usual Italian hyperbole, and looking as if she thought she saw something especial in his "excellency's" anxiety, and, perhaps, with an eye to more scudi. But no more scudi were forthcoming, and I thought that Laurence colored slightly as he glanced at the "dove," who was yawning a little, as if her thoughts already turned bedward.

As soon as he and Clemence were out of the house, I told Fiamina that she might go, for I intended to spend the evening with Madame Van Zandt.

(She and her daughter arrived this morning, and have taken rooms in the palace, on the same floor with ourselves.)

Fiamina vanished, after putting on her largest and brightest earrings; and I then proceeded to put into execution a project that I had entertained from the moment I had learned that I was to have one evening to myself—that was to search the *palazzo* from attic to cellar, until I had found that phantom of myself that was threatening me. I had not even decided what I should do if I found her. My only thought was to find her. My pretext for this search was an imaginary lost poodle, with a pink ribbon around his neck, and answering to the name of "Bobo."

In vain I sought this interesting animal among a medley of French, Germans, Italians and English. He was not to be found. I ascended from story to story, until I found myself in the airier heights of the palace, where artists and other people with but little money to spend on rents "most do congregate." Here I paused before a door, on which was painted a palette hanging from a nail, and

charged with colors. Above it, in simple black letters, was the name, "Fleta St. John."

My heart seemed to spring into my throat, and then stop beating for a moment. Had I found her at last?—the woman who looks like me! There were other artists on the floor, but none with a feminine appellation; and Fleta—of course Fleta is a woman's name! Any one can go into a studio without knocking—so I went in.

HER FIRST-BORN.

At first, I was startled. Here I was, five or six stories above the ground-floor—and if the lower rooms of an Italian palace are vast and gloomy and chill as a sepulchre, the upper rooms are bleak and barren beyond description. And yet, here was a quaint casement, half of which, swinging open, gave a view of a lovely garden, lying under the splendor of a full moon, at the foot of faint, far-off blue hills, and a vine, all burning with vivid scarlet bells, had crept in at the window, and climbing upward on the porch stone walls had wreathed the gothic arch, with its leaded, diamond-shaped panes, with fresh green; shining leaves and fiery stars. But, when I looked again, I saw that window, vine and moonlit garden were but the product of the painter's brush; and yet, the illusion was so perfect, that I longed to push the other half of the casement open, and fancied that I could smell the flowers from where I stood.

The room was partitioned off by a great screen, covered with a brocade of such glowing golden browns, that it seemed to warm as well as illuminate; and the gray walls were hidden to the height of the painted window with draperies of those strange-hued silks one sees in old Venetian paintings—dusky crimsons, dim dark-greens, and others which gleam like clear-shining sea-water, or are strangely lustrous with interchanging gold and emerald; pallid, moonlight blues, angry scarlets, with coppery reflections and deep orange tones shading almost to black. A suit of polished armor gleamed against the crimson

drapery, and, backed by the green gloom of another part of the hangings, stood a gilded tripod, supporting a slab of stained pink marble, on which was a great antique porcelain dish piled with grapes and oranges, and a tall silver vase, in which a single spike of lilies shone white and smelled of Summer.

Several great brown portfolios stood against the wall, half disgorging their contents; some paintings hung upon the walls and others leaned against it, turning their canvas backs to the spectators, while on an easel stood an unfinished picture, from which looked out, if I could credit my astonished eyes, the very fac-simile of my guide, and the victor in the Neapolitan races. I looked again—yes, the face was certainly his, although the figure belonging to it wore the dress of an ancient Greek; and, what was stranger still, dimly outlined near it were my own features, crowned with the peculiar glory and luxuriance of my amber-colored hair. I looked around me, bewildered. The paintings on the walls were evidently the work of a finished artist, while this was as evidently the work of a beginner—crude, faulty, and yet the resemblance to the persons represented was almost startling.

If Fleta St. John were Beatrix Amberside, how had she managed to procure all these fittings of her studio—so elaborate, so costly, and resembling more the careful collection of years—in the few weeks that had elapsed since the wreck of the *City of Paris?* This was plainly impossible; a girl no more than eighteen years of age, shipwrecked, penniless, it would be as much as she could do to get bread in a strange land. But what was the meaning of this conjunction of my face and that mysterious Italian one on the easel of an artist of whom I knew nothing?

I heard a light step, and there came from behind the screen an apparition that made me catch my breath for an instant, for it seemed to be a vision of Raffaello. There was his oval face, his beautiful, rather melancholy mouth, and large brown eyes, all set in a frame of short, waving brown hair, and surmounted by the peculiarly shaped cap shown in his portraits of himself. Even the dress, with its square-cut neck, and full shirt with its narrow band, outlining the beautiful throat, was copied; but a short, dark-blue skirt completed the costume, and, as the apparition held a mahl-stick in its hand, I felt justified in addressing it as "Miss St. John." It bowed, and I repeated my formula. Had she seen anything of a white poodle, etc.? She had not; and all the time I was speaking she was regarding me with that peculiar expression I have seen in artists' faces when studying a new subject.

"I am so glad that chance has led me to your studio," I said. "I had no idea anything so bright could exist in this dingy old palace."

"It *is* pleasant," she said, looking around her, and it puzzled me that this was not done with an air of proprietorship, but with a childlike pleasure, as in something to which she had not grown accustomed.

"You look so very young to be such an artist!" I went on.

"Nothing *can* be more deceitful than appearances, you know."

"But, you look like a mere girl!"

"You are at liberty to consider me very precocious, then."

"I certainly do. Is this one of your latest pictures?" turning to the one on the easel.

"Should you think so, when you compare it with those others?"

"No; and that puzzles me. It looks like the work of a beginner."

She laughed—a ringing laugh, but with an undertone that was almost impish.

"You are right," she said. "It was one of my first attempts at painting in oils."

"Is it an ideal picture?"

"The subject is taken from Bulwer's 'Last Days of Pompeii.' It is Glaucus the Athenian and the blind girl Nydia."

"Are the heads fancy sketches?"

"They are both drawn from models. I found the original of my Glaucus on the steps of the Piazza di Trinita."

The Piazza di Trinita! That is where the Roman models habitually assemble that they may be engaged by the artists. How did such a person chance to ride in the races? He must have been hired, like the English jockeys.

"And the girl's face?" I asked, carelessly.

"I copied it from a picture. And do you know, I have been thinking that it is something like yours!"

"Do you think so? But what did you copy it from?"

"A sketch made by another artist."

"Had he taken it from the original?"

"He said so."

This was nothing strange—hundreds of pictures of me have been taken. It is not singular that one of them should have found its way to Italy.

"You are English—are you not, Miss St. John?" I asked.

"Yes; and you are French?"

"No—I am English, also. My name is Beatrix Amberside."

What a strange look she gave me when I named myself! Her soft brown eyes grew black and seemed to flash fire at me.

"Beatrix? 'Tis a pretty name," she said.

"Will you call me Beatrix?" I asked.

"If I do, I shall have to be friends with you!" she said, suddenly, and then colored and bit her lip.

"And why shouldn't we be friends?" I asked. And I put out my hand to take hers.

She drew back, and looked at me out of those great brown eyes like a startled deer.

"Isn't it rather too soon to swear friendship?" she asked. "You know nothing of me."

"As much as you know of me. You will call me Beatrix, won't you?"

"Perhaps."

"And you will come to see me?"

"Perhaps. But I can't promise to be friends with you yet."

"And, as I don't fancy your name of Fleta, I shall call you Raffaello—and, for a diminutive, what do you think of Rafe?"

"Do as you please—it makes no difference to me."

CHAPTER IX.

From the Journal of Rafe the Waif.

SHALL I ever get that roaring out of my ears? Shall I ever stop seeing, as soon as I shut my eyes, those great, green, solid walls of water, with their crests of foam, which topple down upon me, as the walls of Jericho fell at the blast of the trumpets?

> "Oh, Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
> What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
> What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!"

and the utter forlornness of coming back to life and find-

Penniless, too! Had it not been for that blessed Miss St. John, whom mamma and I knew so well in Rome, I shudder to think what might have become of me, when I found that my cousin Laurence had left Paris. Naked I was, and she clothed me; hungry, and she gave me to eat; a stranger, and she took me in.

The blessed creature says that I more than repay her by furnishing her with a perpetual model; and as she fancies that I look like Raffaello, she has had me a wig made of short brown waving hair, a Raffaello-cap and tunic, and I am to sit for Raffaello with the Fornarina.

Fortunately, I can help her by sketching, and I have also disposed of some water-color drawings—thanks to her recommendation.

* * * * * * *

I am stunned! Let me sit down and recover a little. Here, in Florence, in the very palaçe in which Miss St. John has her studio, are my cousin, Laurence Shirley, and Lady and Miss Beatrix Amberside!

The B. C.—which stands for "blessed creature," and is easier to write and speak than Miss St. John—rushed up the stairs a little while since, to give me this astonishing piece of news, and then proceeded to burst into tears, and cried so that I thought she would actually weep herself away, leaving nothing but a pool of salt water on the floor of the studio.

As soon as I could get my breath, I asked her what ailed her. She stopped crying to stare at me.

"Why, of course you will leave me, now that I have just got to feeling that I cannot live without you! I was meaning to leave you everything when I shall die"—the B. C. has made a "pot of money"—"and to treat you as my daughter as long as I live——"

I jumped up here, and bestowed on her a squeeze that took away all her remaining breath.

"And whom do you mean to leave your money to now?" I asked.

"I suppose, to found a home for decayed artists," she answered, so dolorously that I burst out laughing.

"Don't leave it to any decayed artist—give it to a sound one. Do you suppose that I shall ever leave you, now that I know I am to have all your money? Never! I am determined to stay and share your last penny."

"But your cousin—his superior claims——"

"Bother his superior claims!" I returned. "Do you know, mamma meant me to marry him!—as I have no money of my own, and all hers was to go to her French relatives when she—when—she——" Here I broke down, and B. C. came and took me in her kind arms; I got my voice again in a minute, and went on. "Now, you b—b—b—B. C.! you are so awfully jolly, that I mean to be just like you, and never marry—never, with a big N, mind! And so, if you will promise never to get tired of me——" The remainder of my sentence was stifled by the B. C. squeezing the breath out of *my* body, in her turn.

"But I am so sorry for your cousin!" she said. She is always sorry for some one. Her compassion is as great as her heart, and her heart is as big and warm as Vesuvius. "Of course, this *creature* is an adventuress!"

"But, if she is agreeable and pretty—did you say she was pretty?"

"My dear, she is you, all over again."

"Oh, that accounts! I know that mamma sent him my picture."

"I wonder how this girl has managed to do it all?"

"She probably saw the account of the shipwreck in the papers—Laurence and she may have had a mutual friend——"

"Very likely. And she looks as young and innocent as you do! I don't believe that she arranged it, but that staring-eyed, bold-faced Lady——"

I put my hand over her mouth.

"Don't!—I can't bear it! Any one may take *my* name, and welcome; but—but——"

The B. C. is as good a comforter as if she were made of several breadths of silk, with eiderdown quilted between.

* * * * * * *

How startled I was, when my cousin Laurence called after me to-day, "Beatrix!" I contrived to escape him, but, in my flight, I dropped my bracelet—the one mamma had made for me. I have almost cried my eyes out over its loss.

* * * * * * *

Brass is certainly at a premium! My *other self* has presented herself in the B. C.'s studio, with my bracelet on her arm! And she certainly has beautiful arms—much fuller and older-looking arms than mine, and she looks older all over, although her hair is in *tails*. Her eyes are yellow, not brown, like mine, but our hair is exactly the same—shade, texture, even the little rings around the forehead. I've half a mind to pull mine out!

She came to look for a poodle! She *didn't!* She has found Beatrix Amberside's name on the inside of that bracelet, and she came to look her up. Fortunately, I had time to *rush* myself into my Raffaello costume, and come out upon her with all imaginable self-possession.

She wants to be my friend, and tried to take my hand. I would as soon touch a snake! And she remarked the picture on my easel. I am sure, by the way she looked, that she has seen *him*, somewhere.

Does it do any one any good to rake up "the ashes of old fires," I wonder? And are these ashes altogether *cold*, even now? Can it be two years ago that I went to the Piazza di Trinita for a model? Constance Beltravers had written, and I was to illustrate, a wonderfully stupid poem, for a "charity," and I wanted "an indolent, dreamy-eyed odalisque," for which I knew a plump Italian girl would answer nicely, and I wasn't going to bother my brains, when I could get a good subject to copy for tenpence an hour.

As I was looking at the various groups of models, a young man rose to his feet, and stretching out his arms, indulged in a prolonged yawn. In this unconstrained attitude, his figure was admirable; but when he took off his hat, and pushed back his hair, his face caught my attention—it was so very beautiful, and presented the strange contrast of a clear dark skin and hair of a bright golden chestnut, or almost a copper color. I went directly to him, and told him I wished him to sit to me the next day, at such an hour. He hesitated, and, I thought, looked surprised—perhaps he had not been in the habit of sitting to lady artists. At last he agreed to come.

He came. Mamma had been recalled to France, and had left me in the charge of Miss St. John, who is artist to the backbone, and regarded my model simply as "a model"—a splendid collection of well-accented muscles, fine flesh-tones, proportions that no attitude could put "out of drawing," and no "foreshortening" could altogether deform. So I had my own willful way, and he sat to me, day after day, until I became altogether fascinated with this nameless vagrant.

The hours passed like minutes while studying the perfect outline of his head, the rich waves, the velvet glooms and golden lights of his hair; his faultless features, and the exquisite shape and coloring of his eyes. I bade him come the next day, and the next, and I transformed his graceful form to poses in every varied attitude

that would best display its perfection. But one day Constance Beltravers said to me:

"People say that Lady Amberside should be sent for."

"Mamma! Why?"

"That's just what *I* said—she's only painting a picture—she isn't falling in love."

It takes a fool to say something that shall make you feel from head to foot like a pin-cushion stuck full of pins, and every pin red-hot.

My model came the next day at the usual hour. I told him that I should no longer require his services, and asked him what I owed him.

"A kiss of the signorina's white hand will repay me," was his reply.

Again I felt that intolerable burning, stinging sensation. Did he, too, think that I loved him—that he should dare ——

I don't recollect what I said, but I know that his eyes turned on me with a look I shall never forget, as he went out at the door. They say a shot deer has such a look.

When he had gone, I burst into tears; and yet I was enraged with myself for my folly.

The next day was a wretched void. My sketches of my model were my only consolation. I grouped them around me, and studied them carefully. The regal head, and rounded throat; the low, broad brow—there, certainly, was thought; the finely-cut nostrils; the proud, sensitive mouth; the large, brilliant eyes, with that indescribable droop at the corners that gives such pathos to the glance—there I found soul!

I said to myself, what right had I to assume myself to be his superior? If the nobles of Venice beg on the steps of her palaces, why may not a descendant of one of the ancient princes of Rome be reduced to making his good looks marketable as a model? Beauty must eat, or die!

Mamma came back to Rome at this time, and I begged her to take me to England for a while. I wished to put the sea between me and my recollections.

CHAPTER X.

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

We have adopted the custom of many of the foreign residents of Florence, and engage the *trattori*, or perambulating cooks, to bring us our meals ready served—a most pleasant and economical custom, the cooking being incomparably better, and a cook and kitchen appointments being thus altogether dispensed with. I have made it my business to arrange the breakfast-table—that is, to put on the plates, knives and forks and napkins, and to fill the epergne with fresh flowers, which Laurence has ordered to be supplied to me every morning. And he has, somehow, gotten into the habit of being around when I do it, ostensibly for the purpose of bringing water from the fountain, as he says he dislikes to have me cross the court alone. But I go with him to the fountain, and we linger by its margin, while I play with the water, and he looks at me. I think he has forgotten all about the Amber Witch, or, perhaps, he is taking me as an opiate to his conscience, and deliberately drinks in my beauty to put to sleep the recollection of that other loveliness of which he supposes himself to have been the destruction.

When Clemence came in this morning, while I was setting the table, I saw that she had something to tell me. But when she saw Laurence she instantly assumed her maternal air, and coming to me, kissed my forehead—an arrangement we have made, for I hate lip-kissing from a woman.

"Did you enjoy the ball, miladi?" Laurence asked.

He has adopted the foreign fashion of calling her "miladi," and I judge from that that he does not like to call her aunt.

"Immensely." (Clemence occasionally likes to air a word or phrase that shall be superlatively English.) "I met an old acquaintance there."

"Indeed! I was not aware of that fact," said Laurence.

I caught my breath. An old acquaintance! That might mean discovery. But, no! even that impending, Clemence would have kept her "old acquaintance" to herself.

"Didn't you see Beatrix's Vesuvian guide there? A friend of madame's. The Baron Thibault-Delassy"—(I wish Clemence wouldn't *mouth* titles so, she betrays her unfamiliarity with them)—"knows him, and asserts him to be the possessor of an income of half a million."

"These Italian fortunes are extremely problematical," said Laurence, and as he spoke the cook's apprentice came in with our breakfast, a neat paper cap on his head and a snowy apron guarding his jacket and breeches from soil.

"What is his name?" I asked. At this instant, remarking that three exquisitely arranged bouquets lay in tempting order among the carefully-covered dishes on the tray, I raised my eyes to make some acknowledgment of this attention—albeit expecting their ultimate appearance among the items of the bill—when, instead of the broad olive visage and thick lips of our usual purveyor, my glance rested on the pale, oval face and finely-cut features of the very person of whom we had been speaking. I uttered an exclamation, so did Clemence. Laurence said, "What is it?" but before we could either of us open our lips he had disappeared.

"A cook!" said Clemence. "Good heavens, *a cook!*"

"What! when?" said Laurence.

"It was he who just brought us our breakfast, and it was he who was at the ball last night, and was the guide up Vesuvius—the rider at the races!"

"And look at these!" I said, taking up the bouquets, which were tied with ribbons of different colors, fringed with silver. A name in the Italian language was embroidered on each ribbon, where it passed around the stems of the flowers. The one marked "Beatrice" was tied with a blue ribbon, and from this hung a ring that flashed white and blue, with the changing light of its sapphires and diamonds.

"Don't put them on, Beatrix," said Laurence, as I was about to slip it over my finger.

"Why not?" I asked; while Clemence, standing behind him, telegraphed across his shoulder, "Jealous!" "It is so pretty!"

"Although I think this fellow is only masquerading when he appears as a cook, still, I would not wish to wear a stranger's ring. Give it to me, and I will get you one exactly like it. But first let me see if it fits your finger?"

He took the ring and my hand in both his. Clemence grimaced at me across his shoulder, and then rustled out of the room. She had been gone but a moment when some one knocked on the door, that stood partly open. Laurence dropped my hand and called out "Come in!" and Germont entered. He must have seen us before he knocked.

Laurence looked—as he always looks when he sees Germont—inexpressibly haughty. I played with my ring, and, even with my eyes upon it, caught Germont's quick, interrogative glance at it and me.

"I beg a thousand pardons, but I have called to inquire if mademoiselle has found her poodle, the little Bobo, with the pink ribbon around its neck?"

Laurence turned to me inquiringly. I was so taken by surprise that I could say nothing.

"You have no poodle, Beatrix?" he asked.

"No."

"Then it could not have been mademoiselle who came to my friend Bianchi's door last evening to——"

Laurence's eyes flashed as he said, starting up:

"My cousin! Miss Amberside! Do you suppose that she——".

"You were absent last evening, Monsieur Shirley, and if the dog were lost, mademoiselle must seek it herself."

"But I have no poodle."

"Then it must have been the other young lady! Perhaps you do not know, Monsieur Shirley, that there is some one in the house who strongly resembles mademoiselle? My sister met her, and spoke to her as Mees Beatrix, which seemed to surprise her greatly."

I felt myself grow white. This ghost of myself, that I had thought to be "laid," was about to rise again.

"Ah!" said Laurence—he was undoubtedly thinking of the Beatrix whom he had pursued, and who had vanished so mysteriously. The tears came into my eyes. I felt so helpless with Germont for my opponent, and this vague fear taking shape again!

"It isn't my fault if some one else looks like me," I said, petulantly, and I moved so close to Laurence that my head almost touched his shoulder, as he stood beside me. He looked down at me, and saw the tears in my eyes.

"Why, Beatrix, of course it isn't your fault!" he said. "Only I had not supposed that there *could* be another as pretty as you are, my darling."

He threw his arm protectingly around me as he spoke, and I looked across his shielding breast at Germont, whose face was even whiter than usual, while his eyes looked almost black, so charged were they with the anger of defeat. His look was almost one of hatred, and it sent a bolt of ice into my trembling consciousness. Did he suspect—or did he *know?*

"I am sorry to have so greatly *alarmed* mademoiselle," he said, significantly, as he bowed and left the room.

I was trembling now from a complication of emotions.

"Beatrix, I do believe you are *afraid* of that man," said Laurence, looking down into my white face. "You need fear no one while under my protection, you little white lily!" And here he took me in both his arms, and, stooping, kissed me repeatedly on my hair, my forehead and my eyes.

Good heavens! how many such caresses I have felt! I had thought that my heart was dead—that it had burnt itself out; but I felt it throb again, something as it used to do in the old, old times; and when he released me, I know that my face was burning.

* * * * * * *

Clemence is mad! She wants me to take Germont into my confidence—offer to "share the spoils with him," in fact, if he will *permit* me to marry Monsieur Shirley! I wish she hadn't used such a coarse, brigandish expression. Am I doing any more than others—perfectly correct women, old and young—are doing every day? that is, providing a comfortable future for themselves by winning a husband. But she does not know that Germont has loved me himself, after his cold, mephistophelian fashion; and I am sure that he will never forgive me the deceit I practiced upon him when I left Paris. No—I must fight him, and with my own weapons. If I win Monsieur Shirley, I am safe; if not, there is this impressionable Italian, with the supposed income of half a million. The story of my past would have no terrors for him. Italians do not mind such peccadilloes.

Ah! my dearest little familiar, in whose discreet ear I am whispering all these confidences, if you were only really the little red demon I please myself by fancying you to be, I would send you to perch on Germont's pillow to-night, that you might leave a blue line around that white, snake-like throat of his in the morning.

CHAPTER XI.

METAMORPHOSES.

From the Journal of Rafe the Waif.

THIS morning I was sitting to the B. C. as Beatrice Cenci, with my head done up in the turban-like wrappings that distinguish the portrait of that unfortunate girl, when there came a tap on the door of the studio. I opened it, and there stood a stranger, old—old, I thought him at first, by reason of his snow-white hair; but a second glance decided me that the smooth, ivory skin, the vividly scarlet lips and piercingly brilliant blue eyes could only belong to a man on the right side of forty. Never have I seen such keen blue eyes! They actually seemed to pounce on the long lock of hair falling (to be true to the conventionalities of the picture) from under the many folds of my headdress. Then they as rapidly scanned my face, until I felt as if he had taken a mental photograph of every feature.

The process was excessively disagreeable to me, and I suppose I showed this in my face, for he instantly averted his eyes, and bowing deeply, said:

"I do not intrude, do I? Is not this a studio?"

Before I could reply, the B. C. came forward, looking decidedly aggressive. She is but a scrap of a woman, but, on occasion, she will bristle all over, something like an enraged hen; and she now looked as if she considered the new-comer an intruder, and had a desire to peck him.

"Do you paint portraits, madame?" asked Mephistopheles—for so I named him on the spot.

"I *have* painted portraits," said the B. C., in a certain rough little way she assumes when, as I express it, she smells thunder in the air.

"I have a sister who is a very beautiful woman. I fancy, mademoiselle"—here he turned to me—"that you have seen her?"

"Oh, yes," I said, eagerly—"the lady with the Titian hair?"

"The same, Beatrice la bella!" he replied, with a smile. His teeth are miracles of form and whiteness, but they look as if they could bite! And they looked it still more as his eyes rested on my face, over which I felt a wave of red to be rushing. I was startled because he had called me *Beatrice*—forgetting the character I represented. Of course, he thought I was blushing at the compliment!

"And you wish me to paint this sister of yours, Mr.—Mr.——?" said that artful B. C. She always wishes to know a person's name, and all about him, before she takes an order for a picture.

"The Chevalier Germont," he said, producing a card. "I am known to Monsieur Shirley, and miladi and Mees Beatrix Amberside"—looking at me again. (One would suppose the man suspected something!) "Do you know them?"

"I do not; I am only a workingwoman."

"Pardon me, but art raises one to the level of princes."

"I am an American, and *we* don't believe in princes," was the ungracious response.

"And this young lady—your daughter?" (interrogatively; a non-committal grunt from the B. C.). "She strongly resembles the best types of *English* beauty. Indeed, she strongly resembles Mees Beatrix Amberside."

"It isn't she who will paint your sister's picture, however."

"Very true. I beg your pardon; I fear that I am interrupting your working hours. When may I bring my sister to your studio?"

"When you please. I will make arrangements for the hours for sitting when I shall have seen her."

Mephistopheles bowed himself out now, evidently perceiving that he had received his dismissal; and the B. C. sniffed in the rear of his departing figure.

"Wouldn't you like to paint *him*, B. C.?" I asked. "Isn't he Mephistopheles in light colors?"

"If he looks at you in that way again, I'll paint his sister pea-green," was the B. C.'s reply.

"I thought you would refuse to paint his sister."

"I should have done so, had I not ached to get hold of that Titian hair of hers. If I find that it's burnt or dyed red, I will never touch canvas for her."

"My dear B. C., you are positively ferocious! Mephistopheles has rubbed all your fur the wrong way. You spit like an angry little cat!"

"I don't like him, squirming and palavering around, instead of standing straight up, and speaking out from his chest like a man. He isn't a bit like——"

"The general," I appended, innocently.

The B. C. grew as red as her very best vermilion.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

PHILIPPE has taken me completely by surprise. He has engaged an artist to paint my portrait. What *can* be his reason? for he must have one—he never does anything spontaneously.

He seems to be strangely in good humor, both with himself and with me, although the American did almost refuse to dance with me at the ambassador's ball. I had expected to have to expiate that sin; but no, my good brother is going to have my portrait painted, "as a souvenir when you shall be Madame Shirley," he says, with that smile of his; and again I slowly freeze from head to foot.

Philippe asked me to be ready to go to Miss St. John's studio with him at ten o'clock. I asked him how I should dress myself. He said I need make no change. "You will do very well as you are." So I went in my simple black silk robe, with a bunch of tea-roses in my corsage.

The door was opened to us by a little, *little* woman, old, and yet young, with such large, brilliant, far-looking eyes, that they seemed almost too much for her small face. Her manner was stiff, almost repellent, to Philippe, but to me she melted into such gracious courtesy, with a suddenness that was almost ludicrous. But Philippe did not seem to remark the change. He was looking into all the corners of the room, as if expecting to see something.

While the little artist was posing me I heard a quick, light step pat, patting behind a gorgeous glowing screen, and there came in such a lithe, slender, glowingly beautiful creature, that my first thought was that she had stepped down and out of one of the gilded frames that shone at intervals among the wonderful hues of the silken draperies that hid the cold stone walls. She was olive-skinned, and had masses of purple-black hair flowing from under a broad gold band, that confined a fantastic Egyptian headgear, from which gold coins and fringes swung to the glorious arch of her jet-black brows. Her beautiful brown neck and arms shone like amber under the necklace and bracelets of a strange, barbaric form, that lay upon her bosom and clasped her wrists, and her robe was of pale-blue muslin, spangled from throat to hem, where it was finished by a border of crimson and gold.

This dazzling creature showed her white teeth between her scarlet lips in a brilliant smile, and bowed, addressing Philippe by name. He then seemed to recover himself. He rose to his feet and bowed. "Oh! that I were Marc Antony!" he said.

She turned to me. "Her hair!—oh, her hair should be all loose upon her shoulders!" she said. She was at my side in an instant, pulling out hairpins and loosening plaits, until she had it all about me, rippling over my lap and falling in its waves almost to the floor. "Oh, how beautiful! what texture! what a color! I could worship it!" she cried, and she went down on one knee, all in a moment, as lissome as a young leopardess, and pressed her lips to the locks that lay upon my shoulders. I bent my face to hers and kissed her forehead before she could rise. She looked up at me and laughed, then she grew grave, and her eyes fixed themselves on my face inquiringly, almost with the look of one who sees the loved and lost return in the strange shadows of the twilight, and the changing spirit-forms of the clouds.

"You are a Frenchwoman, are you not?" she asked, at last.

"I am only half a Frenchwoman," I replied, eagerly.

"Then you are Italian on one side?"

Italian on one side! How can one side of me be Italian and the other side French? If I knew which half of me were French I would have that half cut off! My Italian blood almost refuses to mingle with my French blood. With my Italian half of me I *hate* the French half of me. I *thought this*, but I said:

"My mother was an Italian."

"And we are more our mothers' than our fathers'," said she. "Have you relatives in Italy?"

Relatives! How my heart bounded and my blood chilled at this innocent question!

"You have grown pale. Perhaps I should not have asked."

Philippe was smiling sardonically, and I braced myself, mentally.

"No, I have no Italian relations," I replied.

"You are so much like—a picture," she said, and then she sprang to her feet—all her movements are like those of some graceful wild creature—and moved an easel, on which stood a picture, in front of me. I looked, and saw—Guido!

"You recognize him?" she said, eagerly.

"He looks like some one I saw at the French ambassador's ball."

"The picture was painted from a model I found on the Piazza di Trinita at Rome. But I am sure that he looked like a prince in disguise."

"And the girl's face. Did you paint that from a model, also?" asked Philippe, who was looking over my shoulder.

The blood showed through her olive cheek, as she rereplied:

"That head was copied from a picture."

"From a picture!"—how eagerly Philippe spoke! "Where did you see the picture?"

"In a private collection."

"In France?"

"No—in England."

Philippe's eyebrows went into one line. When they do this, he is puzzled.

"Have you ever seen any one who at all resembles it?" he asked.

"Yes; Miss Amberside."

Philippe looked at her with his hawk-look.

"You have met, then?"

"Yes; she has come up here to see me."

I knew by the sudden dilation of Philippe's pupils that he had made a discovery.

"Were you Cleopatra when she saw you?"

"Oh, no!" she said, shaking her head.

"And what did she think of you?" he asked, abruptly.

"She wanted to swear eternal friendship with me."

"And did you?"

"You must ask her."

Philippe was very silent after this, and, although he appeared not to be looking, I could see that he was watching every movement of this fascinating Cleopatra. Can *she* be the reason that he wishes me to have my portrait painted? Poor child! I pity her, should Philippe chance to win her heart. He would freeze her to death!

From the Journal of Rafe the Waif.

I FANCY that I have puzzled Phisty—(N. B. That is short for Mephistopheles; and I do enjoy giving "his stuck-upativeness," as the B. C. calls him, such a mean, contemptible kind of a diminutive).

When he brought his sister—whom, by-the-way, the English language has not superlatives enough to describe, and who is so like *him* that I love her for *his* sake, as well as for her own—to sit for her portrait, he found out that my "double" has been to see me, and was very anxious to learn how I had affected her. What fancy can he have behind that handsome, wicked, blonde mask of his? I have questioned madame, but she had never seen or heard of "Mees Beatrice" until she met her at Naples, where she is quite sure her brother, also, was introduced to her for the first time.

I appeared as Cleopatra at the first sitting, and at the next I was Raffaele; and I think that my different personations have somewhat puzzled Phisty as to my true personality. How the B. C. hates him! She says she is sure that he ill-treats madame. Think of any one being unkind to that glorious creature!

Who should present herself at madame's second sitting, but "Miss Amberside"! She brought her mock mamma along with her. How my blood boiled when I saw the creature who dared to personate my dead mother!

"This is my friend Rafe, mamma," said she, presenting me—and, at this, I could not help glancing at the chevalier. His face was a study; his mask had fallen for a moment (I don't believe that happens very often), and I saw then that he has a peculiar interest, of what kind I cannot make out, in my double.

Miladi just dropped her eyelids—I suppose that is enough of a bow for an artist!—and then raised them, to fairly stare me out of countenance.

"I wonder if she takes her for a picture?" said the B. C., in so loud an "aside," that miladi turned to look at *her*.

"Who is she?" Miss Beatrix asked of me, in a low voice.

"Oh, she's the B. C.," I said, carelessly.

"The B. C.?" she repeated.

An idea popped into my head, and I gave her the benefit of it.

"*Bone-Creator*—that is, the anatomist, you know. I never studied anatomy, so I keep her to put all the joints into my figures."

"And she is putting in madame's joints now?"

This question almost convulsed me, but I managed to keep my countenance. How the B. C. did scream with laughter when I told her, afterward, the position she was supposed to occupy in our studio!

A very strange thing happened last night. The B. C. and I do not sleep on the same floor on which she has her studio. Our bedroom, which is big enough for a young ladies' boarding-school, and in whose vastness our two modest little beds are almost swallowed up, and where we also take our meals, protected by a screen from the sight of the toilet enormities, is only on the third floor of the *palazzo*.

The mosaic flooring of our "residence," as the B. C. and I call this immense apartment, which is full of echoes all day, and awful with shadows at night, is disfigured with cracks, unevennesses, and even hollows, and sometimes when a small object is dropped it is a work of time to find it again.

I was in here alone, at nightfall, having left the B. C. to perform a mysterious and solemn ceremony, which she entitles "picking up" the studio, and, in the act of removing some of my adornments for the plain comfort of a wrapper, a beautiful pearl cross she had lately given me slipped from its chain and fell upon the floor. I was in an agony, lest it should be stepped upon, and unhooked the swinging lamp to look for it. I was poking my finger into an unusually wide split in the mosaics, when, all at once, I screamed, for I thought that I was growing mad when a slab of marble slid away from under my hand, leaving a dark open space that seemed of an awful depth and blackness, seen in the light of my solitary lamp.

As soon as I had stopped trembling and feeling sick, a thousand stories of the mysterious trapdoors and secret staircases that honeycomb these Italian palaces came to my mind, and curiosity grew stronger than fear. As I carefully lowered my lamp through the opening, holding firmly to the chain from which it swung, I half expected to see a pile of skeletons; but I could catch a glimpse of nothing more frightful than a toilet-table, with hangings of lace that looked like cobwebs, so thick were they with dust, which also grimed the crystal flaçons that sent out a few dim sparkles, as if hinting of cut-glass and gilding in bygone days.

The small circle of light cast by my lamp embraced no more than this; all beyond was murky shadow, and when a feeble gleam came from the shadowy mirror over the table, I started with a feeling of terror, lest some white face should slowly gather form in its depths, and rise to the level of my curious glance.

I dragged one of the various rugs that lay around the room across the opening, and sat waiting for the B. C. to come, that I might share my discovery with her.

(To be continued.)

THE VALLEY OF ROSES.

THE name of Kezanlik first became thoroughly familiar to American readers during the Russo-Turkish war. It is a small town in a valley, but a short distance from the bottom of the Shipka Pass, on the Roumelian side of the Balkans. In this valley the culture of roses has for centuries been followed by hundreds of farmers, and the distillation of the famous attar is the chief, and, perhaps, the only, industry. The essence, which is used so profusely in the harems of Constantinople, and in nearly all the sensuous refinements of the East, requires the consumption of millions upon millions of roses annually.

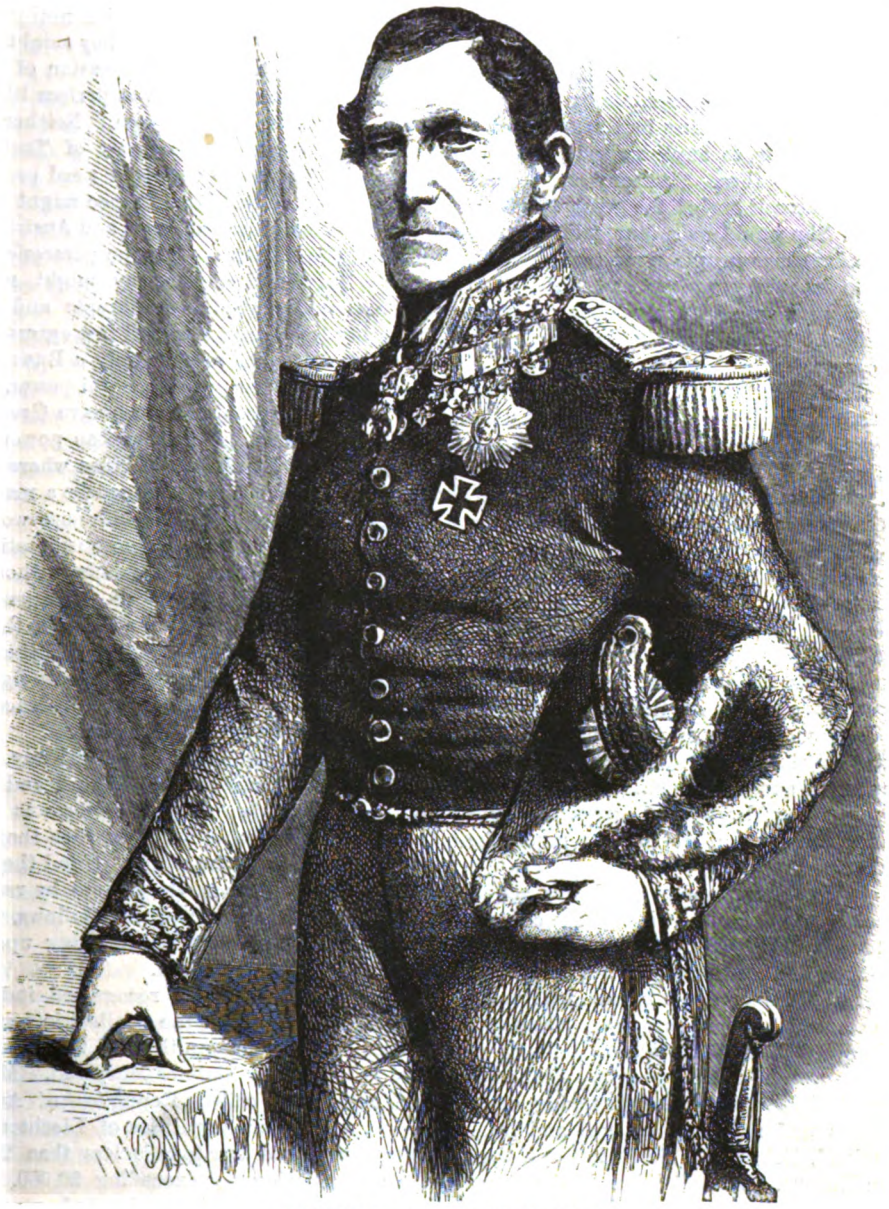
This year the crop is said to surpass in abundance and beauty any known heretofore for a very long period of years; up to the very summit of the hills, nothing is to be seen but roses of all colors. The air is said to loaded with the heavy perfume of this immense mass of blooms for more than twenty miles around.

THE HALT BY THE DESERT POOL.

BELGIUM: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

By Godfrey A. Hudson.

The general tendency of civilization in Europe has long been toward the aggregation of nationalities. Peoples similar in race, and not greatly dissimilar in faith and language, have come to the conclusion that it is better for them to combine into one strong government than to endeavor to maintain several weak ones. Among nations, to be weak is to be miserable. This tendency began to manifest itself centuries ago. The various Gallic peoples united themselves into France, a State which, whether we call it kingdom, republic or empire, has long been one consolidated nation. The peoples of the island of Great Britain first consolidated themselves into the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, who waged perpetual wars with each other. A series of fortunate accidents placed the two crowns upon a single head, while for a time the two kingdoms remained distinct nations; but in the end they united themselves and formed the British nation.



LEOPOLD I., KING OF THE BELGIANS.

Just off the island of Great Britain is the smaller one of Ireland, peopled by a race akin to some of those who made up the population of Britain. Ireland was first overrun and conquered, then it was firmly united to the other kingdom. Beyond all doubt, there were manifold wrongs connected with and following this enforced union; yet there can be no doubt that it has been of advantage to Ireland, which, as a separate kingdom, must always have been exposed to the aggressions of its more powerful neighbor. We think that no wise man would wish to see the two islands politically dissevered, but rather that there should be a more perfect and equitable union between them.

The progress of national aggregation has been rapid in our day. The great body of German-speaking nations have united themselves, or have been forced to unite, into one mighty empire, which bids fair to endure for ages. Under our own eyes the Italian peoples—long frittered away into numerous petty States, too feeble to stand alone, and all of them a constant prey to Germans, French and Spaniards—have flung aside their petty sovereigns, and formed themselves into the Kingdom of United Italy, which forthwith took its place among the great Powers. The once disjointed Austrian Empire has consolidated, or is trying to consolidate itself, in the United Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, with uniform laws and institutions. Spain and Portugal belong together, geographically and ethnologically; and we trust that the time is not far distant when they will be politically one. When this shall come to pass, this united kingdom will be able to make good her claim to rank as a seventh among the great Powers.

Of the minor States of Europe, there are two which have no good reason for existing as such. These are the little kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, artificially formed, and only existing by the sufferance of their powerful neighbors. If, some day, France and Germany should come to be ruled by wise statesmen, they will see that it is folly to maintain

their mighty armies in the hope that one of them will be able in time to wrest a bit of territory from the other. If they could come to an agreement, each of them, without striking a blow—without, indeed, doing any wrong—could gain an increase of dominion worth more than either could ever hope to win from the other. Holland would become a part of Germany, to which she naturally belongs, while Belgium would fall to the share of France. All four parties would be gainers by this partial reconstruction of the map of Europe, which physical geography and history pronounce to be a right one.

What Germany would gain by the acquisition of Holland, is apparent from a glance at the map. The empire would have a continuous shore-line, with free access to the broad ocean, and ample ports. On the outer Zuyder-Zee, the entrance of which is made impregnable by the great Helder fortifications, are abundant sites for dockyards and naval establishments, superior to anything possessed by England or France. With these, Germany could, in a single generation, make herself one of the great maritime Powers of the world. She would gain four millions and more of the most industrious people upon earth, almost identical with her own in race, language and faith. The actual territorial acquisition would be immense; for, with the 13,000 square miles of Holland, would go the possession of colonies in comparison with which Holland itself is but a mere speck. In the East Indies, there are the great islands of Java, Madura, Bali, Lombok and Banca; the Spice Islands of Ternate, Tidore and Amboyna; with claims as extensive as she may wish to put forth in Borneo, Sumatra and Celebes. With such ample colonial possessions, Germany could enter upon a career of commercial development greater than Holland ever dreamed of.

That Germany has her eye steadily fixed upon the acquisition of Holland is perfectly well understood by all who look below the surface of European politics; and the indications are that the Hollanders are by no means averse to a change which would make their country, next after Prussia, the most important member of the most powerful European State. In any case, we may be sure that the Power which so ruthlessly laid its hand upon the Kingdom of Hanover, and upon the ancient free cities of Frankfort, Hamburg and Bremen, upon Alsace and Lorraine, will not hesitate to acquire the Kingdom of Holland, so much the more desirable for her.

But under no probable circumstances could this acquisition be made, forcibly or otherwise, without the concurrence of France; for, should France oppose it, she would be sure of the co-operation of Great Britain, and, most likely, of all the rest of Europe. And France will never consent unless she can somehow gain as much. She would gain as much by the acquisition of Belgium.

The gain by such an acquisition is obvious. France is straining every nerve to develop her manufacturing capabilities; but she labors under the lack of coal and iron. Now, next after England, Belgium is richer in these than any other country in Europe. Thus Belgium has in abundance just what France most wants, unless, indeed, it be good natural harbors.

We have already said that France and Germany are not natural enemies. They have been made such, not by Nature, but by the stupidity or wickedness of their rulers. Notwithstanding the disastrous issue of the late war, France has recovered herself so that an unprejudiced onlooker would say that, should a war break out between her and Germany, the issue would be nearly an even chance, and nowise decisive. We do not think that a French army would expect to march straight upon Berlin, or that a German army would hope to encamp again within sight of Paris. These two nations are so circumstanced with respect to each other and to the rest of Europe, that it is for the interest of each that the other should be as strong as possible, provided always that their relative strength shall remain essentially equal. Each State would gain greatly by the acquisitions which we have indicated, and neither of them so much more than the other that the balance of power between them would be sensibly disturbed. They are natural allies, for so nearly are they equal that neither could hope to gain much by their being enemies. Let them come fairly to an accord by which Germany should have Holland and France should have Belgium, and all Europe in arms could do nothing to prevent the execution of their decision. They might go further than this, and secure the non-intervention of Russia and Austria by leaving these empires at perfect liberty to settle the Ottoman question between them. Neither France nor Germany needs or desires any part of Turkey in Europe; Russia and Austria do want and need portions of it. For the possession of Belgium, France might well consent that Germany should have Holland, and Austria should have the shores of the Adriatic. For the possession of Amsterdam and the Zuyder-Zee, Germany might well consent that Russia should have Constantinople and the Bosphorus, giving her free access into and free egress from that Black Sea which has come to be mainly a Russian lake, wherein she can develop her growing naval power.

In all these speculations we leave Great Britain wholly out of the account. As a European power she has come to be inconsiderable, except in cases where other influences are nearly balanced, and she can be a make-weight in the scales. In such an event her influence would be great; in no other case is it worth much consideration; and she has enough other matters on her hands, without troubling herself greatly about questions of Continental policy. Her wisest statesmen, in whatever phrases they embody their views, agree in the general sentiment, that the more Great Britain leaves the Continental States to fight out their own quarrels, and arrange their own balances of power, so much the better will it be for her.

We have endeavored, in a general way, to cast the horoscope of the kingdoms of Holland and Belgium. The history of these two little kingdoms is full of interest. The lines run together for ages, then they become dissevered. Then, again, for a brief period they coalesce under outward pressure, soon to separate by reason of inherent repulsion. We propose, in what follows, to speak mainly of the Kingdom of Belgium, touching upon Holland only as she is related to Belgium.

Of the fifteen generally recognized independent European States, Belgium is the smallest in territory. She has an area of a little more than 11,000 square miles, about equal to that of our State of Maryland. Much smaller, indeed, are the so-called Republics of Andorra and San Marino, and the principalities of Liechtenstein and Monaco, whose united territory is less than 250 square miles, with a population not exceeding 20,000. These preserve their political independence simply because nobody thinks it worth while to deprive them of it. In point of population, Belgium ranks much higher upon the European scale. She falls just a little below Sweden and Norway, with nearly thirty times her area; exceeds Holland, Portugal, Switzerland, Denmark and Greece. Leaving out of view the few scores of square miles which constitute the immediate environs and suburbs of great cities, such as London and Paris, there is no spot in Europe—probably none in the world—so densely peopled as is Belgium. In 1873 the population numbered 5,253,000, averaging 461 to the square mile; in some provinces it is much greater.

The rate of increase is very slow. At the present day the population is about five and a half millions.

The people may be divided into two families, distinguished by the language which they speak, for here language is the best indication of race. A little less than five-tenths of the Belgians are Flemings, an offshoot of the Teutonic race, their language being closely allied to the Saxon and the English. A little more than four-tenths are Walloons, clearly of Celtic origin, whose language is the French. The remaining tenth may be set down as of mixed descent, speaking both Flemish and French, and sometimes German.

In general, Belgium is a low, flat country, although in the southeast the land sometimes rises to an elevation of two thousand feet. As in Holland, the soil consists mainly of alluvium washed down by the rivers. A considerable portion of it lies below the level of the ocean tides, which are kept out by means of dykes and embankments, less massive, however, than those of Holland. By nature the soil is rather unfertile, but the patient industry of generations has made it highly productive. In no other country has the science of agriculture practically attained a higher point than in Belgium; so that she is able to feed her dense population in ordinary years. Not even in France is the land so minutely subdivided, a very considerable portion of it being owned by the actual cultivators. Farms, in anything like our sense of the word, are rare; most of the estates are what we should consider mere garden-patches.

The mineral wealth of Belgium is very considerable—coal, iron, zinc and marble being among the principal articles. Formerly, the country was the foremost one in Europe for its textile manufactures; but of late years it has been in this respect outstripped by other countries, which have easier access to the raw material. Flax is, however, produced abundantly; and in the manufacture of linens, Belgium still holds a prominent place.

The Belgians are pre-eminently an industrious people. Nowhere else are there fewer idle hands; yet the statistics of social condition show that industry is upon the whole but poorly rewarded. The most complete of these reports which have come under our eye, are as old as 1857. The figures are startling enough. In that year there were, in round numbers, 900,000 families. Of these, only 89,000 are set down as "wealthy"—evidently including all families living in tolerable comfort; 373,000 families were living in "straitened circumstances"; the remainder, nearly one-half of the whole, are stated to be "living in a wretched condition." Of this last class, 266,000 families—nearly a third of the entire population—were at least partial paupers, "receiving aid from the State." This year 1857 was a very hard one all over Christendom; and most likely the proportion of those living in wretched circumstances was abnormally great. But all later data go to show that want and privation is the rule rather than the exception among the Belgian peasantry.

If one were to judge from official figures, there is ample provision for the education of all the people; yet we find that, in 1871, about one-third of the adult population were unable to read or write. In one respect, at least, Belgium is a model State. All forms of faith are not merely tolerated, but the adherents of each are absolutely equal in the eye of the law. More than this, the clergy of every faith are paid directly by the State. Catholic priests, Protestant pastors and Jewish rabbis all have their annual stipends from the public treasury. Notwithstanding this perfect religious freedom, there is no other country in Christendom where there is so little diversity in faith. Of the five and a half millions of people, not more than 20,000 are Protestants; and there are about 3,000 Jews—all the rest are Catholics. Monastic institutions are numerous. In 1866 there were 178 monasteries, with nearly 3,000 monks; and 1,144 convents, with more than 15,000 nuns.

A notably small proportion of the people are gathered into large cities. Brussels, exclusive of populous suburbs, has about 180,000 inhabitants; Antwerp has 140,000; Ghent, 130,000; Liege, 113,000. Next, but at a wide interval, comes quaint old Bruges, with not quite 50,000; and some half dozen other towns with more than 25,000 each.

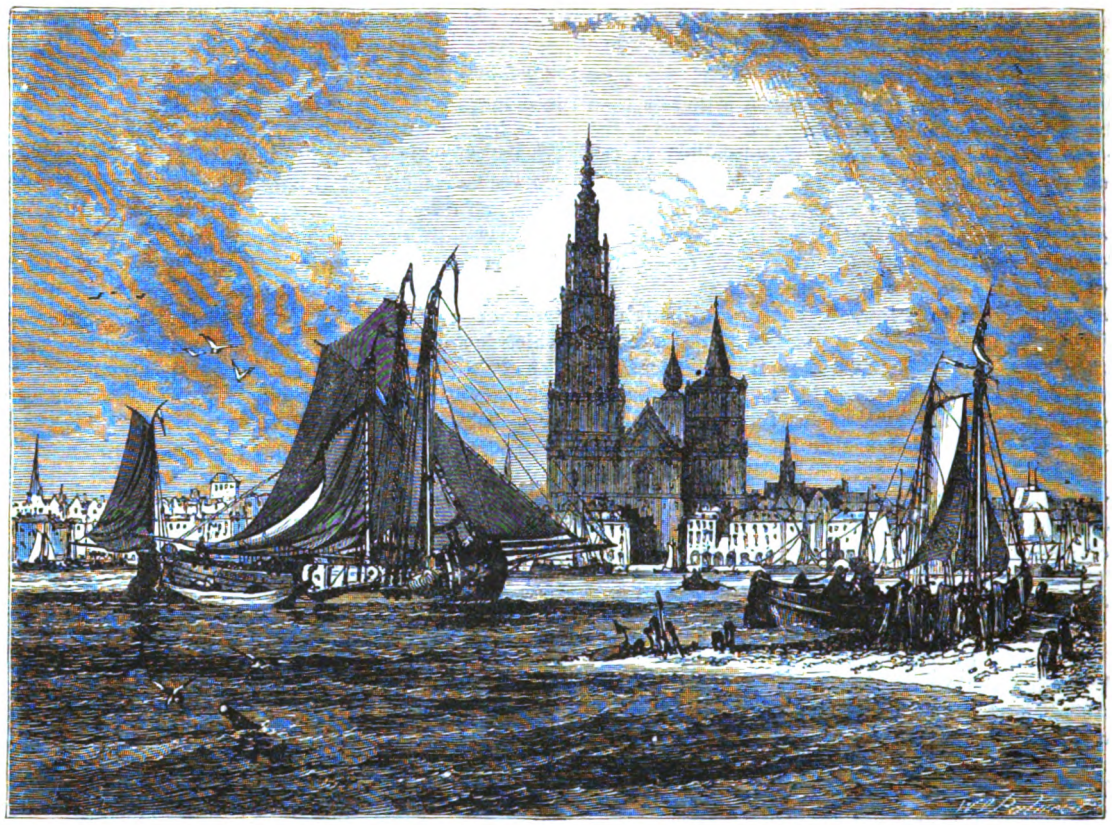
The standing army, on a peace footing, consists of about 40,000 men. Every year 10,000 men are enrolled by conscription, with the privilege of furnishing substitutes; the term of service lasting eight years, about one-half of which is spent on furlough. On a war footing, as established in 1868, the minimum force is raised to nearly 100,000. Besides the standing army, is the national guard, or militia, comprising all able-bodied men between the ages of twenty-one and forty; but this is in actual service only in towns having more than 10,000 inhabitants. The public debt is very considerable, the nucleus consisting of the assumption of 220,000,000 francs of the debt owing by the Kingdom of the Netherlands, at the time of the disruption in 1831. Large additions have been s sequently made, mainly for military purposes and for railway construction. In 1870, the total amount was a little more than 700,000,000 francs. We suppose that it has not been subsequently increased, since the annual budgets usually make the estimated receipts a little in excess of the expenditures for all purposes.

The existing Government of Belgium is a limited monarchy, the succession to the crown being in the male line. In default of direct male issue, the King may, with the consent of the Chambers, nominate his successor. The right of voting is vested in all citizens paying not less than 42 francs a year in direct taxes. Any citizen is eligible as a representative in the lower house; but only those who pay direct taxes to the amount of at least 2,000 francs are eligible as senators. This restriction confines the number of those eligible as senators within very narrow limits. Senators receive no pay; representatives have a salary of about $1,000 a year Upon the whole, the Constitution of the kingdom is a very excellent one—at least, upon paper.

The long history of what we now know as Belgium presents many points of interest, linking itself with that of all neighboring States. Of this history, down to the beginning of the present century, we shall give only the barest outline.

The name comes from the *Belgæ*, one of the three tribes whom Julius Cæsar describes as occupying that vast region known to the Romans as *Gallia*, or Gaul. Their region appears to have included all of the modern Belgium, with considerable portions of Holland, France and Germany. Ethnologists are not fully agreed as to the race to which the *Belgæ* should be assigned. The best supported opinion is that they belonged to the Celtic family, with perhaps some mixture of Teutonic blood. In character and habits they were clearly Celtic rather than Teutonic.

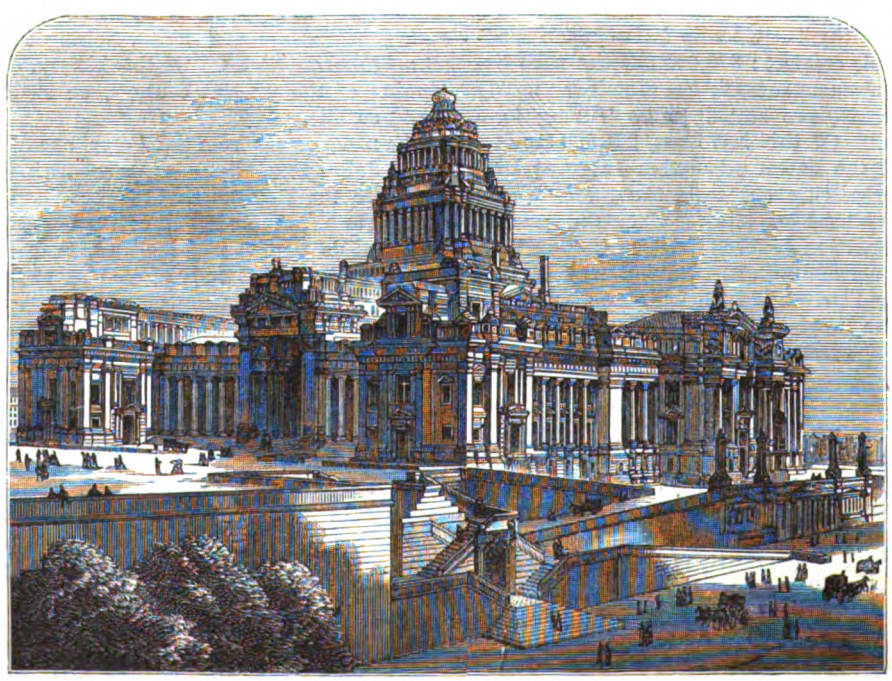
During the great migration of races which preceded, accompanied, and partly occasioned, the downfall of the Roman Empire, hordes of Northerners poured into this lowland region, which they found greatly to their liking. One part of it they called the "Good Meadow" (*Bet-Ave*, whence the Latin *Batavi*). The more northern and partially submerged portion came to be known as the *Hollow Land*, or, as we say, "Holland." Later, the whole immense alluvial plain was styled the *Nether-Lands*, or "Low Countries." When the Romans came to be too enervated to fight their own battles, or rich enough to hire others to fight in their stead, the flower of their armies was drawn



VIEW OF THE CITY OF ANTWERP.

from this part of Gallia, the Batavi being specially noted as fearless fighters.

When the empire finally went down, this region passed for a while out of the domain of written history. When at length it again comes to light, we find it divided up into numerous duchies and countships, with many a free town or commune dotting its low green surface. For during these long silent years men had here found out that there was other work in the world than that of cutting each other's throats. Industry had come to be a power in a sense hitherto unknown. The workers gained wealth, and with wealth came power, or, at least, the possibility of it; and they made the most of this possibility by purchasing rights and privileges from their feudal lords. They had by no means an easy time of it. Sometimes a strong lord refused to be bound by the agreement of his weaker predecessor. If the burghers felt themselves too weak to maintain their rights, they yielded for the time, but held themselves ready when opportunity came to re-assert their ancient privileges. Upon the whole, the power of the burghers, or, as we may call them, "the middle classes," grew from generation to generation in the Netherlands, and it came to be acknowledged that they had some rights which dukes and counts were bound to respect. These free towns and communes form the real root from which our modern systems of social polity have sprung.

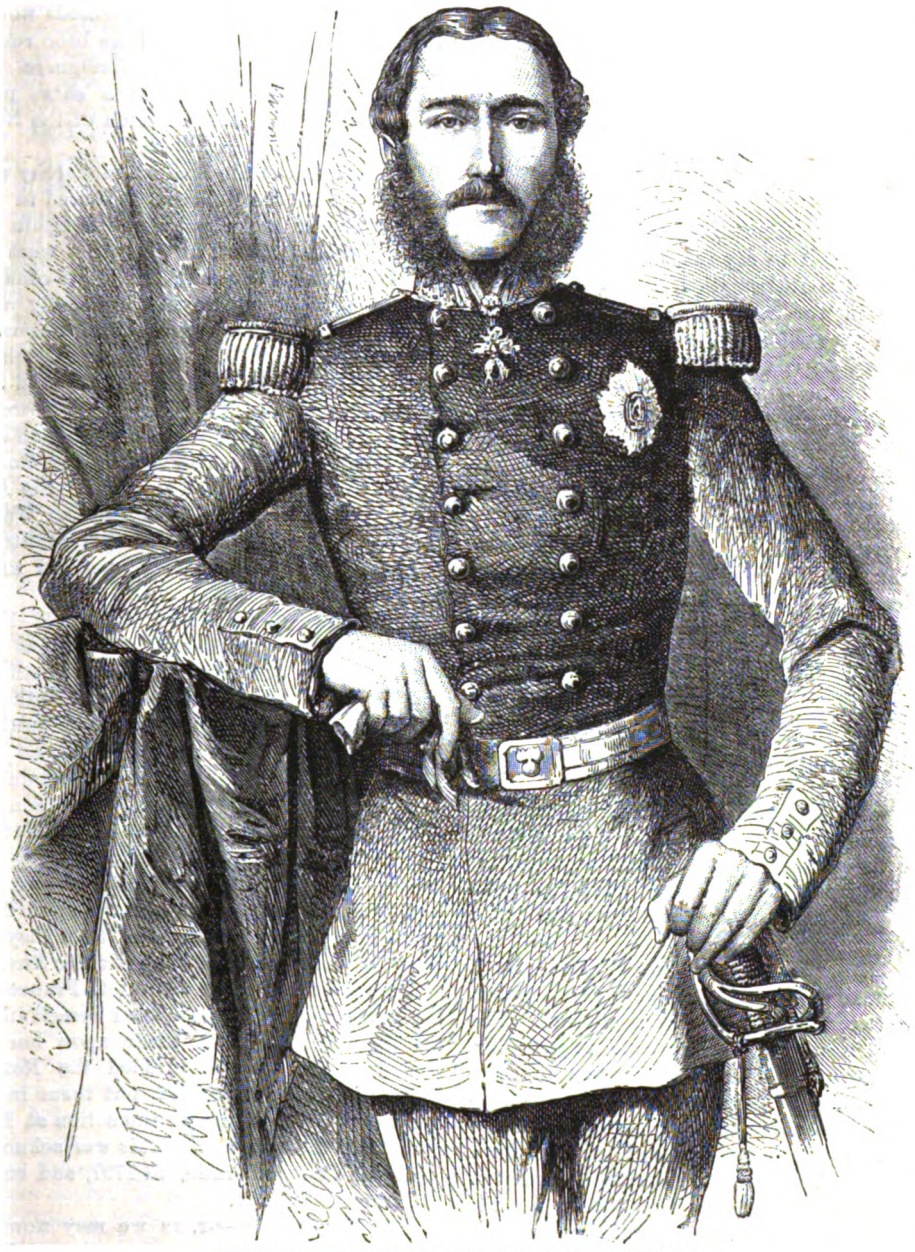


THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES AT BRUSSELS.

The great empire of Charlemagne had risen into existence, and he had it in mind to extend his sway over these regions, of

which he knew little; but more important affairs drew his attention elsewhere. Under his degenerate successors, his empire fell to pieces. The Saracens swarmed into Europe, made themselves masters of Spain, crossed the Pyrenees into France, whence they were beaten back by Charles the Hammer; yet the bruit of these great events scarcely reached the Netherlands, any more than did the intrigues and quarrels between Popes and Emperors. The Netherlands were isolated from the rest of Europe until the fourteenth century was approaching its close. At the middle of this century, Flanders was the richest and most important province of the Netherlands.

The year 1385 was a marked epoch in the history of this region. The Count of Flanders died without male issue; and with him the line of the countship was extinct. The succession somehow fell to the Duke of Burgundy, one of the most powerful of the French suzerains, and, in all but name, an independent sovereign. It was not long before he made himself master of the Netherlands, which formed the most productive part of his broad domains.



LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS, ON HIS ACCESSION.

Toward the middle of the next century, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, ranked among the most powerful potentates of Europe. He was, in all but craft, an overmatch for his liege-lord, Louis XI. of France, whom he made prisoner; and it rested upon the caprice of the moment, or a turn of the hand, whether Louis should ever come out alive. If he had so chosen, Charles might have replaced his ducal coronet by a kingly crown. Perhaps he would have done so, had a longer life been accorded to him. But in an evil hour he quarreled with the Swiss, and marched to invade them in their mountain homes. They met him half-way, and in 1477 the forces encountered near Nancy. Here, for perhaps the first time during the so-called age of chivalry, was fairly demonstrated the power of footmen against horsemen. It had been assumed that a squadron of fully-armed knights and squires and cavaliers could ride through and over any force of footmen. At Nancy the proud Burgundian chivalry flung themselves against the solid wall of the Swiss pikemen, were dashed in pieces, and hurled back in utter rout. Charles the Bold was slain in the mêlée, no one knows exactly how; three days after, his body, disfigured and scarcely recognizable, was found among a heap of slain. He left no son, and his daughter, Mary, became mistress of the Netherlands, where the Salic law did not prevail, and was the richest heiress in Europe.

Mary of Burgundy wished to marry the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, son of the Emperor Frederick IV. Somehow, the States of Holland had a voice in the matter, and before they would consent to the marriage, they insisted upon the granting of the "Great Privilege," a charter which greatly enlarged the legal rights of the States. The marriage took place; and so the dominion of the Netherlands passed over to the House of Austria. Maximilian, when fairly in place, ignored this great charter, which for a time became as so much blank parchment; but it still existed, and the grandsons

of the men who won it appealed to it, as full warrant and justification when they rose in arms against the grandsons of those who granted it.

After the death of his father, Maximilian was made Emperor. For some reason he made over the Netherlands to his young son, Philip. This Philip married Joanna, the half-mad daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile. Their son, Charles I. of Spain, better known in history as the Emperor Charles V. of Germany, was thus, by inheritance, heir not only to the sovereignty of Spain, but also to that of the entire Netherlands, which thus became an appanage of the Spanish crown. Fortune never seemed tired of showering her favors upon Charles. At sixteen he acceded to his ancestral heritages. A few years later he was elected Emperor of Germany. Then the swords of Cortez, Pizarro and other conquistadors made him master of the Indies, as the southern portion of the New World was then designated.

How Charles ruled the Netherlands need not here be told at length. It is sufficient to say that he put forth all his power to crush out the Reformation, which had gained the preponderance in the northern provinces, and had taken firm root in the southern ones. In this he failed. He had pitted himself against the spirit of the age, and it was too strong for him. Worn out, not so much by age as by toil, care, disappointment and gluttony, he abdicated all his crowns, making what he judged the best disposition of his vast hereditary and acquired dominions. To his son, Philip II., he gave the Netherlands, Spain and the Indies, with a strict injunction to extirpate heresy.

Philip was in nowise backward in undertaking the task thus devolved upon him, especially in so far as the Netherlands were concerned. The result was that great revolt of the seventeen provinces, the issue of which was that the six northern provinces, constituting what we know as Holland, won their independence, and established the Dutch Republic, while the eleven southern provinces, essentially the modern Belgium, remained under the dominion of Philip. Thus the Netherlands came to be divided into two States, henceforth to be separate and distinct, except for the period between 1814 and 1830, when they were in a manner joined together by a force external to themselves. We shall follow the history of the southern provinces, then called "the Spanish Netherlands," touching upon the history of Holland only so far as it links itself with that of Belgium.

In 1598 Philip II. saw that his end was at hand, and it behooved him to make a disposition of those vast domains which had fallen to him by one tenure or another. The thing which he had nearest to his heart was to provide a sovereignty for his favorite child, the Infanta Clara Isabella. So much was she his favorite, that there was a report, not altogether discredited at the time, that after the death of his fourth wife he had it in mind to apply for a Papal dispensation permitting him to marry this daughter. This report was doubtless without foundation, for the worst of Popes, in the darkest of times, would never have dreamed of outraging the universal sentiment of Christendom by granting such a dispensation, even at the intercession of the most powerful of monarchs. The Papal power of dispensation in marriage cases is a broad one, and sometimes, in cases of great public import, it has been stretched to its widest extent; but never to such an extent as this. Yet grave and credible historians have not thought this scandal unworthy of mention.

Still, due provision must be made for the Infanta. The sovereignty of the Netherlands was in the hands of Philip, to bestow upon whomsoever he would. Not long before this he had made the Cardinal Albert, Archbishop of Toledo, Governor of the Low Countries. It was now decided that he should marry the Infanta, and that the independent sovereignty of the Netherlands should be vested in them and their descendants. A Papal dispensation for so worthy a purpose was easily obtained, freeing the Cardinal-Archbishop from his clerical vows, and the wedded pair came to rule the Netherlands under the title of "the Archdukes."

For a score of years the Archdukes governed mildly and not unwisely. Had an heir been born to them, not improbably the fate of the Netherlands would have been a happier one, for they would have been ruled by sovereigns native to the soil, and not by foreigners. But Albert and Isabella died childless within a short period from each other, and in 1621 the dominion of the Netherlands again reverted to the King of Spain.

The fortunes of the Spanish monarchy were now rapidly declining, and the Netherlands shared in her misfortunes. War after war broke out between Spain and France and other Powers. The Low Countries were always the first point of attack, and so their meadows came to be the battlefield of Europe. Spain was uniformly worsted, and had to purchase peace by successive cessions of portions of the Netherlands. This was especially the case in 1659, 1668 and 1679. In 1713 came the War of the Spanish Succession, when the other European Powers undertook to portion out the dominions of the half-dead monarchy. One result of this was that the Low Countries were assigned to Austria, and were called "the Austrian Netherlands." Afterward came the Austrian War of Succession, during which a great part of this country was seized by France; but it was, in 1748, restored to Austria by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

During the Seven Years' War (1756–1763), waged originally between Frederick the Great of Prussia and Maria Theresa of Austria, in which finally France, Russia and England became involved, the Netherlands remained wholly undisturbed; for the great battlefields were far away. After its close they enjoyed no little prosperity under the mild rule of Charles of Lorraine, the Viceroy of the Empress Maria Theresa. Her son and successor, Joseph I., incurred the dislike of the Netherlanders, who rose in revolt, and gained some advantages over the Austrians. In 1790, these provinces formed themselves into a republic, under the name of "United Belgium." This existed only a few months, and then they were once more brought under peaceful subjection to Austrian rule.

The interval of peace was brief. France had overthrown her monarchy, and transformed herself into a Revolutionary Republic. War was made upon her by Austria and Prussia. The French invaded the Netherlands. The battle of Jemappes, in 1792, put them in possession of a great part of the country; the action at Fleurus, in 1794, completed the conquest. This was acknowledged by the treaty of Campo-Formio, in 1797, and confirmed by that of Luneville in 1801.

The Netherlands—or, as we may now say, Belgium—were then made an integral portion of France, and were governed upon the same footing; received the Code Napoleon, sharing henceforth in the glories and the disasters of the Republic and the Empire.

After the downfall of Napoleon in 1814, Belgium was for a short time under the military rule of an Austrian commandant. Then the great Powers took it upon themselves to reconstruct the map of Europe. No Power would consent that any other one should have Belgium or Holland. As a makeshift, it was finally agreed that these States should be consolidated into a monarchy, under the name of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, the crown being

conferred upon Prince Frederick William of Nassau. It was thought that this kingdom, having a population of about 6,000,000, would be strong enough to stand alone. It was especially designed as a countercheck to France, of whom the other Powers were naturally jealous.

Looking back upon this measure from the standpoint of the times, it was to all seeming a wise and not an unjust one. The two nations had, to a great extent, a common origin. For a long time they had a common history. Since their separation, they had, indeed, developed in different directions. The Hollanders were as thoroughly Dutch as their ancestors had been in the days of William the Silent; while the Belgians, during their brief union with France, had come to be quite as French as were the inhabitants of the other provinces of that empire. Yet it might not be unreasonably expected that the two peoples might live together in amity under a common government, with a settled Constitution.

But unfortunately the Constitution was in many respects obnoxious to the Belgians. They outnumbered the Hollanders almost two to one; but in the Legislative Chambers each had the same number of deputies. The national debt of Holland was very great, that of Belgium very small; and the whole was imposed upon the united kingdom, the Belgians having to bear the greater share of the burden. That the King was a Hollander, was of itself of little consequence; but it was charged that the interests of Belgium were made entirely subservient to those of Holland. Public offices were bestowed almost exclusively upon the Dutch. Thus, in 1830, we find that of the Cabinet, only one was a Belgian; of the 219 officials connected with the Ministries of the Interior and of War, only 14 were Belgians; of the 1,967 officers in the army, only 238 were Belgians. Differences of religion had not a little to do in promoting disaffection. The Belgians were almost to a man devoted Catholics; the Hollanders were almost to a man thorough Protestants.

A thousand causes had combined to bring about a revolutionary feeling all over the Continent. Brussels came to be a city of refuge for the discontented spirits of every nation, whose only idea of reformation was revolution. Orally and through the press they inveighed against all governments, including that of the Netherlands—so far, at least, as the administration in Belgium was concerned. Government at last undertook to deal with these violent propagandists; their presses were put down, and several of the prominent revolutionists were banished from the kingdom.

From 1824 onward, Continental Europe was drifting toward a new revolutionary period. It mattered little into what waters the stone should first be flung. Wherever the centre might be, the waves would swell on every side. Paris, as often before and since, took the lead. In July, 1830, the Parisians broke out into open insurrection. Charles X. was hurled from the throne, and he, with all his family, were doomed to perpetual exile. Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, with feigned reluctance, but with real eagerness, accepted the proffered crown, with the significant title of "King of the French"—not, as of old, "King of France."

The tidings of what had been done in Paris threw Brussels into excitement. It needed little to transform this excitement into an outbreak. On the 25th of August, just a month after the rising in Paris, a play entitled "La Muette" was performed at the theatre in Brussels. It was a poor piece enough, but it was full of passages of a political turn. When the curtain fell, some one raised the cry, "*Imitons les Parisiens!*" ("Let us do as the Parisians have done!") The cry was taken up by hundreds of voices. The audience shouted it as they poured into the street, where it was caught up and re-echoed far and wide. Before one could fairly know what it meant, a great mob had massed together. They did as such mobs are wont to do. They first attacked the public buildings, and then began plundering the establishments and dwellings of those who had in any way made themselves obnoxious. The ordinary city guards were powerless against the surging mob, who seemed to be everywhere. The small military force was called out; but after some feeble attempts to stem the tide, they were ordered back to their barracks, and Brussels was for a time in the hands of the mob. The fury spread from town to town, and similar scenes were enacted in almost every province.

The Government was taken wholly by surprise, and for a fortnight could not resolve upon any definite course of action. By this time the popular fury had subsided; the better classes organized themselves into burgher guards, who were able to maintain something like order. But even they were in favor of a separate administration for Belgium, although they were then willing that the crown should still be vested in the House of Nassau-Orange.

On September 13th the King convened a special session of the States-General at the Hague. Unwisdom governed all their proceedings. The Dutch members were exasperating in their treatment of their Belgian associates. Insult cuts more deeply than injury. Those of the Belgians who had come as moderates, went away as revolutionists, declaring that they would no longer be misruled and browbeaten by those whom they contemptuously styled their "French cousins." Belgium should be wholly separated from Holland; the King of the Netherlands, and none of his House, should be their King.

Meanwhile a royal army of 14,000 men, under the command of Prince Frederick of Nassau, was moving upon Brussels, which was partially occupied on September 23d. Three days of desultory street fighting ensued, when the troops were expelled. This success emboldened the Belgians. A Provisional Government was organized at Brussels, which declared that Belgium ought to be, and was, a free and independent State, and summoned a National Congress of 200 deputies from all the provinces to convene at Brussels.

When the Dutch troops left Brussels, they fell back upon Antwerp, which they occupied. In October, a large tumultuary Belgian force appeared before the city. The gates were thrown open by the people, and the Dutch, under General Chassé, withdrew into the strong citadel, which completely commanded the city. The Belgians—more a mob than an army—attempted to take the works with such weapons as they could find or make. Chassé opened fire upon the city. The bombardment lasted two days, doing no little damage, when a truce was agreed upon.

The Belgian National Congress assembled on the 20th of November. Without a single dissentient voice they voted for the perfect independence of Belgium. The form of government was now to be considered. There were 13 votes for a republic, and 174 for a limited monarchy. It was then moved that the Orange-Nassau family should be for ever excluded from the crown; this passed by a vote of 161 to 28—the minority being merely in favor of a little delay. The Congress then began to cast about for a King, foolishly imagining that they would be left to choose for themselves.

The list of candidates suggested is an amusing one. Some members proposed Louis Philippe of France, or his son, the Duke of Nemours; some named General Sebastiani, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs; others

suggested Chateaubriand, the French poet and novelist; some even hinted at the Pope. Prince Otho of Bavaria was talked of; so was some prince or other of the House of Sweden or of Savoy. But opinion tended most strongly in favor of the young Duke of Leuchtenberg, son of Eugene Beauharnais, and so, by adoption, a grandson of Napoleon.

Louis Philippe hastened to interpose a veto upon the choice of the Duke of Leuchtenberg. Neither France nor Great Britain would ever consent that a member of the Bonaparte family should sit upon the throne of Belgium. For himself, he favored Otho of Bavaria. If that prince were chosen, he would give him his daughter in marriage as soon as he became of proper age, and had completed his education.

The more sensible of the deputies perceived that the good-will of the King of the French was of paramount importance, and were in favor of the Duke of Nemours. The more foolish of them took the declaration of Louis Philippe as an insult, and most of these determined to adhere to the Duke of Leuchtenberg. Upon the first formal ballot, there were three candidates, no one receiving a majority of the votes. Upon the second ballot, there were 74 votes for Leuchtenberg, 21 for the Archduke Charles of Austria, and 97 for the Duke of Nemours. The French prince thus received just a majority of the votes cast, without one to spare. The President of the Congress thereupon announced that the Duke of Nemours had been duly chosen as King of Belgium, and would be received and acknowledged as such as soon as he should have taken the oath to maintain the Constitution. A deputation was sent to Paris to announce to the duke that the election had fallen upon him.

MARY HENRIETTA ANNE, QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

When this deputation reached the French Court, they met with an unexpected rebuff. Louis Philippe declared that no son of his should become King of Belgium, for such a measure could scarcely fail to bring about a general war. "The examples of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon," he said, "would suffice to prevent me from the fatal temptation of erecting thrones for my sons." Well would it have been for him had he been as wise fifteen years later.

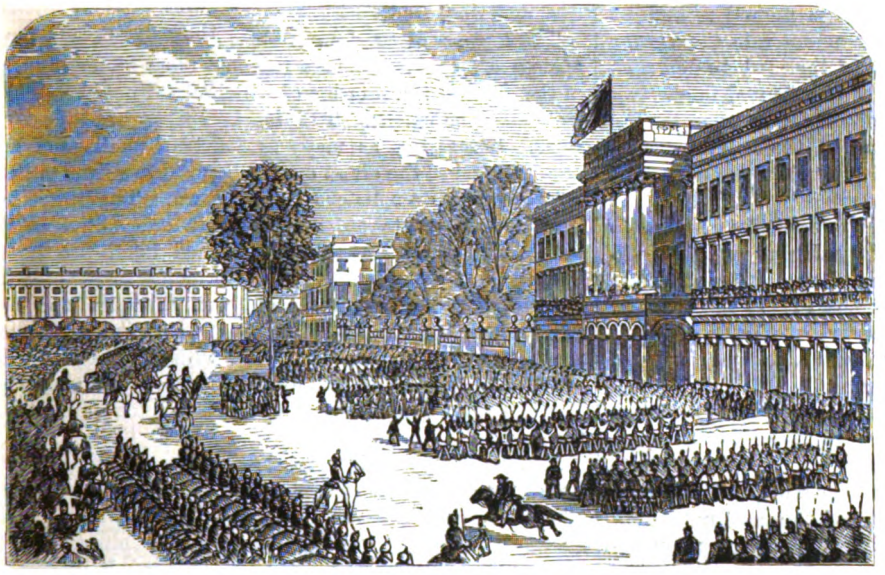
In the meanwhile the representatives of the great Powers were convened in London, in order to deliberate upon and settle the affairs of Belgium. The Belgian Congress had now come to understand that till the decision of this European Conference should be rendered, there was nothing which they could do. Until then they named a Regent, in the person of one M. Chokici, who was duly installed on the 25th of February, 1831. His regentship lasted barely four months, for by the end of that time the London Conference had decided for the separation of Belgium and Holland, and had fixed upon the terms of the separation, which were to be enforced by arms, if need were. They had also selected a King for the Belgians.

The choice of the Conference was Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg — perhaps the wisest, certainly the luckiest, prince of his generation. Born to a slender inheritance, he had, at the age of twenty-six, married the Princess Charlotte, heir presumptive to the British crown, and had received from Parliament an annual pension for life of a quarter of a million of dollars. Eighteen months after this marriage the princess died in giving birth to a stillborn child. But the pension still survived, and Leopold lived to enjoy it for half a century. He had since lived in England, where he won the good-will and respect of all men, although some hinted that he was quite too careful of his money. He was now a man of forty, who took life easily. It was by no means certain that he would exchange his easy life for the Belgian crown; and he had, upon second thought, just refused that of Greece, which had been offered to him, and partially accepted. Upon being privately sounded, he said that he would not refuse the crown of Belgium if it should be offered to him by the people, although he did not greatly desire it; but in no case must he be pressed as a candidate. His willingness was, perhaps, in a measure caused by the assurance that should he accede to the dignity, he should marry the lovely Princess Marie, a daughter of Louis Philippe.

Even yet a portion of the Belgian deputies seemed averse to having a King chosen for them, although he was probably the very man they would have selected, had the choice been left to themselves. They could scarcely have

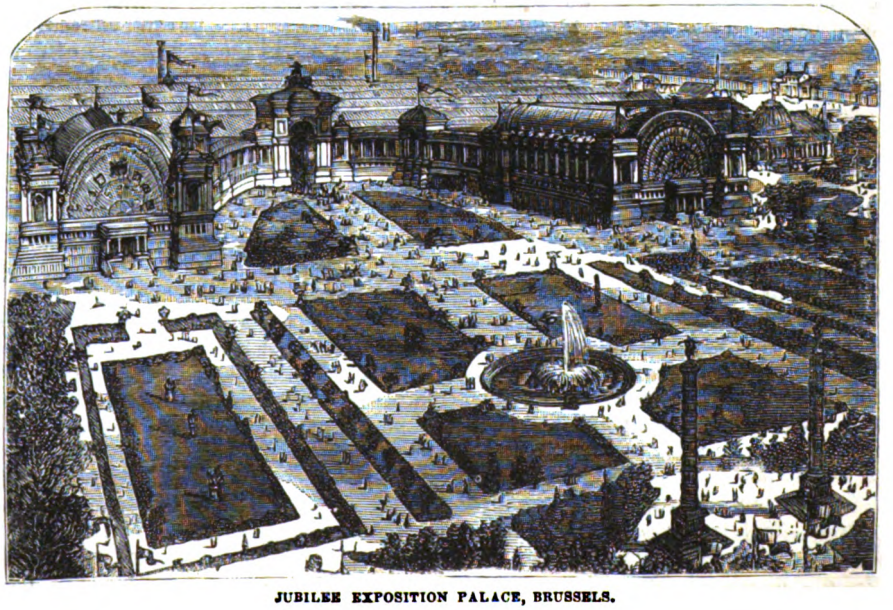
expected to do better than to obtain for their King a prince rich in his own right, of good abilities, excellent character, and in the very prime of manhood. When he was proposed to the Congress a series of stormy debates ensued. In the end the wiser counsels prevailed. When the votes were taken there were 152 for Leopold and 44 against him. In a fortnight he was on his way to his new kingdom, where he was met by general favor. For a brief space there was no apparent cloud upon the horizon; but in a few weeks he was astounded by the tidings that a Dutch army, 50,000 strong, had crossed the frontiers of Belgium, and were heading straight toward Brussels.

THE HORTICULTURAL PAVILION, BRUSSELS.



REVIEW IN THE GREAT SQUARE, BRUSSELS.

The King of the Netherlands was by no means minded to acquiesce in the division of his kingdom, much less to certain hard terms which the Conference had imposed upon Holland. He was, most likely, aware that a division had come to pass between the Powers represented in this Conference. Austria and Prussia had come to look with distrust upon the close alliance which was growing up between France and Great Britain. The King whom they had named for Belgium was, or would soon be, closely allied by marriage with both of these Courts. They could, indeed, scarcely recede from the decision in favor of the independence of Belgium, provided that it could be carried out without the exercise of actual force by the great Powers, but they had virtually withdrawn from the final adjustment of the matter, and left it to France and Great Britain, who imposed onerous conditions upon the King of the Netherlands, and gave him to understand that they would enforce his compliance with them with their armies and fleets. Prussia and Austria protested against this, and soon declared that in case war was made upon Holland, they would take part with her. The Dutch King, emboldened by this, undertook



JUBILEE EXPOSITION PALACE, BRUSSELS.

the re-conquest of Belgium, and sent his army across the frontiers.

To oppose the 50,000 Dutch troops which had entered Belgium, Leopold could muster barely half as many undisciplined men. With these he endeavored to hold the invaders in check, but on the 9th of August he was defeated near Louvain, and narrowly escaped being made prisoner. A great French army was now put in motion toward Belgium, and the Dutch retreated across the frontiers, to await further developments. General Chassé, with 5,000 men, still held possession of the citadel of Antwerp, from which France and Great Britain undertook to expel him, and on the 18th of November a French force 60,000 strong, under Marshal Gérard, crossed the Belgian frontier. A general European War seemed imminent, and the armies of the Continent were placed upon a war footing.

The French army, with its immense train of field equipage, moved rapidly. They had come to the belief that their expedition was the prelude to events which would wipe out the stain of the great disaster of Waterloo. Their line of march led them directly through the centre of that battlefield. As they passed the huge mound reared by the King of the Netherlands to commemorate the victory of the allied Powers, they were half inclined to demolish it; but time was precious, and they contented themselves with discharging a few volleys of musketry upon the colossal bronze lion which surmounted the mound. Near the close of the month they arrived before Antwerp, and began preparations to besiege the citadel.

The citadel of Antwerp, built by the Duke of Alva to overawe the town, had been greatly enlarged and strengthened by Napoleon, and was esteemed one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, completely commanding the city and harbor. On the west it was protected by the broad, deep Scheldt, and on every side there were advanced works of great strength. The ramparts, strengthened by huge bastions, were mounted with 180 cannon of the largest calibre then known. There were ample casemates for the protection of the defenders, who were, however, too few to fully man the immense circuit of the works. This siege of Antwerp is in some respects one of the most notable in history. It has been aptly styled a "besieging tournament."

The citadel could be most advantageously attacked upon the side toward the town, which the besiegers wished to be spared, and Gérard opened negotiations for that purpose. Chassé perceived his advantage, and declared that if any attempt should be made to assail him from certain points, he would at once bombard the city, which was wholly at his mercy. If the besiegers would limit their attack to that side of the citadel opposite the town, he would spare it—but not otherwise. For a time it seemed that no such convention could be agreed upon. The wildest alarm prevailed in Antwerp, and all who were able to do so fled from the city. Finally it was agreed that the city and all its outworks should be neutral ground; that the approaches of the besiegers should be made through the open country on the southeast, away from the town; and that the fire of the besieged should be turned only in that direction. Antwerp itself thus became a safe place from which men could view the great military spectacle which was to be presented, and multitudes flocked thither to behold it.

Ground was broken for the siege on the last day of November, 1831, the operations being conducted under a heavy fire from the citadel. The weather was cold and stormy, but the besiegers pushed on their approaches with great vigor. They first opened fire on the 4th of December, from eighty cannon and twenty mortars. It was a spectacle such as the world has rarely seen. Two hundred cannon and mortars were incessantly at play; yet only upon one narrow front spot was there a sign of the horrors of war—everywhere else all was as quiet as in the time of profoundest peace. The inhabitants of Antwerp pursued their daily avocations just as though the siege was a sham fight got up for their amusement. They ascended the towers and steeples, or rode out, to look upon the unwonted spectacle. But upon that southeastern front of the citadel, grim, earnest work was going on.

The attack of the besiegers was at first mainly upon the Fort of St. Laurent, a strong detached work garrisoned by less than 300 men. The heavy fire poured upon it seemed scarcely to make an impression upon its massive walls. For ten days the furious cannonade went on, while a mine was laboriously run right under the walls. This was exploded on the night of December 14th, making a wide breach, through which four or five companies of the besiegers poured themselves. They found little to do in the way of fighting; for the garrison quietly withdrew to the citadel itself, all but about sixty men who were too late, and were made prisoners.

The capture of St. Laurent was an immense gain to the besiegers. It gave them a foothold close under the walls of the citadel, the interior of which could now be reached by their bombshells. The mortars were kept busily at work. Sometimes as many as fourteen shells could be seen traversing the air at once. They threw bombs heavier than had ever before been known. The range had been accurately taken, and scarcely one failed to fall within the works. Casemates deemed bomb-proof were one by one crushed by the enormous force of their descent. Especial pains had been taken in the construction of the hospital. The roof was formed of enormous timbers, and covered over with six feet of solid earth. A heavy shell fell upon this roof, burst through it, and exploded among the sick and wounded inmates of the hospital.

Meanwhile the walls were slowly crumbling before the fire of the cannonade, which was kept up day and night. The defenders fought with all the courage of their Dutch ancestors; but they were fighting against immense odds. Their numbers were too few to permit much interval of relief. They were obliged to stand by their guns almost continuously night and day, and were worn out by incessant toil and exposure in that cold midwinter season. The number capable of doing duty rapidly diminished almost from hour to hour. The fire from the citadel began to slacken sensibly, for embrasure after embrasure was broken in, and gun after gun was dismounted.

At length the fire of forty guns was concentrated upon the great Toledo bastion, one of the strongest parts of the citadel. This became a shapeless heap of ruins, so indefensible that a general assault was ordered for the 23d of December. Chassé knew that he was in no condition to repel an assault made by the overwhelming force which would be brought against him. He had done enough to vindicate his own military honor, and that of his command. For fourteen days he had with 5,000 men kept 60,000 at bay. So, while the French, under cover of a heavy fire, were mustering for the assault, he raised the white flag of truce. The firing ceased at once, and honorable terms of capitulation were soon agreed upon. The gallant defenders of the citadel were to march out, taking their arms and colors, and to retire to Holland, with all the honors of war. The fourteen days' siege had after all been less destructive of human life than might have been expected from the mighty cannonading kept up on both

sides. Of the besieged, 90 were killed, and 349 were wounded. The besiegers had 608 killed and 1,800 wounded.

The capitulation was not, after all, carried out to the letter. Included with the surrender of the citadel was that of some forts further down the River Scheldt, and commanding its navigation. The King of the Netherlands refused to accede to the surrender of these forts. They were not, he said, in any way under the command of Chassé, and he had no right to surrender them. The French commander thereupon proposed to modify the terms so that the Dutch might hold these forts so long as they could, and that the garrison of the citadel of Antwerp might still return to Holland, under parole of honor not to serve against Belgium or France during the continuance of the war. Chassé was nettled at what he regarded as bad faith on the part of his sovereign. Rather than have any change made in the articles of capitulation, he and his men should go to France as prisoners of war. In France he was received with the highest honor; had he fought with instead of against the French, his reception could not have been more cheering. His detention as a prisoner of war was brief, for the great European war was averted.

The siege and capture of the citadel of Antwerp was a great event in its day, and did much to shape the history of Europe for half of a momentous generation. In France it was hailed as a great triumph of French valor. It reconciled even the sternest Republicans to the government of Louis Philippe. It evinced, as they thought, the beginning of a new era. The Belgians were practical revolutionists, for they had thrown off the yoke of a monarch, or, rather, a system of monarchy, which had been imposed upon them by the misnamed Holy Alliance. France had taken part with these revolutionists, and was therefore pledged to recognize as her natural allies all other peoples who were disposed to throw off the yoke of sovereigns whose right of rule rested either upon hereditary descent or arbitrary prescription. As they aptly phrased it, "The cannon-balls of Marshal Gérard were directed more against the Holy Alliance than against the citadel of Antwerp; they made a wider breach in the defenses of the conservative system than in the bastion of Toledo."

The British nation seemed to take little thought of a transaction in which they had borne no prominent part. No British gun had been discharged against the fort of St. Laurent or the bastion of Toledo; no British man-of-war had appeared at the mouth of the Scheldt. Moreover, they had been fighting a battle at home, upon the question of Parliamentary Reform. The people had won the day, in spite of the Crown and the peers; and so, in the language of Alison, the most undemocratic of all historians, "Intoxicated with their Reform triumph, and dreaming only of the unbounded social and individual advantages which they expected to realize from its acquisition, the people of Great Britain could not be prevailed upon to bestow even a passing thought on the events of the Continent. They turned a deaf ear to the thoughtful few, who in vain represented that they had lent their aid to undo the work of Marlborough and Wellington, and had restored to the son-in-law of France, and the sway of the tri-colored flag, the great outwork which Napoleon had created at so vast a cost for our subjugation, and which he deemed so vital to that object, that he lost his crown rather than abandon it."

The people of England, in their generation, were wiser than the historian. To them it mattered little, as it matters little now, whether or no Belgium should become actually or nominally a part of France.

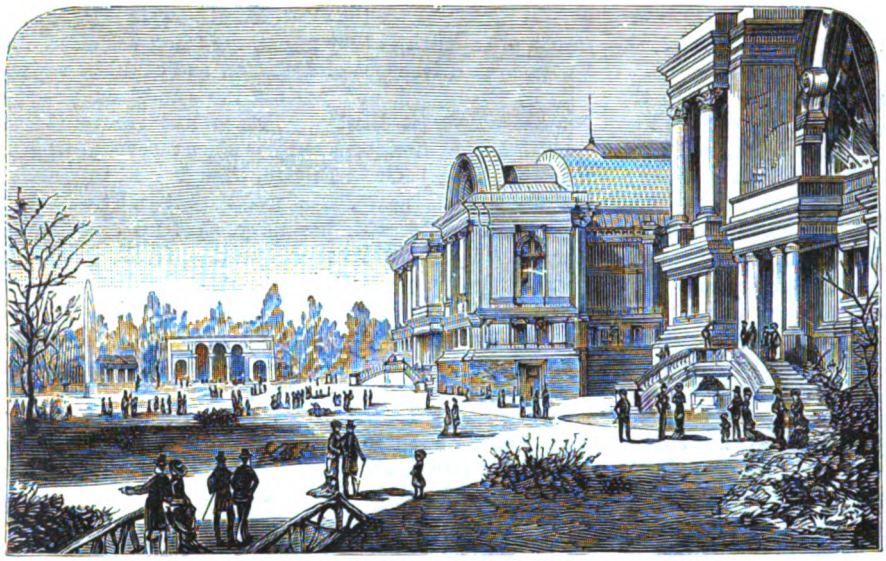
The capture of the citadel of Antwerp practically solved several problems for the Continental Powers. Bluster beforehand as much as they might, the thing was done. The Dutch were driven out of Belgium, and could be restored only by the sword, and against the combined power of France and Great Britain. France had recovered from the shock of Waterloo, as she has since recovered from the shock of Sedan. Great Britain, though still unarmed, in the Continental sense, was undisputed mistress of the ocean, and could, with her navy, shut up every port in Europe. Upon this Belgian question, Great Britain and France were in perfect accord. "England and France," says Chateaubriand, in his grandiose way, "like two enormous battering-rams, shook all the adjoining States, and the monarchs of Europe were afraid to come within reach of their strokes."

It was one thing to prevent the doing of a thing, and quite another to undo it after it had been done. For one reason or another, all the Powers came to the conclusion that the time for action had passed. Austria had her hands full of work to keep down the rising discontents in Italy and Hungary. Prussia hesitated to embroil herself in a quarrel with two States, one of which could destroy her commerce, and the other assail her cherished provinces upon the Rhine. Russia, exhausted by the Polish insurrection, was in no condition to wage a war outside of her frontiers, no matter how much inclined she may have been to aid in trampling down the revolutionary spirit in Western Europe. So these Powers thought it best to endure their mortification and remain passive.

The two little States most concerned in the matter came simultaneously to the conclusion that there must be peace between them. Holland, now assured that nothing was to be looked for from Prussia and Austria, could not hope to re-conquer Belgium in spite of the combined forces of France and Great Britain. Belgium desired peace, for Holland held the keys of the lower parts of the Scheldt and the Meuse, the principal arteries of the State, and so long as hostilities existed the commerce of Belgium was well-nigh extinct. When war is for the interest of no party, and peace is for the interest of all, some form of accommodation will be speedily attained. The capture of the citadel of Antwerp had settled the most important question, for after it the Dutch had not a foot of ground in Belgium. What remained was to arrange smaller matters, relating mainly to the navigation of the Scheldt and the Meuse. France and Great Britain did this, much to their own satisfaction and that of the Belgians, but to the great dissatisfaction of Holland. Remonstrances, however, were of no avail. Holland was obliged to agree to the terms, and on the 19th of May, 1833, all parties gave their formal consent to a convention whereby the whole dispute was brought to a close, and Leopold was in quiet possession of his crown.

King Leopold ruled wisely and well, although not without many petty annoyances arising from the disputes of parties which sprang into being upon the most trivial occasions. Although the Belgians are Catholics almost to a man, these political parties turned upon points of religion more than upon anything else; for the people were divided into two parties, calling themselves Conservatives and Liberals. Sometimes one party had a majority in the Chambers, sometimes the other. Leopold wisely trimmed his sails to every breeze. When the Conservatives were in power he had a Conservative Ministry, when the Liberals got the majority the Ministry was changed to suit them, but all the while the course of policy which suited the King found favor with his successive Cabinets—wherein they showed much wisdom.

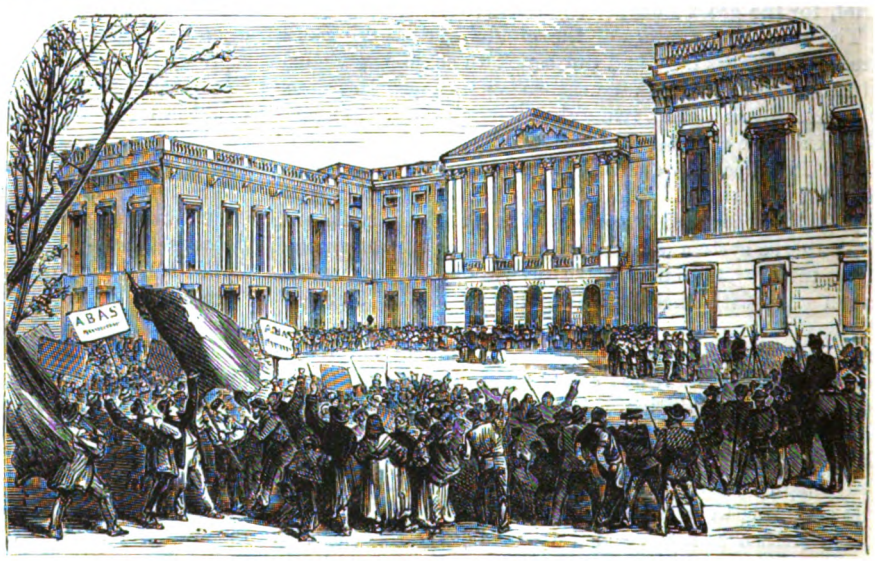
When, in 1848, the Revolution broke out in France



THE ART PAVILION, BRUSSELS.

their character, or in accordance with their wishes; so his most gracious Majesty had better keep his throne, and his faithful people would see that he was not molested. Still there is no doubt that there was a considerable democratic element, especially in Brussels. Government prudently undertook to conciliate this by introducing several popular reforms, among which was the lowering of the property qualification for voters to such an extent that the number entitled to the franchise was doubled. The democrats were by this means suddenly transformed into the most loyal of subjects.

Still it was believed in Paris which hurled Louis Philippe from his throne, replacing the monarchy by a short-lived republic, there was good reason to apprehend that the revolutionary *furore* would spread into Belgium. Leopold was equal to the emergency. His Ministry at the time happened to be a Liberal one, and so not unlikely to be in favor of a republic. He convened a council of his Ministers, and told them that there was no need of any revolution effected by force. If the people wanted a republic, he was quite ready to resign the crown. They responded that a constitutional monarchy was best suited for the Belgians, and that a republic was not adapted to

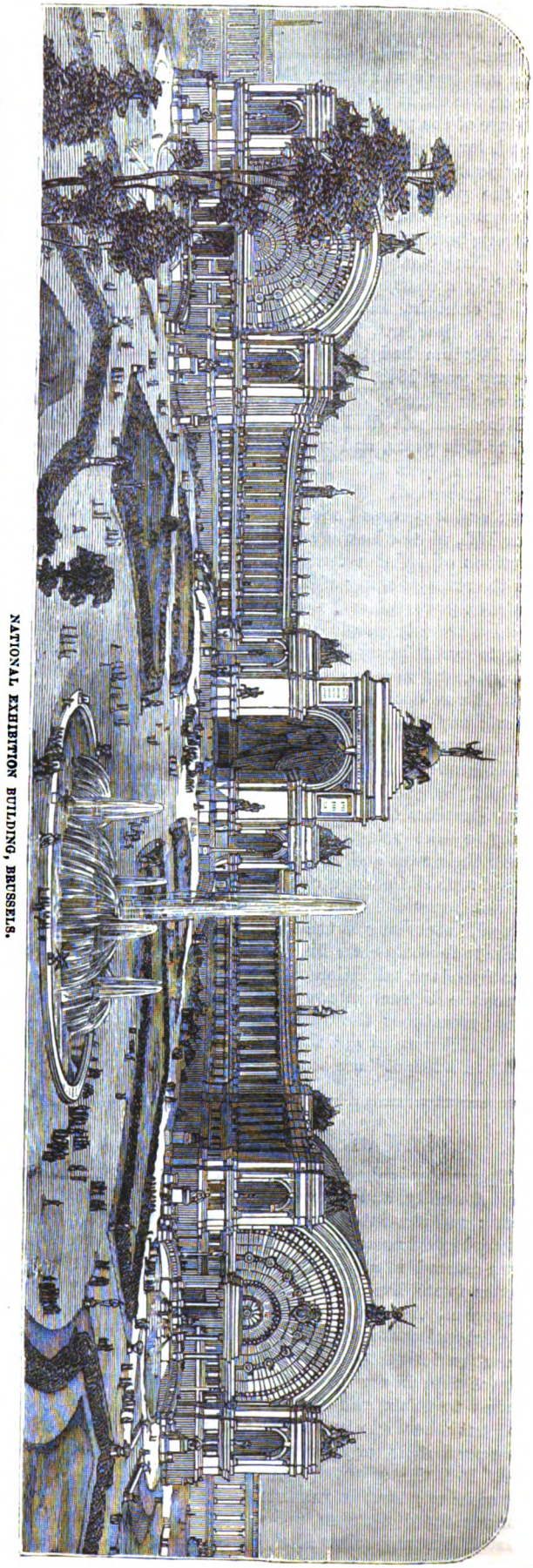


THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, BRUSSELS.

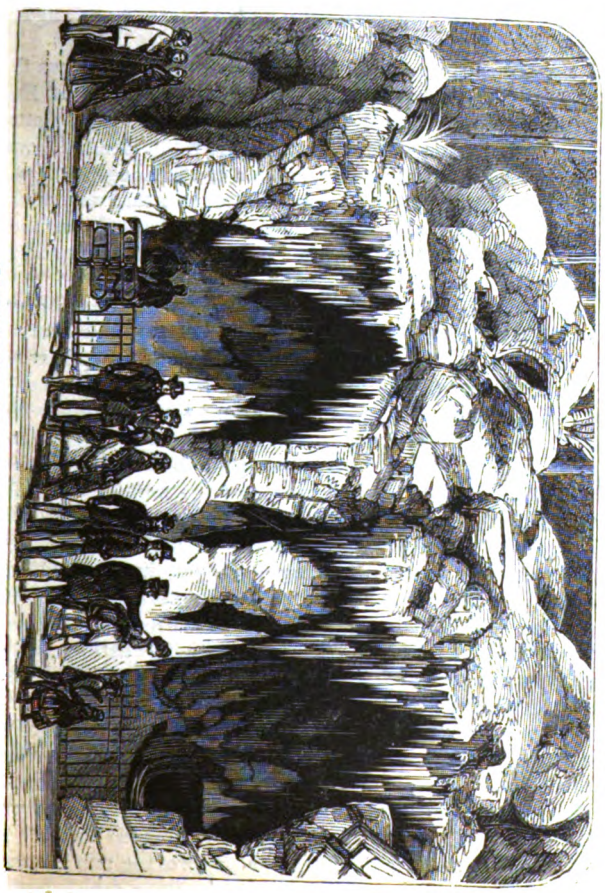
that all which was needed to revolutionize Belgium was to send a few men across the frontier to summon their brethren to arms. So thought Ledru-Rollin, the blatant French Minister of the Interior, in the French Provisional Government. By his aid a body of 800 expatriated Belgians and 100 Frenchmen were furnished with arms from the public arsenals and money from the public treasury, and sent toward Belgium by railway at the public cost. But they had scarcely crossed the frontier when they found themselves surrounded by a mixed force of soldiers and peasants, who made them prisoners to a man. The French Minister

PROCESSION OF WOMEN BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN AT A ROYAL WEDDING.

BLESSING HORSES AT ANDERLECHTON, ST. GEORGE'S DAY.



NATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING, BRUSSELS.



SCENE IN THE ROYAL GARDEN, BRUSSELS.

had also organized a still larger expedition to set out from Lille. It consisted of 1,500 men, partly Belgian refugees and partly workmen from the national workshops, all armed with muskets sent on from Paris. They crossed the frontier on the night of the 28th of March, four days after the capture of the preceding expedition, of which they had not heard, for they advanced shouting "*Vive la République!*" in evident expectation of being received with open arms by the people and the civil authorities. The Belgian Government had been forewarned of this attempt, and had a strong body of troops prepared to receive the revolutionists. They were met by a discharge of grape-shot, followed by a charge of cuirassiers. Twelve of them were killed outright, and forty wounded; the remainder fled back in disorder. These two slight transactions are all that Belgium had to do with the troubles of the revolutionary year 1848, which shook to its base nearly every throne in Europe.

King Leopold died in 1865, after a prosperous reign of thirty-four years, and was succeeded by his son, Leopold II. Five years after his accession, his throne was seriously imperiled. The great Franco-German war broke out; and it became known that among the plans of Napoleon III., in case he was successful, was the seizure of some portions of Belgian territory, which he deemed essential for the strengthening of his frontier. With two such contestants, powerful and unscrupulous, at her very doors, it seemed scarcely possible that the little kingdom would be able to avoid being dragged into the strife. The British Government now came forward, and gave formal notice that it was determined to maintain the integrity of Belgium; and it was able to induce the belligerents to enter into a convention to that effect. In the event that either belligerent should violate the neutrality of Belgium, Great Britain pledged herself to take up arms against it; and if the necessities of war should compel any troops of either army to take refuge upon Belgian soil, they should lay down their arms and be sent into the interior. After the signal rout at Sedan, a considerable portion of the routed French army did take refuge in Belgium, and were "interned," according to treaty.

Since that time the history of Belgium comprises little worthy of record. Ministries have risen and fallen. Sometimes the Ultramontanes, or extreme Catholics, are at the fore; sometimes the Radicals take the lead; sometimes the Conservatives get the advantage. These little "tempests in a teapot" are scarcely worth chronicling.

RAW OYSTERS SELF-DIGESTIVE.

THE oyster is almost the only animal substance which we eat habitually, and by preference, in the raw or uncooked state; and it is interesting to know that there is a sound physiological reason at the bottom of this preference. The fawn-colored mass which constitutes the dainty of the oyster is its liver, and this is little less than a heap of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the *hepatic diastase*. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested without other help by its own diastase. The oyster in the uncooked state, or merely warmed, is, in fact, self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking; for the heat employed immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers.

A CALM DAY.

BY WILFRED WOOLLAM.

OH, heart! this day was made for thee;
And every longing thou hast known
May rise from out thy depth, and see
The picture dear to fancy grown.

The slumbering fields, the dreamy skies,
Seem steeped in some mysterious calm;
While silent Peace, with tranquil eyes,
Scatters her sweet invisible balm.

How blest this calm through life to feel,
Not dull and stagnant in my breast,
But as those deep, cool waters steal
Through wells that always seem at rest!

And, oh! like wells, too, how I long
My heart could all its springs outpour:
A deep, clear fount of pleasing song,
To flow, yet leave it brimming o'er.

SOME GOSSIPING PAPERS.

BY AUNT FANNY (MRS. BARROW).

AMERICANS on a first visit to London must "do" what are called at the West End all the "Cockney expeditions," and visiting the Tower is one of them. I very much doubt if any of the nobility or gentry of England have ever been in the Tower since they were in pinafores, and were taken there—perhaps for a lesson in English history—by their governesses. In the same way, we who live in New York never trouble ourselves to go through the rooms of the City Hall in the park, on whose walls rest the effigies of all our governors and mis-governors, though it is the correct thing for strangers to go there, and into the top of Trinity Church steeple, and down in the dungeons of the "Tombs."

So, being strangers in London, and desiring to see that ancient pile, so full of the glories and the shames of England, we started for the Tower one lovely Saturday afternoon. We entered the cab, with the fiddle-headed horse, which always stands near the door of the Langham Hotel, and calling the lazy policeman loitering near, we struck a bargain with "cabby"—which would have been more than doubled, without the assistance of "that blarsted interfering bobby."

Turning our backs upon smiling May Fair, we drove through what was Temple Bar, Fleet Street, and Ludgate Hill; past St. Paul's Cathedral, and after a long drive approached the filthy, squalid, most heartrending part of the East End of London. We went past markets, where Billingsgate fishwomen, dock laborers, tramps and beggars were congregated—the men with their hands in their pockets and pipes in their mouths; the women, with wild, straggling hair, and old shawls tied around them, who seemed to be alternately chaffing the men and cuffing the pinched, starved-looking little goblins of children, with legs like fishing-rods, who were playing or fighting in the pestilential gutters! What dwindled old faces those children had! What a promising little gang of prospective pickpockets and tramps they were! and what an "ancient and fish-like smell" filled the air!

One of the brawny fishwomen took quick offense because I looked curiously, though pityingly, into her battered face. Putting her strapping, sinewy arms akimbo, she called out in a coarse, rasping voice: "Wud you take a ha'penny, now, for your fine turned-up nose?" At which all her companions gave an approving and uproarious guffaw. As I was safe in the retreating cab, I hurled

back at her Dr. Johnson's famous retort to *his* swearing fishwoman—"You are a parallelopipedon!" But, to my regret, she did not faint away with terror, as *his* antagonist did, at an abusive epithet transcending in deadly insult, as she supposed, anything she had ever heard, though used to all manner of bad words from her youth up. My fishwoman must have had more nerve; but she was dancing with rage, apparently, as we drove out of sight.

Soon there looms up before us the mass of ramparts, walls and towers which we came to see. They looked seamed, wrinkled and world-weary. In that warm, sunny, vibrating air, they almost appeared to be shrinking back ashamed, and throbbing with remorseful memories of the cruel past. Passing through the ponderous gates, we bought tickets, and then waited with some other visitors until her Majesty's "beef-eaters"—the wardens appointed to show the Tower—condescended to move. These were gorgeously arrayed in the costume of yeomen of the guard in Henry VIII.'s time, with gay ribbons streaming from their flat caps. They seemed greatly oppressed with the dignity of the dress and situation; for one, a fat and heavy yeoman, remarked, in a gruff voice:

"Sharn't budge till there's sixteen on 'em!"

Luckily, our twelve were soon augmented to the required number by four new arrivals—a bright-looking boy, with his father, and two tall, breezy-looking, slouchy-walking Americans from the West, as I soon discovered, when one observed to the other, with a broad grin:

"I say, kurnel, how'd that be for high in Indian Territory? They've got all their war-paint on, and no mistake!"

The order of march was now given, and we meekly followed our appointed exhibitor, who, with a broad, hard-visaged and solemn face, waved us here and there, hustling us away without ceremony when he thought we had looked enough. Crossing the moat bridge, and passing under the middle tower, we came to a cavernous arch, with great black doors.

"This is the Traitor's Gate," growled the beef-eater, as if it were a personal injury to mention it. All the company glared, in a silent, stupid sort of way, at the black portal, through which, with hearts rent with anguish, so many had passed. But our boy tourist announced, with a skip in the air, that it was "a jolly old gate," and I, turning with a high-tragedy sigh to my daughter, asked:

"Did you ever think that you would look at the very place through which your ancestor passed?" Whereupon one of the tall hoosiers who was standing directly behind me, with his hands in his pockets, stooped over my shoulder and said, with an astonished look into my face:

"Well, mum, I should think that that was a fact which you would prefer to keep to yourself."

"On the contrary," I sweetly observed, "I am rather proud of it."

"Kurnel," said the hoosier, in a loud whisper to his companion, "I'm consarned if she ain't a lunatic!" and after that he kept a wary eye upon me from a safe distance.

Every woman is startled, doubtless, as I was, by suddenly entering the armor-room, where a long line of seeming ghosts in armor, are sitting grim and still on horseback. Every woman felt like crying, doubtless, as I did, when I looked around the room where the poor little princes were smothered to death, and at the block upon which sweet Anne Boleyn and poor Lady Jane Grey were beheaded; and it becomes quite a choking sensation as you are shown "the saddest spot on earth"—the chapel, underneath which are the shrouded dead, whom fallen greatness, blighted fame or cruel machinations of enemies brought to the ax in this terrible prison. The walls of many of the rooms show such pitiful inscriptions, that tears blinded me as I read them. In one room is a verse said to have been written by the mother of Lord Darnley, imprisoned here because she instigated the marriage of her son to the hapless Queen of Scots:

"As God preserved Christ, His Son,
In trouble and in thrall;
So when we call upon the Lord,
He will preserve us all."

A pleasant-looking woman, dressed in black silk, who held the keys of the jewel-room, showed us the regalia. Queen Victoria's magnificent crown, incrusted and inlaid with jewels, nearly all of them historic, set me dreaming of the fair young girl upon whose head this crown was placed in Westminster Abbey so many years ago; whose life had been so pure, and yet God had seen fit to visit her with such bitter sorrow. I remembered how Mr. Daniel Webster had said to me that the most charming recollection he had of his ambassadorial life in England was a dinner at Windsor Castle, to which he and Mrs. Webster had been invited by her Majesty before her marriage; when the young girl Queen, walking with him and Mrs. Webster in the beautiful grounds, showed him her favorite flowers, caressing them, talking about them, delighting in them, as any young girl would have done. The gems in the jewel-room were all alight with glitter and sparkle and flame; yet this crown, the type and symbol of a glorious realm upon which the sun never sets, belongs to a woman whose brows, since that happy time, have been down-drooped with grief; whose wifely heart once came near to breaking. Oh, the awful mystery of this life! in which no human being, albeit clothed in purple and fine linen, can escape from its tear-steeped dole and weariness.

Presently we were ushered into Sir Walter Raleigh's dungeon, a horrible stone-paved, stone-lined place. How fresh his memory remains! It belongs to us, as well as to England, for the beautiful capital of North Carolina is named in memory of this prince of chivalrous courtesy and unstained honor. I sat down on a rough stone seat, and began to dream again. Raleigh's tall form takes shape and grows out of the gloom; he is bending over a low table, writing; his beautiful head, upon which the dark hair lies in short, rippling curls, resting upon one shapely hand. Then the silken rustle of a woman's dress invades the dungeon, and Elizabeth, his wife—having gained reluctant permission to visit him from the jealous Queen—enters, her face pale as a lily, save for the dark lines under the lovely, grief-stricken eyes.

Raleigh looks up, his lips part with a bright, glad smile, and the voice which had sounded like a brazen trumpet, when commanding his men in his ships on the wide seas, is now infinitely sweet and low, as he bids her welcome in a few tender, wooing words; then, fondly kissing her, he says:

"Why, Bess! sweet, dear Bess, never look so woful."

"Ah! dear Walter," murmurs the beautiful woman, fixing upon him a look of impassioned tenderness, "how can I look otherwise, when I have undone thee quite? The Queen wills thy destruction because I am thy wife."

"Fear not, sweetheart," he answers, with a most endearing smile. "I have stanch friends, who, mayhap, will move the Queen to my pardon."

At this moment a loud laugh outside the dungeon awoke me out of my reverie, and I found that I was alone. Looking through the low door, I saw the impatient beef-eater striding away in the distance with my party. The little boy, in bringing up the rear, had varied the order of march by making a somersault, which sent his cap flying

in the air. Turning to recover it, he saw me, and ran back to me.

"I say, you're an American, ain't you?" he asked.

"Yes; and so are you," I returned.

"Oh, yes; my father is Judge ———, of Cincinnati, and my name is Harry ———."

"Oh, well, *I* live in New York, and *my* name is 'Aunt Fanny.'"

"What! Aunt Fanny who wrote Nightcaps?"

I nodded, but barely in time, for Harry, with a wild rush, flew upon me, clasped me in his arms, gave me a hearty kiss, and the next instant we were both upset, and were rolling over the floor of Sir Walter Raleigh's dungeon!

Crimson with confusion, the droll little fellow struggled up to his feet, trying to drag me with him, and begging my pardon over and over; but I was so utterly helpless and breathless with laughter at this inconceivably funny climax to my sentimental dreamings, that for a moment or two I could do nothing but lie there and laugh.

"I have had many adorers," I gasped, as soon as I could speak, "but never one before who knocked me down the first moment he was introduced."

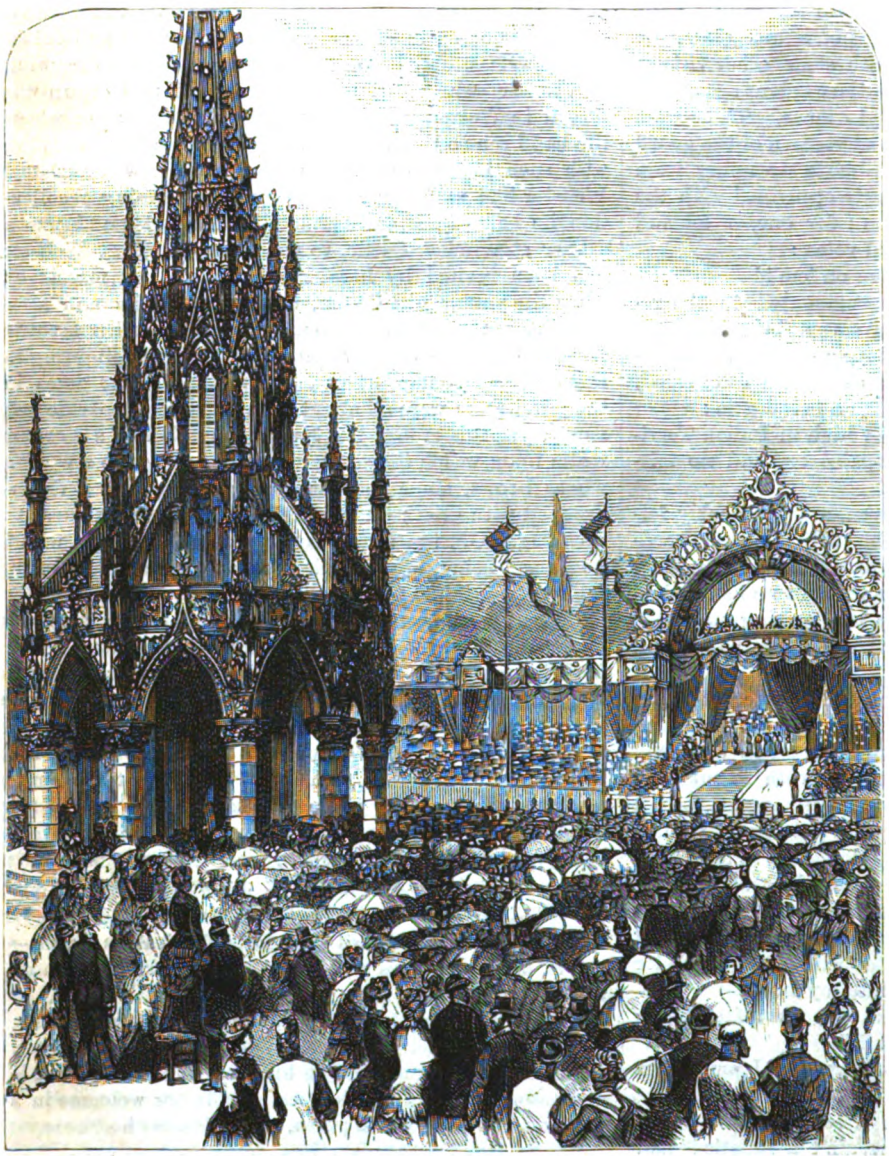
"Oh, *do* forgive me, Aunt Fanny. Papa says I am *such* a head-over-heels boy. But I must write to Bessie—she's my sister—that I have met you; she'll be delighted; only she will wish that she was here, too."

"Don't forget to mention what happened in Sir Walter Raleigh's dungeon," I said. "I think it must be the very first time since he took his last mournful leave of his wife, that any lady has been kissed, and—what shall I call it?—hugged in this dreadful place. It was rather a bear's hug, Harry, wasn't it?"

"Oh, now, don't you tell papa; he'll never be done laughing at me. Come, let's find them; I want to introduce papa to you."

So we went out of the dungeon hand in hand, like two lovers, and soon after Harry, with sparkling eyes, introduced his father, and we "did" the rest of the Tower with great enthusiasm, and many capers on Harry's part, and added pleasure and interest on mine.

Coming out, my daughter, with graceful wiles, deluded the fat and grumpy beef-eater into climbing the grassy bank at the side of the White Tower, which he did with audible grunts, and getting for her a long spray of the luxuriant ivy which "clung to the moldering wall."



BELGIUM: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.—MONUMENT TO LEOPOLD I. AT LAEKEN.—SEE PAGE 593.

THE attire of the Montenegrin women is picturesque and graceful when worn with a bit of coquetry, which many girls, however simple and timid, display. Their short linen gowns, in the higher circles, are ornamented with velvet and trimmed with gold embroideries and coins. The most important part of their costume is the *kapa*, or national headgear. It has a patriotic meaning. It seems to tell the history of their past trials and the hopes of their future. It is a cap of red cloth, the sides of which are covered with a wide strip of black silk or crape. A gold disk with slanting rays is embroidered on a red ground at the junction of the strips. The *kapa* illy protects the head, yet the women would not change it for anything in the world. The red top means the lake of blood in which, since the battle of Kossovo, the country has been plunged. The black band symbolizes the mournful vail that hangs over the mountain from the day of the Turkish conquest. The disk emerging from the crape is the sun of Montenegro, rising on a bloody horizon, and spreading its rays over a regenerated Slav fatherland.

FOR the sake of getting a living men often forget to live.

THE TREASURE OF THE ILEX.—"'THE SAINTS BLESS YOU! I HAVE FOUND THE CROSS!' ANSWERED HE, BETWEEN A SOB AND A LAUGH. 'FLORIBEL! OUR HAPPINESS IS SECURE! MY FORTUNE IS MADE!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE ANT.

An Ant, the glory of the frugal race,
Grown discontented with the narrow space
And theatre of his virtue and renown,
Resolved to show these forth unto the town;
And, greatly daring, scaled a load of hay,
And with it to the city took his way.

Safe in the market, see our Ant advance,
Grasping a spike of straw, his trusty lance,
And, challenging all contemplating eyes,
Perform the military exercise,
With other most extraordinary feats.
But when he, nothing doubting that the streets
Were full of gazers, for applause looked round,
With indescribable disgust he found
That not one soul of him took thought or care,
Or even seemed to know that he was there.

"Is it even so?" he cried. "Pernicious pack!
But, softly, Ant—paint not their case too black,
Or lightly lay grave matter to their charge.
I have it now: I am a thought too large.
The Pyramids, I've heard a poet chant
(Which are, as I surmise, a kind of ant),
Seem not at first in greatness to excel,
Since there is naught to them comparable.
Mortals, forgive my warmth. 'Tis not your crime,
But Nature's law. I'll send my son next time."

Krilof.

THE TREASURE OF THE ILEX.

By M. T. Caldor.

FAIRY tale! Ah, Floribel, I wish the dear little folk were realities now!"

The speaker was a dark-eyed, handsome youth, and made a fitting complement to the pretty picture of the romantic Italian garden and the graceful girl reclining on the flower-decked bank, with her forgotten work and her fascinating volume, upon which he had laid a light touch, as he bent down to examine its title.

The dreamy languor fled from the pretty face.

"Oh, Bernardo, is it you? And you have caught me idling in the sunshine like a lazy butterfly. But I have been at work; I had my basket filled this morning before the dew was fairly off the vines. Even grumbling old Tessa praised my quickness and industry," answered Floribel, eagerly.

"Dear heart! if I had my way, those pretty fingers should know no harder work than turning the leaves of books and stringing flowers for the altar garlands," returned Bernardo, tenderly. "Oh, Floribel, *carissima*, life nowadays is very stern and hard! Your mother has been talking to me again this morning."

A deep flush rose to Floribel's very forehead.

"And scolding again, I have no doubt. Bernardo, dear, thou shalt not mind her. It is this rich old Pietro, with his bags of gold, that makes the mischief. And yet, truly, thou hast not the best reason to complain. Which wouldst thou rather have—Pietro's gold and my mother's favor, or Floribel's love and devotion with my Bernardo's poverty? I think it should be Pietro who looks glum on this beautiful day, for I would not speak a word to him, nor give him a single look this morning, when he stopped at the gate to leave a nosegay and a basket of fruit."

And pretty Floribel tossed her head with a coquettish grace, and looked archly into her lover's downcast face.

He could not forbear a smile, and bent down to touch his lips tenderly to the graceful little hand that nervously fluttered the leaves of the book.

"My own little Floribel!" he murmured. "And yet it makes me only the more ashamed. To be worthy of your goodness, I ought to have done some great thing; and see, I cannot even win the paltry sum your mother insists upon before she will give you to me. And I have tried—oh, how fiercely I have tried! But it is the times and the world that are hard now. Would we had but the fairies again! They were always helping true and worthy lovers, were they not?"

Pretty Floribel glanced down at her book and laughed, the rippling notes as clear and sweet as the jingle of silver bells.

"Indeed they were. And the lovers in this story had cruel need of help. Why, do you know, the good fairy opened a door for them in the trunk of a great tree, and hid them there from the enemy's fierce pursuit!"

Bernardo's gloomy face brightened beneath the witchery of her eager, childish smile, as he said, playfully:

"I wish you could call a fairy out of this tree, *mia cara*. You are sweet and good enough to deserve it, and the grand old ilex is worthy of the honor. Alack! it is only the hard, prosaic age that refuses its fairies!"

"But the saints remain, and they are better than fairies," said Floribel, crossing herself piously. "Keep heart a little longer, Bernardo."

"It is the last disappointment that has broken down my courage," said the youth, sorrowfully. "A month ago yesterday morning, I was full of proud hopes. It seemed as if a special fortune singled me out. I overheard a strange story, and I made bold to follow it up. Ay, Floribel, I even made my way to the cardinal's palace, and obtained an audience. More than that, I was promised what would be our fortune—enough gold to buy the cottage your mother covets, and the vineyard beside it. Oh, Floribel, how wild I was! how sure I felt of coming proudly here to claim you! It seemed such a little thing to do, and everything looked propitious. But I have failed—I have miserably failed!"

"Poor Bernardo!" spoke Floribel's soothing, pitying voice. "But I do not understand."

"No—how should you? It is a great secret, but I may trust you fearlessly. Listen carefully, for I must speak low, lest prying ears overhear. There is a valuable ornament missing from a certain tiara. Ah! so priceless is it, that its very smallest jewel would make us rich. And behold! the value is the least of its importance. Some one—mind you, it is not for the like of me to insinuate who—but some one in great stress removed the ornament, and loaned it for a brief time as security for the payment of a large sum of money, which was sure to be raised again—as it was; but lo! in passing back to its proper place, a daring robber seized the shining ornament. It was the notorious brigand, Red Hand, and, though he was promptly followed and never left unwatched, he managed to hide the treasure, and he died by a sudden accident, without being able to reveal a hint of its place of secrecy. And now, at the approaching Night Festival, the tiara will be called for, and the missing centre ornament will be the ruin of a certain powerful personage. Do you see, Floribel, what a grand opportunity, such as might only come once in a lifetime, is opened to me? And I can do nothing with it—I can do nothing!" He ground the last words through his teeth, and clinched his hand fiercely.

"But why hadst thou hopes?" asked Floribel, wonderingly.

"Because the brigand was in my mother's house the whole night after the theft, and that was the only time he was unwatched. They declare that he went in with it, but when he was searched and searched, as only the detectives of the Secret Order know how to do it, nothing could be found the next morning. They bought the house, you know—ah! if my mother had only owned it!—and they sifted it through, as I have done since; all in vain. Oh, how cruel it seems! The priceless thing is there somewhere, and it would make our happiness secure; but—I cannot find it."

"Oh! and now indeed I see why we need the fairy," said Floribel, softly, looking around her with such shining eyes, one would have declared they held a spell strong enough to conjure up some helpful power. "Are you sure, my Bernardo, you have left no spot unsearched? What may not a woman's wit accomplish? Take me thither, I beg of you; and tell me, what is the treasure like?"

"It is a Greek cross, and it holds a peerless sapphire centre, with emeralds set about it, and nine magnificent diamonds make the arms of the cross. But speak no word concerning it. Now thou knowest why thou hast seen me hovering about this garden at midnight so frequently. It is easier to pass from the street through the little gate here, and, keeping behind the hedge, enter the other garden unobserved, than to go on the road and enter by the proper way."

"Perhaps the brigand did the same," said Floribel, shudderingly. "Ah! could I have been asleep peacefully and known nothing of it? When did it happen, Bernardo?"

"A year ago, my pet; and they have worked unceasingly ever since. Do you not mind about the strange horseman thrown and killed instantly against the stone pillar of the old archway? That was the terrible Red Hand, though none of us knew more than that some stranger perished thus. Every board in the house has been lifted, every stone turned. Ah, well-a-day! and what a chance it has been!"

"You do not give up yet, Bernardo?" cried Floribel, wistfully.

"I have lost hope; I have worked diligently a month over it. Yesterday I had a new thought, and I was jubilant over its promise. But, though I tried where no one else had searched, I found naught. And yet it is certain the man had the cross in his possession when he turned up this lane. He never left the house that night—they all can swear to it; and in the morning no trace of it could be found, nor ever since."

"Oh, for a fairy!" sighed Floribel.

But the next moment she lifted her amber beads and dropped them one by one from her pretty fingers, while her lips moved noiselessly and her eyelids drooped in devotion.

Bernardo watched her silently, and, when she turned again toward him, said, quietly:

"You may take this key and go over the house, if you will—it is quite empty; but it will be a bootless quest. Only a fairy, or—a saint—is able to penetrate the mystery. And for me, I must go and report my daily story of fruitless effort at headquarters. *Addio, mia cara.*"

"Kiss me before you go," said Floribel; "and come back to the house as soon as you can. I will wait there for you."

Bernardo was not loath to avail himself of the gracious permission—vouchsafed, as he understood, to his sorrowful mood rather than to his lover's claim; he kissed her fondly, and went his way.

Floribel, leaning against the trunk of the old ilex-tree, lifted her bright eyes pleadingly up to the blue of the wonderful sky.

"If I might find it—oh, if I might find it!" she sighed, and folded her book of fairy tales very closely against her throbbing heart.

The next moment Mona Brigida's shrill voice was heard—she was coming down the garden-path.

Floribel thrust the book beneath her linen neckerchief, and stooped hastily for the bright knitting lying still unheeded on the bank.

"My mother is very angry; she has seen poor Bernardo!" murmured she.

By this time Mona Brigida's angry, scornful face appeared in view.

"Oh, here you are! I might have known what it meant when you were so eager for the coolness of the garden. That helpless idler has been here. I haven't looked out of our window for a month that I haven't seen Bernardo hanging about the place. I'm ashamed of you, Floribel!"

"Now, *madre mia*, why do you say that? Have I not done more than the work you set? Was I not up in the morning long before the others, and did I fail in my task?" asked Floribel, coaxingly.

"But you vex me," declared Mona Brigida, in a mollified tone.

"Ah! about one thing—only one thing, *madre mia*. You must own that."

"But that is the most important of all. You are a silly child, Floribel; this good-for-nothing Bernardo will always be a useless driveler. Come, my darling, my pet; yield to your mother's good sense. She can best see what is wisest for you."

But Floribel shook her pretty head resolutely.

"It is you who are blinded, *madre;* and it is old Pietro's money-bags that tempt you."

And here the pretty maiden crossed herself, as against something harmful.

"Bernardo will never hurt us in that way," laughed Mona Brigida, scornfully. "He cannot even buy you a cottage to live in. And Pietro—worthy Pietro—will dress you like a lady, and keep us both in comfort all our days."

"I will not have Pietro, and I love Bernardo. *Madre,* why must we argue it over every day, as fresh as if it had never been said before?"

"You can never marry Bernardo without my consent, ungrateful child," declared Mona Brigida, spitefully.

"No, *madre mia*—I know I cannot," returned Floribel, sorrowfully; "but you can never marry me to Pietro against my will, either."

"If Bernardo were only out of the way!" muttered the mother, fiercely.

"If Bernardo could only find the cross!" secretly wailed the pretty daughter.

And they stood looking at each other defiantly.

And here a sudden gust of wind came rushing through the garden and flapped Mona Brigida's gay apron over her head, and whisked away a knot of ribbon from Floribel's braids and whirled it up into the boughs of the ilex-tree.

"The saints defend us! there is a rain coming on, and all the trays are out with the leaves drying!" cried out Mona Brigida, forgetting everything else.

And she flew back toward the house-porch, shouting vigorously for Tessa the serving-woman's help.

THE APOTHECARY.—SEE PAGE 614.

"Dear, dear—the new ribbon, too!" murmured Floribel, wistfully looking up into the tree at the fluttering pink ends amid the dark-green leaves of the ilex. "I must get it again, surely, for I must make my ribbons last a long time, if I am to be of good help to Bernardo. I wonder if I can reach it with the bench?"

And she ran hastily down the walk, seized upon a wooden bench and brought it quickly, planting it firmly at the foot of the tree, and then mounted upon it bravely.

All in vain; the tips of her rosy outstretched fingers did not reach the bough.

Just at that instant came a cracked voice from the other side.

"Sweetest Floribel, promise me a kiss for my reward, and I'll come for the ribbon at once."

The girl tossed her head angrily.

"Don't trouble yourself, Pietro; you are long past the suppleness of youth, such as is required for a climb into the tree. You could never get it. But Bernardo will be back presently; he can spring from limb to limb like a squirrel. He shall bring me my ribbon."

"Bernardo's climbing don't bring him a single scudo—he, he, he! Climbing won't keep a house a-going, pretty Floribel," retorted Pietro, sarcastically. "I trow, it is little enough else Bernardo is good for."

Floribel's eyes flashed, and her impetuous young blood mounted hotly to her forehead, and in the vehemence of her passion, the fingers of the little shapely hand resting high up on the tough trunk of the old ilex-tree beat an impatient tattoo against the bark. There was a gnarled knot here, and the fierce little fingers fastened themselves upon the protuberance, while she flung back, very hotly:

"Bernardo is good enough for me to love, Pietro Ginetti; and that is more than all your money-bags will ever win for you!"

"Take care, my pretty birdling! When you are safely in my gilded cage I may remember all these silly peckings at a friendly hand," retorted Pietro, the rising anger be-

traying itself in his own voice. "Take care how you anger me too much. Mona Brigida is on my side, and that is more than half the battle. Father Anselmo likewise blesses the union. Take care, my pretty dear!"

"You would make a suitable bridegroom for Mona Brigida herself. That is the only chance for you here!" shouted back Floribel; but she interrupted the speech with a sudden, sharp exclamation. The knot had come out in her fingers, revealing a smooth, dark cavity beneath. It was not this, however, which so much surprised her, odd as the circumstance was. It was the sudden, blinding flash, as of some imprisoned rainbow, scintillating out of the darkness, in answer to the entrance of the sunbeam which started through the leaves above.

One little sharp cry, and that was all.

Floribel thrust back the knot, and hastily descended from the bench, and even carried the latter away back to its former place. Then she took up her neglected knitting, and sat down with her back against the tree, and fell to work as if the fate of the whole land depended upon the completion of her task.

Pietro could not obtain another word or look. He stood for a few moments longer, peering over the hedge, and then went off grumblingly toward the street.

Floribel's face was a study. One moment it was wild and frightened, the next triumphant and gay with gladsome hope. Alternately her cheek flushed and paled; but she never moved from her position, nor once faltered in the clicking movement of the glancing needles.

But it seemed an interminable two hours before Bernardo's springing step was heard on the other side of the hedge. With the first sound of it, the girl sprang to her feet, and drawing one long breath of relief, called out, loudly:

"Bernardo, Bernardo! Come here to the ilex-tree!"

Mona Brigida heard, and thrust her discontented face from the window of the cottage.

"I have lost my ribbon," declared Floribel, as the youth came hurrying down the path. "Will you get it for me, in the tree there, Bernardo *mio?*"

Bernardo could not help noticing the sharpness of her voice, nor did he lose the odd, excited look in her eyes.

"What is it, *carissima?* Who has troubled thee?" he asked.

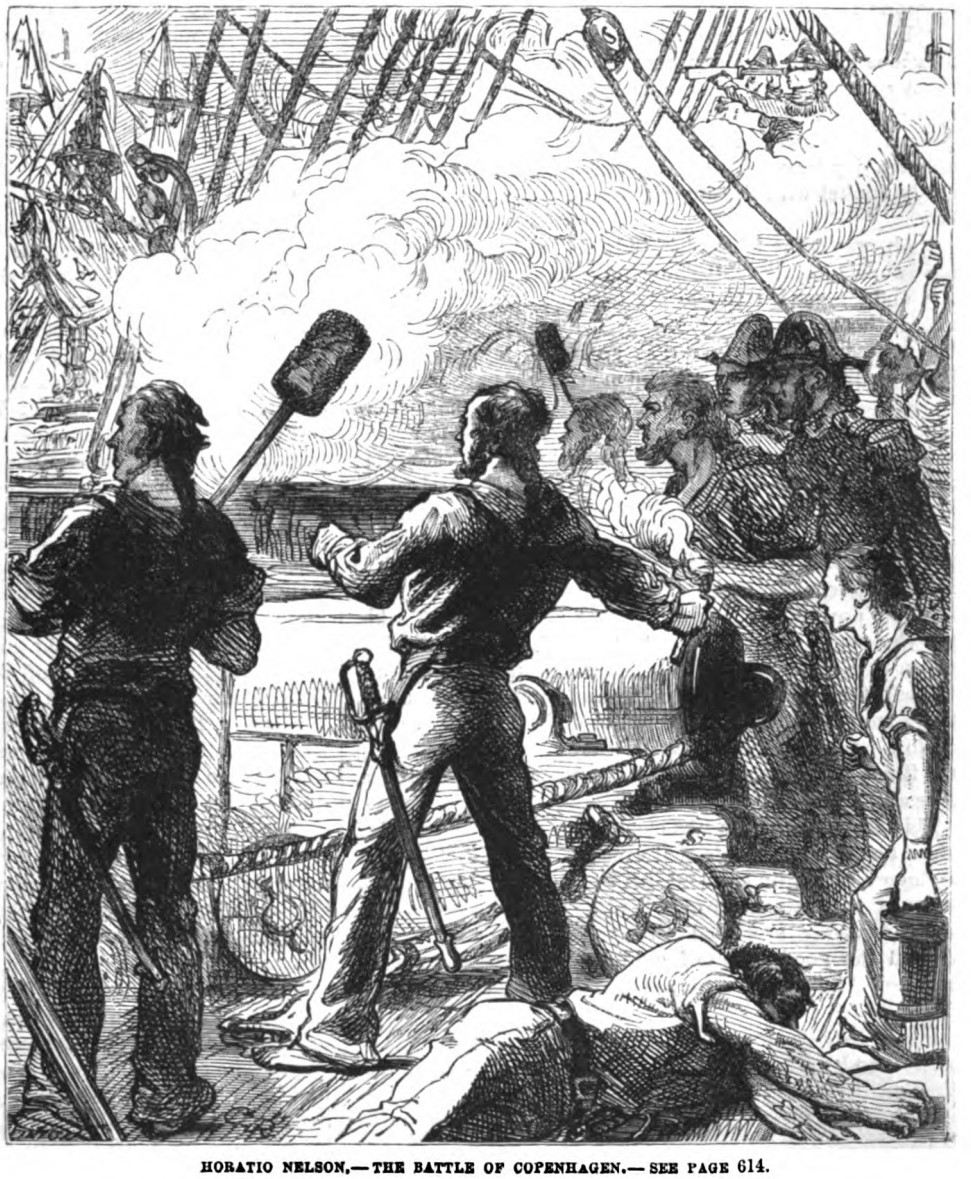
"Hush!—speak not a word. Get me the ribbon, but be not long about it; there are watching eyes—my mother's and Tessa's, surely—and old Pietro's too, it may be. Get the ribbon; but while you are climbing, look at the knot in the wood there. See, just above the lower branch. A tall man could reach it, but I cannot touch it without the bench."

"My little Floribel," began the wondering Bernardo, frightened by the restless glancing of her soft dark eyes, and the nervous tremor of the hands stretched out to him in imperious gesture.

"Waste no time in talk, but listen," returned she, with a curtness that must have astonished him. "The knot comes out. There is something inside that flashes wondrously. I did not touch it; only thou must take it, and without my mother's knowledge. Who knows but she might claim the reward?"

"Floribel," said the youth again, in utter bewilderment.

"Do you not hear? I said a tall man may reach it. Get



HORATIO NELSON.—THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.—SEE PAGE 614.

the ribbon, but hasten to explore the little cavity beneath the knot," commanded she.

And her cheeks were more scarlet than the poppy-heads in Tessa's garden-bed beyond.

Bernardo spoke not another word, but swung himself lightly up the tree.

If Mona Brigida watched with jealous eyes, all she saw was the supple, athletic figure mounted in the branches, and stooping down to disengage the knot of ribbon.

But Floribel, beneath the tree, watched the dextrous fingers fasten upon the singular knot of wood, heard the low, wild exclamation that followed, and gasped, hoarsely:

"Speak, Bernardo, only a single word, before my heart breaks beneath the suspense! Are my hopes fulfilled?"

"The saints bless you! I have found the cross!" answered he, between a sob and a laugh. "Floribel, Floribel! our happiness is secure! my fortune is made!"

The girl threw her white apron over her head and began to weep tumultuously.

Bernardo was beside her in another moment, with one arm around her, while the other extended his right hand, on the open palm of which gleamed and flashed and coruscated a blending rainbow of sapphire and emerald and diamond!

"Look, *carissima*, beloved, adored one! See what magnificence has been hidden here in safety through all this great searching, to make our happiness secure! How camest thou to find it? It is a miracle, a fairy gift!"

Floribel had withdrawn her apron, and, with eyes lighted up with joy through their streaming tears, devoured the costly trinket with flaming glances of delight and admiration.

"Ah, was it the fairy wish, indeed?" she cried, clapping her hands gleefully. "The wind carried my ribbon yonder, and I mounted the bench to reach it. But no," she added, the next moment, lifting her amber beads to her lips, "it was the saints that answered my prayer. If Pietro had not come and angered me it might have remained undiscovered for ever—who can tell? Thou knowest my silly way of working the fingers when I am vexed? Ah, it did good service this time, Bernardo. The knot came out without my meaning it. Oh, all saints be praised! a providential sunbeam revealed the imprisoned glory, and I guessed at once the momentous secret. But it is thine; no other hands touched it. Hasten away with it before other danger menaces."

"You are right. Not a moment should be lost. Ah, how the cardinal will rejoice! Floribel, dearest, I shall return with your mother's sanction. Doubt it not, for I will ask the great man to come and bless the betrothal. And I am sure he will be pleased to do it. That will overshadow poor old Pietro, and Father Anselmo's blessing, will it not? Oh, my Floribel, how beautiful the world is, after all!"

This last declaration was even more fervently repeated when he reappeared late that evening, to Mona Brigida's profound astonishment and pride, in the richly trapped coach of the eminent cardinal, while that illustrious personage warmly seconded the young man's suit, and showed the goodly sum of gold he had earned by some unrevealed but most important service bestowed upon the Holy Church itself.

Mona Brigida forgot all her ancient dislike and reproach, and warmly gave her blessing with the great cardinal's.

"Ah, it is indeed such a beautiful world!" repeated Bernardo; "how could I have railed at it so wickedly, my Floribel?"

"Yes," responded the latter, eagerly, betwixt happy tears and happier smiles, "everything is beautiful, and the saints are far better than the fairies; we must never forget that, even though we may never again find such a hidden treasure. And we will always cherish the old ilex that yielded us its fairy treasure."

THE APOTHECARY.

SHAKESPEARE says, "I do remember an apothecary"; but the apothecary of his remembrance and that of our day are vastly different persons. In the olden time, chemistry and alchemy, astronomy and astrology were all mixed together, and not infrequently—nay, generally, practiced by the same person. A distinctive dress, such as that in our illustration, characterized the professor of the occult science, as chemistry was then supposed to be. The apothecary was a man to be respected and feared. He had charge of means which produced death, preserved life, predicted fate or caused it.

An apothecary's shop was then a curious place. Crucibles and forges; skeletons of human beings and animals; stuffed beasts, birds and fishes, and many other quaint and horrible things were to be found there; and the urchin who was sent for some scruples for his sick master, crossed its threshold with fear and trembling.

HORATIO NELSON.

By ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

WE suppose that historians and biographers will never agree as to whether there has ever been any great leader of armies for whom it may be rightly claimed that he fairly outranks all others. Such pre-eminence has been demanded for some half-score of men: for Alexander of Macedon, for Hannibal of Carthage, for Julius Cæsar, for Marlborough, for Frederick of Prussia, for Napoleon Bonaparte, and for the Duke of Wellington. Others would add to this list such names as Wallenstein, Gustavus Adolphus, and even one or two which belong to our own generation. But in naval warfare the case is quite different. Among great admirals, whoever may stand as second or third, fifth or tenth, no one questions that the first place belongs to Nelson. Next to him, and little below, we are inclined to place Francis Drake.

Horatio Nelson was born September 29th, 1758, at Burham Thorpe, a village in the county of Norfolk, England, and died at the great battle off Cape Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805, having just entered upon his forty-eighth year. His father, Edmund Nelson, was the village rector; his mother, Catharine Suckling, was of the Walpole family, which played so prominent a part in English politics. She died in 1767, leaving eight surviving children out of the eleven to whom she had given birth. The rector of Burnham Thorpe was an invalid, with an income too small for the comfortable support of his large family. Captain Maurice Suckling, the brother of his deceased wife, was a rising naval officer. He promised to take care of one of the boys, who were, in the meantime, sent to school.

Three years afterward, when Horatio was twelve years old, Captain Suckling was placed in command of a 64-gun ship. The lad wrote from school, begging of his father that he might be allowed "to go to sea with Uncle Maurice." The rector, who was at Bath for the sake of his health, gave his consent.

Uncle Maurice was not altogether pleased at the choice

made of the lad who was to be his protégé. Horatio had never been a stout child, and he was now suffering from the ague, then prevalent among the fen-districts. He had, however, at this early age, given proof of that inborn pluck which was his notable characteristic through life. Once, when a mere child, he had strayed off birdsnesting in company with an older companion. Dinner-time came, and the boys were not to be found. Search was made in all quarters. At length, as evening approached, he was discovered sitting alone upon the bank of a brook too deep for him to wade. Somehow he had got separated from his companion. When he was brought home his grandmother said to him: "I wonder that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear!" replied the boy, "I do not know anything about this fear; who is he?" The same story, with more or less variation, is told of several other persons—of Andrew Jackson, among others; but we are willing to accept Mr. Southey's testimony that it belongs to Horatio Nelson. Schoolboys have from time immemorial considered fruit, especially if the trees are the property of the master, as lawful booty. Under the windows of the North Walsham schoolroom was a fine pear-tree, upon whose ripening fruit the boys had looked with longing eyes, but none of the elder ones would run the risk of plundering it. At length the eleven-year-old Nelson volunteered to undertake the enterprise. Sheets were tied together, by which he was lowered down from the high window; and when he had gathered a sufficiency of the pears he was hauled up. It is said that when the pears were distributed he kept none for himself. One cannot help suspecting that he had already eaten his fill. He merely said: "I did not care for the pears; I went for them because all the other boys were afraid to do so."

When Uncle Maurice was told that little Horatio was to be sent to him, he wrote back in reply: "What has the poor fellow done—he who is so weak—that he, of all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea? But," he added, not very consolingly, "let him come; and the first time we go into action, a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and so provide for him at once."

So the die was cast. The boy was sent for from school, and his father took him up to London. Captain Suckling's ship was lying at Chatham, on the Medway, whither the boy was sent down by stage-coach, to make the best of his way on board. It was a cold, bleak Spring day, and the poor ague-stricken lad wandered about the streets, not knowing how to find the vessel. At length, an officer, seeing his forlorn aspect, questioned him, gave him a dinner, and told him how to reach the ship. But his troubles were not over. Captain Suckling was not on board; nobody knew that his nephew was expected, and all the remainder of that day he paced the deck, without being noticed by any one. It was not, indeed, until the second day that, as he afterward said, "somebody took compassion on me." Such was the first introduction of Horatio Nelson into the naval service of his Britannic Majesty.

There was prospect of trouble between Great Britain and Spain, growing out of disputes as to the possession of the Falkland Islands, near the extremity of South America; and Captain Suckling's ship, the *Raisonnable*, was to be sent to that far-off part of the globe. But the quarrel was settled, and the captain was placed in command of a guard-ship in the Thames. Here was no chance that the boy would be provided for by getting his head knocked off, and so he was sent to the West Indies in a merchant-ship, that he might at least learn something of navigation. He came back in a few months, utterly disgusted with his Majesty's service. Uncle Maurice took him on board his own vessel, had him taught navigation, and made much of him in many ways.

Not long after this, the Government began to fit out a couple of vessels for a voyage of discovery in the Arctic regions. Nelson, then fifteen years old, begged to be appointed upon this expedition. It had been determined that no boys should be taken; but his uncle had sufficient influence to procure an exception in the case of Nelson, who was permitted to go out as coxswain, under Captain Lutwidge, the second in command. This Polar expedition was in some respects a notable one. It sailed early in June, 1773, and at the close of the following month had reached almost the latitude of 81° in the Greenland seas. Here and there we catch glimpses of the young coxswain, who was frequently put in command of a boat, sent out to find a passage through the besetting ice.

One incident is characteristic. One night, during the mid-watch, he and another started off in pursuit of a bear which had been descried prowling about. A fog soon sprung up, and the adventurers were lost to view. At length the fog cleared away, and the pair were seen close upon a huge bear. The signal for return was made. Before obeying, Nelson tried a last shot at the creature, who had apparently been wounded. The musket missed fire; but the lad rushed forward, shouting: "Let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him!" Just at this moment a gun was fired from the ship, which frightened the bear, who made off, and Nelson half sulkily went back to the ship. The captain was in no good humor at this escapade, and sternly inquired what reason he had for what he had done. "I wished," he said, "to kill the bear, so that I might carry the skin to my father."

When the Arctic expedition returned, Nelson was placed on board of a 20-gun frigate sent to the East Indies. His good conduct gained the attention of the captain, and he was soon rated as a midshipman. Nelson at sixteen is described as short, but rather stout and athletic, with a florid countenance. He remained in the Indian waters a year and a half. Then his health broke down in that fatal climate; he wasted away to a skeleton, and for a time entirely lost the use of his limbs. There was nothing to do but to send him home, although no one dreamed that he would live to see his native shores. His health, however, improved during the voyage; but he fell a prey to deep despondency. Long after, when he had come to be famous, he called those dark days to mind:

"I felt impressed," he said, "that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my King and my country as my patron. 'Well, then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero; and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!'"

But Nelson was far enough from being without interest in high quarters. Captain Suckling had been made comptroller in the navy, and was thus in a position to lend a helping hand to his nephew, who was made acting lieutenant of a 64-gun ship going out to Gibraltar. Upon his return, in the Spring of 1777, after passing a brilliant examination, he received a commission as second lieutenant on board a frigate which was fitting out for the West India Islands. He was then not quite nineteen years of age, and had fairly set his foot on the ladder of promotion.

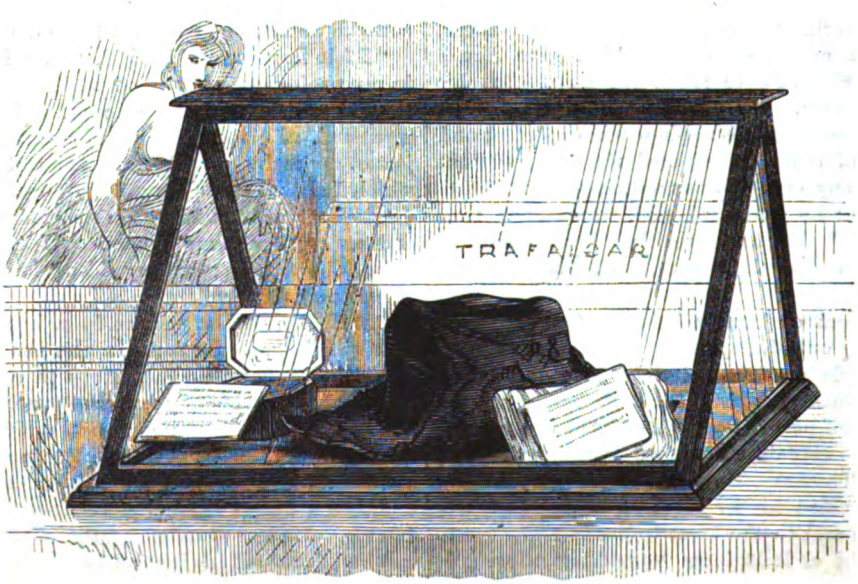
Nelson remained on the West India Station from 1777 to 1781. We pass over his services here, with the mere

mention that he made himself conspicuous wherever there was anything to be dared or done, notably in an expedition for the capture of the castle of San Juan, seventy miles up the river of that name, which forms the outlet of Lake Nicaragua. The castle was taken from the Spaniards with little fighting, but the possession of it was worse than useless to the captors. They held it for four months; but of the 1,800 men who took part in the expedition, less than 400 returned; the others fell victims to the pestilential climate. Nelson's own vessel, the *Hinchinbrook*, had a complement of 200 men; of these, eighty-seven were stricken down by fever and dysentery in a single night. When the death-roll came to be made out, of the entire crew, only ten were left alive. Nelson, however, had been seized just before the surrender, and went down the river. When he reached the harbor, he found that the captain of the 44-gun ship *Janus* had died, and that he had been placed in command. He was, however, too ill to fill the post, and asked permission to return to England as the only means of preserving his life.

NELSON WOUNDED IN CENTRAL AMERICA

Partially recovering, he was given the command of another vessel, which was sent to the Danish seas, where he remained during the Winter. Then his vessel was ordered to Quebec. The war of the American Revolution was drawing to a close, but there was still a chance of naval fighting in the West Indies, whither Nelson asked to be sent.

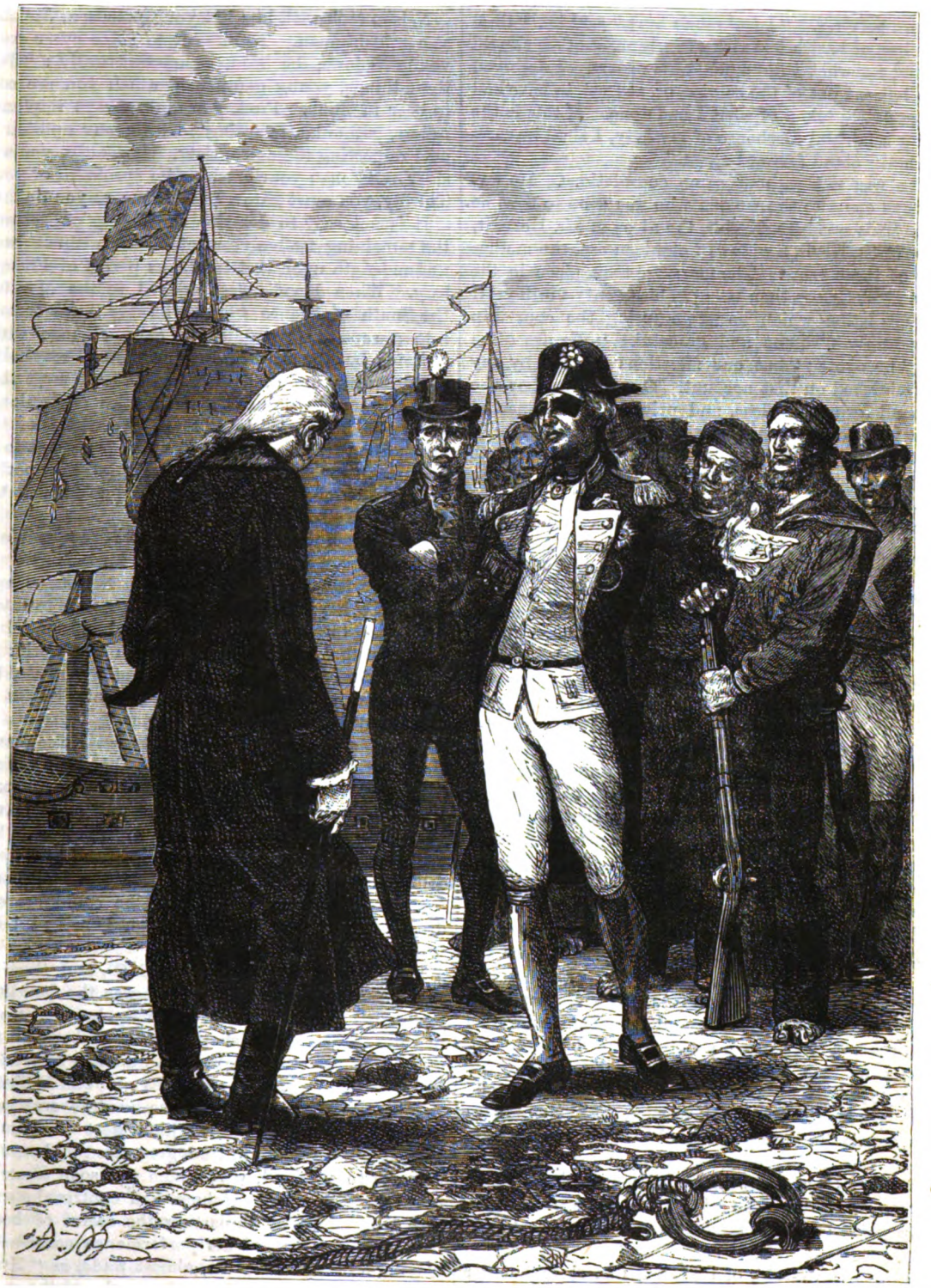
One incident in this period has a little personal interest. Nelson had been ordered to convoy a fleet of transports to New York. Off Sandy Hook he found the fleet of Lord Hood, with which was Prince William Henry, soon to be made Duke of Clarence, who was trying to learn to be a sailor. Lord Hood told the prince that if he wanted any information about naval tactics, Captain Nelson was the man to impart it. The Duke of Clarence gave a rather graphic sketch of Nelson as he appeared at their first meeting: "He was the merest boy of a captain I had ever seen, dressed in a full-laced uniform, an old-fashioned waistcoat with long flaps, and his lank unpowdered hair tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length; making altogether so remarkable a figure that I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was nor what he came about. But his address and manner were irresistibly pleasing; and when he spoke on professional subjects it was with an enthusiasm that showed he was no common being."



NELSON RELICS IN GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

But the long war came to a close. Nelson's ship was paid off; he returned to England, and was for the first

time presented at Court. "I have closed the war," he wrote, "without fortune; but there is not a speck on my character." He did not for a while apply for another ship, because he was not rich enough to live on board in the



SURRENDER OF THE DANISH ADMIRAL TO LORD NELSON.

customary style. To economize his half-pay, he took up his residence in France. But he soon wearied of a life of inactivity, and in 1784 was sent to the Leeward Islands, in command of a small cruiser on the peace establishment. He remained on this station until 1787, his duties being mainly confined to thwarting what he held to be the illegal traffic which the Americans were carrying on between the islands. He made himself abundantly unpopular with all parties; for nearly everybody had an interest in this trade. A prosecution was begun against him, the damages claimed being laid at £40,000; and for a time he was obliged to keep on board his ship to avoid arrest upon civil process. The Home Government took his part, after a fashion, and

He had acted over and over again in direct violation of the orders of Sir Thomas Shirley, the Commander-in-chief of the Leeward Islands. Great, therefore, was his disgust when the thanks of the Government were presented to Sir Thomas "for his activity and zeal in protecting the commerce of Great Britain," and with no word of recognition for his own services. "I feel much hurt," said he, "that, after the loss of health and risk of fortune, another should be thanked for what I did against his orders. I deserved either to be sent out of the service, or, at least, to have had some little notice taken of what I had done. If this is the reward for a faithful discharge of my duty, I shall be careful, and never stand forward again."

Still, he was not without some consolations. He was paying busy court to the woman who was soon to become his wife. This was Mrs. Nesbit, the niece of Mr. Herbert, Governor of St. Nevis, a widow of eighteen and the mother of a boy of three years. The marriage took place in the Spring of 1787, Nelson then being in his twenty-ninth year. Some of the letters which he wrote during the courtship are exceedingly pleasant and graceful. "We are often separate," he wrote; "but our affections are not by any means diminished on that account. Our country has the first demand for our services, and private convenience or happiness must ever give way to the public good. . . . To write letters to you is the greatest pleasure I feel, next to receiving them from you. Absent from you, I feel no pleasure. It is you who are everything to me. Without you, I care not for this world; for I have found lately nothing in it but vexation and trouble. God Almighty grant that my sentiments may never change! Indeed, there is, as far as human knowledge can judge, a moral certainty that they cannot; for it must be real affection that brings us together, not interest or compulsion."

Alas for the imperfection of our self-knowledge! Ten years had scarcely passed before Nelson became infatuated with the wife of another, and shamelessly deserted that wife to whom, in the very act of deserting her, he wrote, "I call God to witness that there is nothing in you or your conduct that I wish otherwise." But before those dark days, there were to be years of glory and credit. Strange enough, Nelson never seems to have felt that there was anything wrong in his conduct toward his wife. Through the years during which their liaison lasted, he styled Lady Hamilton his guardian angel. The very last lines written by him were to commend her and their daughter to the care of his country; and among his last words, when he lay at the point of death, were those of fond regard for her.

Soon after his marriage Nelson returned to England and took up his residence at the paternal parsonage, where he spent his time in gardening, shooting and birdsnesting, never for a moment content unless his wife was by his side. So passed four years. Over and over again he begged to be placed upon active service. But the powers that were seemed to have forgotten his great services, and turned a deaf ear to his requests. Over and over again he was upon the point of throwing up his commission. "Not being a man of fortune," he said, "is a crime which I am unable to get over, and therefore none of the great men care about me."

At length, in the Winter of 1791-2, it was clear that war with France was inevitable. Nelson once more asked for active command, even were it only of a cockle-boat. The official reply of the Secretary of the Lords of the Admiralty was curt enough: "Sir," it ran, "I have received your letter of December 5th, expressing your readiness to serve, and have read the same to my Lords, Commissioners of the Admiralty." Almost two months passed before any further notice was vouchsafed. But Lord Hood and the Duke of Clarence had been busy on his behalf, and on January 30th, 1792, he was appointed to the command of the 64-gun ship *Agamemnon*, which was to form part of the Mediterranean fleet, under the command of Lord Hood.

Nelson took with him his young stepson, Josiah Nesbit, as a midshipman. To him, or to some other one of the young fellows, he said, characteristically: "There are three things, young gentlemen, which you are constantly to bear in mind. First, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your King. Thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil."

It is not easy to describe the doings of Nelson during the remaining twelve years of his life without dwelling at undue length upon that troublous period of European history. When Hood's fleet arrived in the Mediterranean the South of France would willingly have formed itself into a separate republic, in close alliance with Great Britain; but the British Government had set itself against anything savoring of democracy, and the most that Hood could do was to induce the authorities of Toulon to surrender to him provisionally the possession of their city and harbor. Nelson was sent with dispatches to Sir William Hamilton, British envoy at Naples, the special object being to induce the King of Naples to furnish troops to assist in garrisoning Toulon.

Sir William was an elderly man, a very tolerable scholar, and by no means devoid of talents for business. At their first interview he was charmed with Nelson, as most men were. To his wife he said: "I am going to introduce a little man to you. He is not very handsome, but I am sure that he will one day astonish the world. I have never before entertained an officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here. Let him be put into the room prepared for Prince Augustus."

This was the first meeting between Nelson and Lady Hamilton. There was nothing at this time which boded of the evil which was to come. To his wife Nelson wrote: "Lady Hamilton is a young woman of amiable manners, who does honor to the station to which she has been raised, and she has been exceedingly kind to Josiah." He could not have been unaware that she had been raised from a very lowly position; but he could scarcely have dreamed what a degraded position hers had been until within a few years.

Emma Lyon was born about 1760, and thus was two years younger than Nelson. She was the daughter of an unmarried servant-woman. During her early years, we find her a nurse-girl, a shop-girl, a chambermaid to a lady of rank, and at about eighteen a waiter in a tavern. About this time she became the mistress of John Willett, a captain in the navy, with whom she lived several years, and acquired accomplishments which were to stand her in good stead. Willett in time grew tired of her, and made her over to a friend, with whom she soon quarreled. A noted quack, named Graham, had contrived a scheme to gull the public, by imparting the secret of health and beauty. One part of his performance consisted in displaying a beautiful woman, almost nude, as "Hygeia, the Goddess of Health." Emma Lyon played the part of the goddess, in which she made a great sensation. Charles Greville, a young man of good family and some fortune, became enamored of her. After she had borne him three children, he was on the point of making her his wife. His family were opposed to this step—none more so than his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, a man of fifty and more.

then British envoy to Naples. So much did Sir William take the matter to heart, that in 1784 he went to England in order to dissuade his nephew from thus disgracing his name. But no sooner did the learned Sir William, who had lost his wife two years before, see Emma Lyon, than his wishes took a new turn. She was not quite good enough to be the wife of his nephew, but she was quite good enough to be his own mistress. The nephew was overwhelmed with debts; the uncle was tolerably rich. A bargain was soon agreed upon. Greville's debts were to be paid up by his uncle, in consideration of which Emma Lyon (or Harte, as she was sometimes called) passed over to Sir William Hamilton as his mistress—very much, as we imagine, to her own satisfaction. This half-acknowledged, half-avowed intimacy lasted for some years. A formal marriage was at some time solemnized. Dates here are wanting, but this one thing seems fixed: in 1791, the venerable Sir William presented Emma Lyon as his wife at the Court of Naples. Bad as she might have been in past years, she was in all sorts of ways better than the Queen of Naples, over whom she had somehow come to have the controlling power. Thus matters had been standing for a couple of years at the time when Nelson first saw that "young woman of amiable manners, who did honor to the station to which she had been raised."

The British were now making efforts to detach the Island of Corsica from the French Republic. Siege was to be laid to Bastia. Nelson was sure that with the *Agamemnon* and five hundred soldiers, he could take the place; but the general commanding the land forces declared the thing impracticable, and would not furnish a man or a gun. Nelson was permitted to make the attempt, and was for the nonce made a brigadier in the army. All told, he had 1,000 artillerymen and marines, and 250 sailors. The place was held by a force nearly four times as numerous. The siege was begun on the 4th of April, and lasted till the 19th of May, when the city capitulated. "I am astonished," wrote Nelson to his wife, "when I reflect on what we have achieved—1,000 regulars, 1,500 national guards, and a large party of Corsican troops, 4,000 in all, laying down their arms to 1,200 soldiers, marines and seamen. I always was of opinion, have ever acted up to it, and never had any reason to repent it, that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen."

Nelson was soon dispatched in the *Agamemnon* to cooperate with Sir Charles Stuart in the siege of Calvi. This siege is chiefly notable from the fact that Nelson met with a severe casualty. While upon shore a shot struck the ground close by him, flinging sand and gravel into his face. He thought the matter of little consequence, and reported to Lord Hood that he should be able for duty that same evening. But the sand had hurt his right eye, and the sight of it was never regained. In a letter to his wife he briefly sums up his doings for the last three or four months, and complains bitterly of the scanty justice which was accorded to him: "One hundred and ten days I have been actually engaged at sea and on shore against the enemy. Three actions against ships, two against Bastia in my ship, four boat-actions, two villages taken and twelve sail of vessels burned. I do not know that any one has done more. I have had the honor always to be applauded by my commander-in-chief, but never to be rewarded; and, what is more mortifying, for services in which I have been wounded, others have been praised, who at the same time were actually in bed, far from the scene of action. They have not done me justice. But never mind—I'll have a gazette of my own."

British affairs in the Mediterranean had fallen into a bad condition. On land the French were rapidly gaining the ascendency, and the superiority of the English on the sea was by no means acknowledged. Lord Hood went back to England, and Admiral Hotham succeeded to the command of the fleet. Hotham was a well-meaning man, but wanting in dash and vigor. The French fleet of Toulon was superior to that of the enemy. It numbered seventeen ships-of-the-line, and five smaller vessels, with nearly 17,000 men on board. The English had the same number of large ships, but they were only half manned. The two fleets came in sight of each other, and a general action seemed imminent. A partial action took place, which resulted in favor of the English. This was almost wholly due to the skill with which Nelson manœuvred and fought the *Agamemnon*. Several vessels were taken, and Nelson was confident that if he could have had his own way the entire French fleet would have been destroyed or captured. But the bulk of it got back to Toulon, where it was reinforced so strongly that it was again superior to the enemy.

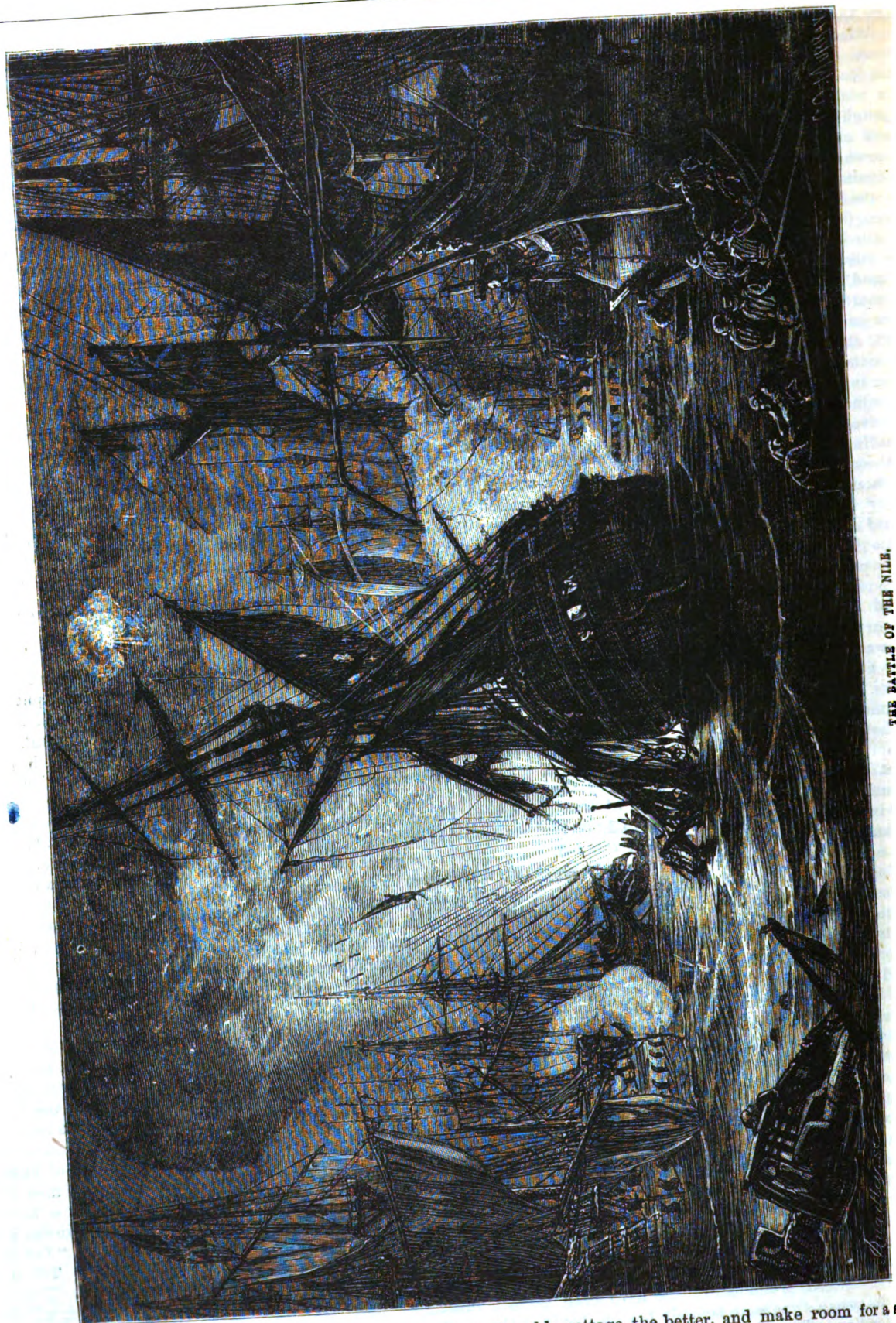
For several months Nelson was engaged in wearisome duty, his best efforts being thwarted by the incapacity of his superior officers, and of the Austrian and Sardinian land forces with which he was to co-operate. His ship had seen such hard service that she was little better than a mere hulk; her rigging was almost cut to pieces, and her hull was so damaged that for some time it was kept from going to pieces by means of cables which had been passed around it. But a better day was dawning.

Late in 1796, Sir John Jervis was sent out to take command of the fleet, and he had learned to appreciate the worth of Nelson.

Spain was now the ally of France. The Spanish fleet, to all appearance far stronger than the British, put out to sea, and Jervis, sailing in search of it, came in sight of it on the 13th of February, 1797, off Cape St. Vincent. Then ensued the first of the great naval battles which placed Nelson indisputably at the head of his profession. The Spaniards had, in all, 27 ships-of-the-line, carrying 2,308 guns; the English had 15 ships-of-the-line, carrying 1,132 guns. We shall not go into the details of this battle of Cape St. Vincent. Suffice it to say that the victory was owing more to Nelson than to any, perhaps to all, of the other British commanders. The result was that nine of the Spanish ships were taken, and the others managed to make their escape. Jervis was made Earl St. Vincent, and Nelson, who had just before been raised to the rank of rear admiral, was knighted, and made a "Companion of the Order of the Bath," so that he could style himself "Sir Horatio Nelson."

About the middle of July, Nelson was sent to attack Santa Cruz, on the Island of Teneriffe. The attack was gallantly made, but was unsuccessful; Nelson, while stepping out of the boat, received a shot through the right elbow. His life was saved only by the promptitude of his step-son, Josiah Nesbit, who had the lacerated limb bound up with handkerchiefs, so as to stop the effusion of blood. The boat was soon rowed back to the *Theseus*, then the flagship of the admiral. Nelson ordered a rope to be thrown over the side of the ship; twisting this around his left arm, he climbed the side of the ship, saying, "Let me alone; I have yet my legs left, and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm; so the sooner it is off the better."

The enterprise was a total failure. In it the British lost two hundred and fifty men. Nelson was bitterly chagrined at the failure and at his own mutilation. To Lord St. Vincent he wrote, with his left hand: "I am become a burden to my friends, and useless to my country. When



THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

I leave your command I become dead to the world. I go hence, and am no more seen. I hope you will be able to give me a frigate to convey the remains of my carcass to England. . . . A left-handed admiral will never again be

humble cottage the better, and make room for a sounder man to serve the State." To his wife he wrote not quite so despairingly: "It was the chance of war, and I have great reason to be thankful; and I know that it will add much to your pleasure to find that Josiah, under God's

providence, was principally instrumental in saving my life. I shall not be surprised if I am neglected and forgotten. Probably I shall no longer be considered as useful. However, I shall feel rich if I continue to enjoy your affection. I beg neither you nor my father will think much of this mishap; my mind has long been made up to such an event."

Nelson returned to England, and had abundant reason to know that he was not forgotten. Congratulations poured in upon him, and he was made a Knight of the Bath, with a pension of £1,000. By the end of November his wound was healed, and he sent a formal thanksgiving to the minister of St. George's, Hanover Square: "An

THE FUNERAL OF LORD NELSON

officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed upon him."

The year 1798 was a turning one in the life of Nelson. In April of that year he was ordered to hoist his flag on the 74-gun ship *Vanguard*, and join Earl St. Vincent at Gibraltar. His parting with his wife has a pathetic interest. An indefinable dread hung over her. There was good reason that she should apprehend that she would lose him by the chances of war. She could never have dreamed that they were to be separated by his mad infatuation for another woman. Almost the last thing which he said to her was that his own ambition was satisfied; but that he hoped to raise her to that rank in which he had long wished to see her.

We must run rapidly over the great events of the next few months. The French fleet of Toulon, with Napoleon Bonaparte on board, had got clean off, whither bound, no one could certainly know. But everything indicated that its destination was Egypt. Toward Egypt Nelson took his course, hoping to intercept the enemy. He was too quick, for when he got to Alexandria, on the 28th of June, there were no Frenchmen there, and nobody seemed to know where they were, or what they had been doing. Nelson put back to Sicily to refit his vessels, and to make ready for any emergency. People in England began to speak hardly of him, to whisper that Nelson deserved impeachment, and that Earl St. Vincent was culpable for placing so young a man upon a service so important.

Nelson himself was not without more or less of misgiving. "I cannot," he said, "to this moment learn, beyond vague conjecture, where the French fleet are gone to"; but wherever they were, if above water, he would find them out and fight them. He was sure that they were bound for Egypt, "but," he wrote to the first Lord of the Admiralty, "be they bound to the antipodes, your lordship may rely that I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action."

From Sicily, Nelson once more sailed for Egypt, and on the 1st of August, 1798, he came in sight of Alexandria. When he last saw it the port was empty. Now it was crowded with vessels, and the tricolor of France floated from the walls. It was just ten o'clock in the morning. For days and nights Nelson had scarcely eaten or slept. He at once ordered dinner to be got ready, while he gave orders for the battle. When dinner was over he said, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey." The actual position of the French fleet was not in the port of Alexandria, but in the Bay of Aboukir, a dozen miles distant. The battle began at dusk, and lasted until almost dawn. Never was a victory more absolute and complete. Of the thirteen vessels-of-the-line which composed the French fleet, nine were taken and two burned; of the four frigates, only two escaped. The British loss in this action was officially stated at 895; the French loss in killed was 5,225, besides more than 3,000 prisoners, many of them wounded. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene: it was a conquest."

Nelson had no reason to complain that honors and rewards were not heaped upon him. All sorts of potentates and powers thought that the destruction of the French fleet had given them a new lease of existence. It seemed that this victory had shut up Napoleon Bonaparte in Egypt and Syria, whence he could never emerge to trouble the world any more. He was, in the language of the day, a "dead cock in the pit." The Sultan of Turkey seems to have led off in the matter of presentations. His gift to Nelson was a pelisse of sables valued at $5,000, and a diamond aigrette valued at $18,000—the more valuable because it was taken from one of the royal turbans. "If it were worth a million," wrote Nelson to his wife, "my pleasure would be to see it in your possession." The half-mad Paul of Russia sent him a portrait of himself, set in diamonds; so, also, did the King of Sardinia.

At home, honors and rewards were accorded to Nelson. The East India Company gave him £10,000; the Turkish Company voted him a piece of plate; the City of London presented a sword to him and to each of his captains. Government did officially what was thought fitting. Nelson was made Baron of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe, with a pension of £2,000 for his own life and those of his two immediate successors, who it was now clear would not be sprung from him. Many men thought that higher rank should have been accorded to him. He should have been made an earl or a duke. Pitt, then premier, thought that it was not worth while to enter upon that question. "Admiral Nelson's fame," he said, "would be coequal with the British name; and it would be remembered that he had obtained the greatest naval victory upon record, when no man would think of asking whether he had been credited a baron, a viscount or an earl." Nelson certainly believed that the home honors accorded to him were far less than his deserts warranted.

Seventeen days after the battle of Aboukir, or of the Nile, as it is sometimes styled, Nelson sailed back to Naples, which he reached on the 22d of September. The story of the next few months is among the saddest upon record. What need is there now of telling it? Up to that time Nelson had known nothing of Lady Hamilton except as of a brilliant woman who hated the French, and was overjoyed at tidings of any disaster which had befallen them. She received him with more than open arms. From this time began that illicit intercourse between them which forms the one great blot upon the character of Nelson. It is useless to endeavor to extenuate it; there is no need of effort to exaggerate it. No more need be said than that the Court of Naples was utterly profligate, and that Nelson and his paramour were not much worse, and certainly no better, than those by whom they were surrounded.

Let us draw a decent vail over the events of the next two years. If it were lifted, the character of Nelson would be blackened by many a thing which we would gladly wish had never been put upon record, notably that of the judicial murder of Prince Francesco Caraccioli, from the infamy of which no special pleading can free the memory of Nelson and of Lady Hamilton. Southey, who everywhere wishes to think the best of Nelson, does not attempt to shield him here. He writes, sternly and sorrowfully: "Here, also, a faithful historian is called upon to pronounce a severe and unqualified condemnation of Nelson's conduct. . . . Lady Hamilton had the most devoted attachment to the Neapolitan Court, and the hatred which she felt against those whom she regarded as its enemies made her at this time forget what was due to the character of her sex, as well as of her country. . . . Doubtless the British admiral seemed to himself to be acting under a rigid sense of justice; but to all other persons it was obvious that he was influenced by an infatuated attachment—a baneful passion, which destroyed his domestic happiness, and now, in a second instance, stained ineffaceably his public character."

Late in the Autumn of 1800, Nelson returned to England, after an absence of three years. Within three months there was a formal separation between him and his wife. Lady Hamilton was his known paramour; and her venerable husband, now lapsing into second childhood, seems to have accepted the situation, and indeed

rather to have prided himself upon it. It is a sad story; perhaps the less we know of it the better is it for us.

About this time the Northern Powers, Russia, Denmark and Sweden, entered upon an alliance to uphold each other in maintaining the rights of neutral States upon the ocean; or, as Southey expresses it, "They formed a confederacy for making England resign her naval rights." The naval force of this confederation was considerable. The Danes had 23 ships-of-the-line, 31 frigates, and many smaller vessels; the Swedes had 18 ships-of-the-line, 14 frigates and sloops, and 74 galleys and smaller vessels; the Russians had 82 sail-of-the-line and 40 frigates. All of this formidable force would in all likelihood come into alliance with France in the war which seemed at hand.

The British Government saw its peril, and undertook prompt measures to break up the confederation. A fleet was sent to the Baltic. Everybody supposed that Nelson would be placed at the head of it; but red-tape influence was in the ascendency, and Sir Hyde Parker, a rather stupid admiral, was placed in command, Nelson being second to him. After all, Sir Hyde had sense enough to know that Nelson was in every way his superior, and left matters pretty much in his hands. The story of the attack upon Copenhagen is one which cannot be told at length. The Danes refused to surrender their fleet; and Nelson undertook to destroy or capture it, notwithstanding it was under the shelter of strong land batteries. The action began two hours before noon on April 2d, 1801, and lasted for five hours. The Danish force was practically annihilated. This action was fought upon Good Friday. Nelson thought it the severest one in which he had ever been engaged. The loss of the English, in killed and wounded, was 953; that of the Danes, including prisoners, was about 6,000. The result of all was the breaking up of the Northern Confederacy. Perhaps this would not have taken place had not the Czar Paul of Russia been murdered, and his son Alexander succeeded to the throne.

For this operation, honorable, perhaps, to Nelson as a commander, but disgraceful to Great Britain as a nation, Nelson was made a viscount; "an inadequate mark of reward," says Southey, "for services so splendid, and of such paramount importance to the dearest interests of England. There was, however, some prudence in dealing out honors to him step by step; had he lived long enough, he would have fought his way up to a dukedom." He had, indeed, been made a duke after a fashion. The King of Naples made him Duke of Bronté, and gave him a considerable estate in Sicily. The title *Bronté*, "Thunder," greatly pleased the admiral, and he was wont to sign his name as "Nelson and Bronté."

Poor old Sir William Hamilton wrote a curious letter to Nelson not long after the battle of Copenhagen: "We can only expect, what we know well, and often said before, that Nelson was, is, and to the last will ever be, the first. Emma did not know whether she was on her head or heels; in such a great hurry to tell your great news that she could utter nothing but tears of joy and tenderness. . . . All the company were mad with joy; but I am sure that no one really rejoiced more at heart than I did. I have lived too long to have felt ecstasies. But, with calm reflection, I felt for my friend having got to the very summit of glory—the *ne plus ultra!* that he has had another opportunity of rendering his country the most important service, and manifesting again his judgment, his intrepidity, and humanity." Sir William had overpassed the years of threescore-and-ten. Perhaps he did not care that the siren with whom he had been so discreditably connected, and who now bore his name, was the paramour of his friend, as she had been of himself, of his nephew, and of several others.

A kind of European peace was patched up by the treaty of Amiens, and Nelson went back to England. He purchased an estate at Milton, where he expected to pass his days with his friends, the Hamiltons. His various pensions and half-pay amounted to £3,400 a year; of this, £1,800 had been assigned to his wife, £350 were made over to the widow of a brother and her children, and there was £500 a year to be paid as interest upon borrowed money, so that his net income was very moderate.

The peace of Amiens was of short duration. War broke out again in the Spring of 1803, and Nelson was appointed commander of the Mediterranean fleet. Just before this Sir William Hamilton had died. "He expired," says Southey, "in his wife's arms, holding Nelson by the hand, and in almost his last words left her to his protection; calling him his dearest friend—the most virtuous, loyal and truly brave character he had ever known." In the codicil to his will are the words, "God bless him, and shame on those who do not say Amen." Could the poor old man have known that his wife was the mother and Nelson the father of a child living with them, and known as Horatia Nelson Thompson? Let us pry no further into these household mysteries. Sir William's retiring pension of £1,200 a year died with him. His wife was left destitute, except for what Nelson could give her.

For two years Nelson commanded the Mediterranean fleet, being especially engaged in the blockade of Toulon. But in spite of his unceasing vigilance, the French vessels got out early in January, 1805, and were shortly joined by the Spanish squadron off Cadiz. Whither they were bound, no one then knew. We now know what were the vast designs of Bonaparte. His purpose was to mislead the English into dividing their fleet, sending the squadrons into different waters, and then the combined French and Spanish squadrons were to return to European seas, and convoy the boats which were to carry an army for the invasion of England. He reckoned that if, for eight-and-forty hours, he could hold the narrow seas which girdle the British Isles, the invasion of England would become an accomplished fact.

The West Indies seemed to Nelson to be the immediate destination of the Franco-Spanish fleet. Thither he turned his course, but found that he had been misled. Backward and forward he traversed the broad Atlantic, until, at length, he got something like sure tidings of the whereabouts of the enemy. They had put back again, and had entered the Bay of Cadiz, whence they would be likely to come out before long. He took up a post where they could no longer elude him.

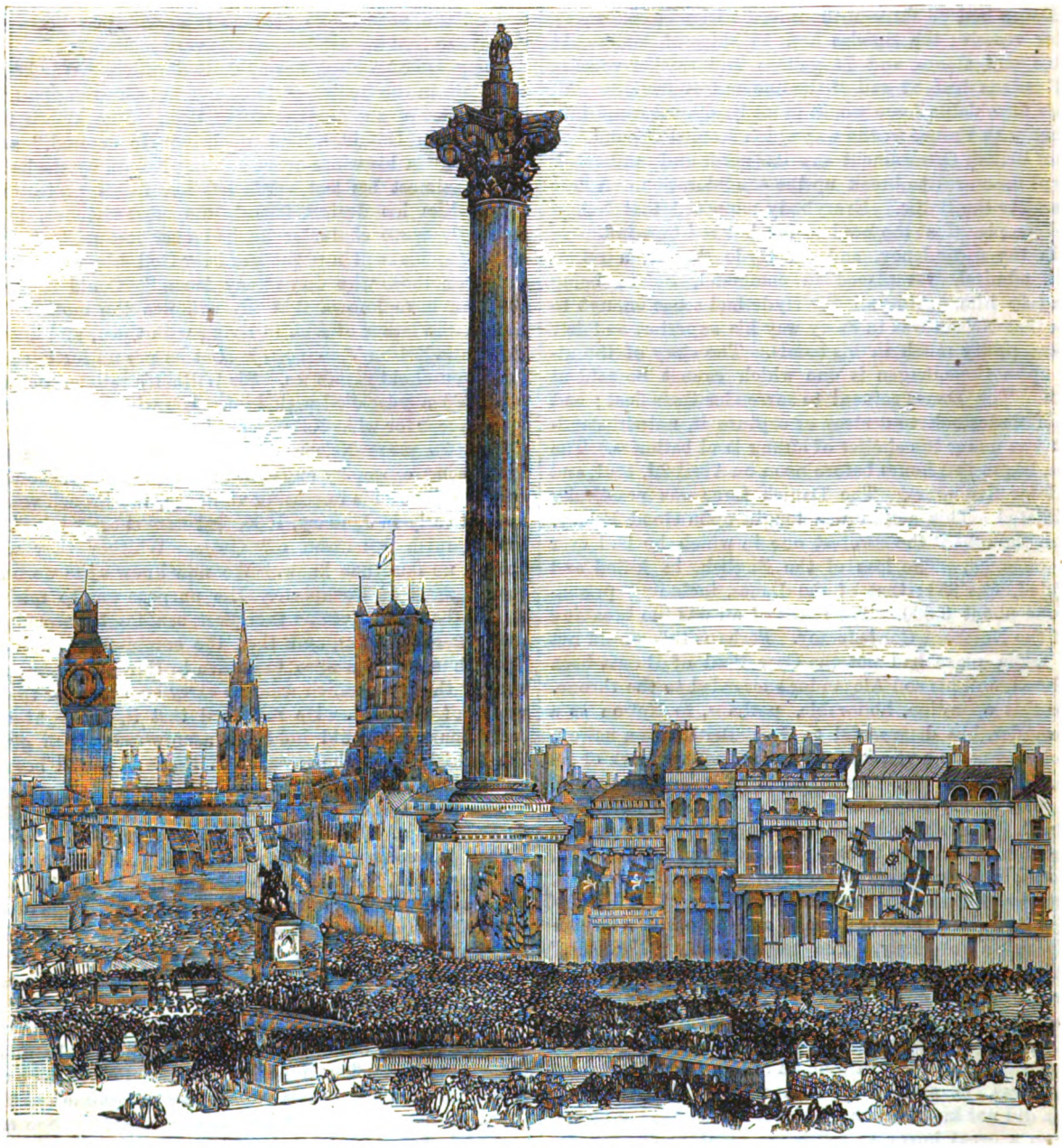
On the evening of the 20th of October, 1805, he came fairly in view of the enemy, drawn up in line of battle off Cape Trafalgar. The opposing forces were not very unequal. Nelson had twenty-seven ships-of-the-line and four frigates; the enemy had thirty-three ships-of-the-line and seven frigates; but these vessels were considerably larger, and carried more guns.

We do not undertake to describe the battle of Trafalgar. The result every one knows. The mighty fleet of the enemy was annihilated at a blow, and England stood undisputed mistress of the seas. But we must try to present something like a picture of Nelson upon this last day of his life. At daybreak of the 21st he went upon deck, scanned the position of the enemy, and gave directions for the order of attack, which was to be made in two lines, one under his own immediate command, the other under that of Collingwood. He then went into his cabin and wrote down a formal prayer for victory: "May the great God, whom I

worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct tarnish it. . . . I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the good cause which is intrusted me to defend."

The fleet of the enemy now lay about ten miles distant. While his own vessels were bearing down, Nelson wrote a notable paper. In it he commended "Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honorable Sir William Hamilton," and recited the various services which she had rendered, "without receiving any reward. . . . Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave her, therefore, as a legacy to my King and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson; and I desire that she will in future use the name of Nelson only. . . . My relations it is needless to mention; they will of course be amply provided for."

He was confident of achieving a glorious victory, and was sure that at least twenty of the enemy's vessels would be captured. Then he hoisted his famous battle signal—"England expects every man to do his duty."



THE NELSON MONUMENT, LONDON.

The action fairly began at ten minutes after noon. For some reason, and in spite of the remonstrances of his officers, he displayed upon his breast the insignia of the various orders which he had won. It was well known that sharpshooters were posted in the enemy's rigging, and these stars would make him a conspicuous mark. An hour afterward he was struck in the shoulder by a musket-ball, fired from the mizzen-top of the vessel with which he was engaged, at a distance of not more than fifteen yards. The bullet, fired from above, passed downward,

and he fell, exclaiming to Captain Hardy: "They have done for me at last—my backbone is shot through." He was carried down into the cockpit, already crowded with wounded. It needed but brief examination to evince that his wound was mortal, but the fact was carefully concealed from his crew.

For an hour and a quarter more, while his life was fast ebbing away, the battle went on. Every now and then a shout announced that one vessel after another had struck its flag. Then Hardy came down, and Nelson asked: "How goes the day with us?" He was told that ten of the enemy had struck, but that five vessels appeared to be bearing down upon the *Victory*. "I hope that none of our ships have struck," said Nelson, eagerly. Being assured that there was no fear of that, he said: "I am a dead man—I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me, Hardy. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me." By this time all feeling below the breast was gone. Being asked if he felt much pain, he replied: "So great that I wish I was dead; yet," he added faintly, "one would like to live a little longer, too." Almost an hour more passed, when Hardy again came down, with news that the victory was complete; he thought that fourteen or fifteen of the enemy's vessels had been taken. "That is well," said Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." He then gave orders that anchor should be cast.

His public duty had been performed to the full; and with faltering lips he spoke at brief intervals of his private wishes: "Don't throw me overboard; let me be buried by my parents, unless the King should order otherwise. . . . Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton. . . . Kiss me, Hardy. . . . Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" By-and-by he said to the chaplain, "I have not been a great sinner. . . . Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter, Horatia, as a legacy to my country." Then, after a pause, he murmured something only partly intelligible; but these words were audible, repeated several times: "Thank God, I have done my duty!" Such were his last words. He died at half-past four, three hours and a quarter after having received his wound, at the age of three weeks more than forty-seven years.

STROKE OAR.—"HE TURNED, HOWEVER, WITH EXCELLENT GRACE, TO SALUTE A FASHIONABLY-DRESSED, MIDDLE-AGED LADY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

The British loss in the battle of Trafalgar was 1,587. That of the Spaniards was never known; but it was far greater. Twenty of the enemy's ships struck their flags. But a gale sprang up; some of the prizes went down; others were driven ashore; one made its escape to Cadiz; only four were saved. The Spanish vice-admiral, Alava, died of his wounds. Villeneuve, the French admiral, was sent to England, and was soon permitted to return to France; but died while on his way to Paris. The French Government gave out that he had committed suicide, in order to escape being tried by a court-martial. Mr. Southey says, but without any satisfactory grounds: "There is every reason to believe that the tyrant, who never acknowledged the loss of the battle of Trafalgar, added Villeneuve to the numerous victims of his murderous policy."

England was fully sensible of the mighty services which Nelson had rendered to her. To him no rewards could be given, beyond a public funeral and a tomb in St. Paul's. But public munificence was showered upon his family. His elder brother, the Rev. William Nelson, was made an earl, with a grant of £6,000 a year, and permission to inherit the Italian dukedom of Bronté. Each of his two

sisters received a grant of £10,000; and £100,000 was voted by Parliament for the purchase of an estate. But no attention was given to that dying request which lay nearest to the heart of Nelson. Whether Government should have made provision for Lady Hamilton, may be an open question. Certainly the reverend earl, who, but for Nelson, would never have been more than an obscure clergyman, should not, in common decency, have utterly neglected Emma Hamilton and the daughter of that dead brother. But he did so. The poor woman retired to France, where she died in 1815, in want and misery. Horatia Nelson became the wife of Mr. Ward, a poor clergyman. She lived almost to within our own times; and a few years ago a small public subscription was raised for the maintenance of her destitute children.

PRETTY PUSS.

THE slightest of pouts on the softest of lips
Of a little red mouth with its smiles in eclipse—
The least little flash under eyelids half shut,
The least little beat of the least little foot—
Like the thrill of the tigress preparing to spring—
Seem to hint that my Mabel is not quite the thing

I wish I was back in the hansom for choice;
Shall I fight, or, like Niobe, lift up my voice?
Own my conduct was vile—but I've done that before—
Pray forgiveness, and never offend any more,
Or brazen it out? "Yes, I trifled with Jane,
And I flirted with Fan—and I mean to again."

Tableau! But I'll keep on this side of the table—
There's certainly something that's *cat-like* in Mabel;
If stroked the right way you get plenty of purr,
But claws, I've a fancy, lie hid in the fur;
And she looks at this moment as prompt to assail
As the Celt who begged some one to tread on his tail.

It's perplexing. I wish I was back in the cab—
There's something infernally cat-like in Mab!

STROKE OAR.

"*Non sum qualis eram!*" This with a long-drawn sigh and a petulant shrug of the shoulders, as John Darell walked across the piazza of the Grand Union Hotel.

By this line of Latin, John wished to tell himself that he was not what he used to be; in other words, that he had in many respects deteriorated. And this was not an impulse born of the moment, but a conviction which forced itself upon him every hour of the day.

"I was once a square boy," he went on, this time with utter disregard of the classics; "but now——"

"Ah, Mr. Darell!"

The gentleman's reverie was rudely broken in upon, and by the woman, of all others, he was most anxious to avoid. He turned, however, with excellent grace, to salute a fashionably-dressed, middle-aged lady, and to take in his hand, for a second or less, a fat little palm, from whose fat little fingers diamonds seemed to protrude as a matter of course.

"And you were going straight past me," continued the lady, with well-feigned annoyance.

"Quite unintentionally, as you must be aware," replied John, his eyes dropping in spite of himself as he gave utterance to this social whopper; "but I thought you were always to be found at the Clarendon?"

"Not this year," said Mrs. Drummond. "Ray and I both thought we should like to make a change." And now the lady looked sharply at her companion. "And then, too, one has to accommodate oneself to one's traveling companions. Lord Denham prefers the Grand Union."

The most skillful physiognomist could have discovered no change in the young gentleman's countenance; all that was noble and vital in the moral and spiritual man sprang to the rescue, and, with a smile which had neither wounded pride nor a sign of a sore heart in it, he said, simply:

"Present my regards to Miss Ray, please;" and John moved a step or two away. "Our boys are off for practice, Mrs. Drummond, and it is quite time I joined them. Good-morning."

"Come in some evening, sociably, do, and have a game of whist; Ray plays just as well as she used to, and Lord Denham is exceedingly fond of whist."

"Thank you, and *au revoir!*" Darell replied, the smile deepening; and as he went his way, Mrs. Drummond felt that her arrows had fallen short of their mark; and worse than this, John Darell had laughed at her.

"Stroke oar" had an added impetus that morning. It had never done its work so thoroughly, and bets ran high for the X. Club. Darell scarcely heard the cheers and compliments of the spectators; he bathed and made his toilet with unusual dispatch, and then sauntered away into the woods to think. To a manly man like John Darell, such a position was most mortifying. One year ago this very month, Ray Drummond was his promised wife. Then he was the anticipated possessor of half a million. The day before his death—and the last week of John Darell's stay in Saratoga—his old grandfather had made another will, leaving this handsome property to charity. Such news travels fast, and before John could have an opportunity of conveying this intelligence to his promised bride and her family, he received the following pithy communication:

"MR. DARELL.—*Dear Sir:* We are informed, by unquestionable authority, that your prospects for the future are irremediably ruined. While we sympathize with your misfortune, we must at the same time protect our own interests by annulling the engagement at present existing between you and our daughter. Trusting you will find the disappointment but temporary, and many joys awaiting you in the future, Ray joins with us in wishing sincerely, etc. Your friend, AGNES DRUMMOND."

In his wooded retreat on the borders of the beautiful Saratoga Lake, Darell read this letter for the thousandth time. He recalled the many unsuccessful attempts he had made to see the girl who had once professed such devoted love, and the letters he had written, to which no answers had been returned; and now, instead of replacing the note in his memorandum-book, he tore it into inch bits, and watched the pieces float away from him.

"There goes the last reminder of the past," he exclaimed, as the wind bore away the final bit of tinted paper; "and here goes for a little game of quits. I have played the *rôle* of heart-broken lover to my entire satisfaction, and now for a change of programme. Mrs. Drummond is kind enough to name it whist—whist it shall be!"

To some men a change of character is as easy as a change of clothes—not so to John Darell. Nature had endowed him with great steadfastness; he was a most orthodox lover. "Once in love," with him, was "always in love"; and, though obliged to feel that the passion had been entirely on one side, he could no more have stopped loving his unworthy mistress than he could have stopped breathing.

The very next evening John Darell lounged with a motive on the Grand Union piazza. He was soon the centre of a lively group; Miss R——, a sprightly little blonde, had him by the arm, and John, all gallantry and attention,

became aware that a pair of prying eyes were looking at the apparent flirtation in wonder.

This was his opportunity. With a smile on his handsome face, he approached his *bête noir*, Mrs. Drummond, and in the most fashionably indifferent manner passed the compliments of the evening.

"Ray and Lord Denham have just gone to Congress Hall. I am very sorry," said the lady. "I have no doubt they will both be disappointed, for we have spoken so much of you to Lord Denham, that he really has some curiosity to see you. You know all Englishmen take great interest in our national athletic sports," she continued, as if conscious of having gone a step too far.

"I wonder if you are aware, Mrs. Drummond, what a fine compliment you have paid our mother-country ?" inquired John, his face all aglow with fun.

"Indeed, no," said the lady, wonderingly. "Have the kindness to point it out to me, I beg of you."

"With pleasure," replied Darell. "What greater praise can be given a country than such a tribute as yours—the ability of old England to keep alive in the hearts of aged men like Lord Denham a love of national sports ?"

John was beginning to enjoy his new character. This was the first time he had ever seen Mrs. Drummond change color. The words she wanted would not come, and before she could recover from her unusual loss of equilibrium her tormentor continued :

"Did you not say my lord enjoyed whist also ? I should be delighted to accept your invitation to play with him, or, rather, against him, any evening this week my lord may please to be disengaged."

"I believe he is wishing for some one to-night," said the lady, still disconcerted. "Would this evening be agreeable to you ?"

"Perfectly ;" and just then the subject of their remarks, a feeble old gentleman, short of stature, and of most diminutive appearance both physically and intellectually, approached the group.

"Allow me, Lord Denham, to make you acquainted with Mr. Darell, a friend of ours, and stroke oar of the X. Club," said Mrs. Drummond, in her politest manner.

"My lord" was inclined to be patronizing, but this did not annoy his companion. He tried to keep his eyes from wandering to the other end of the piazza, where Ray, her regal beauty made more regal by black silk and diamonds, stood quite alone. John knew she had seen him, and on that account had come no further with her aged lover.

My lord expressed himself quite delighted with the idea of a social whist-party, and suggested that Ray should be notified of the intention.

"Allow me," said John, rising ; and in a moment more he stood by the side of the woman who had jilted him, and the woman he loved best in all the world. "My lord requests, Miss Drummond, that you join our party for a game of whist, and that I escort you to your parlor," he said, in the low, earnest tones with which she was familiar.

A very pale face and a pair of blanched lips were turned for a second beseechingly toward him ; then the owner of them said, with a slight, nervous laugh :

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Darell, but you came so unexpectedly upon me, that you quite frightened me ;" and then, after a pause : "Lord Denham seems unusually fickle this evening. I thought he had quite decided to spend the remainder of the evening with some friends at the Clarendon."

Bulwer says "that the great aim of a philosopher is to reconcile every disadvantage with some counterbalance of good. Where he cannot create this, he should imagine it."

This theory John had theoretically indorsed. It seemed to him, however, as he felt once more the light hand of the woman he so ardently loved on his arm, that even with the great disadvantages of his position, there was a counterbalance of good which he would not be obliged to imagine.

He was sure now, for the first time, that Ray Drummond had fully reciprocated his passion, and that she loved him at present with an intensity equal to his own.

Lord Denham chose Ray for his partner, but Darell insisted upon an observance of rules, and, after cutting, the old gentleman had to be satisfied with a *vis-à-vis* in the person of his prospective mother-in-law.

John thought he saw a smile on Ray's pale face as she changed her seat, and he was sure it deepened as the play went on. My lord grew fidgety. With all his skill, and the skill of his partner, they were disgracefully beaten, and the fifth game, which finished the evening's amusement, found John and Ray still victorious.

"I shall bet on your club, Mr. Darell," said my lord, as he leaned back in his chair at the conclusion of the game. "And I should think you would be successful in any game you started to win. Americans do hold on so !" this last more to himself than to his companions.

"We may have learned some fair lessons, Lord Denham." replied Darell, stealing a glance at Ray, whose face was now crimson ; "for you will doubtless agree with me that we have had a most excellent teacher in persevering, thorough-going old England."

My lord extended his hand cordially, and then and there forgave his antagonist. John did not offer to touch the ladies' hands at parting, though he longed—and hated himself for longing—to take Ray's hand in his. He had conquered Mrs. Drummond and mystified Ray. There had been nothing in his manner to indicate the existence of any feeling. That he was sure of. Now he would keep his distance, and while aware that Ray had not changed, he would offer no obstacle to her marriage with the object of her and her mother's ambition.

He had beaten Mrs. Drummond with her own weapons ; but why she should have assailed him at all under the circumstances was a profound mystery. Even though Ray was lost to him, he was, nevertheless, for her own sake and the desire he felt for her future happiness, devoutly thankful that Mrs. Drummond was only her stepmother.

The day before the regatta, and it seemed as if half Saratoga was on a visit to the borders of the lake. The boathouses were besieged by young ladies, all eager to have a look at the young men who were to participate in the next day's race. Ray Drummond drove out with a gay party. My lord remained on his sofa, husbanding his resources for the regatta proper.

Darell, who had been reading in his pleasant little room, saw the party descend from the carriage and approach the house. Quicker than lightning, he resolved upon a desperate experiment. His chum, who understood the situation, was beside him. Darell sprang and locked the door.

"That party will want to come in here and look around," he whispered to his friend. "You go out, and after a little contrive to draw them away a safe distance ; then tell Miss Drummond, as a secret, you understand, that your stroke oar has met with a serious accident, and you are anxious the other clubs should not hear of it. Say that I am unconscious, and be sure to add that I am alone."

Darell threw himself upon the bed, and his chum, glad to do a service for a friend whose love complications he had been long interested in, unlocked the door, and with a long face approached the party. It was a difficult matter to carry out the programme as Darell had arranged ; but Fate or Providence, or perhaps Chance, came to the

rescue, and our manœuvrer found himself for a moment alone with Ray.

"Don't think it strange, please," he said, and the rascal's voice really trembled, "that I do not invite you all into the house; but our stroke oar, Mr. Darell—I believe you are acquainted with him ——"

"Yes, oh, yes!" interrupted Ray; "what about him?"

"He met with a serious accident this morning, and we are waiting for the final opinion of the physician before letting it leak out. You know a person may be unconscious a long time, and then rally, and be almost as well as before it happened; and, again, he may ——"

"May die, do you mean to tell me?" said Ray. "Who is with him now?"

"He is quite alone."

For a moment Ray stood irresolute, then she said:

"Go and take care of those people, and don't let them know where I am, if you can help it;" and in a second more the door of the club-house opened and shut, and Ray Drummond was alone with the man she had jilted.

"Oh, John, John!" she sobbed; "is it thus we meet again?" A warm hand pressed his forehead, warm lips touched his cheek.

"Oh, if he only knew! Perhaps he will die, and never find out!"

"Find out what, Ray?" and a very loving and a very sensible pair of eyes looked up into her own, and then a strong hand detained her, and, before the imposition was discovered, she had shown him all that was in her heart.

Then John told her of his desperate experiment, caused by his all-absorbing love, and promised never to do it again, if she would forgive him.

I dare not tell you whether his club won or not the next day, but I do know that on that occasion John had but one trouble; owing to the paucity of clothes worn at the regatta, he had no buttonhole to tuck Ray's flowers in; but they were fresh for the evening's ball, and his Ray was the belle of the evening.

PRETTY PUSS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 626.

THE KNIGHTING OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

Edward III., pursued by Philip of France, knew that when once he had crossed the River Somme, the cavalry would be sent forward to harass his march; so he stopped at a place called Cressy. He selected a good position, a gently sloping hill, topped by a thick wood; there he drew up his men. The wood covered their rear, and on the flanks he dug deep ditches. The ground he stood on had been part of his mother's dowry; he let his men know that, and thereby stimulated their determination to hold it. The Prince of Wales, called the Black Prince, from the color of his mail, the flower of European chivalry as long as he lived, who was now only in his seventeenth year, commanded the first line, having two old earls to help him; this was his first battle. Two other earls commanded the second line, and the King himself commanded the reserve. Each of the three lines contained about the same relative proportions of bill-men, men-at-arms and archers; the latter arm constituted nearly half of the whole force.

The French came on eagerly, secure of their victory. Philip was only afraid that Edward would escape him. He winded his whole army in his hurry to overtake the English; and they were so excited that, when the front was ordered to halt, and stood still, it was pushed forward by the rear right up to the English front. Philip galloped about madly, and at last got a sort of half order established; he, too, divided his army into three lines.

The English had been sitting down in the ranks, quietly eating their dinners, and watching the surging sea of perspiring Frenchmen down below; but their practiced eyes saw the gradual restoration of order, and they jumped up and handled their weapons. Philip put foremost fifteen thou-

THE KNIGHTING OF THE BLACK PRINCE.—"NEVER DID KNIGHT MORE ROYALLY RECEIVE THE ACCOLADE."

sand of his Genoese bowmen. They had had a taste of English fighting before, and at first they confined themselves, as a weapon of attack, to yelling discordantly. Then, when they came near enough, they commenced in good earnest to discharge their bolts. The English archers waited their time; then, when the signal was given, after their wont, each one stepped forward one pace, and drew his bow to his ear. From this moment cloth-yard shafts snowed upon the Genoese. Their cumbrous and ill-jointed armor was pierced. They flung down their crossbows and fled precipitately. Philip was enraged; he cried: "Kill me the scoundrels, for they stop up our road without any reason!" The French knights did this, and cut down the Genoese as they came back.

Meanwhile the English were pressing forward, and began to pick off the French knights as they struggled up the hill, over the down-trodden Genoese. A perfect confusion ensued, the wounded horses plunging madly amid the crowds of Genoese; and Welsh and Cornish men, armed with dirks, skulked into the *mêlée*, and stabbed the dismounted knights. The tumult was at last in some degree abated. A blind man, the King of Bohemia, commanded in the front of Philip's army; he requested his squires to lead him into the thickest of the fight. They ranged themselves thickly around him, and he had knights on both hands. Those next him attached hand-reins to the bit of his charger, and then they all charged abreast upon the Black Prince and his men. Their second line supported them close behind, and the prince was very hard pressed. The Earl of Warwick sent off a knight at full gallop to beseech the King to bring forward the reserve. He was standing at the top of a windmill, studying the progress of the battle. When the messenger came up he said: "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" "Nothing of the sort," was the reply; "but he is in so hot a fight that he has great need of your help." "Tell him, then," answered the King, "to expect no aid from me. Let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined that, if it please God, all the glory and honor of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have intrusted him."

The prince did win his spurs; he held his ground against the fresh men of the French second line, under the Duke d'Alençon, and taking up the offensive, beat them right back on their reserve. That part of the French army, as yet unengaged—for its efforts to pass over the choked and narrow ground had been fruitless—was now attacked by the heroic boy. They were broken and dispersed.

Philip was pitched from his horse, and fled with only sixty companions; thus the battle of Cressy was gained. The French lost in it one King, the blind monarch, twelve hundred knights, and, English historians say, about thirty thousand soldiers. After the battle the King embraced his boy, and said: "Sweet son, you have this day shown yourself worthy of your spurs, and the crown for which you have so nobly fought. God grant you good perseverance!" Never did knight more royally receive the accolade.

A RACE FOR LIFE; OR, THE JUNGLE OF SATPOORA.

By H. D. Smith, U.S.R.M.

IT was up the Taptee River, which empties its muddy waters into the Gulf of Cambay, that I met with an adventure which, I think, I shall remember as long as I live. It was during the height of the Sepoy rebellion, when the burning plains of India were drenched with the blood of brave men, fair women and innocent children. Talk about the cruelty of English officers blowing the mutineers from the muzzles of their field artillery! The fate was too good for the copper-colored, treacherous butchers. It is very easy for us on this side of the water to condemn the action of men whose hearts were lacerated with anguish, and whose homes had been made desolate by the very fiends they had nurtured. Think—imagine, if you can, your wife outraged, and then hacked to pieces before your eyes; your children disemboweled, and daughters reserved for the licentious embraces of some besotted despot!

But I am running off my course. I started to relate an adventure of mine which brought me in contact with the devils, and I came within an ace of slipping my moorings.

I was third lieutenant then on the old *Stingaree*, in the full bloom of health and strength, and before we dreamt of such a thing as civil war in our own boasted land. Ah, well, it is all over with now. Many a brave fellow and valued shipmate "sleeps that sleep which knows no waking," and I am well up on the list of commanders, with plenty of gray hairs, a few scars, and the stump of my left arm, which was clipped at Fort Fisher, to remind me of "the bubble reputation."

We had heard on several occasions of the beauties of the scenery ashore bordering along the banks of the Taptee, which skirted the high, picturesque hills of Satpoora, verging in point of altitude to mountains.

There was no garrison of troops near, and such was the unsettled state of the country, the great danger of running foul of wandering bands of marauders, that both officers and men were deterred from going on shore.

But the epicurean tastes of our worthy captain finally overcame the judgment and caution which was characteristic of the man. Thousands of delicious reed-birds abounded along the reedy marsh which lay between the river and the hills, wild hogs and cattle roamed through the jungle, while the far-famed golden pheasants fluttered through the mango-bushes with an air truly tantalizing. Our worthy commander, in a long-drawn sigh, expressed a wish for a brace of the noble birds; the second lieutenant of marines, Bob Travis (he sleeps now, poor fellow, in a shallow grave, hastily scooped beneath a spreading palmetto on Sullivan's Island) and myself volunteered. We were both ardent sportsmen, and, with a faint show of resistance, the offer was accepted.

The *Stingaree* was anchored about midway of the stream, some three miles from the mouth of the river, which position we had taken up to assist the escape of any European who might have slipped through the remorseless clutches of the mutineers, who at that time were in full possession of Delhi and Meerut.

Donning an old undress jacket, I slung my ammunition pouches from my shoulders, loaded my fowling-piece, one barrel of which was rifled, and, jumping into the dingy, was closely followed by Bob, who carried a heavy double-barreled Manton.

"Keep your eyes open," shouted the first luff, as we shoved off, "or the Sepoys will make a couple of vacancies with far less ceremony than the Examining Board at Washington!"

Five minutes afterward we were standing on the muddy bank, the boat returned to the *Stingaree*, leaving us to roam at pleasure.

As I before remarked, the game abounded; bird after bird was knocked over, with the keen zest of a sportsman long debarred from the amusement his heart craves for.

It was close upon meridian, when the vertical rays of the sun warned us to seek shelter. In our wanderings from point to point we had imperceptibly increased our distance from the vessel.

At first we had been extremely cautious, peering behind every bush in the full expectancy of beholding a full-fledged Sepoy; but not a sound, nor the crackling of a twig, was heard, and our apprehensions were soon lulled to rest. So much so, that when Bob suggested an hour's repose amid the luxuriant foliage which crowned the sloping sides of the Satpoora Hills, I yielded a ready assent.

My mouth watered for the juicy orange, the delicious mangosteen, the golden banana or refreshing pineapple.

Skirting the reedy marsh, which was covered with mud and water ankle-deep, we struck into a rocky defile leading into a thicket or jungle, possessing all the magnificent characteristics of tropical verdure.

Banian-trees of immense size towered on high, mingled with the mango, cocoanut and beetur. Creepers and vine-trailers, covered with scarlet flowers, hung in festoons from the thick, interlaced branches, through which the powerful rays of the sun never penetrated. A cool muddar or rivulet crept through the thicket, completing a picture that would almost rival fairyland.

"Halloo, Jack!" shouted my companion, in a voice that would have astonished a battalion. "What the deuce do you call this?"

I hastened forward in the direction my shipmate had taken, while the echoes of his summons rumbled through the rocky cliffs, dying away in the gloomy recesses of the jungle.

Reaching Bob's side, he pointed out to me some stone arches and fallen columns, with scattering *débris* of stone extending back. It was the ruins of some old Hindoo temple, the first I had ever seen, and with no little curiosity I proceeded to examine the curiously carved remnants of stone, relics of a bygone and almost forgotten age.

I do not know what impelled me to glance sharply to my left, where the jungle, dark and sombre, frowned in solemn silence. Crouching behind a pepur-bush, I beheld a dark, supple and fierce-looking native. He was half naked, clad only in a dirty cummarbund, but in his hand I noticed a long-barreled musket, along which his snakish eyes were glancing with an expression by far too expressive to be mistaken.

"Jump for your life, Bob!" I whispered. "Follow me!" and with a single bound I sprang behind a huge block of granite.

Bob, like a sensible mariner as he was, did not stop to

ask the why or wherefore, but with an agility very commendable to the corps, followed close in my tracks, while I dashed forward, I knew not whither.

A broken archway of stone, the approach to which was so narrow as only to allow one of us to pass at a time, afforded the only visible place of refuge. We took possession of it, sank to cover behind a large block of granite, which formed a rest for our guns; at the same instant a sudden yell ascended, from the dense, interlaced branches of the jungle, which made my flesh creep, clean fore and aft.

A score of tawny devils sprang suddenly into life, some clothed in fluttering rags of brilliant hues, others nearly naked, but all well armed with swords, tulwars and firearms. The entire absence of uniform proclaimed them at once to be the guerrillas of India—otherwise known as Pindaroons.

Their leader, a huge Mahratta, shouted to his followers to support him as he thrust the tall jungle-grass aside, disdaining all concealment. He paid the full penalty of his rashness by receiving the conical ball of my rifle. The fellow threw up his arms, turned half round, falling heavily to the earth.

A rattling volley of musket-balls pattered around us, a yell of vengeance burst from the Pindaroons' throats, but they wisely refrained from risking another encounter, contenting themselves with the fact that their prey was before them, run to earth.

The sun poured down with fearful intensity, but we dared not relax our vigilance for a moment. We had crafty foes to deal with.

Hungry, thirsty and tired, Bob and myself lay side by side, watching the sun slowly descend the western arch of heaven, occasionally wondering whether our long absence from the *Stingaree* had as yet given rise to any alarm in the minds of our brother officers.

What would not I have given for a glass of iced wine! but there was no tattywallah to drench the hot mattings and cool the air, no punkah, no noisy hubble-bubble; but, stretched on the hot earth, shading the slanting rays of the sun from our eyes, with our cheeks pressed against the butts of our guns, we watched the narrow pass before us, while the shadows increased in length, and from the jungle came the howl of the jackals, the harsh croak of cannibal birds, and the shrill bark of a pariah dog.

The deep shades of twilight rapidly merged into gloom, relieved here and there by fireflies, as they buzzed noisily through the sultry air.

Under cover of the darkness, Bob reconnoitred the rear of our position by making a breach through the crumbling wall.

Covered with dust, and bleeding from innumerable scratches received from thorns and brambles, he regained my side.

"They imagine they have us safe here, like rats in a trap," he whispered, as he wiped the sweat from his forehead; "but we'll teach them a Yankee trick."

And, faith, he did. He was a smart fellow, that same Bob Travis, if he was a marine.

I omitted to mention that one side of the position we held sloped precipitously to the left in the direction of the thicket. Bob had remarked it, and a smile of grim satisfaction lit up his features as he bent his face close to mine, motioning me to pass through the breach.

I obeyed, while he, poising several large stones on the edge of the declivity, bade me be ready to make a rush.

I saw the drift of his plan, and it struck me at once as a good one. I took a hasty glance at the clear, starry heavens above me, saw the Southern Cross gleaming in all its beauty, wondered if I ever would be permitted to gaze at the glorious North Star again; and then came the crashing, grinding and pounding of the stones as they rolled with increasing velocity down the hill.

The bait took at once. A wild, unearthly scream of vengeance rose from the lurking-places of the Pindaroons as they spread through the jungle, while we rapidly and silently clambered over the impediments in our way, gliding toward the marsh in exactly an opposite direction from that pursued by our enemies.

I had taken the bearings as well as I was able, previous to starting; but what with the dark shades of the almost impenetrable jungle, bewildered by the rank undergrowth and occasional hedges of thorns forcing us to turn aside, and even to crawl on our hands and knees, I made but a poor "land fall" when finally we emerged from the forest.

Before us was a narrow strip of hard, firm ground; further on loomed the dark, oozy marsh, while in the distance I caught a shimmer of the waters of the Taptee, as the strong light of the full moon shone full upon the sluggish sheet of water.

A distant shout, a yell of baffled rage and hate, reached our ears as the soft evening breeze swept over the jungle. It was a warning not to be mistaken or neglected, so, grasping our faithful weapons, which were ready for instant use, we left the shadow of the jungle, took to the narrow strip of earth which bordered the salt marsh, and resolutely pressed forward toward the river-bank.

So far as the Pindaroons were concerned, they did not occasion us much uneasiness, for we felt able to cope with them, now that there was a fair field before us. Still we did not linger, but advanced at a good round pace, until an exclamation from Bob, who as usual brought up the rear, caused me to "heave to," and look back in the direction from whence we had come

No wonder Bob turned pale in the ghastly light of the moon, and I—well, I may have been a shade or two whiter than the marine. At all events, there was good reason for it.

Advancing at a gallop, their bright accoutrements gleaming in the rays of the moon, were at least a dozen Sowars, or privates of a native light cavalry troop, led by a sergeant. The gleam of the silver facings on their uniforms was reflected back from the drawn sabres they flourished above their heads, while a savage shout escaped them as they spurred their jaded steeds to increased efforts.

"Now, Bob, we must take a short cut for it, and perhaps we may dodge the Sepoys in the marsh. Hurrah! there flashes the anchor-light of the *Stingaree*. Keep your eye on that, Bob, my hearty, and now crowd on all sail. Follow in my wake."

Turning at right angles, we entered the marsh, splashing through the mud and water, which we sent in showers on all sides. Sinking ankle-deep at every step, our progress was necessarily slow, but the distance to be traversed was shortened by over one-half.

I was fully aware that we had different men to deal with than when we encountered the Pindaroons. The Sepoys would follow us to the bitter end. They were brave as they were remorseless.

A sharp volley from their carbines whistled around us, cutting the reeds and sending an increased shower of mud and water into the air, but, fortunately, no damage was done. The next instant, with a loud "Whoop!" the Sepoys spurred their horses into the soft, yielding ooze, where they sank to their saddle-girths.

There was but little opportunity for concealment, the moon revealing every movement with unerring accuracy.

I glanced over my shoulder. One Sowar, evidently anxious to distinguish himself and gain promotion, had outstripped his fellows—in fact, he was within easy pistol-range, and gaining every moment.

At that most critical moment, poor Bob, who had been puffing like a grampus from the unusual exertions he had put forth, gave out entirely, half fainting as he sank to my feet.

"Save yourself, Jack; never mind me. I can do no more. Tell mother when——"

"Belay your infernal jaw-tackle! Do you think I am one of your marines?" I muttered, as I stepped in front of him.

A tall tuft of grass partially shielded us from the trooper, who was coming on at a slashing gait, considering the nature of the morass.

I shall never forget that exciting tableau. I was standing astride of poor Bob, catching my breath, and quieting my muscles before venturing to try a shot on the cavalryman. His silver-gray uniform, faced with scarlet, gave evidence of hard service. His dark face gleamed with an ominous expression from beneath his white helmet, from which streamed a horsehair plume. His long sword-blade flashed in the moonlight; the foam-flecked horse, with distended nostrils, floundered knee-deep through the quivering mire, while I brought my gun to my shoulder, sighting along the rifled barrel. The tufted grass waved in the cool night-breeze, revealing the glitter of my weapon, but too late for the Sepoy to escape the doom which foreshadowed him.

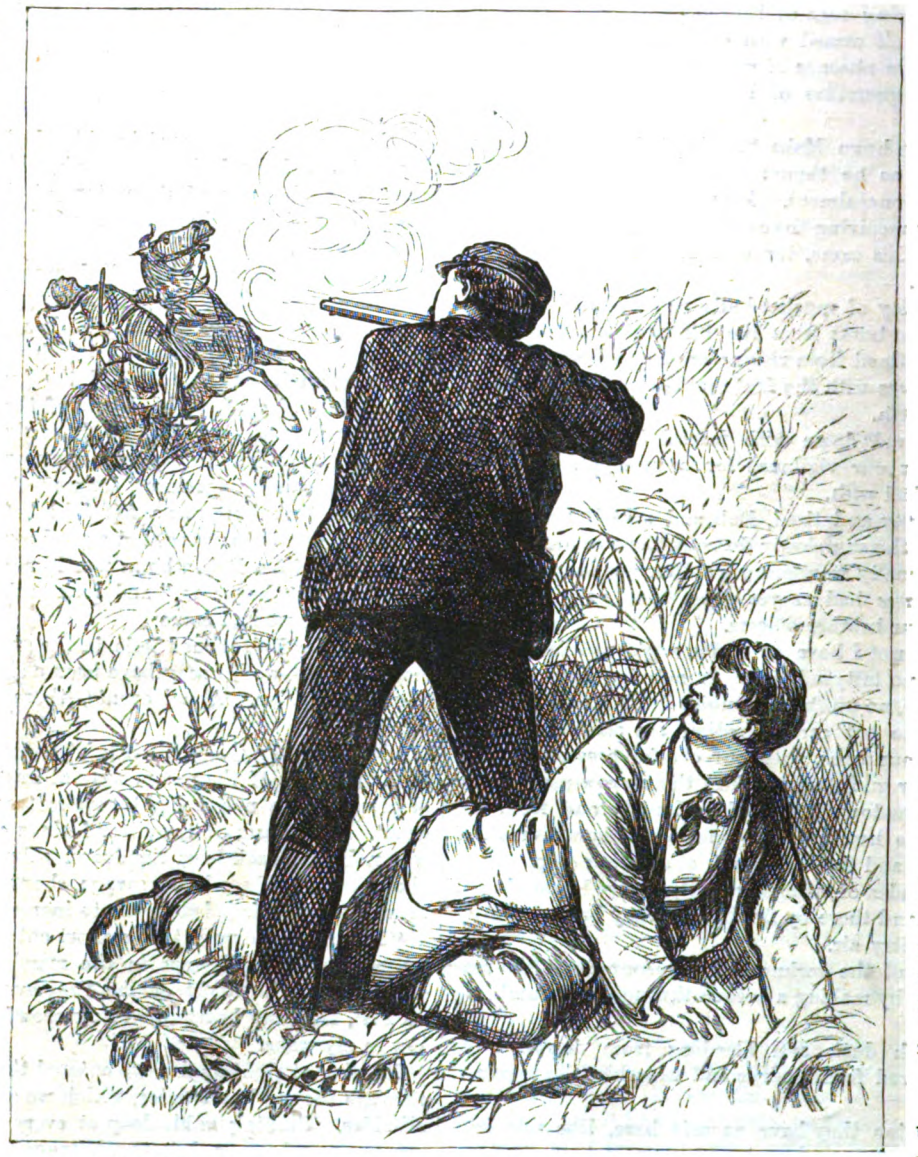
In vain he attempted to make his jaded horse rear and receive the bullet intended for the rider. The sharp crack of the rifle was followed by the death-cry of the Sowar, who fell headlong from the saddle to die in the slough of the morass. The horse, trained by long service, made no attempt to evade my grasp. Bob, by this time, had recovered his feet, but was so weak in his limbs as to be almost helpless. I helped him into the saddle, clung on to the leathers myself, and away we went, drawing a second volley from the incensed Sepoys.

They were within easy range, but the jerky motions of their horses disconcerted their marksmanship—to which fact we no doubt owed our lives.

You may depend my heart gave a leap when I beheld the launch paddling in shore with short, nervous strokes. The oars had been double-banked, and I could see the captain of the gun standing in the bows with the lock-string in his hand.

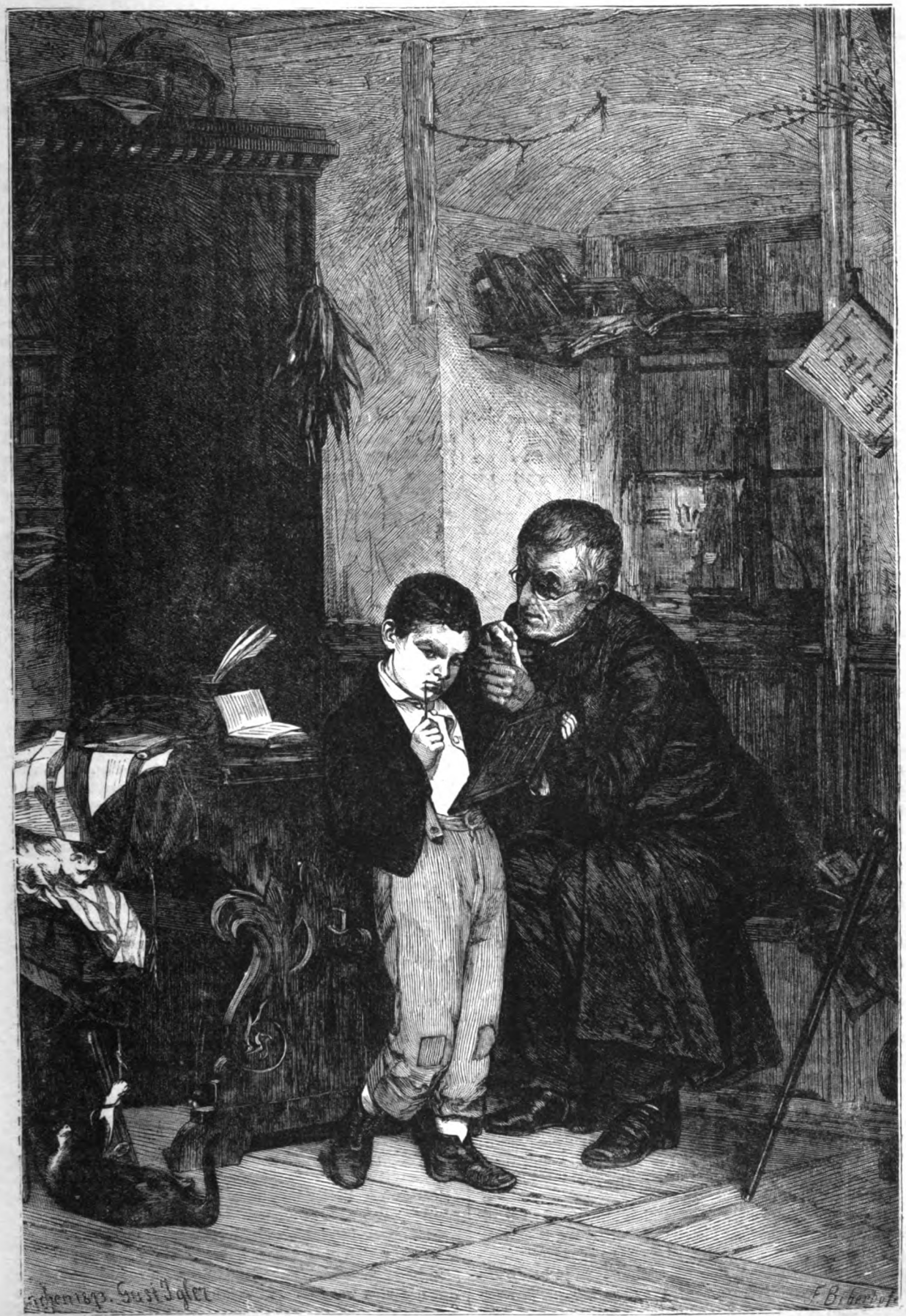
I drew to one side; the hiss of grape and canister greeted my ears with a cadence far sweeter than the music of an orchestra. The Sepoys, or what was left of them, were in their turn flying for their lives, spurred on by the contents of the howitzer following them in the rear.

Well, we were saved, but I never went shooting on the Satpoora Hills again, and the captain—so he said—had lost all taste for pheasants.



A RACE FOR LIFE.—"THE SHARP CRACK OF THE RIFLE WAS FOLLOWED BY THE DEATH-CRY OF THE SOWAR, WHO FELL HEADLONG FROM THE SADDLE."

A PERPETUAL BOUQUET.—A simple method of covering fresh flowers with alum crystallizations is as follows: Make baskets of pliable copper wire, and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves—in fact, any flowers but full-blown roses, and sink them in a solution of alum of one pound to the gallon of water—after the solution has cooled, as their colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold faster than if dipped in a hot solution. When you have a light covering of distinct crystals that cover completely the articles, remove carefully, and allow it to drain for twelve hours.



A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

HOW HAILSTONES ARE FORGED IN THE CLOUDS.

By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.S., Etc.

Hail is, in its most perfect form, by no means simply frozen rain. Under special conditions that sometimes present themselves, raindrops are frozen into little balls of hard ice as they pass through very cold regions of the air in their fall. In such instances the hail assumes the form of small round spherules of translucent or absolutely clear ice, of homogeneous texture throughout, and with smooth outer surfaces. All that is necessary for the production of hail of this character is that there should be rain deposited in a warm upper region of the atmosphere, and that this should have to fall through a very cold current of wind beneath. Hail, however, much more commonly presents itself as opaque white grains that look like miniature snowballs rather than frozen raindrops. The form which is, perhaps, on the whole, most commonly seen, and which is familiarly known as sleet, is of this nature. It consists of small white and opaque bodies, not more than one-tenth of an inch across, and not infrequently either soft or hollow within, and incased externally with a coating of hard ice. In all such circumstances the hail is primarily and essentially composed of snowflakes which have been partially thawed, and then frozen again before the liquefaction has been complete. In such cases the snowflakes are primarily deposited in a high and cold region of the air, and then pass, during their subsequent fall, first through a warmer stratum of the atmosphere, and then through a very cold current nearer to the ground.

The most superficial consideration of the physical history of hail at once brings into prominent notice the remarkable fact that, notwithstanding its frozen condition, it is much less certainly and absolutely a production of Winter than snow. It is capable of occasionally presenting itself in the season of Winter; but as a general rule its grandest and most impressive manifestations of itself take place in warm seasons and climates, rather than when and where the reign of Winter has been established. It habitually waits until the earth is clothed with its garment of luxuriant vegetation, and it is quite a frequent visitant to the land of the olive and the vine. It is very common in regions that are of quite tropical heats. It is by no means a stranger on even the sun-scorched plains of India. Sir Joseph Hooker speaks of hail lying as thick beds of ice in sheltered nooks of the Sikkim Himalaya, and in the forest regions which intervene between the mountains of that district and the lower plains. Within the present century hail has been seen knee-deep in the streets of tropical Mexico. It is very common indeed in many parts of the sunny latitudes of Southern Europe. There can be few observant persons who are not aware that the most serious hailstorms, even in temperate climates, occur in the seasons of Springtide and Summer, rather than in Winter. It will be remembered that the hailstorm which, in 1879, left its devastating track in the southwestern precincts of London, and which did so much damage at Richmond and Kew, presented itself there in the approximately midsummer month of August.

Another notable circumstance which also stands prominently out in the physical history of hailstorms, goes very far to account for the fact that they are so generally prevalent in warm seasons and places, rather than in cold. In their most perfect development, they are invariably associated with the occurrence of lightning and thunder. The heaviest and most destructive falls of hail are, indeed, incidental features in violent thunder-storms. It scarcely ever happens that a heavy fall of hail is not immediately preceded by lightning and thunder.

The ordinary forms of hail which are precipitated in connection with thunder-showers in most temperate countries, fall upon the ground with a sharp rattle, which indicates the frozen solidity of the hailstones, but which is nevertheless quite innocent of all mischievous effects. The size of each hailstone is, in such circumstances, so diminutive that scarcely any mechanical result ensues, even when it strikes upon brittle and frail bodies, although it may be moving with considerable velocity at the time. A hailstone that is a quarter of an inch in diameter scarcely weighs more than a couple of grains. But the case is far otherwise when the heavy artillery of the sky is brought into play. The hailstones then fall with a destructive violence that can scarcely be conceived until it is seen. Leaves are stripped from the trees, and frail objects of all kinds are shattered into fragments; even sheets of corrugated iron which are exposed to the direct violence of the storm are riddled into holes. A hailstorm which occurred in the neighborhood of Richmond, London, on the 2d of August, in 1879, although its operation was limited to an area of fourteen square miles, inflicted a loss, in broken glass alone, which was estimated at £30,000. A hailstorm of a similar character which visited the eastern suburb of London on the 19th of May, in 1809, and which was described by Luke Howard, the well-known historian of the climate of London, broke 200,000 panes of glass. A hailstorm which burst over the northern part of London on the 30th of July, in 1826, is said to have been scarcely less destructive in its effects.

The Richmond hailstorm took place during the night which followed the 2d of August, 1879. Distant lightning was observed playing incessantly about the horizon from nine o'clock in the evening, and a little before two o'clock in the early morning of August 3d the storm burst over Richmond and the neighborhood, in the midst of a violent squall of wind, accompanied by flashing lightning and rolling thunder. The chief fury of the storm was experienced between Ealing and Kingston. Hail fell during about ten minutes, and many of the hailstones were so large that they could not be put into drinking-glasses of an ordinary size. Individual specimens amongst them weighed a quarter of a pound. One bolt-shaped piece of ice was picked up at Teddington which was nearly 4½ inches long. The greater part of the hailstones were, however, from 1½ to 2 inches across, and were molded into the form of flattened spheroids. All the glass which had a northern and northeastern exposure in the track of this storm was broken.

The stones which fell upon this occasion were, nevertheless, of moderate dimensions in comparison with those which are sometimes met with in hotter climates. The illustration on page 636 (Fig. 1) very graphically represents the condition in which the roofs of dwelling-houses are sometimes left after they have been bombarded by stones of such calibre.

The engraving in this illustration was made from a photograph which was taken immediately after the storm. One hailstone which was picked up from the ground upon this occasion was found to weigh nearly three pounds. It is said that stones fell at Cazorta, in Spain, in 1829, which weighed nearly four pounds and a half. The German

meteorologist, Kaemtz, describes a mass of hail that was reported to have fallen in Hungary in 1852, as measuring 39 inches in two directions, and as being 28 inches thick. In every case, however, where dimensions of this character are concerned, it is tolerably certain that the ice-mass described as having fallen from the sky as hail, is the result of the sudden agglomeration and adhesion together of a more or less considerable number of separate hailstones under the influence of regelation—under the circumstance of the partial melting of the contiguous surfaces of ice when the separate hailstones are violently driven together, and of their immediately afterward freezing together at the surfaces of contact when the pressure of the mechanical impact is relieved. The lumps of ice which are commonly found lying upon the ground after a heavy fall of hail are unquestionably of this character. Instances are well known in which panes of windows have been covered with a continuous coating of hail during the striking against them of a drifting hailstorm. It is quite conceivable that in some circumstances hailstones may even get frozen into a continuous mass when they are violently driven together during their passage through the air by the whirling of the wind. The storm-wind is ordinarily of such force during a discharge of hail that even the heaviest hailstones are carried along by it in an almost horizontal drift. The peculiar sound which is heard on the approach of a severe hailstorm, and which has been aptly likened to the noise made by the galloping of a large flock of sheep over hard, rocky ground, has been referred by some meteorologists to the clashing together of the ice-masses in the air, under the surging and irregular movements of the wind. As will presently be apparent, there is another explanation of at least one part of this sound which is also held to be probable. But whatever may be its source, the sound is, at any rate, one which is so peculiar that it can at once and at all times be recognized by practiced ears as the warning note which is associated with the approach of hail.

There, nevertheless, are hailstones formed in the air as primary and quite independent accretions, which are of very considerable size and weight, and which acquire their full dimensions without any fusion together of separate masses; and these primary hailstones of independent formation are at once to be distinguished by certain features of a very remarkable character. They invariably contain a central nucleus, or kernel, of partially melted and subsequently re-frozen and closely compacted snow. But this nucleus is either incased, or girdled round, by hard, transparent ice of a distinctly crystalline formation; and in some instances the ice-crystals are of very large size, and of the most beautifully regular geometrical forms. Small supplementary nuclei of soft white ice, and of a flattened form, are also not infrequently found imbedded in amongst the outside crystals. The two woodcuts that accompany this portion of the text (Figs. 2 and 3) are very excellent representations of hailstones of this character, drawn to their natural size. They are exact portraits of hailstones that fell during a violent storm in the Thrialeth Mountains, near Bjeloi Kliutsch, a short distance south of the Caucasus, on the 9th of June, 1869, and are, perhaps, the most interesting and instructive pictorial illustrations of crystalline hailstones that have ever been made. These figures are copied from drawings which were prepared at the time by Mr. H. Abich, a Russian gentleman of considerable scientific attainments, residing on the spot, and which were afterward engraved and published in a Russian scientific journal.

Some of the crystalline hailstones which fell on this memorable occasion were nearly three inches across, and weighed four ounces. The specimens from which these and some other analogous illustrations were drawn were immediately after the storm picked out of an iron vessel into which they had fallen. In all of these instances it was obvious that two quite distinct classes of operations, whether simultaneous or consecutive, had been concerned in the work of construction. In all there was a central frozen mass of tolerably pure white ice, rendered opaque and opalescent by the infiltration into its substance of minute air-bubbles. This mass was, however, most opaque in two parts, in the very middle of the central nucleus and in an outer investing shell; and between this opaque inner kernel and the outer shell there was more transparent ice, marked radially by six spoke-like lines of a glistening hue, and inclined to each other by quite regular angles of sixty degrees. The glistening rays lost themselves gradually in both the inner nucleus and outer shell, into which they passed by their opposite extremities. The entire central radiated mass was nipped in, or compressed, at the sides, and it was surrounded along the circle of largest diameter by a zone, or wreath, of large crystals of bright transparent ice, which were, for the most part, of exquisitely regular geometrical symmetry. Some of these large crystals were quite distinct and isolated from the rest, whilst others were connected by their sides, and, as it were, partially fused together. The greater part of them were molded into the form of six-sided columns, with obtuse rhomboidal prisms capping their ends. But there mingled amongst these other broader varieties of more or less flattened and tabular shape, and often rounded away by incipient fusion at the edge. As a rule, the outward or longitudinal growth of the crystal appeared to have occurred in a plane corresponding more or less nearly with the rim of the wheel-like, flattened mass. But occasionally well-developed crystals appeared also on the flattened sides of the spheroidal mass, and when detached from it, left pits on its surface which corresponded with the completion of the pyramidal forms of crystallization in that direction These large hailstones melted away so slowly that on the morning following the storm there still remained in the iron vessel in which they had been caught a considerable number of them, changed into the condition of clear lenses of ice.

The shapes sketched by Abich derive an additional interest from the circumstance that they closely correspond with an account of the intrinsic mechanism of crystalline hail which was given by Captain Delcros, a French officer of engineers, in 1819, and which was published about that time in a scientific journal by M. Arago. A hailstorm at that period ravaged a large portion of the western districts of France. The hailstones shattered the roofs as well as the windows of the houses, knocked off the branches of the trees, devastated the cultivated fields, and wounded and killed living animals feeding upon the pastures. Captain Delcros had sections cut of some of the most remarkable and characteristic of the stones that fell, and he found that they consisted of masses of compact white and opaque ice, inclosed within cases of clear crystals. Fig. 4 is a copy of one of the drawings in section which Captain Delcros made. It represents a small central nucleus of opaque ice surrounded by a thick coating of bluish ice, marked by radial lines running from the centre to the outer circumference, and yet again surrounded by a coating of concentric layers. This external coat was in its turn incased in a congeries of large crystalline pyramids of clear ice, connected together by a packing of smaller crystals inserted between. The clear crystals, however, constituted a complete case, instead of being limited to a circumferential wreath, as they were in the specimens

described by Mr. Abich. Hailstones are not infrequently met with in which successive concentric layers of clear bluish and of opaque white ice occur, alternating with each other, as represented in Fig. 5.

These coats, which are arranged over each other like the coats of an onion, have been sometimes familiarly spoken of by observers as consisting of alternate layers of ice and snow. The German meteorologist, Kaemtz, in alluding to large hailstones, says that they are composed of alternate layers of snow and ice, and that they are covered externally by a thick coat of ice. He also states that completely formed hailstones invariably have a snowy nucleus. Large hailstones occasionally assume a distinct, pear-like form, with a protuberance at one side, as if they had enlarged most rapidly in the direction of their fall. Descartes and some other observers held that this somewhat irregular, pear-like shape was in reality due to the hailstones being the fragments of shattered spheres of larger dimensions. This, however, has never been satisfactorily proved, and the meteorologists of the present day more incline to the opinion that the pear-like shape is the natural and original form in which the hailstone is cast.

It will now, after this preliminary description of the composite structure of crystalline hailstones, be easy to understand what the chief difficulty is that scientific men have had to contend with in their attempt to explain the way in which these chilled shot of the sky are formed. Crystals of large size, in most other circumstances, are conceived to require considerable intervals of time for their construction. They are so slowly and deliberately built up by the methodical and orderly aggregation of their molecules upon geometrical lines, that the finest crystals are almost universally found to be those which have occupied most time in their growth. But how can there possibly be any deliberate and slow aggregation of the component molecules in the case of hail? A mass of ice weighing three or four ounces cannot be poised in the air like a snowflake, whilst its prisms and pyramids are being deliberately fashioned by the slow and delicate process of molecular attraction and adjustment. The hailstone which is precipitated with the force of a projectile from the air must be the creation of an instant, notwithstanding the cunning regularity and methodical order of its lines.

There is, no doubt, very much that has yet to be ascertained in regard to the process by which these beautiful ice-crystals are fabricated in the sky; but the direction in which the solution of these unknown agencies has to be sought is indicated, in no doubtful way, by one of the characteristics of the hailstorm, which has already been incidentally alluded to—the circumstance, namely, that it is so invariably associated with lightning and thunder. This association, indeed, has been a matter of the most familiar experience from very early days. The first great hailstorm of which there is any authentic record had "fire mingled with the hail," and "fire ran along the ground" as the hail fell to the earth. In the La Braconière storm, described by Captain Delcros, incessant lightnings flashed over a tract twenty geographical miles wide, and extending from the Tyrol to Lower Saxony. In the Georgian storm the precipitation of hail was preceded by lightning and thunder, and the lightnings flashed unceasingly from the clouds as it drifted away. In the Richmond storm lightning and thunder commenced eighty minutes before midnight; the hail began to fall seventy-five minutes after midnight, and the lightning was then still seen for another half hour.

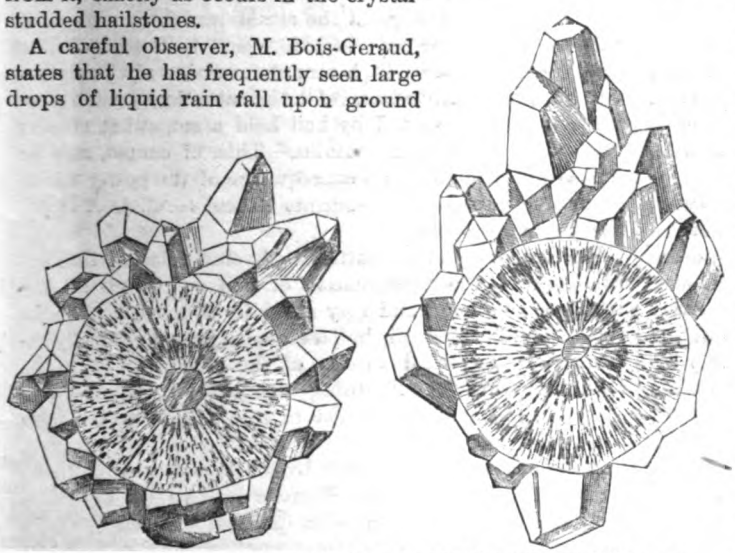
APPEARANCE OF A SMALL DWELLING-HOUSE IN A SUBURB OF PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL, IMMEDIATELY AFTER A HAILSTORM, JUNE, 1874.

In order to apprehend the full force of this connection, it must be carefully kept in mind that one of the essential effects of a powerful electrical discharge through the atmosphere is the violent expansion of the tract of air that lies in its path. Thunder is incidentally a conse-

quence of this result. Air does not remain rent, as solid bodies do, after it has been torn asunder by a disruptive operation of this character. The air which has been driven away by the expansion along the track of the discharge, is immediately forced back by the elastic resistance which it meets, and by the superincumbent pressure of the surrounding mobile mass; and the air-particles, in consequence, strike together by a sudden impulsive clash. This is the source of the sonorous vibration which rumbles on into the roll of the thunder. But whenever air is suddenly and violently expanded in this way, it is chilled by the expansion. A large amount of sensible heat becomes latent and insensible with the production of a corresponding amount of cold. In the case of the passage of a discharge of lightning, the expansion is both very sudden and very large, and the cold is, in the same degree, intense. Such, in all probability, is the source of the cold which, in the formation of hail, converts aqueous vapor into aggregations of ice.

Some curious and ingenious experiments of M. Dufour, of Lausanne, which were described in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* for 1861, seem to tend to confirm the idea that crystalline ice can be produced by electrical discharges in this way. M. Dufour caused small spherical drops of water to float in a mixture of almond oil and chloroform, and found that he could then reduce them to very low temperatures without freezing them. But when, in such circumstances, he passed a smart shock of electricity through them, they were instantaneously turned into small spherical masses of solid ice, which had white snow-like nuclei within, and hard transparent ice-crystals surrounding and inclosing the central mass and radiating out from it, exactly as occurs in the crystal-studded hailstones.

A careful observer, M. Bois-Geraud, states that he has frequently seen large drops of liquid rain fall upon ground possessing a temperature considerably higher than 32° Fahr., and converted into solid ice at the instant of contact by the mere influence of the mechanical shock. It is, perhaps, not unworthy of note that the distinguished electrician, M. de la Rive, regarded the whizzing noise which accompanies the fall of hail as being mainly a brush-discharge of electricity; and, in support of this opinion, he cited the fact that thunder generally ceases to be heard so long as the actual deposit of the hailstones continues—a circumstance which is well authenticated, but which some other observers have been inclined to attribute to the roar of the hail being loud enough to smother the sound of the thunder.



CRYSTALLINE HAILSTONES WHICH FELL ON THE 9TH OF JUNE, 1869, NEAR TIFLIS, IN GEORGIA.

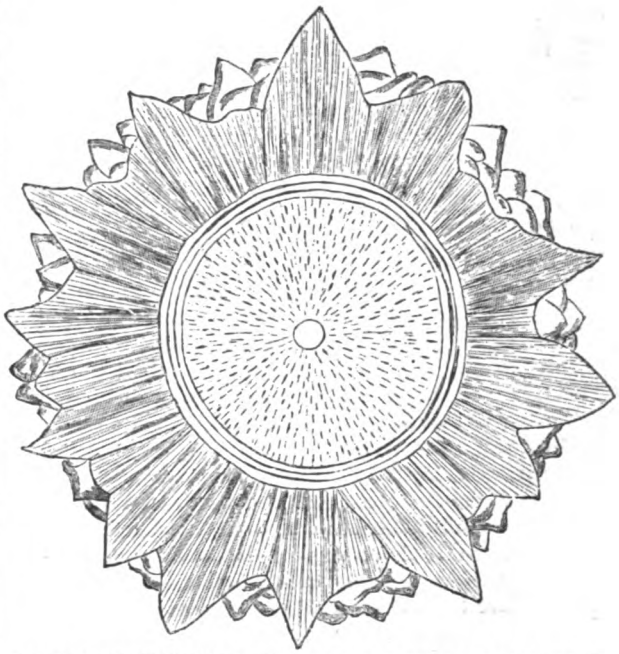
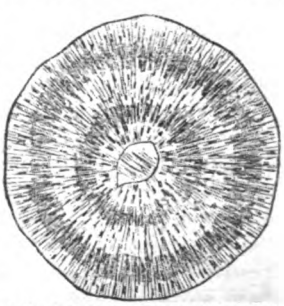


DIAGRAM REPRESENTING A SECTION OF A CRYSTALLINE HAILSTONE THAT FELL IN ONE OF THE WESTERN PROVINCES OF FRANCE ON THE 4TH OF JULY, 1819.

The production of hail, however, requires a copious supply of free moisture, as well as the instantaneous production of intense cold. This condition is very obviously and satisfactorily explained by the fierce conflict of wind which is the never-failing accompaniment of hail. The hailstones are whirled to the earth in the midst of a violent squall, which seems to burst in quick succession from all points of the compass. Hot and cold currents of wind are suddenly driven together, and from the mingling of these currents aqueous vapor is deposited. Sir John Herschel long ago pointed out that an extremely cold current of air must be suddenly projected into the midst of warm air thoroughly saturated with moisture to form hail. The water of the ice-cataract is supplied by the winds, and its cold is furnished by the lightning.

It is almost universally noticed that hailstorms restrict their ravages to comparatively narrow belts of land. In England the devastated area is rarely more than a mile or two miles long, and a few hundred yards broad. The Richmond storm, which was of exceptionally large extent, was seven miles long and two miles broad. Much larger tracts are, however, sometimes laid under contribution in other parts of the world. A hailstorm which passed over France in 1788, and which caused damage that was estimated as amounting to $4,938,000, left the mark of its track from the Western Pyrenees to the Baltic Sea, an extent of quite six hundred miles. It moved over this range in two parallel bands eight miles asunder, and with a breadth of four miles for one of the



A HAILSTONE WITH CONCENTRIC LAYERS OF CLEAR BLUE AND OPAQUE WHITE ICE.

bands and of eight miles for the other, and it traveled at the rate of forty miles an hour. Heavy rain, without hail, fell in the interval that lay between the parallel bands. A fringe of heavy rain almost always attends upon the precipitation of hail. The actual fall of hail is rarely prolonged at one place for more than eight or ten minutes. It will at once be perceived that the belt-like deposit of the hail is a natural consequence of its being due to the mingling of oppositely moving currents of wind. The hail falls where such antagonistic currents overlap at their edges.

Mr. Abich's account of what he observed in the great storm near Tiflis comprises all the main features which characterize the production of these destructive disturbances of the atmosphere, and is, on that account, worthy of being again referred to with some fullness of detail. The three previous days in the neighborhood were warm and still, with a very gentle southwest wind and a steady barometer. About five o'clock on the evening of the 9th of June, a dense obscuration of the sky toward the north and east gave indication of an approaching thunderstorm. This developed itself so rapidly that there was scarcely opportunity, after it had appeared, to find shelter beneath a shed before the storm burst with excessive fury. The storm-wind swept up with "tearing speed," and the gusts came intermittingly from the northeast and from the east-southeast. The flashing of the lightning and the rolling of the thunder were almost unceasing; and then, in a moment, with a roaring, rattling noise, a cataract of hailstones of the size of hens' eggs was discharged, almost with the impetuosity of an explosion. These fell in all directions, and with the utmost diversity of slant, sometimes being drifted along in a nearly horizontal course. It was immediately noticed that the stones were of irregular outline and sharp-cornered, although often broken and shattered by the fall. A closer examination of them showed that the irregularity and sharpness were due to the piling together on the outside of the large and symmetrically formed crystals of transparent ice which have been already alluded to. The precipitation of these large crystalline bodies continued for about twelve minutes, and the storm then swept away amidst the prolonged rolling of retreating thunder and with a deluge of rain. Panes of glass in dwelling-houses were in many instances drilled with even round holes, which thus indicated the great momentum of the frozen projectiles.

It has been remarked that the sky very commonly assumes a distinctively characteristic appearance before the precipitation of hail. The blue color is not of its usual deep tint, and fine threads of cirrus cloud are deposited in the higher regions of the atmosphere. The air near the ground becomes oppressively warm, and the high temperature diminishes very rapidly upward, the thermometer often indicating a lower reading than 32° Fahr. at an elevation of 5,000 feet, notwithstanding a quite insupportable heat below. A powerful upcast of the heated air then sets in, carrying with it copious loads of redundant moisture, which is very soon piled up, as it is condensed into heavy cumulus clouds. The ascending moisture-laden air at last becomes suddenly and intensely chilled, and simultaneously with this the discharge of lightning begins. The higher region of the cirrus clouds is charged with the usual positive form of electrical fire, which is the constant and natural production of the vapors that rise from the positively electrified surface of the sea. But the storm-clouds which are generated in the heated upcast from the land, as was first shown by the distinguished electrician, M. Peltier, are as constantly saturated with *negative* electric force.

This electrical antagonism of the higher and lower layers of the clouds, no doubt, has much to do with the flashings of lightning and the whirlwind commotions which ensue. In the South African colony of Natal, the storm-cloud may often be seen to arise as a small wisp of vapor in the clear sky hanging over the seaward slopes of the Drakenberg Mountains, which then begins to revolve and enlarge until it is matured into a thunderstorm. The discharges of lightning after this occur, and the thunderstorm sweeps down from the mountains into the lower plains. It is well known that hail is sometimes formed in very high regions. M. de Saussure noticed hail eleven times during his sojourn of thirteen days on the Col du Géant, at an elevation of 11,000 feet. The Chamounix guide, Balmat, experienced a hailstorm on the summit of Mont Blanc, on the memorable occasion when he passed a night there; and it is said that hail is continually found beneath the snow on the top of that mountain.

It was at one time a dogma of meteorology that hail does not fall during the night. This is, however, certainly a mistake. It will be remembered that the severe hailstorm at Richmond made a notable protest against this assumption, as it occurred in the small hours immediately following midnight. It is nevertheless true that heavy hailstorms do most commonly take place shortly after noon and during the period of the greatest heat of the day. The exact time, however, which seems to be most favorable for the formation of hail varies very much in different places. It is influenced to a considerable extent by the physical circumstances which are concerned in setting up strong air-currents. The near proximity of high mountains and deep valleys certainly tends to the frequent production of hail. M. Despine, an Italian meteorologist, who carefully investigated the situations which were most liable to hail in Sardinia in 1840, came to the conclusion that the direction of high mountain-chains obviously exerted a strong influence. All the situations which were most frequently visited by hail held a somewhat similar relation to the high mountains. This, of course, may be looked upon as a natural consequence of the power which mountains possess to inaugurate violent conflicts of oppositely moving winds.

The discovery of the intimate physical relation that exists between the precipitation of hail and electrical disturbance very soon and very naturally suggested the idea that it might, perhaps, be possible to prevent hail by relieving the electrical tension of the clouds through the instrumentality of lightning conductors. Twenty-five years ago M. Arago inclined to regard this notion with some favor, and suggested that the service might, perhaps, be most efficiently performed by sending captive balloons up into the storm-clouds. Various experiments were actually tried in some of the vine districts of France, and a name was invented for the apparatus that was thus brought into use to tap the aërial reservoirs of the lightning. It was called "paragrêle," to indicate its close kinship with the "paratonnerre," or lightning conductor. There is an obvious reason, however, why no anticipation of success from any expedient of this kind can be reasonably entertained. Hailstorms produce their destructive effects not where the electric disturbance originates, but long after they have been launched upon their impetuous and quite irresistible career. What paragrêle could reasonably be expected to produce any appreciable effect upon a whirlwind sweeping along at the rate of forty miles an hour, and dropping its ice-bolts in its path? Hence the paragrêle is no longer regarded with either confidence or hope by meteorological science, although it still has some advocates amongst sanguine enthusiasts.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

DOMESTIC WATER MOTORS.—Pygmy motors of small power for domestic purposes, such as driving a sewing-machine, or coffee-mill, have been very ably developed by the French. Two of the best of these are illustrated in the accompanying diagrams. Fig. 1 represents the hydraulic motor of M. Dufort, as seen exteriorly; and Fig. 2 shows its interior arrangement, at one-third of the natural size. It is simply a tiny water-wheel or turbine, 6 centimètres in diameter, and 1 centimètre (rather less than ⅓ inch) in thickness, provided with 20 vanes. The water under pressure enters at A, as shown by the arrow, and passes by the pipe C to the wheel, which it drives round, then escapes at E. The flow of the water is regulated by the rack and pinion B, worked from the outside by the side lever (Fig. 1), which starts or stops the machine. The motor scarcely weighs 5 kilogrammes (11 pounds), and its speed of rotation can be varied between 60 and 18,000 turns per minute. It can be actuated either by compressed air, steam or water. Fed with water at a pressure of 36 mètres, it will expend 250 litres of the same, thereby performing a kilogrammètre of work per second, which is power enough to work a sewing-machine or a small lathe. Fig. 3 represents a motor designed for sewing-machines by Herr Schmid, of Zurich. It is a piston machine with an oscillating cylinder, and acts like a steam-engine, but with water under pressure instead of steam. An air reservoir serves to regulate the working. Fig. 4 shows it installed to drive a sewing-machine, A being the stop-cock for letting on the water, B the inflow pipe, C the outflow pipe, E the brake put in action by the pedal or foot-board of the machine, F the belts or cords for transmitting the motion, and G the fly-wheel. With a water pressure of 25 mètres, and an expenditure of 150 to 450 litres, it can drive two machines at a speed of from 100 to 300 turns per minute. Its weight does not exceed 7 kilogrammes.

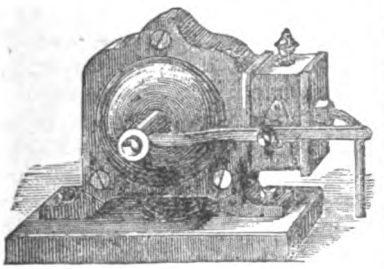


FIG. 1.

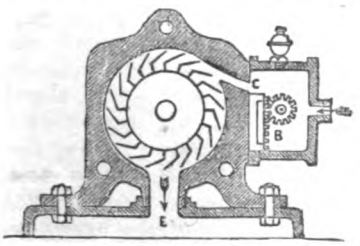


FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

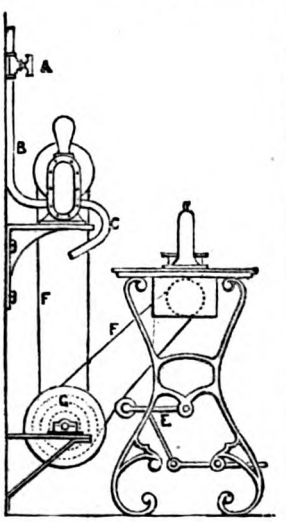


FIG. 4.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE COURSE OF LIGHTNING.—Professor Colladon, of Geneva, has made some interesting observations on the course of lightning when it strikes trees and houses. He holds that the great discharges which injure trees and houses seldom or never happen while the lightning has an unobstructed course—which it has along the thin upper branches of trees, where birds and their nests are often left quite uninjured by its descent. But it is where the electric current reaches the thick stem that the tree becomes a worse and worse conductor; and it is here, therefore, that the tree is what is called "struck"—*i. e.*, here that the electricity, failing to find an unobstructed channel to the earth, accumulates its masses, and gives out shocks which rend the tree. And the same is true of houses whose lightning-conductors stop short of the ground. Professor Colladon has also shown that the close neighborhood of a pool of water is a great attraction to the electric current, and that the electricity often passes down a house or tree till it is near enough to dart straight across to the water; and he thinks that, where possible, lightning-conductors should end in a spring or pool of water. Professor Colladon believes that lightning descends rather in a shower—through a multitude of vines, for instance, in the same vineyard—than in a single main stream. It divides itself among all the upper branches of a tree, and is received from hundreds of atmospheric points at once, instead of, as has been usually supposed, from one. Electricity is rain—a number of tributaries from a wide surface, not a single torrent.

IMITATIONS OF STAINED GLASS.—On this subject a correspondent writes: "An excellent imitation of stained glass, which, if carefully executed, it is impossible to distinguish from real *vitrail*, and which from its comparative cheapness is suited for adoption in private houses, may be produced by skillful combination of sheets of colored gelatine; the sort used for making cosaques will do. (A thicker sort can be obtained abroad.) Several thicknesses of it must be used, according to the shade desired, or the amount of light which will penetrate it when in position. Different colors should be pieced together, and have a thick boundary of opaque paper to separate them, to represent the lead of real stained windows. The different parts should be shaped and joined, and the lines and hatchings painted in, working over a black and-white cartoon drawing, just as is done in real stained glass works. If gelatine of the desired color cannot be obtained, it may be prepared by coloring dissolved gelatine with dyes, and then pouring it out and allowing it to dry in films on a sheet of glass. The transparency when finished should be protected by being inclosed between glass."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

BE slow to anger, but when you get there be quick.

HE who aspires to the top will be very likely to topple.

A YOUNG man of society, when out making a call, may wear two watches and yet not know when it is time to go home.

"MY boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little barefooted urchin. "She eats cold victuals, sir."

THE man with new tight shoes and an ingrowing nail seems to be the one who is always selected by fate to be compelled to run for a train.

THE PLEASANTEST FACE.—The most pleasant face in the universe to a workingman is the face of the clock when it smiles at six in the evening.

A KISS without a mustache is like an egg without salt. Always remember that, girls, and never kiss without the mustache—always kiss within it.

"JOHN, how many times have I told you always to eat bread with your meat?" "Papa, how many times have you told me never to do two things at a time?"

A MAN stole up behind a lady in a dark room and kissed her, and when he found it was his wife, and she found it was her husband, they were both as mad as wet hens.

WHEN a boy is ordered against his will to take the coal-scuttle down-stairs and fill it, it is astonishing the number of articles he will accidentally strike the scuttle against before getting back.

"YOU don't like to make calls," said an uncle to his nephew. "But you must make calls," he continued; "for there's always pleasure derived—if not when you enter, at least when you come out."

A SERVANT who prided herself upon being employed in a genteel family, was asked the definition of the term. "Where they have two or three kinds of wine, and the gentleman swears," was the reply.

A LITTLE boy having been at a children's evening party, his papa was told that he chose the biggest girl to dance with—so asked him: "How old was she?" He said: "I would not be so rude as to ask her."

TWO IRISHMEN were passing some blackberry bushes. "What's these, Mike?" inquired Pat of his companion. "Nothing but blackberries," said the latter. "But they're red, Mike." "Well, Pat, blackberries are always red when they're green."

A JUDGE of much experience says: "I have never had a breach of promise case before me in which the mother of the girl did not know more about it than her daughter. She always suspects the fellow is a rascal, and accordingly gets ready for him."

"DON'T waste your time clipping off the branches," said a woodman to his son, "but lay your ax at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his ax at the root of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy—and then went a-fishing. Truly there is nothing like filial obedience.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER

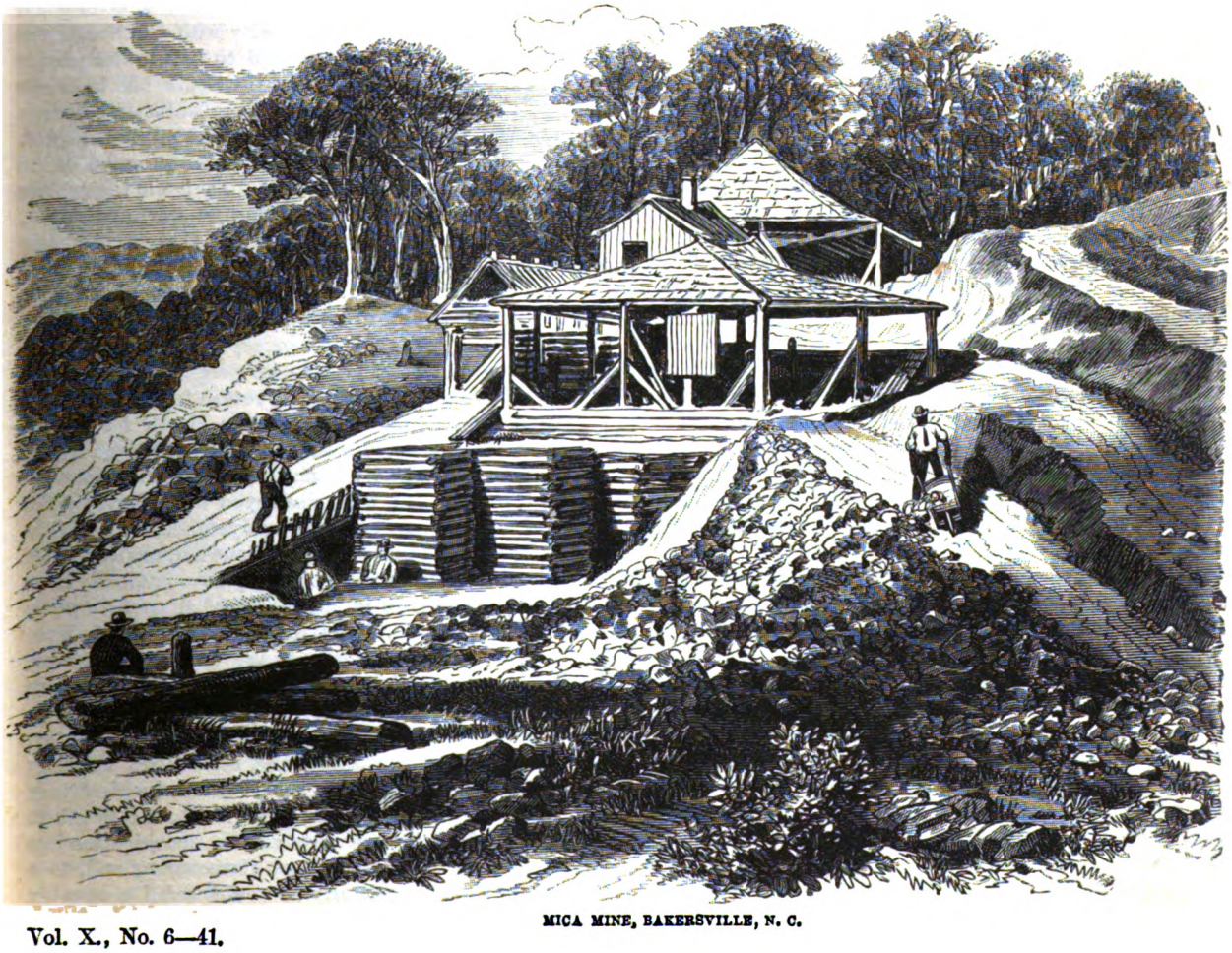
FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. X.—No. 6. DECEMBER, 1880. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

THE INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS OF THE SOUTH.

BY J. B. KILLEBREW.

THERE are two kinds of provincialism. The old swagger and boastful spirit of the South, the claim to superior courage, virtue and refinement, was fairly typical of one kind. If the Chinaman, who neither goes abroad nor invites the stranger to sojourn within his gates, has his peculiar form of provincialism, so has the man of the highest civilization, large culture and information, who ignores the progress of those he considers beneath his notice and scarcely worthy of study. The greater wealth, culture and civilization—the more advanced stage of progress—of the Northern people may be admitted; but they are so profoundly busied with a self-contemplation which closely resembles the nombril studies of the Eastern sect of umbilical philosophers, that they continually ignore the marvelous strides of the people of the South, and appear to be unmindful that a step in progress made by one part is a step by all. Only the progress of older communities, and of civilizations deemed yet higher than their own, engages their attention. As Von Moltke dismissed the American war with the contemptuous remark that it was scarcely worth while for a general to study the movements of mobs, the people of the North decline even to study as a curious problem the progress of a portion of the United States, known as the South. If they are for a moment withdrawn from self-contemplation, it is to study and seek guidance and knowledge of human progress from England, France and Germany.



MICA MINE, BAKERSVILLE, N. C.

It may be granted that the North can learn but little of practical value from the South as to lines of human progress; but there is something closely akin to a high form of provincialism in ignorance of the social, moral and industrial condition of the old slave States, which is in marked contrast with the general knowledge the Southern people possess of almost all that pertains to the North. While the Northern people are traveling in Europe, and studying European progress and civilization, the people of the South are anxiously studying the principles of material progress which have conferred wealth and independence on the North.

If not now, it must be admitted in coming years, that few statesmen and few philosophers have reported from the North to the Northern public upon the condition of the South, at a time when practical legislation and a determination to deal with the subject, with or without knowledge, made such reports of peculiar practical importance.

The South has made tremendous strides since the war, unparalleled in the history of any country. The term "South" is used as a mere convenient designation, although it has lost its sectional significance. The old swagger and boasting, the claim of superiority, early gave way to an injured air, endurable as a way to a better frame of mind. The succeeding apologetic phase, in which apology was vailed beneath a lofty protestation of independence, followed a sullen acceptance of the inevitable; at present the Southern people are in a most excellent frame of mind, laboring earnestly and hopefully, studying closely the principles of progress elsewhere, adopting methods without servile imitation, but with a clear perception, in general, of adaptation to their own wants and necessities. Boasting no longer of superiority, they appear to possess the calm confidence of a people conscious, at last, both of their own strength and shortcomings—of a people who perceive the road to true greatness, and are pursuing it quietly, neither vaunting themselves overmuch, nor yet stopping either to revile others or to beg pardon of the world for being alive. True, there are still fossil elements in excess, evil elements which will long disturb society; but the intelligence and influence which control the general line of progress are the measure by which a people must be estimated. What has been done in spite of obstacles, is the real question.

I have been speaking of the white people. The negro has passed through several stages, from infantile dependence to foolish juvenile self-assertion. He has made substantial progress, and appears to be confidently holding his future in his own hands, having learned to know that he will gain that for which he shows capacity. He, too, is entitled to be judged, not by the dense ignorance of the masses, but by the character of the advanced guard; where that has gone, he can follow. As to his future, I confess that I have passed from disbelief, through doubt, to confident reliance on his progressive powers.

This much preliminary to a brief sketch of material progress in the South. Some points in the past must, however, be first noticed. It is necessary to look back to a period just before the war to find a promise of that development which might otherwise be the result of temporary pressure upon a fickle and mercurial people, likely to relapse into indolence when pressure is removed. The people of the South were becoming, just before the war, profoundly impressed with the necessity for a new progress, which partly grew out of a half-consciousness that the seeming splendor and greatness of slavery was mere empty sham. Their commercial conventions, the study of political economy by a few able men, their bright dreams of direct commerce, and a splendid manufacturing and commercial future, are only valuable as they show a perception of their own abilities, the capacities and necessities of the country and its natural advantages. So long as slavery existed, these were but dreams, impossible of realization; but statistics of manufacturing and railway development show that they were determined, and only failed to see that such development as they sought was incompatible with slavery. Considering the existence of that system, they made really rapid strides for a sparsely settled agricultural country. A decline was already falling upon the seeming glory of the South, recognized by such men as Debow, and they sought the right means to the remedy, except that they did not see that the first step toward the application of the remedy was the abolition of slavery—not an oversight, when it is reflected that no people can, of themselves. loosen so vast an evil when it is so great an interest.

Slavery had prepared the way to a greater development, but it was not possible for slave-owners to know that it had performed its mission. Those dreams of greatness were at least the kindling of a light never extinguished, and they are valuable as they show that the spirit and the perception of the way to progress are not a new growth.

The first truly great awakening of the Southern people was, however, in the war. The marble statue, when first imbued with life, power and consciousness, was not more profoundly astonished at its own new powers than the people of the South when they first awoke to a consciousness of their own superhuman energy. For a dash they were prepared—to pursue a flying foe they entered the war; that the knight of the swagger, the bowie and the pistol would chase the Yankee over the border, they looked for; they were prepared for a holiday jaunt; they awoke to terrible reality, and rose at once to meet it, astonished at their own powers. The difficulty with the North was to bring her resources to bear, and to induce her people to feel that they were necessary; the South had to create them. Cut off from all the world, the industrial energy and judgment displayed excelled even the military power, and had profounder influence on the after progress of the South. Having nothing, they had to provide themselves with everything—clothing, munitions of war, provisions, every article of necessity or luxury; and these were nearly all produced at home, comparatively little brought from abroad. All this disappeared with the close of the war, drowned in lost hopes, depressed spirits, ruined fortunes, destroyed labor system; but a perception of powers, once gained, is never lost. The factories were closed, and for a moment there was a disposition to return to the old life of luxury and ease, to look again to the North for almost everything used or manufactured. The conditions which permitted that indolent reliance on others, that hand-to-hand sort of life, had been destroyed with slavery; the industrial and military energy displayed became useful to a people confronted with new conditions and environed by new difficulties and new duties. They have gradually been able to read themselves in the results of those four years of tremendous energy. The dreams of the decade from 1850 to 1860, and the realities of the four years of war, have been of tremendous consequence to the Southern people, in guiding them to a new development.

Let it be remembered that in a sparsely settled country, possessing little of permanent and established industry beyond agriculture, a splendid sham collapsed with slavery at the close of the war. While not a loss to the South to be subtracted from its aggregate wealth, emancipation was a direct loss to every individual slaveowner; and, to a certain extent, such a calamity as would befall a country which owed several millions of bonds to its own citizens,

if they should be at once repudiated. The gain to the tax-payers would balance the actual pecuniary loss to the bondholders, but the actual loss to the country would be irreparable. It only differed from that case in this: the negro could go to work almost as efficiently, and very soon more so—the bond could not. It was such a sudden change of ownership as always works great confusion, disorder and real loss to the community in the destroyed efficiency of a large class—the slave-owners, in this case. The temporary inefficiency of the emancipated slave must also be considered. Add to this the losses of war, the disorganization, the education in vice and disorder, and it will be allowed that many years of labor must have been mere preparation—mere adaptation to new conditions. It must also be granted that the progress made has been attained by the clear judgment and great efforts of the live few, dragging the many along with them, and leaving still a large fossil class who will die without ever understanding the new environment under which they are living and laboring. But in this the South does not differ from other countries.

In estimating the progress made, we must allow that millions of slaves—freed slaves—and plantation-owners, compelled to learn life over, and suddenly deprived of a large amount of property—a people defeated, paralyzed by losses in war, society disorganized, labor let out of bondage to revel in new-found freedom, are not conditions favorable to progress on the part of either race. Such is not even the chaos of which social and industrial forms are readily crystallized. If order, increased production, substantial progress and prosperity have, within fifteen years, proceeded from this chaos, the fact argues extraordinary tenacity, sagacity and adaptation on the part of both races. What seemed to have been obstacles, have doubtless in many cases proved aids in reality, as incentives to exertion; but it requires brains, resolution and energy thus to turn adversity to account, and make untoward circumstances rounds in the ladder to success.

It is only necessary to present a few general statistics to give a cursory view of the substantial progress of the past fifteen years. The cotton crop of 1879 is estimated at 5,757,397 bales, while that of 1880 is expected to reach 6,000,000 bales. The best return from slavery was 4,823,770 bales. The lowest point to which war reduced peace production was 2,228,987 bales, in 1865–6, whence the progress was continuous to 1879.

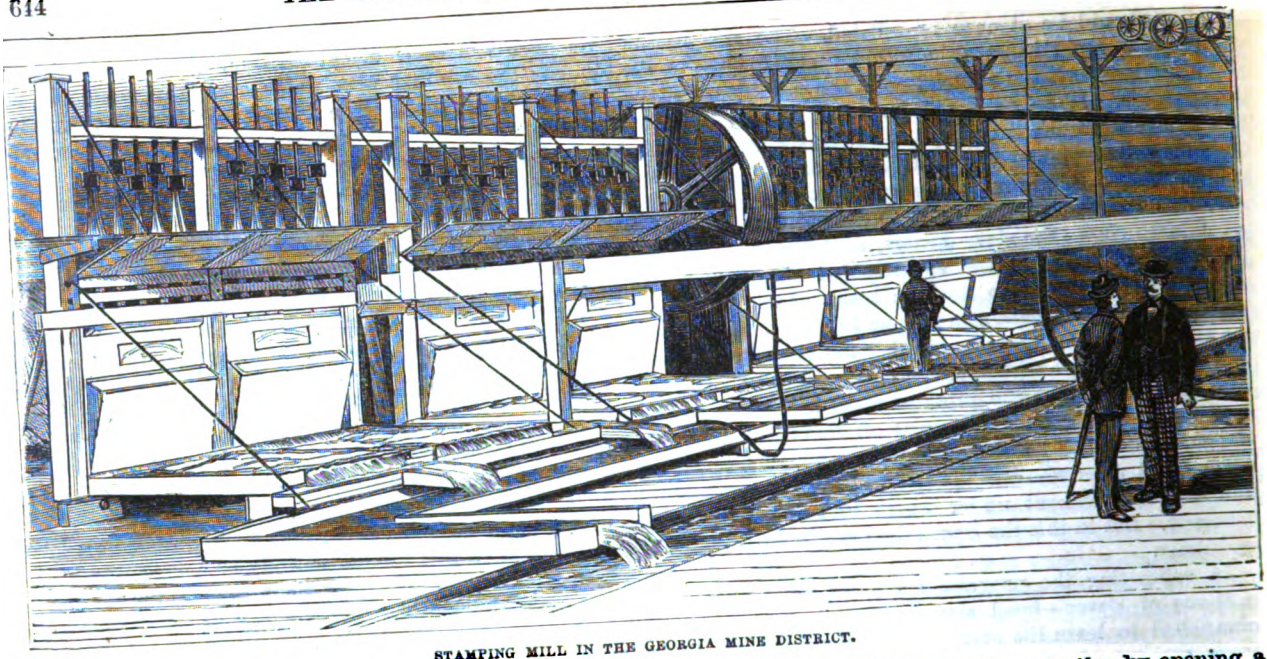
Society cannot be at once thrifty and idle, industrious and wasteful. This result argues energy and thrift in all classes, although we may allow to all classes a still too large proportion of unthrift and want of appreciation of the spirit which animates the majority. The common charge that the Southern whites, educated by slavery, are cross-road loafers, whittling, whisky-drinking, quarreling and fighting, killing, maiming or mutilating negroes for pastime, is utterly incompatible with these results in this one staple. To produce such results, both races must have been at work and in substantial harmony, with very slight race-antagonism. This, however, is but a single product, and, to a far-seeing student, must appear the least hopeful sign.

Without burdening with statistical details an article intended to give a general glance at the condition of the whole South, the records of the coming census will show a similar increase in wheat, corn, tobacco, live stock, all the products of the farm, the orchard and the garden. The most promising sign is, that with the exception of cotton, tobacco, rice and sugar, in which there is a very large increase, the rest are nearly all, so far as general production is concerned, new, and most of them entirely so. The diversified character of production, the combination of crops; the rapidity with which society is becoming not only more compact, more bound together by varied ties of interest—more under the influence of the associative principle, less a loosely aggregated mass of individuals, but also more independent and more completely self-sustaining, are features which afford the highest promise for the future. The necessities of the South compelled the people to provide themselves with those things they had neither money nor credit to buy; in doing so they found largely augmented savings and increased profits. As farming grew to be more profitable, manufacturing began to find a surplus of food to sustain labor, and industry was thus added to industry. Men, cast adrift from old conditions and means of easy subsistence by the war, began to look around for means of employing their hands or their small capital, and they found it in the necessities of every community for what was once brought from abroad.

The gradual growth of manufacturing, of skilled labor, on account of this almost entirely new development, has been rapid beyond all expectations. Before the war, plows, ax-handles, buckets, hoe-handles, almost all iron and woodwork, came from the North; now, to a very large extent, our own capital and our own skilled labor works up our own raw material, under the superintendency of our own business capacity, though sometimes of enterprising Northern men. There is also growing up a considerable exportation of both raw material never before exported, and of the products of skilled labor. Improvement in stock, raising blooded horses, cattle and sheep, are almost new industries which have had a remarkable growth since the war. Sheep-raising and the manufacture of wool are growing up as new industries in portions of the South never before suspected of being adapted to these industries—for instance, in southern Mississippi. Tennessee has become a worthy rival of Kentucky in fine horses, in cattle and sheep, and the exportation of beef and mutton to Eastern markets.

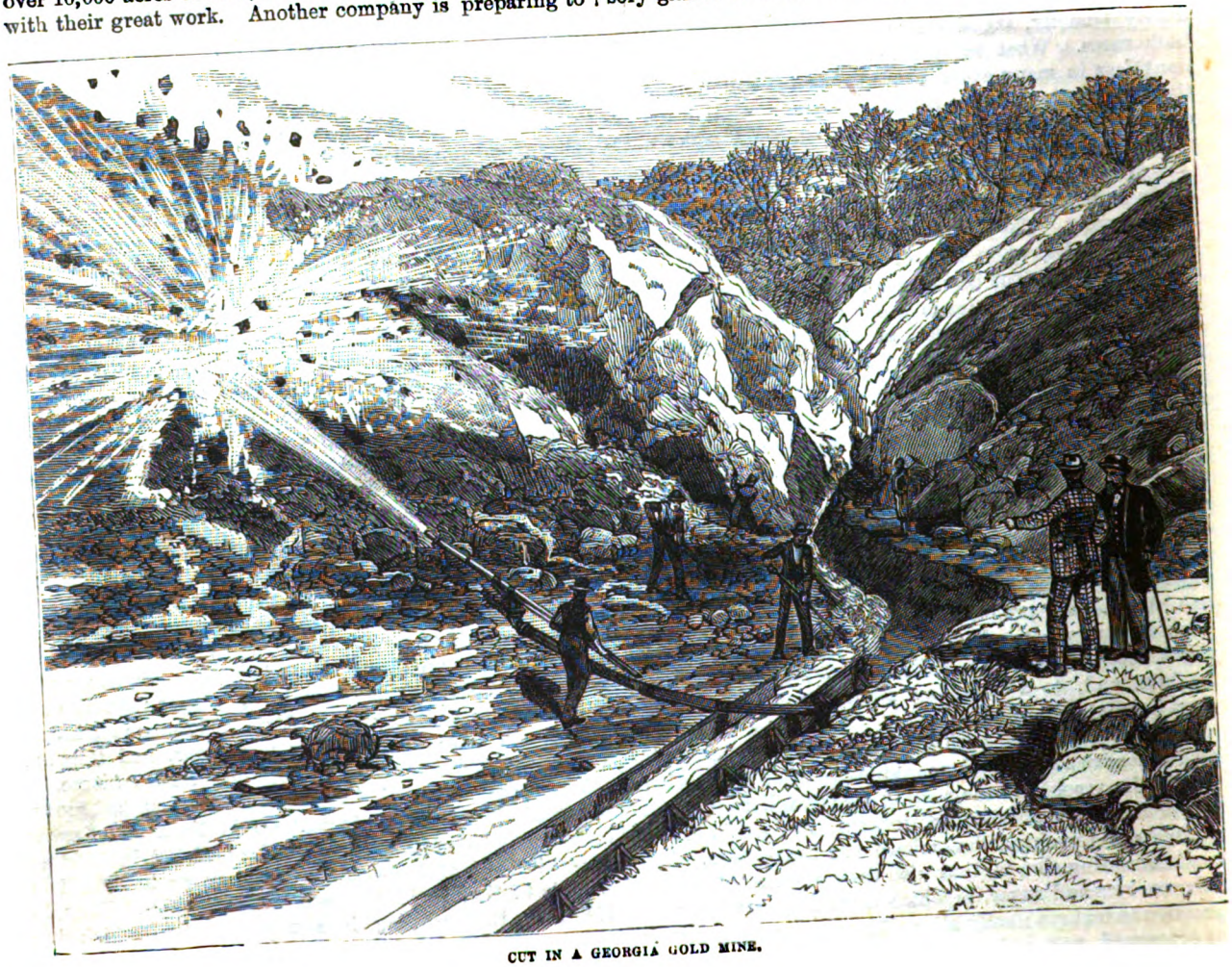
Perhaps no State in the South has suffered more from obstacles of every kind in the way of improvement, and yet cotton manufactures in New Orleans and other points yield large returns, which have caused increase in capital and enlargement in mills. Four cotton-seed oil mills in the State have a capital of $710,000, and $787,000 are employed in the manufacture of artificial ice in New Orleans. Until recently, shoes for the New Orleans trade were brought from East; the shoe trade is now supplied at home, and the finer qualities are sold in Northern cities. Foundries and machine-shops in New Orleans furnish all kinds of agricultural implements for the home trade, at prices which defy competition. Orders for plantation implements, engines of all sizes, the complicated and heavy machinery for sugar-making, corn-mills and cotton-gins, are executed by New Orleans companies. Wood-working establishments make sashes, blinds and doors; the pine and cypress lumber of the State is being worked up and exported. There are also minor factories of soap, mosswork, fertilizers, boneblack and chemicals. Sugar refineries are preparing to rival those of the East. These are all industries which have grown up since the war, and they are sufficiently varied to afford strong hopes for the future.

The Louisiana population of 708,000 in 1860, had grown to 726,000 in 1870, and to 930,000 in 1880. The sugar crop of 18,070 hogsheads in 1865, of 41,000 in 1866, of 30,000 in 1867, of 34,000 in 1868, had grown to 208,571 in 1878, but fell off in 1879, on account of the hard Winter, to 171,424. Rice-growing is a new industry, which has grown from 21,000 barrels in 1867 to 93,000 in 1873, 187,000 in 1876. After declining for three years, the crop



STAMPING MILL IN THE GEORGIA MINE DISTRICT.

of 1880 promises to be the largest ever raised, amounting to over 200,000 barrels. The Louisiana Land Reclamation Company of New Orleans, chartered in 1878, have already reclaimed for rice-growing, by the use of dredge-boats, digging canals for drainage, irrigation and transportation, over 10,000 acres of land, and are energetically proceeding with their great work. Another company is preparing to solve the question of permanent navigation by opening a great ship-canal. Meantime, the opening of the mouth of the Mississippi by the jetties has increased the shipments of grain by more than 3,000,000 bushels of wheat, and over the same amount of corn, by official figures, over the shipments of any former year. This is a partial and cursory glance at a few salient points in the progress of the



CUT IN A GEORGIA GOLD MINE.

SOUTH CAROLINA PHOSPHATE WORKS.—MIXING ROOM, PHOSPHATE MILL, SCREEN, AND CRUSHING OF PHOSPHATE.

Southwest, from which a great industrial revolution may be easily inferred.

In the neighboring State of Mississippi, despite the shot-gun, the new industry of sheep-raising and wool manufacture is yielding excellent returns; cotton manufactures in central and north Mississippi, and at Natchez, have paid so well as to encourage further investments and enlarged operations. The pine timber of the State is being exported by river, rail and by the Gulf, yielding large returns, and preparing the land occupied by forests for settlement and culture. The cotton crop shows its proper share in the general increase, while new crops tend to make the State more than ever self-supporting; and it may well be doubted whether the shot-gun is the means by which these results are reached—whether such results and the shot-gun can co-exist.

Alabama, before the war known only for its cotton and the commerce of Mobile, scarcely accessible by rail, and almost undeveloped, has since the war been pierced by railroads, interior towns built up, its rich resources of iron and coal rapidly developed, cotton manufactures built up, largely increased and varied production brought about, until the new, crude-in-industry, inaccessible and apparently thriftless State of ten years ago, with high credit, wears an air of thrift and progress.

Various causes have combined to make Georgia the most prosperous and progressive State in the South. The mountain barriers which Pennsylvania and Maryland pierced to reach the rich east-and-west trade, did not exist to impede Georgia as they did Virginia and North Carolina on the Atlantic, and Kentucky and Tennessee to the West. Her rapid development of a railway system, easy approach to the Atlantic and to the trade of the West, and access to Tennessee—whose people could not reach the coast—gave her a progress and a prosperity which has been maintained since the war. Georgia had also a larger proportion of northern capital and enterprise before the war than any other Southern State. Inferior to Alabama, and by far inferior to Tennessee, in agricultural and mineral resources, through her admirable position and the energy and wisely directed efforts of her people, Georgia is the most prosperous of Southern States. The credit of the State, the growth of commerce, the number of her widely reaching commercial lines, the growth of commercial cities, the progress of agriculture, the advance in manufactures, the generally diffused spirit of progress, the increase in small holdings, the remarkable accumulation of property in the hands of negroes, attest a widespread thrift and industry.

Cotton manufacturing began in Georgia before the war, at Columbus and Augusta. At the former city the mills and the supply of cotton were burned in 1865; the plucky people, with their own capital, rebuilt the mills, and to-day 16,984 bales are consumed annually, the planters receiving $899,200 for the raw material, which is converted into fabrics valued at $2,696,600; sales of these fabrics embrace twenty-five States. The Augusta factory made a report in 1868, showing that the property was purchased from the city at $140,000, on a credit of ten years, the purchasers paying in as commercial capital $60,000, which, the buildings being dilapidated, was expended on repairs in the first two years. "Since the purchase," says the report, "we have paid for the entire property, without calling on the stockholders for another dollar, added largely to the property by purchase and by building, bought $100,000 worth of new machinery, increased the capital to $600,000 by the addition of a portion of the surplus, paid dividends —20 per cent. annually—regularly, and now have a property worth the par value $600,000 in gold." The business suffered diminution of profits from the panic, from which it has recovered, and it is now in a flourishing condition.

South Carolina has 18 mills in operation, with 1,937 looms and 95,938 spindles; profits range from 18 to 25½ per cent.; value of cotton consumed, $1,631,820; value of the product, $3,932,150. Thus the growth of manufacturing is about to restore her prosperity to South Carolina, in spite of disadvantages which are apparent. Her mineral fertilizers, her fertile lands, her seaports, her situation with reference to east-and-west trade, have given her advantages which race and political troubles have only obscured for a time.

Tennessee will exhibit, in the reports of the coming census, a progress far from what it should have been, and yet giving great promise in the diversity indicated, in the broadening of the lines of development, to embrace almost the entire range of human pursuits. With almost every variety of climate, soil, vegetable product and mineral wealth, Tennessee has a capacity for all industries and power to be absolutely self-sustaining, if that were possible or desirable to any country. With coal and iron surpassing in abundance, richness and quality the supplies of any other State, admirably grouped with reference to river transportation and food supply, all fitted for mutual development, Tennessee is at once the richest and most varied in its capacity. The State has enjoyed an emigration to Texas of its thriftless classes, who have been replaced by over seven thousand frugal immigrants from the North. A great colony from England is building upon the Cumberland tableland, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Hughes. Manufacturing has grown at a swift pace, if we compare the time before the war with that since, while the mineral development is in a far more healthful state; and it is only when the resources and capacities of the State are compared with others that we must wonder that capital has not there sought its apparent opportunity.

For a brief season under the tariff of 1842, there was a sudden growth in iron production—a mere speculation—which melted in a decline almost as sudden, leaving a few, but comparatively only a few, foundries still standing. The furnaces were small, and the production of charcoal iron alone, and but few were in operation in 1860. Now the furnaces built are all of the first capacity, of permanent value, with all the latest improvements in iron production. Thus, while the production of what is called the Western Belt, being charcoal alone, awaits connections with coal-fields for greater development, although large returns are made to a few companies there, yet the development of the East Tennessee Iron Belt has been the newest and the largest development in iron.

The reports of the special census agent at Chattanooga give $2,291,600 invested in manufacturing interests in Chattanooga alone, without counting those in the county and outside the city. The Roane Iron Company, built by Northern capital; the English city and iron manufactory of vast capacity at South Pittsburg, and many other establishments, exist in the counties around Chattanooga, where nothing of the kind existed before the war. The entire capital invested in manufacturing in Hamilton County, in which Chattanooga is situated, was in 1870, $475,155, and almost nothing in 1860. Knoxville is the seat of several foundries, a large nail factory and extensive car-wheel works, which have all grown up since the war. Nashville has rapidly grown to be a large manufacturing centre, having a wagon factory which is claimed to be the largest in America, if not in the world; large bucket factories and furniture establishments, which work up an abundant and excellent walnut, maple, cedar, sweet gum and other woods suitable for their purposes.

The marbles of Tennessee are becoming fashionable, and their variety and abundance, and the growth of the trade from nothing or little more since the war warrants the belief that it will become a tremendous interest in a few years. In marbles, granites and limestones suitable for building, Tennessee is far ahead of any other State in the Union.

The most gratifying feature about the development of Tennessee is the varied and widely diversified character of her industries. She is laying deep and broad the foundations, and while there is, perhaps, no single industry in which she is not excelled by some other State, there is none that comes so near embracing the nucleus of all industries, and all products of the farm, the factory, the mine, the orchard and the garden. All this has come so rapidly and so silently, that her own people are unconscious of their progress, and need nothing more now than to know themselves and to become conscious, through what they have done, of what they are capable.

In 1870 the census showed a considerable advance over 1860 in manufacturing, but that of 1880 will show a tremendous stride from 1870, notwithstanding that it must be discounted for the effect of the panic and the subsequent stagnation. In no single respect will the census show a falling off from 1860, unless it be in hogs, which were then fattened and driven as almost the only means of reaching market until the railroads were built. Cotton manufacturing has succeeded well in Tennessee, and new factories are building, while the large factory at Nashville has exhibited such returns as to stimulate to further operations.

If we go to the growing Southwest, we shall find the new State of Texas fully keeping up with the march of the rest of the South. The progress of Texas has been beyond question rapid and substantial, but it is a mistake to suppose that it is more prosperous than the older States. Because it is building something where there was nothing, it seems to go beyond the older States, which are adding to what already existed; it can be easily seen that the entire growth appears in the one case, while it is obscured in the other by that which was already there. In reality, the new fabric created in the old States out of the old has been by far the greater progress attained in the South.

Texas is rapidly filling up with population, developing some manufactures of woolens and cotton goods; but it has yet before it the work of assimilation of population, of creating varied industries and crops, of discovering its proper lines of progress and of industry.

If we turn to the extreme Southeast, we find a State also new, acquiring population and capital, developing industries fitted to situation, climate and soil, and giving promise of a great future. Florida is, perhaps, receiving just now larger accessions of Northern men and capital than any other Southern State, in proportion to its size and its old population, excepting only Texas. The other States owe their progress in the main to themselves; Florida and Texas owe theirs largely to Northern capital and immigration, which are also beginning to find their way into the older States. The progress of orange-growing alone, from 2,500 barrels in 1874 to 10,000 in 1875, to 15,000 in 1876, to 31,000 in 1877, to 75,000 in 1878 and to 200,000 in 1879, shows how rapidly fruit industry is preparing the way to more varied and solid industries, and to that place in the commerce of the world which the Florida Peninsula is destined to have on account of its position and its excellent ports.

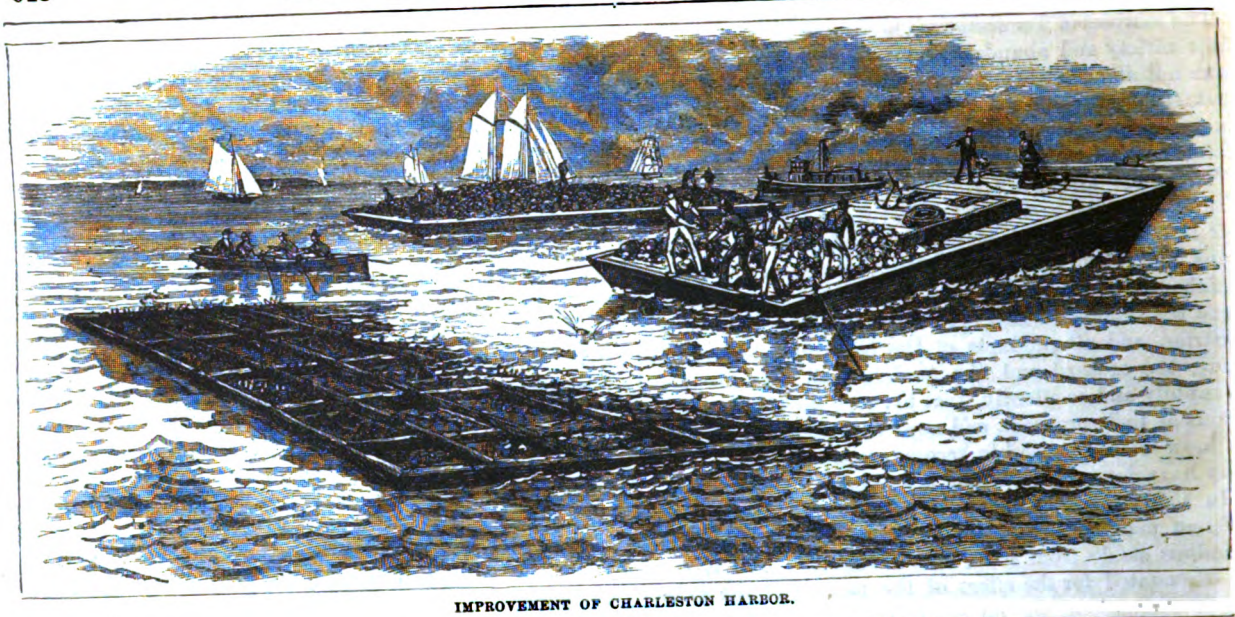
The South has not only experienced a large increase in cotton, tobacco and sugar, and a larger still in its production of breadstuffs, hay and stock, but it has acquired many crops of field, garden and orchard which are new, or almost new. The peanut has become profitable on sandy lands of Tennessee, Georgia and Virginia which were of no value before, the crop of Tennessee being 600,000 bushels per annum.

The production of sumac, by the substitution of its cultivation for the wild product, promises to become a permanent, as it is in some States a large, industry. The extended culture of fruits and vegetables for Northern as well as for home markets is an almost entirely new industry, sustaining a line of steamers from Norfolk and adding largely to the profits of every north-running railroad. Many old industries have been infused with fresh vitality. For two and a half centuries tobacco has been cultivated in Virginia and North Carolina, planters making annually but small profits; within the past few years a fresh development has introduced a practically new industry. The worn fields, where generations have lived hardly and died poor, have turned out to be the chief corner-stone of a new agricultural development. It has been discovered that the physical condition of the soil, or, rather, no-soil, of these worn fields, is just suited for the growth of the finest tobacco known to commerce. By the skillful application of a small amount of manure, the plant is nurtured into a feeble life until it attains the desired size, when the extinction of the plant-food allows it to decline, turning yellow with gradual waste of life, until it is of the desired color, when it is cut, and carefully cured by flues. It is so fine and delicate in color that it often brings one dollar or more per pound in the market. The strange spectacle is exhibited of lands which will not grow a bushel of wheat making net returns of from $300 to $500 per acre. Everywhere in this belt a splendid prosperity appears. Old, dilapidated towns have acquired new life; new towns have sprung up like magic; fields which would not have brought, ten years ago, $1 per acre, are now worth $50. Men who found their only source of profit in the increase of their slaves, have left sons to grow rich with free labor, to live in better houses, and surround themselves with the comforts, the luxuries and the elegances of life. The discovery of gold would not have conferred upon the poor regions of North Carolina and Virginia the present wealth or the hope of permanent industry afforded by yellow tobacco.

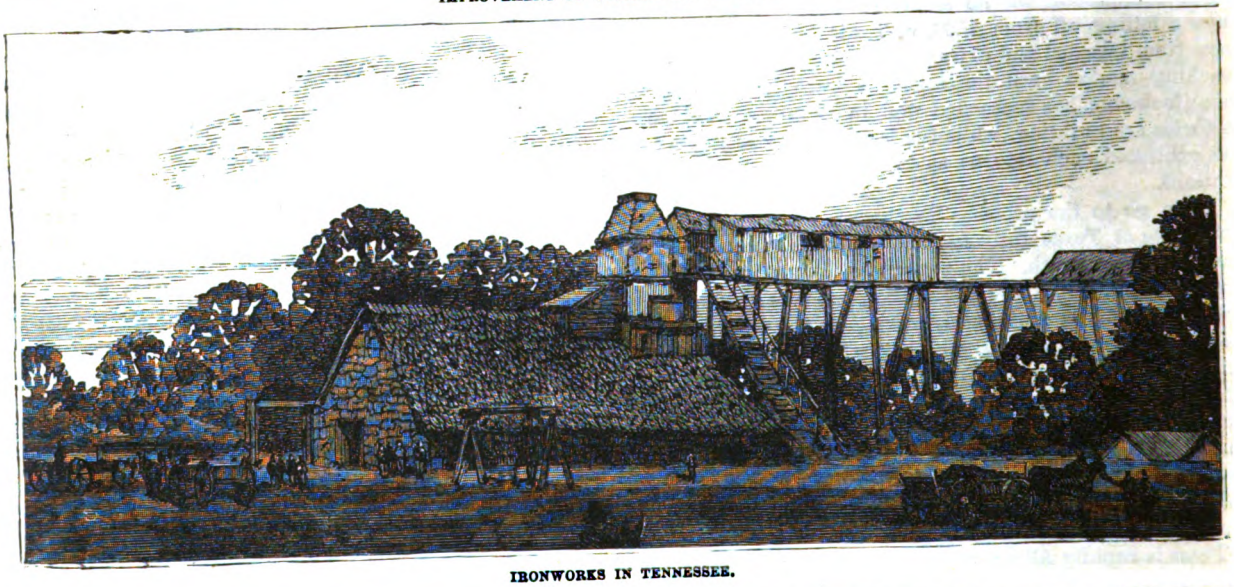
The lumber trade has grown to be of vast extent all over the South. The pines of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi are becoming fashionable for interior woodwork in the East; the wines of France are sent abroad in barrels made from Tennessee timber, and Englishmen are buried in coffins made from the oaks of the Obion County bottoms. The capital invested and labor employed in this industry are immense, and the returns, large as they are, dwarfed in importance by the value of the cleared-off lands for future settlement.

The commercial development of the South is to be shown by the census of 1890. While a great advance on all former years will be exhibited by the present census, yet the processes by which the South is to attain a proper commercial independence are now going on, and cannot appear in results in the coming returns. The deepening of the Mississippi channel already exhibits gratifying results; but the rail combinations, which show a wider and much greater diversion of trade, are just now going on. The ports of Galveston, Pensacola, Fernandina, Savannah, New Brunswick, Port Royal, Charleston, Wilmington, Richmond, Norfolk, in their receipts of cotton and other exports and imports, will exhibit, as well as New Orleans, gratifying growth of trade.

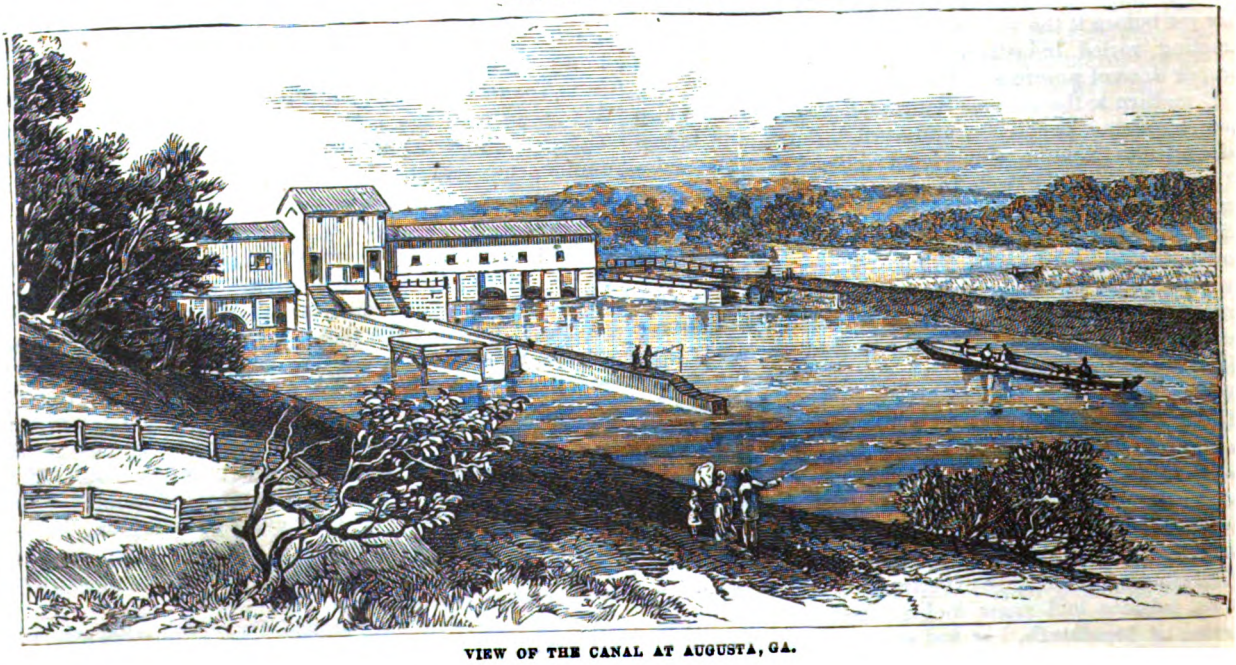
The process of railway consolidation which must precede the growth of commerce between the West and the North-



IMPROVEMENT OF CHARLESTON HARBOR.



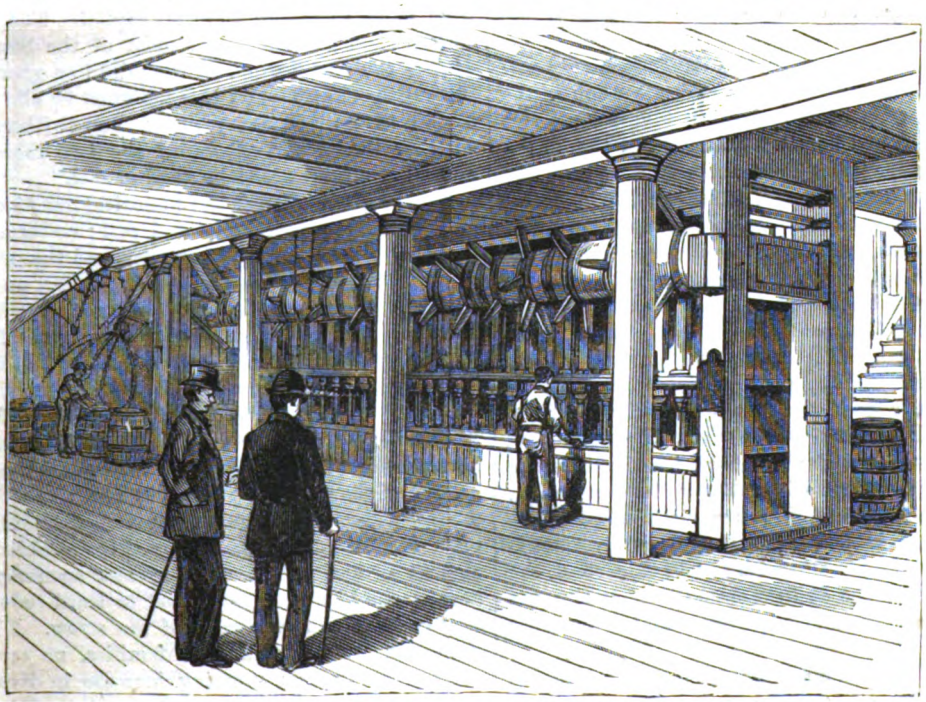
IRONWORKS IN TENNESSEE.



VIEW OF THE CANAL AT AUGUSTA, GA.

A TOBACCO SALE AT NEW ORLEANS.

west and the Southern ports, only began in 1880, or in the latter months of 1879. We can rely on the prescience which led the shrewd capitalists who are engaged in the work of consolidating the roads of the South into great through lines; they have clearly seen the coming value of Southern trade, and prepared to reap the profits. The growing prosperity of the South, the value of its own products, the shortness of the lines between the South and the Northwest, fully justify their forethoughtful action. It may be fairly said that the greatest railroad interests of America, and the shrewdest railroad men, are engaged in securing lines between St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati and various Southern ports, from Galveston to Norfolk.



A RICE-POUNDING ROOM.

While many cities are seeking the trade of the South, others are seeking also available outlets. San Francisco seeks the sea at Galveston and New Orleans; St. Louis, Cincinnati and other cities, the Atlantic ports by various routes; and the roads compete amongst themselves for the best routes. Already capital is engaged in bridging the small gap between the Tennessee and North Carolina rail systems, which, when filled, will

give to St. Louis, Cincinnati and the ports of North and South Carolina communication across the Alleghanies, and to the people of Tennessee the advantages of that east and west intercommunication hitherto denied them—such communication as Pennsylvania and Maryland obtained with the West by piercing that mountain barrier, and Georgia and South Carolina by not having it to pierce. With consolidations made and in progress, with connecting links built and under contract, backed by ample capital, all the long lines necessary to connect all the Northwest and the Pacific with the Atlantic and Gulf ports will be completed within five years. Already St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati have abundant connections with the Gulf and Atlantic ports.

There are yet needed, it is true, many supplementary connecting and local lines, to link together the various through systems. This idea of commerce between the South and the Northwest, between the great supply sources and Southern ports and the European markets, has only been brought to anything like practical realization within the present year; hence, results cannot begin to appear or to be cognizable statistically for two or three years yet. The southwestern trend of the Atlantic coast, and the conformable southeastern trend of the Pacific coast, making lines from San Francisco or San Diego to the eastern waters at Galveston, New Orleans, or the South Atlantic ports shorter than the lines to any port north of Norfolk, give the South a great advantage in the Pacific trade, and that advantage is almost as marked if connections are made with the present transcontinental roads at St. Louis. That great Western centre of distribution now reaches the Atlantic coast at Savannah, New Brunswick and Port Royal by far shorter routes than any northern line; and when the short gap in North Carolina is filled, Charleston will be, perhaps, the nearest port for Cincinnati and St. Louis. While Chicago finds its nearest Atlantic port at Baltimore, the difference between that port and Charleston direct is very slight, while all points of distribution west of Chicago will find their shortest connections with the South Atlantic ports across Kentucky and Tennessee. These are advantages which will constrain capital seeking for profits, and overcome the commercial preponderance of the East.

This new rail consolidation in the South is simply stupendous, and yet it has scarcely attracted attention in the East, except from those who are seeking investments and speculating in stocks and bonds. A superficial view of the commercial advantages of the South will convince any candid reader of its bright future. Railway lines already exist which must take advantage of convenient outlets, affording to the South a widely diffused commerce, building up not one but many ports, as centres of wealth, culture and refinement. Beginning with Galveston: the roads which are connecting that port with the products of Texas and its neighbor States and territories, with San Francisco and San Diego, and reaching out toward Mexico, promise a large local trade, a part of the transcontinental trade, and a considerable Mexican commerce. The growth of Galveston, with but few of these facilities, justifies the prophecy. The Mississippi, with its barge transportation, its cheap freights, amounting to five cents a bushel on grain from St. Louis to New Orleans, the rapidly extending lines connecting it directly with the Pacific coast, the lines to St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati, and to all parts of the South, assure New Orleans a great and flourishing commerce.

Pensacola and Fernandina are acquiring rail connections and growing in commerce, and the construction of a canal to cut off a thousand miles of dangerous navigation around the Florida coast is only a matter of a little more time. Rail lines from the Northwest and West extend from Montgomery, Vicksburg, Memphis, Nashville, St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati to New Brunswick, Savannah, Charleston and Port Royal, across Alabama, across Georgia, and across that happily situated, long State of Tennessee, to which all the Northwest must pay tribute by furnishing it transportation lines. North Carolina awaits only the piercing of the Alleghanies, while Richmond and Norfolk, Virginia, already exhibit remarkable commercial growth, and the building up of coastwise and foreign shipping lines.

I have dwelt on this new feature because it attests, better than anything else I could adduce, the prosperity which led to it. This great movement of capital in the hands of the shrewdest and most far-seeing class of men in America, is but symptomatic of the energy which wrought a production that demands these commercial lines, and the opening of the ports to which they tend.

The census of 1870 was taken at a time when the reorganization of the labor system was but just begun—when the landowners, the capitalists and the loose elements of the population were just beginning to adapt themselves to new conditions, to seek new occupations, to find incentives to new exertion in poverty, in the greater dignity of labor, in the manifold wants to be supplied; the present census is taken when the South is just beginning to rally from a great depression, and when the greatest movements for its rehabilitation are just afoot; but it will fairly show many and great results of the new spirit of progress. That view will be, however, like the instantaneous photograph of a horse at full speed—a sketching a people in the attitude of progress, with nerves strained to the utmost, but at last affording only a glimpse of the point gained. The motion, the accelerating speed, the crowding, pressing, striving for progress, will only be inferable from what is presented as done, and from the attitude of a people running at full speed the race of life. Flattering as the record will be, its full force will not be felt until the student of our history has made allowances for the panic of 1873, which fell with chilling effect on a people laboring from hand to mouth on short capital. The effects of reconstruction extended over most of the Southern States during the past decade, as they did to a great extent over the entire country—and this too must be allowed for, with regard to its temporary effect, and without regard to whether its lasting effects on the two races, and their mutual relations, are to be good or bad.

Avoiding all political and historical questions, the economic effect was depressing and evil; co-terminous States must prosper or languish together, and that which affected part of the South also had a bad effect on those States which had emerged from reconstruction prior to 1870. That the evil involved all, appears from the fact that the transportation system of the South could not be completed or begun, as a whole, until all the Southern States were subjected to like conditions of prosperity. With regard to the depression which began in 1873, a knowledge of how it affected the South will throw light on the rapid growth of the past five years. It was, as to Southern industry, a mere arrest of enterprise—not destruction. It made few bankruptcies, destroyed few establishments, created no strikes. It required greater economy—but, to a people who had been compelled to learn economy, it was easy to bear one turn more of the screw. There was no starvation, no destruction of families, no creation of an army of tramps, no startling increase in divorce, in wife and child murder, caused by starvation and despair. Most enterprises managed to pull through. It fell with com-

parative lightness on an agricultural people; and the revival found them with no social and industrial ruins to clear away—no débris to be removed from the path of industry; they were ready to begin at once new enterprises and to press on with the old ones. The revival was simply new vigor infused where there had been stagnation; and the progress of the South has been extraordinary since that revival, and, allowing for the larger population, greater wealth and better training in industrial enterprises, has exceeded that of the North.

Much of this improvement can only be inferred from census reports, for a large part of it consists of a compacted social order and the new efficiency closer association gives. The growth of closely interwoven interests, the welding of all parts of society into one, have produced a state which has only since the war supervened upon one in which the individual predominated disastrously over the associative principle; and the new condition has only recently been recognizable, although it has been forming ever since the war closed. While this new state exists, the census can only show the separate results of individual industries; and the social philosopher and economist is required to adduce from the greater results that association which was necessary to their production. The absence of political crime; the better relations between the races; the growth of varied agriculture and manufactures; the remarkable acquisition of property by the negro—show that the people of the South are rapidly passing from the state of a loose collection of individuals—a state inseparable from a purely agricultural community—into a complete social order, compact from the foundation up, bound together by ties of mutual interest. The spirit of nationality has grown up in the South, as all sentiments—coincidently with a perception of interest.

Whatever markets we may have abroad, one truth has impressed itself on the Southern mind: that the Northern States are the market for the bulk of our surplus products, the best supply source for what we lack. The Mississippi binds together not only all its great valley, but, by consequence, the whole country, by ties of common interest; international canals, international and transcontinental railroads, bind all interests together in one. These, in the absence of that great slave interest which alone obscured them in the past, in the total lack of all reason for sectionalism, have favored the growth of the national spirit. It has grown the faster in the Southern States that the people are disposed to let the imagination have free rein in contemplation of future greatness, while the Northern people pursue the immediate and practical somewhat more closely. It may be safely said that, especially in the rising generation, the dream of national glory, power and wealth is a stronger force than in the North. The Northern people are somewhat disposed to rest in what they have done; the Southern people, to feel that they have something to do. This sentiment, this dream of future greatness, allied to the practical working spirit which is building manufactures, daily increasing varied production, developing mines, building and consolidating railroads, surveying and preparing seaports, comes, fortunately, at a time when it is necessary to complete the work of progress and bring the South up in production, commerce and culture to perform its equal part in the progress of this great country. The dream of commercial and productive progress, glory and splendor which caught the Southern mind in 1860 and preceding years, and had a part, coupled with a sectional and separate interest in slavery, in bringing on the war, was a wild and baseless dream—baseless, not because it was impossible of fulfillment, but because it was, under the then existing conditions, impossible to be fulfilled. The present dream is healthful, coupled with practical steps for its fulfillment, and rests on certainties, with all untoward and preventive conditions eliminated. Twenty years have dissipated the old dream of the impossible, and replaced it by a calm contemplation of the real and the practical, to be realized by a people now on the highway to greatness, with a starting-point in a solid social order, sound and varied industries and production, and all the conditions of wealth and power.

If the picture seem overdrawn, send the social philosopher and the political economist to study the problem with an eye for that future which is developing from this present, as this has from that past—not the politician, no one-sided negrophile, no Anglo-Saxon worshiper, no Bourbon chivalry.

GODIVA.

Godiva, not for countless tomes
  Of war's and kingcraft's leaden history,
Would I thy charming legend lose,
Or view it in the bloodless hues
  Of fabled myth or mystery.

Thou tiny pearl of demagogues!
  Thou blue-eyed rebel—blushing traitor!
Thou sans-culotte with dimpled toes,
Whose red cap is an opening rose—
  Thou trembling agitator!

We must believe in thee. Our ranks
  Of champions loom with faces grimy—
Fierce Tylers, from the anvil torn,
Rough-chested Tells, with palms of horn,
  Foul Cades, from ditches slimy!

Knit brows, fierce eyes, and sunken cheeks
  Fill up the vista stern and shady;
Our one bright speck we cannot spare,
Our regiment's sole vivandière—
  Our little dainty lady!

No, she was true! the story, old
  As any crumbling Saxon castle,
Firm at its base: she lived and moved,
And breathed, and all around her loved—
  Lord, lackey, hound and vassal.

SUSIE'S SOAP KETTLE.

By Margaret Blount.

The site chosen by the Swedish settlers for their first church in Philadelphia was one of the most beautiful in the city. The famous checker-board lines which were to make the city one of the least perplexing to the stranger, and the most delightful to a resident with any sense of order in his soul—those famous square lines, I say, were not then laid out, but all was green, leafy, pleasant to the eye and ear, and the hearts of the Scandinavian exiles were rejoiced to hear the Sabbath service in their own dear tongue, for the first time in America, beneath a roof of their own.

On Saturday, the builder of the new log church, young Eric Silver, had completed the task assigned him, and received his payment, together with a considerable meed of praise from the elders of the congregation, which, to the ambitious young architect, was almost as valuable as the gold.

On Sunday the log church was consecrated and worshiped in. Every inhabitant of the little settlement was there.

There happened to be no invalids among them at the

THE INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS OF THE SOUTH.—A TENNESSEE MARBLE QUARRY.—SEE PAGE 641.

time, for they were all in the prime of life and strength, and it was a sight never forgotten by any who witnessed it, when the clergyman lifted his hands in the consecrating prayer, and the whole congregation, on their knees, answered with a loud Amen!

Service over, the family groups came out at the low arched door, one by one, and stood on the heart-shaped green outside, looking at the church with admiring eyes.

The young girls clustered in a pretty group around their acknowledged leader, Susie Thurle, who was the granddaughter of one of the richest burghers of Philadelphia, and yet as simple and unaffected as any peasant maiden in her native land.

Susie always wore her national dress, by her grandfather's request and by her own wish.

Some of her young companions who could afford it, altered their attire according to the fashion of the day, when they were so fortunate as to find out, by letters from abroad, what that fashion was. But Susie was a Swede, heart and soul, as well as in her fair complexion and large blue eyes and thick braids of yellow hair.

Susie had been a resident in the colony only for one short year, and in her secret heart she was now looking forward to a return to Sweden at no distant day, if only Eric Silver should obtain patronage enough from the burghers to enable him to approach her proud grandfather with a proposal for her hand. The young couple had met at the houses of their mutual friends, and had learned to love each other from the first.

But not till Eric Silver had obtained the contract for the log church in the wilderness did he dare speak to the maiden of all that was hidden in his heart. And then he found—as many another young wooer has found before and since that happy day—that the maiden's heart had answered his, and that his poverty was no drawback whatever in her eyes. As for Susie's grandfather—that was quite another thing.

But the new church, with every one praising it, and prophesying great things of its builder, was a long step in the right direction to a happy bridal day beneath its roof, thought the fair-haired Susie, as she stood watching, with her young companions, how modestly the young man received the compliments that were paid him.

"He is shaking hands with your grandfather now, Susie," whispered Hilda Horn, who was her most intimate friend and only confidant. "How manly he looks! And you are right about our own national costume, Susie. Eric would not be one-half so handsome as he is now if he should put on a Parisian dress and have his hair cut in the fashion."

"The fashion!" said Susie, indignantly. "He wears his hair in the fashion of his native country. How else would you have him wear it, Hilda?"

"I? Now, was I not this moment praising it?" said Hilda, with a smile. "Nay, Susie, you know well that I am as fond of everything Swedish as you can be. Only, I own that I don't wish to go back to Sweden, as you do. For a visit, it might do well enough—if one could spare the gold and the time—but, for a lifelong home, give me these grand old woods, with my own people and my friends around me."

"And Jan Stevenson living with his little widowed mother next door, and teaching you how to speak German in the evening, after he comes home from his work on the farm," said Susie, who could hit the nail on its head in a most confusing way.

Hilda laughed and blushed.

"I wish you would be contented to live here, too," she

SUSIE'S SOAP KETTLE.—"QUICK! TO THE CHURCH! IT IS NEW AND STRONG, AND THE PALEFACES MAY COME TO THE RESCUE BEFORE THE RED MEN CAN BURN IT DOWN."

said. "I shall be so lonely when you are gone. Why can you not remain, Susie? You have no one left in Sweden to care for, and this will be another Sweden in a little while."

Susie shook her head. Her blue eyes sought the deep woodland that rose darkly beyond the hamlet, with a glance of fear.

"If this land had been uninhabited when we came here, it would have been different," she said; "or if we had found here only people like ourselves—Christians and fellow-beings and friends, although, perhaps, speaking a different language from our own. But these red men, Hilda, I can never get used to them—I can never cease to fear them. I could not make a happy home among them, no matter who should share it with me."

"That is all nonsense, you know," said the practical Hilda. "There may be savage tribes in the Eastern and Western and Southern parts of the land; but they are many days' journey distant, and they know and care nothing about us. They will never come here to disturb us, if we dwell here for a lifetime."

"I do not fear *them*," replied Susie, significantly.

"Who, then?"

"Our own Indians."

"These friendly tribes?" said Hilda, smiling. "Nay, Susie, that is going too far. Why should they harm us? We have never wronged one of them in any way."

Susie glanced around and drew her friend aside.

"Hilda, you know that I have had an old Indian woman as a pensioner for a long time?"

"Old Nokontis?—yes. In my opinion, she is a witch, and deserves burning at the stake!" replied Hilda.

"Don't jest over this subject, dear; I assure you it is a serious one. Old Nokontis is very fond of me, and, for a week past, she has given me daily hints that have made my very blood run cold."

"A queer way of showing fondness, it seems to me," began Hilda.

"Hush!" said Susie. She laid her hand over Hilda's lips, and drew her further apart from the groups upon the green. "She is there, at the edge of the woodland."

"Who?" asked Hilda.

"Nokontis. Don't you see her? She beckons to me; she has some message. Come with me to hear it; but do not let the people see where we are going."

The two girls watched their opportunity, and presently glided into the shadow of the forest, where an aged and decrepit Indian woman, wrapped in a blanket, awaited them.

"You no come alone," she said to Susie, in a dissatisfied tone.

"This is my dear friend, Hilda, Nokontis," said Susie. "Can she stay?"

"Ugh! She makes much laugh at everything," grunted the old squaw. "Well now, you listen. The White Fawn must go—go at once."

"You know very well that I cannot go, as you call it," said Susie. "Why won't you tell me what you mean? Where am I to go?"

"Back, back!" said the squaw, waving her arm wildly in the air. "This is the land of the red man, let the pale-faces leave it, and all will be well. But the White Fawn should go at once."

"What do you mean by at once, Nokontis?" said Susie. The savage paused a moment.

"Before Tuesday," she said, and stole away like a dark shadow in the direction of the Indian camp in the distant forest.

Susie looked at Hilda.

"There! She has been talking to me like that for some time past, although she has never set a day for my leaving the colony before. What do you think of it? *I* feel as if something horrible was going to happen, and I have a great mind to tell grandpa what she says. If the colony is to be attacked, he surely ought to know it."

"And how foolish you and I would look, Susie, next Tuesday, after our grand warning, if no attack was made!" laughed Hilda. "Why, we should never hear the last of it from the girls!"

"But what can induce Nokontis to frighten me so?" asked Susie.

"Just because you *can* be frightened. She would not come to me with such romances many times, because I should 'make much laugh' at her, as she says. Come, dear, there is your grandpapa looking round after you, and our young architect is actually giving him his arm. Oh, Susie, you lucky girl! I do believe he has asked Eric to go home with him to dinner."

"Then you must come, too," said Susie, with a vivid blush.

And the two girls tripped down the long walk after the burgher and his young guest.

Nokontis and her warning were entirely forgotten in the unlooked-for joy that came to the lovers on that pleasant Sunday evening.

Monday came and went, with its usual "washing-day" accompaniment, which had become an institution in the settlement, although it was not in accordance with the custom of the Fatherland. It was the habit of the several households to meet on the green banks of the river, in a level space of some sixty yards, and then and there go through the mysteries of a "seven days' wash" in company, beguiling the time and the task with many a song and jest, as the maidens of Scotland are accustomed to do.

The clean, white clothes were then hung to dry in the bright sunshine, and each household gathered together its own possessions at any hour thereafter that they might deem fit.

This custom kept a constant coming and going, and a clear babble of women's and children's voices, and laughter and song around the great washing-place, near the church-green, which could be easily heard by the men at work on the farm-lands some half a mile away.

On the Tuesday, as it happened, all the men were absent at the further end of the farm-lands. For a new barn was to be raised on an outlying meadow that bore a crop of hay fit only for the fodder of sheep, who might easily be summered on a neighboring hillside and wintered on the place itself, and washed and sheared beside the river, thereby saving much toil and going to and fro, if only a barn was built there.

Eric Silver had planned this building also, which was to stand on Jan Stevenson's land, and give shelter to his sheep.

So it was only natural that Susie and Hilda should frequently glance toward that distant hillside, as they walked down, on Tuesday forenoon, toward the washing-place, where all the matrons of the settlement were busy, with great fires close to the river-bank, boiling their year's supply of clear soft-soap.

For the first time in her life, Susie Thurle had attempted to make the soap for their own family. Their Swedish housekeeper was absent on a visit to friends at another settlement, and old Nokontis—who might have supplied her place, in a measure—had been missing from the burgher's house since the Saturday previous.

But the soap must be made at the usual time, and Susie and Hilda built their fire nearest the church, and soon had

the breezes loaded with the clean perfume which soft-soap is sure to give out when near completion, if it is skillfully and neatly prepared.

The matrons praised their work when they all paused to take a simple lunch of brown bread, sausage and coffee upon the river-bank. And Susie was just building up her fire for the afternoon, when she saw old Nokontis spring out from the edge of the woodland, and look round through the busy groups in search of her.

"Here I am, Nokontis!" she called out. "Come and see how nice and clear and golden my soap has turned out. I am very proud of it. And here is some luncheon for you, and a nice bowl of coffee, quite hot still. You must be both hungry and tired. Why did you not come home, Nokontis? I am all alone there, and you don't know how I have missed you!"

The glance of pity, love and horror that flashed from the dark eyes of the savage checked the words upon her lips.

"The White Fawn would not hear Nokontis, but Nokontis has hastened to try and save her," she said, panting with the speed of her running. "Quick, quick! To the church! It is new and strong, and the pale-faces may come to the rescue before the red men can burn it down!"

"The red men!" gasped Susie, turning deathly pale.

The long-handled dipper with which she had been stirring her soap fell from her hand.

Hilda caught it up.

At that moment a distant war-whoop sounded in the depths of the forest.

Too well those brave settlers' wives and daughters knew the meaning of that dreadful sound.

They rushed up to Nokontis, who was still breathlessly urging Susie to take refuge in the church.

"And Nokontis will run to the farm-lands and bring the pale-faces here," she said, looking anxiously into Susie's frightened face.

"To be sure!" cried Hilda, the practical. "The church-door is strong, and has a stout lock, and there are wooden shutters to the windows inside—and a fireplace!" she added, with a joyous laugh that made Susie fear that she was growing frantic with fright. "Oh, I have an idea! Fly, Nokontis, to the farm-lands, and warn the men. And do you pour water on your fires, or the houses will be in ashes in another hour," she added, turning to the women, who were regaining the courage and presence of mind that had been, for a moment, scared away.

Nokontis (a traitor to her race for the love of the fair girl who had been so kind to her), sped for her life to the distant farm-lands, to summon help.

The women worked with the speed of desperation, and before the war-whoop sounded a second time, and close at hand, every fire was quenched, and every woman and child were safe within the shelter of the log church.

"Carry in your soap. Don't let the red men waste it," said Hilda, at the last moment. And, half laughing, even in the midst of the appalling danger, each pair of women caught their own immense brass kettle and ran with it to shelter.

Hilda, with the help of Susie, who had now recovered from her alarm, merely transferred her fire to the enormous stone fireplace of the church.

"And now for my idea," she said, as the compact band of savages appeared on the deserted washing-place, and sought in vain for embers, with which to fire the humble cabins of the settlers.

Disappointed in this, the savages soon surrounded the church. The door was locked, the windows were shuttered, but smoke was pouring in a volume from the chimney, and fire was to be had within. After a short consultation among the Indians, the sounds of digging were heard by the anxious listeners in the church.

Susie was first to climb to the window and peep out.

"They are digging out the foundations," she said, looking down at a long row of bare, copper-colored shoulders that were bending to the toil beneath the windows.

"Let me look," said Hilda.

She gave one peep at the laborers, and sprang lightly to the floor.

"Now is the time!" she whispered, with her face all a-gleam with mirth. "Don't let them hear you slide the shutters back, and take Susie's kettle first. It is the hottest. Now, all together."

There was an instant silence as she showed them what to do, then a terrific yell from thirty throats filled the air.

Straight on those brawny, bending backs and shoulders had descended thirty quarts of boiling, blistering soap, from thirty hands that did not tremble in the least with fear.

The scalded warriors danced and shrieked with pain. The reserve force, dashing with savage fury against the church, were met with a second deluge full in their faces, and retreated, blinded and howling. After a short time spent in council, the whole force advanced, flourishing their tomahawks, and, rushing against the building on both sides, attempted to climb to the windows and massacre those within. But, fortunately for the women of the hamlet, Eric Silver had placed those casements some ten feet above the level of the foundation-walls; and each savage, climbing painfully up the walls, received such a baptism from one dipper or another that it was impossible for them to continue the attack.

Five minutes before old Nokontis arrived with the men of the settlement, the last Indian had limped into the welcome shade of the forest, and the women and girls were laughing together on the church green, and praising Susie for the excellent quality of her soap, which alone had won the day.

I heard this story not long ago in Philadelphia, not far from the site of the old Swedish log church; and she who told it to me was named Susie Silver, and had the blue eyes and yellow hair of her great-grandmother—who did not go back to Sweden, after all. As for the great soap kettle, it is an heirloom in the Silver family still.

DEFICIENCIES.—A sense of one's own deficiencies is a salutary thing, or the reverse, according to the use that is made of it. If it spurs us to more zealous effort, if it makes us resolute in our purpose of living a worthier life than we have hitherto spent, its benefit is great; but, if it arouses no more healthful frame of mind than a feeling of regret that we have accomplished so little, and an indolent and despairing conclusion that there is not much use in trying to do anything more in the world, then it is merely an additional hindrance to a life already marred by failure.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE is said to be the way to virtue; it would be more correct to say that virtue is the way to self-knowledge. A pure mind, like a diamond, is clouded by the slightest defilement, and does not see, till after its purification, how many specks and stains still disfigure its holes and corners. And the purest are tormented by foul thoughts, which cling to them like spiders to the walls of a palace, and must be crushed at once, or they will overrun the whole building. Alas! our completest victories over ourselves are all but defeats.

A FEW COMMON MISTAKES CORRECTED.

THE middle of July is often spoken of as midsummer. The 24th of June, the festival of St. John the Baptist, is midsummer day, "so called from its dividing the year with the Feast of the Nativity, December 25th, sometimes called midwinter." With the eve of St. John's day are connected many old superstitious observances.

An interesting speaker and well read man was not very long ago reported (perhaps inaccurately) as expressing himself deeply interested in a certain place, though he was "not to the manor born." Hamlet speaks of his dislike of a certain custom, though well used to it, being "native here and to the manner born."

"Benefit of clergy" is often spoken of as if it were some benefit to be derived from the attendance of clergy—religious instruction, consolation, etc. It refers to an old privilege, whereby the clergy were exempted from the jurisdiction of lay tribunals; their trials, being managed by an ecclesiastical court, were often but a mere form. In the darker ages of learning, "every one who could read was by the laws of England considered to be a clerk." The fifty-first psalm, "Miserere mei," was accustomed to be read by criminals claiming this benefit; hence its opening came to be called "the neck verse." Sir Walter Scott says: "When education was more generally diffused, the laws conferring this privilege were gradually changed, and have been finally abolished."

"The Immaculate Conception" is supposed by many to refer to the Saviour, "Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost." (I observe a misunderstanding of the sort in "Kismet.") The Immaculate Conception is a dogma of the Church of Rome, and relates solely to the Virgin Mary. It was long asserted that she was born sinless; some maintained that she was sanctified a few hours after birth, but it was a question whether she could, at the earliest period of existence, have contracted any taint of sin. This controversy has been decided by papal authority during the time of the present generation, by the declaration that she was conceived free from all taint of original sin.

GODIVA.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 651.

THE MARRIAGE OF HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN.

ANNE BOLEYN.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

Anne Boleyn, the second wife of Henry VIII. of England, was born, probably, in 1501, and was beheaded on May 19th, 1536. Her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, was a knight of moderate fortune, distantly related to the royal family. Anne was carefully educated at home. At the age of fourteen, she spoke and wrote English and French with more than common accuracy, and was skilled in music, needlework and other feminine accomplishments. At this time she was appointed one of the maids of honor to accompany Mary, the youngest and favorite sister of Henry, who was to be married to the old and imbecile Louis XII. of France. Louis died within less than three months, and Mary returned to England, where she clandestinely married her former lover, Charles Brandon, Earl of Suffolk.

Anne remained in France, entering first the service of the Sedate Queen Claude, the wife of Francis I., and afterward that of the rather questionable Margaret of Alençon, sister of the young King of France.

She soon became an acknowledged belle in the nowise prudish French Court. The Viscount Chateaubriant has left a description of her at this time which would do credit to the correspondent of any modern newspaper who was called upon to describe a reigning beauty upon whom royalty itself was supposed to have cast a not ungracious eye. "She possessed," says the viscount, "a great talent for poetry, and when she sang, she would, like a second Orpheus, have made bears and wolves dance attendance. She likewise danced the English dances, leaping and jumping with infinite grace and agility. Moreover, she invented many new steps, which are known by her name, or by those of the gallant partners with whom she danced them. She was well skilled in all games fashionable at Court. Besides singing like a siren, accompanying herself on the lute, she harped better than King David, and handled cleverly both flute and rebec. She dressed with marvelous taste, and devised new modes, which were followed by the fairest ladies of the French Court, but none wore them with her gracefulness."

As we shall see, Anne Boleyn had the art to introduce some fashions which she designed to conceal defects, amounting almost to deformities, in her own person. Of one of her marvelous costumes, as beheld by the masculine eye, we have a full description. On a particular occasion "she wore a vest of blue velvet, starred with silver, and a surcoat of watered silk, lined with minioli, with large hanging sleeves, and a *bourcelet* of blue velvet, trimmed with points, at each end of which hung a little bell of gold. On her head was a golden-colored aureole of plaited gauze, and her hair fell in ringlets. Her little feet were covered with blue velvet brodequins, the insteps being adorned with a diamond star." The *bourcelet*, as we understand, was a kind of broad cestus, or girdle, so shaped as to cover the hips, where Mademoiselle Anne seems to have required a little padding.

In 1522, Anne returned to her father's house in England, where she met with Henry VIII. The King was just past thirty, and had not yet begun to tread that downward path in which he was soon to make such rapid strides. If he had died at this time, he would have left one of the fairest names in the history of English Kings; and there would have been no need for a Froude to endeavor to whitewash that black figure which he came to be. We shall have to say much about Henry, with not a word in his favor. We will, therefore, present the description given of him a couple years before this time by Giustianini, the astute Venetian ambassador. He was writing a private dispatch to the signora, and had no motive to tell things otherwise than as they appeared to him. "His Majesty," says the Venetian, "is about twenty-nine years of age, fair and well proportioned. Learning that the French King lets his beard grow, he has begun to do likewise. His beard, being somewhat red, has the appearance of being of gold. He is an excellent musician and composer, an admirable horseman and wrestler. He has a good knowledge of the French, Latin and Spanish languages, and is very devout. On the days when he goes to the chase, he hears Mass three times; but on other days, as often as four times. Every day he hears service at the Queen's chambers at vespers and complin. Affable and benign, he offends no one. He has often said to me that he wished every one was content with his condition; adding, 'We are content with our own islands.'"

Henry's morals, up to this time, seem to have been pretty good for a king. Queen Katharine, some years older than he, had less reason than most royal ladies to complain of her husband. He had indeed formed a *liaison* with Lady Talbois, who bore him a son, who was made Duke of Richmond; but that entanglement was of no long continuance. There had certainly been something between him and Mary Boleyn, the elder sister of Anne. No one can now say with certainty whether this intimacy was or was not a criminal one. But whatever it may have been, it was over, and he had exerted himself to get Mary Boleyn well married, and she was now the wife of Sir Henry Carey.

So matters stood when Henry first saw Anne Boleyn in the garden of her father's house. He was charmed with her, and that very evening told Cardinal Wolsey that he had been "discoursing with a young lady who had the wit of an angel, and was worthy of a crown." To which the cardinal responded, significantly: "It is sufficient if your Majesty finds her worthy of your love." Henry said, somewhat dolefully: "I fear that she will never condescend in that way." To which Wolsey replied, soothingly: "When great princes choose to play the lover, they have that in their power which would soften a heart of steel." Henry acted upon this hint, and Anne Boleyn was soon appointed maid of honor to Queen Katharine.

Several writers of the day describe Anne Boleyn as she appeared at this time. Sir Thomas Wyatt, than whom there have been not a few worse poets and many much better men, styles her "that noble imp of the graces of nature, adorned by gracious education." Cardinal Pole's pen-and-ink picture is not over flattering as to her personal beauty. She was, he says, "in stature rather tall and slender, with an oval face, black hair, and a complexion inclined to sallow. One of her upper teeth projected a little. On her left hand a sixth finger might be perceived. On her throat was a protuberance." This protuberance is described by Chateaubriant as "a large mole like a strawberry"; to conceal it she wore a high collar-band, as she usually wore long sleeves to cover the malformation of her hand. There are portraits enough of Anne Boleyn, all bearing something of a common likeness. None of these represent her as beautiful in feature. The most flattering of them give a harsh and rather coarse expression to her face. But all contemporary writers agree in praising her cleverness and vivacity. "Beauty and sprightliness," says one, "sat upon her lips; in readiness of repartee, skill in the dance, and in playing upon the lute, she was unsurpassed."

We know something of the routine of the life of maids of honor to an English Queen. Fanny Burney has told us what it was under the very virtuous and very disagreeable Queen Charlotte, the spouse of George III. The life of a "saleslady" in a London or New York shop could scarcely be so hard. It was not so in the days of which we have here to speak. Queen Katharine's maids of honor had little to do. Each was permitted to have, as attendants, a woman-servant and a spaniel dog. They had enough to eat and drink. The ordinary fare consisted of a chine of salt beef, or a leg of mutton, with coarse bread at discretion, and a *manchet*—or, as we should say, a "roll," of fine wheat bread. On fast-days, fish—mostly salted—was provided; game and poultry were sometimes added. At dinner each maid of honor and her attendant were allowed a gallon of ale between them; and it was specially ordered that it should be pure malt liquor, without hops or brimstone, which were thought to be unwholesome, if not poisonous.

Henry began to act upon Wolsey's hint, and to put in use those means which great princes have when they choose to play the lover. He raised the father of Anne to

the peerage, under the title of Viscount Rochford, and made Sir William Carey, the husband of her sister, a gentleman of the Privy Chamber. He offered Anne costly jewels, and pressed his love upon her. Her reply is on record. Falling upon her knees, she said: "I think, most noble and worthy King, your Majesty speaks these words in mirth, to prove me, without intent of degrading your princely self. Therefore, to ease you of the labor of asking me any such questions hereafter, I beseech your Highness most earnestly to desist, and take this my answer (which I speak from the depth of my soul) in good part: I will rather lose my life than my virtue, which will be the greatest and best part of the dower I shall bring my husband." Henry replied, after the customary fashion, that he should continue to hope. "I understand not," she said, "most mighty King, how you should retain such hope. Your wife I cannot be, both in respect of mine own unworthiness, and also because you have a Queen already. Your mistress I will not be." She was to become both.

Anne was looking forward to an honorable marriage with Henry Percy, son and heir of the Earl of Northumberland. He had, indeed, been contracted in infancy by his father to Lady Mary Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, while Anne had been in like manner contracted to Sir Piers Butler. Ignoring these pre-contracts, Anne and Percy entered into a troth-plight with each other. Henry ordered Wolsey to break this off, by inducing the Earl of Northumberland to compel Percy to fulfill his contract with Lady Mary, upon pain of disinheritance. "Whereat," says a contemporary writer, "Mistress Anne was greatly displeased, promising, if it ever lay in her power, she would be revenged upon the cardinal, who had prevented her from becoming Countess of Northumberland." She retired from Court, refusing to return for four years, the King urging her over and over again to come back. In an evil hour she returned, and Henry resumed his protestations, to which Anne began to listen with less disfavor. Most likely she had come to look upon the possibility of becoming Queen, for Henry was urging his suit for the annulment of his marriage with Katharine of Aragon. The King's passion for Anne came to be an open secret, known to all the Court; and as early as 1528, it is certain that she had in some way acceded to his suit; for in that year he confided to Wolsey his intention to make her his Queen. The cardinal was thunderstruck. He was quite willing that Anne should be the King's mistress, but her elevation to the throne, involving as it did the degradation of the kinswoman of the King of Spain, would be fatal to his long-cherished hope of becoming Pope. He flung himself at the King's feet, remaining there, if the chroniclers are to be trusted, for hours, and besought his sacred Majesty to renounce his infatuation; but all in vain.

At what time the actual criminal intercourse between Henry and Anne began, can never be known. Certain it is, that by the close of 1529 she was almost publicly acknowledged as the King's mistress. The enamored monarch provided her with a splendid mansion close by Whitehall, where she held daily levees with all the pomp of royalty. She had her ladies-in-waiting, her train-bearer and her chaplains. Everybody who wanted favors, in Church or State, resorted to her. At Christmas the King went to Greenwich, where the Queen resided. Madame Anne accompanied him, and in the splendor of her receptions she far outshone her nominal mistress.

The matter of the divorce dragged its slow length along year after year. In 1532 things approached a crisis. On the 1st of September Anne was made a peeress, under the title of Marchioness of Pembroke—the first instance in English history where a peerage was created for a woman. She was thus ennobled, as recited in the royal letters-patent, "Because a monarch ought to surround his throne with many peers of the worthiest of both sexes." The shameful ceremony of induction was conducted with almost regal pomp. The account is worth reading, as given in the records:

"The King, attended by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the French ambassador and many peers, besides the Privy Council, went in state, on Sunday, September 1st, to the state apartment in Windsor Castle—called by some 'the Chamber of Salutation,' and by others 'the Presence Chamber'—and seated himself in the chair of state. To this room Anne Boleyn was conducted by a great train of courtiers and the nobility, both lords and ladies. First entered Garter King-at-Arms. After him came the Lady Mary, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, and cousin-german to Anne Boleyn, carrying on her left arm a robe of state, made of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, and in her right hand a coronet of gold. She was followed by Anne Boleyn herself, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, attired in her inner garment, called a surcoat, of crimson velvet, lined with ermine also, and with short sleeves. She walked between Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland, and Dorothy, Countess of Suffolk, and she was followed by many noble gentlewomen. As she approached the King's royal seat, she made three obeisances, and when she arrived before him she kneeled. The charter having been presented to the King, he delivered it to his secretary, Gardiner, who read it aloud, and when he came to the words *mantillæ inductionem*, the King took the robe of state from the Lady Mary, and put it on Anne Boleyn's shoulders; and at the words *circuli aurei*, the Lady Mary handed him the coronet, which he placed on the brow of the new-made marchioness. When the charter was read, he presented it to her, together with another which secured to her a pension of £1,000* per annum during her life for maintaining that dignity. She then gave the King humble thanks, and, with the coronet on her head, and invested with the robe, she retired, the trumpets sounding most melodiously as she departed from the Presence Chamber. A largess was cried, on her gift to Garter King-at-Arms of £8, and to his officers of £11, while Henry gave a largess of £5 on the occasion."

It is worthy of note that the materials for Anne's robes were paid for from the King's privy purse, the cost being £30 16s. 6d. (say $1,550). He also presented her with gold and silver plate, inventoried at £1,188 (say about $60,000), besides richly jeweled miniatures painted by Holbein. The royal bounty by no means stopped here, as is shown by the King's expense-book, still extant. Not long after we find an item of £94 10s. 10d. for silk and furring "for my Lady Marques of Pembroke." Just about this time there is an extraordinary item of £12,000 (considerably more than half a million dollars) paid in one day for jewels, mercery and millinery, the greater part of which was doubtless for Mistress Anne. And in about a month we find Henry settling upon her lands in Wales and in several counties in England. The monarch and his mistress were wont to play at cards and dice, she being invariably the winner. In ten consecutive days we find that she and her partners won from him £52 1s. 4d. The marchioness indeed needed all she received, in order to maintain the dignity of her station. Her establishment far exceeded those of the sister and nieces of the King. She had a train-bearer, three ladies of the bed-

* It must be borne in mind that the value of money was then about ten times greater than at present, so that Anne's pension was equivalent to about $50,000 in our day.

ANNE BOLEYN.

chamber, and four maids of honor—all of them daughters of barons or knights; three gentlemen-in-waiting, six officers, all knights or barons; and more than thirty domestic servants.

A few weeks after this, Henry paid a visit to the King of France at Boulogne, accompanied by the Marchioness of Pembroke; but, greatly to her chagrin, none of the ladies of the French Court were present. King Francis, however, accompanied the happy pair on their return to England, and at parting presented Anne with a purse containing 15,000 French crowns.

There is some uncertainty as to the date of the marriage between Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Several times and places are mentioned traditionally. In any case it was in private, and some time before Cranmer pronounced the sentence annulling the marriage with Katharine of Aragon. Most likely it was for this reason that the archbishop was not told of it. The commonly received account runs thus: "Before daybreak on the 25th of March, Dr. Rowland Lee, one of the King's chaplains, received the unwonted order to celebrate Mass in an unfrequented attic in the west turret of Whitehall. Here he found the King, attended by Norris and Heneage, two grooms of the chamber, and the Marchioness of Pembroke, accompanied by her train-bearer, Alice Saville, afterward Lady Berkeley. He was required to perform the nuptial ceremony between his sovereign and the marchioness. As soon as this had been performed, the parties separated in silence before it was light." The account adds, quite improbably, that the chaplain hesitated at first, but was assured by Henry that the Pope had already granted the annulment of the marriage with Katharine. The complaisant chaplain was soon rewarded by a bishopric.

The great desire of Henry was that a son might be born to him to inherit his crown. Anne gave promise of approaching maternity, and it was desirable that the expected prince should be born in acknowledged wedlock. So on Easter Day, April 12th, the marriage was publicly acknowledged, although the consistory had not yet annulled that with Katharine of Aragon. A fortnight later the King issued an order directing that the wives of all the peers and their women should "give their attendance at the approaching solemnity of his dearest wife—Queen Anne's procession from Greenwich to the Tower; and at her coronation, which is to take place on the Feast of Pentecost; wherefore he requires them to be all at his manor of Greenwich on the Friday before that feast to attend his said Queen from thence to the Tower of London on that day, and the next day to ride with her through the City of London on horseback;" all of them were bidden to come provided with white or gray palfreys. Pentecost, the day set for the coronation, came on the 1st of June. On the 19th of May the Queen left Greenwich for the Tower, which, according to custom, was to be her residence for a few days. She went by water, escorted by the Lord Mayor of London and fifty civic barges, all gayly decorated. On that day three years afterward, Anne Boleyn was led out from the Tower to the block.

Saturday, May 31st, was the great day, when the Queen rode in procession through the streets. All the long way from Temple Bar to the Tower the streets had been freshly strewn with gravel. Every front was decorated. From every window streamed tapestry and hangings of every gorgeous hue, crimson and scarlet and purple, the product of the looms of Flanders and the East. Cheapside was

HENRY ATTRACTED BY CATHARINE HOWARD.

ANNE BOLEYN'S ENTRY INTO LONDON.

draped even yet more royally, in cloth-of-gold. On each side of the streets through which the cortége was to pass, a narrow footway was railed off. One side was crowded with the 'prentice boys and common citizens, on the other were the beadles and other civic servitors, with their clubs and maces, to see to it that good order was preserved—a precaution all the more needful, for on that day every conduit and fountain spouted forth jets of good Rhenish wine. Every window, balcony and coigne of vantage was thronged with anxious spectators.

At length, at the booming of a Tower gun, the massive Tower gates were swung back, and the long procession defiled out. In front rode twelve French knights, in coats of blue velvet, with sleeves of yellow silk. The place of

honor had been accorded to them because France and Venice were the only States which permitted their ambassadors to take part in the ceremonial. To all the rest of Christendom Anne Boleyn was no Queen, and though, as all could see, soon to become a mother, was not even a wife. Next came, two-by-two, in long procession, a troop of English gentlemen, many of whom had almost beggared themselves that they might make a fitting show on this great day. After them followed the violet-gowned Knights of the Bath, robed and mitred abbots, barons in common velvet, bishops and earls and marquises, each successive order seeming to outshine the preceding one in splendor of attire and adornment. Then, marching alone, came Lord Chancellor Audley; after him the Venetian ambassador and the Archbishop of York; then Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Paris—a famous hunter, but now bearing the episcopal crozier; then the Lord Mayor of London, with Garter King-at-Arms, and "Belted Will Howard," Lord Marshal of England; then followed the officers of the Queen's household, resplendent in crimson and gold; and, last of this division of the procession, the Duke of Suffolk, Lord High Constable, with the silver wand, the emblem of his high office.

Then, after a brief space, came the one for whose coming all eyes were strained. In a white chariot, drawn by white palfreys covered to the fetlock by white silken damask, and under a golden canopy, rode Anne Boleyn. She was robed in white, a jeweled coronet upon her head, and her long dark hair flowing loose over her shoulders. Then came peeresses and their women, some in white chariots, others mounted upon white or gray palfreys, according to the royal mandate. Ever and anon the procession paused to look at some quaint show or "pageant," mostly of an allegoric or semi-classical design. Here it was Mount Parnassus, with the fountain of Helicon spurting out four jets of red wine into the basin below. On the summit of the mountain was Apollo, with the nine Muses around him, all making such music as they could with harp and lyre and voice. Not far off was "a little mountain, covered all over with white and red roses." As the Queen drew near, a white falcon "was made to descend as out of the sky"—pulled down, we suppose, by a string; and then, continues the old chronicler, "incontinent came down an angel, with great melody, and set a crown of gold on the falcon's head; and in the same pageant sat Saint Anne, with all her issue, and Mary Cleophas, with her four children, of the which one made a goodly cration to the Queen of the fruitfulness of Saint Anne, trusting that like fruit should come to her also."

So along street after street wound the procession to Westminster Hall, amid shouting and singing, ringing of bells from all church-steeples, and infinite quaffing of wine from the ever-flowing fountains. Thus this great Saturday came and went, and Sunday, Pentecost Day, the day for the coronation, dawned. Early in the morning the peers were assembled in Westminster Hall, with the high dignitaries of Church and State. Anne, now robed in purple velvet, furred with ermine, took her seat upon the dais, and when the preliminary ceremonies had been performed, the procession was formed to the venerable Abbey, the bishops and monks, properly posted in the court, solemnly singing. She took her seat in the coronation chair, and at the proper time was conducted to the high altar, where stood Archbishop Cranmer, whose lips had only a few days before announced the decree that the marriage between Henry and Katharine, so many years before, was a sham, void, and of no effect from the beginning. His hands poured the consecrated oil upon the head of Anne Boleyn, and from him she received the golden sceptre and the crown of St. Edward. She had, to all seeming, attained the summit of her desires. She was the publicly wedded wife of Henry, and the crowned and consecrated Queen of England. It is observable that the King nowhere appears in this whole ceremonial. He seems to have wished that Anne should have all the glory of it. Yet two things were still lacking: Katharine of Aragon still lived; and Anne, to make assurance of her position, must become the mother of a living son.

The expected child was born on September 7th, 1534, a little less than seven months after the most probable date of the private marriage. History knows this child as Queen Elizabeth. Henry was bitterly chagrined at the sex of this child. If it had been a prince instead of a princess, all might possibly have gone well with Anne Boleyn. Henry had toiled for her quite as assiduously, and almost as long, as Jacob did during his two terms of servitude for Rachel. The prize, once gained, lost all value in his eyes, and he soon began to cast lustful eyes upon Jane Seymour, one of Anne's maids of honor. Meantime, in the Autumn of 1535, Anne was again to become a mother. When close upon her time of trial, she one day caught her husband in amorous dalliance with her dishonorable maid of honor. The shock of this discovery caused her, on January 29th, 1536, to give birth to a dead son. Henry was furious, and charged her with the "loss of his boy." She replied, indignantly, that he "had no one to blame but himself for this disappointment, which had been caused by her distress of mind about that wench, Jane Seymour." Henry left her, muttering wrathfully that Anne "should have no more boys by him." The end was fast coming. But one more gleam of triumph was reserved for Anne Boleyn. The blameless Katharine of Aragon died, and Anne exultingly exclaimed, "Now, indeed, am I the Queen!" In a little more than four months her head rolled upon the scaffold.

After the quarrel with Henry, Anne withdrew herself from the gayeties of the Court, and spent her time at Greenwich, her principal enjoyment being in playing with her little dogs, and setting them to fight with each other. One can scarcely help thinking that she was half crazed. Saving her relations with Henry, she had passed her four-and-thirty years without any marked scandal against her. But now, making all allowance for false testimony, there can be little doubt that she suffered more than one of her attendants to address her in terms of passionate endearment. Among those whom scandal pointed out as her paramours, were Brereton, Norris and Weston, grooms of her chamber, and Mark Smeaton, a low-born musician. Besides these, was named her own brother, George, Viscount Rochford. Reports against her became rife early in June, 1536, and a committee of the Privy Council was secretly appointed to investigate the charges against her. Among this committee were her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, and her own father, now Earl of Wiltshire. Rightly or wrongly, they found matter of grave accusation against her; but she seems to have had no suspicion of the weapons which were being forged against her.

The blow fell on Monday, May 1st, 1536. On that day there was a great joust at Greenwich, over which Anne presided, Henry being one of the spectators. He was evidently prepared for something; for all at once he sprang up wrathfully and left the balcony, followed by half a dozen of his attendants. One chronicler says—how truthfully no one knows—that he saw the Queen throw her handkerchief to Sir Henry Norris, and that after he had wiped his face with it, he handed it back to her on the point of his lance; for in this joust he was her champion knight. Be this as it may, Henry rode off, giving orders

that Anne should be arrested next day and committed to the Tower. Of what followed there are accounts enough, but not altogether consistent with each other. On the fourth day of her imprisonment, she wrote a long and pathetic letter to the King, who had by emissaries evidently endeavored to wring from her some confession of guilt. Of this letter, which may still be read in the original, we give only a portion. She writes:

"Let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought ever proceeded. Never a prince had wife more loyal in duty, and in all true affection, than you have found in Anne Boleyn, with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had so been pleased. Neither did I, at any time, so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer basis than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration was fit and sufficient (I know) to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my desert and desire. If then you found me worthy of such honor, good, your Grace; let not any light fancy or bad counsel of mine enemies withdraw your princely favor from me; neither let that stain—that unworthy stain—of a disloyal heart toward your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on me and on the infant princess, your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial; but let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and my judges; yea, let me have an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shames. Then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicions and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped; or my guilt openly declared, so that, whatever God and you may determine of, your Grace may be at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unfaithful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled upon that party for whose sake I am now what I am. But if you have already determined of me that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the joying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin herein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof. . . . My last and only request shall be that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake."

But the King had already determined the matter, and whatsoever the King willed the courts would surely decree. On May 10th, four days after the date of this letter, two indictments for high treason were found by two grand juries in two counties "against the Lady Anne, Queen of England, George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, Sir Francis Weston and William Brereton, gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, and William Smeaton, a performer on musical instruments." Smeaton was said to have pleaded guilty, after having been subjected to the rack. Norris, Weston and Brereton averred their own innocence and that of the Queen. Short work was made of their trial. They were all found guilty, and executed. Smeaton's alleged confession did not gain him his life.

The Queen and her brother, being peers, could be tried only by the Lords. Of the fifty-two English peers, half were constituted a commission for this purpose. The president on the trial was the Duke of Norfolk, uncle of the Queen; another member of the court was that Henry Percy, now Earl of Northumberland, who had once hoped to be the husband of Anne Boleyn. Her father, now Earl of Wiltshire, had been named as one of the commission, but he did not act as such. The charges against the Queen were definite and exact, naming the time and place of each alleged act of criminality. Of the evidence there appears no record. The trial began on the 15th of May, and on the next day the decision was delivered. The unanimous verdict of the court was, that "The Queen be taken back to the King's prison within the Tower, and then, as the King shall command, be brought to the green within the said Tower, and there be burned or beheaded, as shall please the King." It is said that the Duke of Norfolk burst into tears as he pronounced the sentence, and that the Earl of Northumberland "was obliged by a sudden illness to leave the court." Viscount Rochford was also found guilty of incest with his sister; the principal witness against him being his own wife, an infamous woman, who in time came to an evil end.

Whether Anne Boleyn was or was not guilty of the crimes laid to her charge, will never be known to mortal man. In favor of her innocence is the enormity of the charges, and their apparent inconsistency with the general tenor of her whole previous life. On the other hand is the fact that she was unanimously condemned by the most august tribunal known to English law—a tribunal which included some men of the best repute in their day.

A curious incident occurred during some part of these proceedings. By the King's order, Cranmer was made confessor to the Queen, and to him she is said to have made an avowal of something which rendered her marriage with Henry unlawful and void from the beginning. What that avowal was, supposing it was ever made, is wholly unknown. Some conjecture that it related to the former intimacy between Henry and Mary Boleyn; some even hint at something darker—that Anne was the daughter of Henry. Perhaps the most probable conjecture is that it referred to her pre-contract with Piers Butler, which at that day was held to preclude any marriage with another. The legal record, of a somewhat later date, is wholly vague. It runs thus: "Now, of late, God, of His infinite goodness, from whom no secret thing can be hid, hath caused to be brought to light evident and open knowledge of certain just, true and lawful impediments, unknown at the making of the said Acts [by which the marriage had been declared legitimate], and since confessed by the Lady Anne, by the which it plainly appeareth that the said marriage was never good nor consonant to the laws." Cranmer, acting in one judicial capacity, pronounced the marriage to have been null and void from the outset; while another decree granted a divorce to Henry. If there had been no marriage, one cannot understand how there could be a divorce.

The King, in his infinite goodness, had decided that Anne should not be burned, but beheaded, and that the execution should be performed on the 19th of May. On that day, three years before, she had made her first public appearance in London as acknowledged Queen of England. A little before noon she was led down to the Tower green. A single gun was loaded on the ramparts; beside it stood a cannoneer with lighted lintstock; for the discharge was to announce to eager ears that the deed was done. Upon the scaffold were several notabilities—perhaps the most notable being Henry Fitzroy, the young Duke of Richmond, illegitimate son of the King, who had it in mind to legitimatize him, and make him heir to the crown. When the brief preliminaries had been concluded, Anne walked firmly to the block. The bitterness of death was past, and she met her doom with all firmness.

"Good Christian people," she said, "I am come to die. And according to the law, and by law, I am judged to death, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak anything of that whereof I am accused and condemned to die. But I pray God save the King, and send him long to reign over you; for a gentler and more merciful prince was there never; and to me he was ever a good, a gentle and sovereign lord. If any person will meddle of my affairs, I require him to judge the best. And thus I take my leave of the world and of you. O Lord, have mercy upon me

ANNE RECEIVES THE ORDER FOR HER ARREST.

To God I commend my soul." Having spoken these words, says the chronicler, "with a smiling countenance, she kneeled down on both her knees, and said, 'To Jesus Christ I commend my soul,' and with that word the hangman of Calais smote off her head with one stroke with a sword."

Meanwhile, Henry was in Richmond Park, surrounded by hounds and huntsmen attired for the chase, only awaiting the boom from the Tower gun which should announce that Anne Boleyn was no more. As soon as the sound rang through the noontide air, he gave an exultant shout. "Ha, ha!" he exclaimed, "the deed is done! Uncouple

the hounds!" And then the hunt sped gayly westward. Henry rode fast and well. At nightfall he drew rein at Wold Hall, in Wiltshire, the mansion of the father of Jane Seymour, who was looking out for the coming of the bridegroom expectant, whose first wife had been dead less than five months, the second only about as many hours. Marriage preparations had been going on, for how long we know not; but they were now complete. A dutiful Privy Council had besought the King to take a third wife without an hour's delay after the head of the second one had fallen upon the scaffold. Henry needed no such urgency, but complied with the request almost to the letter. Early next morning his Royal Highness, "Defender of the Faith," and all that, clad in pure white, took to wife Jane Seymour, the waiting-woman of her whose corpse was scarcely cold. As nearly as we can measure the time, Henry was married to Jane Seymour just twenty hours after the head of Anne Boleyn had fallen from the sharp sword-stroke of the executioner of Calais.

According to United States Fish Commissioner Baird, the world is indebted to a woman for the discovery that the oil of the "menhaden" fish has much commercial value. About the year 1850, Mrs. John Bartlett, of Blue Hill, near Mount Desert, Maine, while boiling some fish for her chickens, noticed a thick scum of oil upon the surface of the water. Some of this oil she bottled, and when on a visit to Boston soon afterward, she carried samples to one of the leading oil-merchants of that city, who encouraged her to bring more. The following year the Bartlett family industriously plied their gill nets, and sent to the market 13 barrels of oil, for which they were paid at the rate of $11 a barrel, in all $143.

Courtesy at home, like other virtues, cannot be practiced too constantly, or be too well fortified by undeviating habit. Even when a man is alone it is not well to throw aside the restraints and observances of social usage.

THE MASKED MARQUISE.

By Lillie Devereux Blake.

[The main facts of this story are of real occurrence, and Fanny Foley was a living character, well known to old residents of Louisiana.—L. D. B.]

Some years ago, when I was a wandering young bachelor, business took me to New Orleans, and led me to make my way to the Southern capital on one of those miniature palaces which float on the Mississippi. One evening, just as we were approaching the Crescent City, my friend Tom Bowie and I were strolling on the upper deck, when an outward-bound steamer came puffing up-stream, and passed us, the people on deck enthusiastically waving their handkerchiefs, and the whistles of both vessels sounding a shrill and almost deafening greeting.

THE MASKED MARQUISE.—"'THERE, BOYS,' SHE SAID, WITH THE SAME BITTER, MOCKING LAUGH THAT WAS ALREADY FAMILIAR, 'YOUNG GENTLEMEN DO NOT FIGHT FOR THEIR GRANDMOTHERS.'"

"The *Fanny Foley*," I said, reading the name which adorned the paddle-box. "How many of your boats are named after women!"

"Yes; the wives and sweethearts of the builders and owners of these steamers are often immortalized in that way. This boat, however, is named after one of the most famous belles this river ever saw."

"Indeed! Well, it is a very dashing-looking boat," I said, as I turned to watch the gay colors and profuse gilding of the vanishing *Fanny Foley*.

"It should be, to do justice to the original, if all I have heard of her is true," replied Tom. "I never saw the lady myself. But there is your friend, Miss Parker, coming on deck, Charlie, and a present beauty is better than an absent one, any day, especially——"

But I did not hear the end of Tom's sentence, for I turned quickly, to meet the pretty blue-eyed girl who was coming toward us, and presently forgot all about the *Fanny Foley*.

Two weeks after this, I went with my friend Tom to one of the masked balls that were in those days the favorite amusement of the season in New Orleans. The scene was a brilliant one, crowds of dancers thronging the floor, costumes of every age and country mingling together, many of them noticeable for their splendor—for I write of the good old days before the war, when the people of New Orleans were wealthy and prosperous.

As we passed up the room, Tom was seized upon by a dashing *vivandière*, and, with a parting nod and smile, left me to my fate. I walked on, feeling for a moment somewhat lonely in the gay crowd. My dress was that of a Venetian cavalier, which I fancied rather set off my six feet of muscular Christianity; and I was unmasked. Stranger as I was, I had no need of concealing myself for any especial purpose, and, with the vanity of youth, I thought my face might serve as a card of introduction.

People hurried past me in busy groups, or whirled by in the dance; but no one noticed me, and I was just about to turn aside and seat myself somewhat moodily on a bench against the wall, when a tiny hand was laid on my arm, and a clear voice said: "Why so pensive, gentle stranger?"

I turned and beheld, standing beside me, the daintiest figure I ever saw—a lady rather under the middle height, attired in the costume of a French marquise of the time of Louis XIV.—a blue satin bodice, cut square, with full white lace chemisette reaching to the throat, where a ruff came up to the very chin. The rich skirt, full, and trimmed profusely, was looped over a white satin petticoat. There were pink roses on these loopings, and on her bosom, while her hair, powdered to snowy whiteness, was sprinkled with diamond-dust, and dressed with pink roses and blue ribbons.

There was an airy grace about her light and delicate form, the foot and ankle revealed by the short petticoat were exquisitely dainty, set off by the fine silk stockings and high-heeled slippers, adorned with diamond buckles; while the hand that rested on my arm was small and beautifully shaped.

I was captivated at once, and said, as I offered my arm to the fair unknown:

"I was pensive, lady, because in this great crowd I felt myself alone; but your presence has driven away the clouds, and I am happy since you have deigned to smile upon me."

"Well spoken, Sir Cavalier," she replied; "and I accept your escort, so gallantly given."

She slid her small hand within my arm, and we joined the promenaders, I finding a new interest in the scene that a moment ago had seemed so dreary.

"Have you been here long, Sir Cavalier?" asked the lady.

"I am a stranger in a strange land," I answered; "therefore I am especially grateful to you for your condescension in noticing me."

As I spoke, I looked keenly at my companion, hoping to trace somewhat the lineaments of her face, but it was in vain. Her mask was of black velvet, and from its lower edge hung a fall of figured black lace, which completely concealed the mouth and chin. I could only see that a pair of dark eyes looked up at mine, and that they rivaled in their brilliancy the jewels which hung from her ears, the flashes of which gleamed through the shrouding lace.

At this moment the band struck up a waltz, and people began moving about to find partners.

"Will it please your ladyship to dance?" I asked.

"Of all things, fair knight," she replied, and in a moment we were whirling about the room.

Such a dancer I never met, either before or since. I have tripped it with Spanish girls under the moonlight, with light-footed Frenchwomen, with fair-haired German *frauleins*, and, perhaps, best of all, with our graceful New York belles, but never have I met such lightness and grace of motion, such exquisite rhythm of movement! This dainty marquise seemed to be the very incarnation of Terpsichore, as her light form swayed to every strain of the music.

When we paused, I was fairly captivated.

"Ah, lady!" I said, "my poor words are all inadequate to tell you what a delight that was! I could have wished that waltz could have lasted an eternity!"

She laughed, lightly.

"Would not that be rather tiresome, Sir Knight? I fancy an eternity, even of waltzing, would become rather a bore."

"Not with you!" I cried, enthusiastically.

"A brave compliment, and well turned," she said, quickly; "but are you not somewhat rash? Remember, you have not yet even seen me."

"I can guess at the beauty which I hope ere long to be permitted to gaze upon, lady."

A faint laugh, which had a suggestion of mockery in it, rippled from under her vailing mask, and at that moment Tom made his way out of the crowd toward me.

He was unmasked, and, as I saw how handsome he looked, his face flushed with the dance, a sudden pang of jealousy shot through my breast.

"Ah, Charlie, you have found a partner!" and he bowed low to the lady.

"Only for one dance," she replied, as she withdrew her hand from my arm.

"A fair challenge, lady," he said, quickly. "Shall the next be mine?"

"With all my heart!" and she transferred the dainty white glove to my friend's arm.

The music struck up a redowa. I had the aggravation of seeing my charming partner whirling away from me, apparently as well pleased with her new companion as she had been a moment ago with me.

I was somehow most unreasonably vexed, and plunged in the crowd till I saw a lady standing alone by the wall, and at once offered her my arm. She accepted it, and we began to dance; but she seemed awkward, clumsy and stupid, and I left her as soon as I could respectably, and went prowling forlornly over the room, thinking enviously of how happy Tom must be all the time.

"Pensive again, Sir Knight?"

The words were uttered at my elbow, and I turned to find the marquise close at my side.

"Oh, you have come back to me!" I cried. "I am so glad!"

My heartiness seemed to please her, for she took my arm at once.

"Yes; and I will not leave you so abruptly again. You will forgive me for that, won't you?"

"Y—es," I said, slowly. "But you made me very miserable."

"Oh, no!"

"You did, indeed."

I repeated the words earnestly. She looked at me quickly.

"I saw you dancing quite gayly," she said.

"Yes, with a horrid, clumsy thing!"

"Ah, ha, Sir Knight! where is your gallantry?"

"Well, she was, compared to you," I repeated; "but I will forget it all if you will dance with me now."

Once more she rested on my arm, and we floated through the room to the delicious strains of one of Strauss's waltzes, while I had the satisfaction of seeing Tom viewing us jealously from a distance.

The moment the dance was over, I led my companion into the balcony, that she might not escape me, or be carried off by my friend, of whom I had a sudden distrust; and as thus comparatively alone we walked up and down under the soft Southern night, my fascination deepened each moment. The lovely marquise was as witty as she was graceful. Her conversation sparkled with jests, with epigrams, and appropriate stories. There was a finish about it, a knowledge of the world displayed in it, and a fund of reminiscence that were absolutely wonderful, and stimulated to the highest point my desire to know who the lady was. I tried by every eloquent persuasion of which I was master to induce her to unmask, but to no purpose. I offered her refreshments, and she took only a glass of wine, which she drank beneath the lace, and not for my most eloquent prayers would she even unglove her small hand.

I had become, perhaps, teasingly persistent in my entreaties, when Tom again appeared upon the scene, and, with a mocking laugh, she left me for him.

Not for long, however. I was walking up and down in the balcony alone, trying to reason myself out of the utterly exaggerated interest I felt in the mysterious lady, when Tom came rushing up to me.

"She isn't with you, then?" he exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment.

"Who?"

"The marquise."

"No; I thought she was with you."

"No; she left me suddenly because I asked her to unmask, and I fancied she might have come back to you."

"Let us try to find her," I said, eagerly, and together we started in search of our fascinating *incognita*.

Vainly, however, although we made our way through the throng in every direction; we saw no more of the marquise, and as the last of the dancers were leaving the hall, we, too, left it, with our curiosity unsatisfied.

For days after that Tom and I talked only of the marquise when we were alone together, and, for my part, I was so far fascinated that my thoughts and my dreams were constantly of her.

One evening, just at dusk, I was walking through the fashionable part of New Orleans known as Lafayette, when I saw a lady coming down the path from an elegant private house. That graceful figure, that quick, elastic step, I could not mistake, and, with my heart beating to suffocation, I hurried toward her.

Just as I almost reached the spot, the lady stepped to the sidewalk. It was nearly dark, and she was vailed, but I saw the outlines of a fair, delicate face, and I caught the flash of the brilliant eyes that met mine with a look of startled recognition.

As she caught sight of me she turned quickly away, and sprang toward the carriage awaiting her. I hastened forward, but before I could reach her the door was closed, and I heard her utter the one word:

"Home!"

I raised my hat with a profound bow, and she responded with a graceful inclination of the head; and then the carriage rolled away, and I was left standing there like one who had seen a vision.

It was too dark to distinguish anything about the carriage and horses, or I was too much bewildered to notice them; and I thought, on the whole, I had better not mention the circumstance to Tom, as it had led to no discovery.

A month slid away, and the last night of the carnival arrived. It was to be celebrated by a masked ball, finer than anything which had yet been seen. Tom and I had haunted a dozen balls since in the vain hope of seeing our fair unknown, and were resolved not to miss this one.

We had prowled through the splendid rooms for half an hour, however, in a seemingly hopeless quest, and were beginning to think of finding partners, when Tom caught my arm suddenly.

"There she is, Charlie!"

I turned, and there stood the lady of my dreams. She was again dressed as a marquise, but this time her bodice and hooped skirt were of rose-colored silk, while a diamond coronet shone in her powdered hair, and a splendid circlet of diamonds surrounded the ruff which concealed her throat.

She came directly toward us as we advanced with outstretched hands to meet her.

"A good-evening to you, Sir Knights," she said; "whom are you waiting for so patiently?"

"For you!" we cried, simultaneously; and almost in the same breath we both asked her to dance.

It was a somewhat trying moment for her, as she was forced to a choice between us. After a second of hesitation she said, as she took my arm:

"You are my first acquaintance, fair sir; but"—turning to Tom, and giving him her hand for a moment—"you shall have the second dance."

I walked away with my prize, intensely proud and happy, while Tom turned from us with a black frown on his brow.

I cannot tell what spirit of coquetry swayed this strange woman; what Circe spells she had caught in a long career of conquest; what witchcraft she possessed and chose to use that night—but certain it is that Tom and I were completely and utterly captivated and enslaved—more than that, we were rendered absolutely wretched.

If I enjoyed a triumph, it was but a brief one. My dance was scarcely over, before my partner abandoned me for Tom; and again, before he had been with her half an hour, she quitted him and searched me out where I was mooning in a corner.

We were both of us fascinated, bewildered, tormented; and, as the night deepened, I began to feel an intense, jealous hatred of my formerly favorite friend.

That he reciprocated the feeling was evident enough. He looked at me, whenever I saw him, with a defiant frown; and we were both ready to break out into an open quarrel at the least provocation.

All this time the lady, as before, resisted any entreaty

unmask, though more than once she joined each of us drinking the champagne that was ready to tempt me at y moment.

The crowd was thinning in the ballroom, when, after a ance, I persuaded the marquise to leave the glare and lights within, and walk on the moonlit grounds which surrounded the building where the ball was given.

We strolled on slowly down a shaded walk, and I, carried away by the scene and the fascination that was upon me, began making to my companion some desperate love-avowal.

At my words she drew back at first, as if startled; and then, as if resolved to rally me out of my folly, she said:

"What! love a woman you have never seen?"

"But I did see you that evening!" I replied, impetuously. "I know that you are beautiful! But you will let me see you again, will you not? Please, sweet lady."

As I spoke I endeavored to pass my arm about her waist, and unloose her mask. She eluded me with a quick start, and at the moment my arm was roughly seized, while Tom's voice, thick with anger, cried:

"For shame, Charlie! Use violence to a woman!"

A DESPERATE CHARGE.

RUNNING BUFFALO IN TEXAS.—"OFF WE STARTED IN HIGH SPIRITS, WHILE THE ANTELOPES AND OTHER SMALL ANIMALS BOUNDED AWAY IN ALARM."

Then, turning to her, "Madame, will you take my arm ?"

Maddened by his taunt, I sprang between him and the marquise.

"This lady is with me !" I said.

"Stand back !" ordered Tom. "You have shown yourself unfit to protect her."

"And what have you done ?" I cried—"following us out here like a sneak !"

This was too much for Tom, and, as I uttered the word, he gave me a staggering blow. My blood was on fire now, and, with a quick motion, I drew the short dagger I always carried. In a second there was another gleam of steel, as Tom raised one of those murderous knives which have received their name from his family.

All this passed so rapidly that interference had been impossible ; but now, with a sudden cry, the cause of our quarrel sprang between us.

"Boys ! boys !" she cried. "No, you shall not strike each other !" and she caught each of us by the wrist with a little hand that seemed to have the strength of iron. "Strike me, if you please—I deserve it—it was all my fault. Ah ! boys, if you only knew !" Then, very quickly, as she saw us growing a little calmer, she began dragging us toward the light which fell from the windows into the grounds. "Here, I will unmask," she said, "and you will see how absurd all this is. Come, will you promise me not to hurt each other if I let you go ?"

We both rather sullenly acquiesced, and slowly sheathed our weapons, curiosity in both of us probably getting the better of any other feeling.

She took a few steps nearer, till her light figure was full in the glow which fell in a broad bar across the grass. Then, with a quick motion, she took off her mask. The face thus revealed was still beautiful, with the fadeless beauty of perfect features, the complexion wonderfully fair ; but it was seamed in every direction by a hundred wrinkles, and the hair that crowned her head was snow-white, not from artifice, but with the frost of age.

"There, boys," she said, with the same bitter, mocking laugh that was already so familiar. "Young gentlemen do not fight for their grandmothers. I am Fanny Foley. Good-night."

With a graceful bow, she turned, and before we could detain her, vanished into the ballroom.

Tom and I stared at each other for a moment in silence ; then a sense of the absurdity of our position flashed on us simultaneously, and we shook hands with a spontaneous impulse.

"She was a belle when my grandfather was a boy," said Tom. "I have heard stories of her all my life."

"She is charming yet," I said, with a long sigh, feeling as if something had gone out of my life. "I only wish I could find a girl of twenty who was like her."

Tom shook his head.

"You could never do that. No young girl could ever be so finished a coquette ; but she has been practicing half a century. Why, as I told you that evening on the steamer, the most famous belle our river ever saw was this same Fanny Foley."

RUNNING BUFFALO IN TEXAS.

THE athletic American hunter, who pursues game for a livelihood, as well as from love of sport, frolics about over the prairies like a schoolboy, and thoroughly enjoys a run at buffalo.

Many years ago (it is, perhaps, as well not to say exactly how many), I made one of a party who started out to run buffalo on the plains of Texas. Whatever may be the date of that buffalo-hunt, I shall only say that ladies who were babies then are now wives and mothers.

Fort P——, on the upper waters of the Brazos, was the name of the frontier post of which Colonel G——, an officer of Uncle Sam's dragoons, was the commandant. The country around had once been a favorite hunting-ground of the Indians, but they had been compelled to give way before the adventurous Texan settlers, and were necessitated to seek their game further to the northwest. It would have been very difficult to imagine a more beautiful country than those wide savannas, which were here and there dotted with small clumps of live-oak trees or magnolias, amongst which the Old World visitor each moment expected to see the mansion of some fine old English gentleman peering through the park-like scenery.

The second morning after my arrival at Fort P——, a buffalo-hunt took place, in which I took part. My own horse being fatigued with many days' travel, the worthy commandant placed at my disposal one of his trained buffalo horses ; and, on as fine a Spring morning as could well

RUNNING BUFFALO IN TEXAS.—"AT THAT INSTANT THE BUFFALO ROLLED OVER, RAISING A CLOUD OF DUST IN HIS FALL."

be imagined—although, by-the-way, all Spring mornings are beautiful in Texas—we sallied forth.

Colonel G—— carried one of Sharp's breech-loading rifles—a most rare weapon in those days. A brace of subalterns were armed with Colonel Colt's celebrated revolvers, or "six-shooters," as they were more commonly called, these weapons being always used by the army. A hunter named Harris, who was attached to the military station in the capacity of professional hunter and provider of game, bore a weapon without which he seldom traveled—namely, a long rifle, with which he was an unerring shot. For my own part, I adhered to a very old friend—a short double-shot gun, loaded with ball in each barrel. I had several loose bullets in my pocket, for the convenience of loading afterward while running at a gallop, as the bullets, when well wetted in the mouth, could easily be dropped down the barrel of the gun, and the damp, causing the powder to adhere to it, would suffice to keep the leaden missile in its place for a short time.

Off we started, in high spirits, while the antelopes and other small animals bounded away in alarm; but, as we were in search of buffalo, not one of the party would condescend to waste a shot on such insignificant trifles. Even the prong-horns were perfectly safe.

Our horses pranced away over the short flower-sprinkled grass, disturbing myriads of humming insects which flew and buzzed around us, angry at being disturbed from their repast. Then through marshy spots, where tall reeds reached to our shoulders, and would have concealed us entirely had we been dismounted, we came to a track of long waving grass which had escaped the prairie fires of the preceding year, and which now reached a height of from three to four feet.

Our horses seemed quite as anxious for sport as we; they shook their heads, flourished their tails, and pranced on, snorting and pricking up their ears in thorough wantonness and health.

A few turkey-buzzards were seen wheeling through the air a long distance off, looking no bigger than humble-bees, as their dark forms stood out like spots upon the white, fleecy clouds which were beginning to rise—their presence betokening wind.

"You see them thar birds, stranger?" said the hunter. "I'll stake high thar's buffalo not far off."

"Yes, but how about the wind, Harris?" asked the colonel.

"Of course, that thar cloud means wind; but I reckon it won't come till nigh night-time, and then it'll blow hard from the norrard. Still, I reckon it'll be better to fall back and get below the swell, and so ride round 'em to the westward. When we makes a rush at 'em, a good many of the brutes'll bolt toward the fort, and we'll play at *that* lot, if you've no objection, colonel, because it'll be all the handier for getting in the meat."

During the few moments employed in delivering this oracular speech, we had reached the summit of a swell, or undulation, of the great plain, from which we could discern, at a long distance, the dark forms of the masses of buffalo.

We had been riding nearly south from the fort, and a smart breeze was blowing from the southeast. I imagined that it was just possible we might approach the herd undiscovered, by riding straight on till we were within fair distance for charging.

The hunter, however, did not feel inclined to leave anything to chance; remarking that it was quite possible (though it did not appear very probable) that the wind might shift round more to the south, in which case the buffaloes would smell our approach, and at once start off at such a rate that we should never be able to come up with them. So, the hunter's plan being warmly approved by the colonel, an old hand at the sport, we fell back as quickly as possible, and were soon hidden from the quickest-sighted bull of the herd, though we had much more to fear from the noses of the animals. Three-quarters of an hour brought us to the proper spot for charging, as the distance from swell to swell was not very great.

The final preparations were then made. Each man dismounted, looked at his saddle-girths, shortened his stirrup-leathers by a couple of holes, and, having loosened the thong of stout buckskin which served as a curb to the bit of his bridle, fastened his *sombrero* to his saddle, so that its broad brim should not flap in his face, and in its place bound a pockethandkerchief round his temples to screen his head from the sun; for, though we dwellers in the South are less liable, from the thinness of our blood, to attacks of sunstroke than dwellers in more Northern lands, it is as well to protect the head as much as possible from the hot rays which begin to make their power felt almost as soon as the sun rises above the horizon. Last of all, the weapons—rifles and pistols—were carefully inspected, and with the greatest anxiety we waited the signal to charge the herd.

"Are you all ready?" asked the colonel.

"All right!" was the response from every man.

"Run at them, then!" shouted Harris; "dash at the lower side of the mob, and do all you can to start them homeward."

"Forward, lads!" shouted the colonel, perhaps fancying for the moment that he was charging a body of Mexican cavalry.

Off we charged down the slope at full speed, and had covered nearly half a mile of ground before we were perceived by the animals; but as soon as it was evident that they had discovered us, we dashed right at them, each man endeavoring to ride out his particular beast.

To those who have only read of bison-hunting, it may, perhaps, appear no very difficult task to separate a particular animal from the herd. But when the tyro comes to put his well-read theory into practice, it will not appear so easy, as the animals invariably seek for safety in company. It is almost impossible to turn a single buffalo, except by inciting him to an angry charge, while it is altogether out of the question to make a herd change its course. Attempts to frighten the whole herd by any combination of yells and screams are useless, for the thunder of their hoofs, as they gallop over the turf, drowns all lesser noises. A *motte*, or a fire, alone can make them deviate from their course.

With tails raised high in the air, the buffaloes run close together, their horns rattling against each other, while the horses trained to the sport strive, equally with their riders, to separate some special object of pursuit. This once accomplished, it would be easy work to range alongside the huge quarry, and bring it to the ground by a well-directed fire.

"Go it!" yelled the colonel, as he endeavored to force a fine fat cow from the rest of the herd.

"Lay on!" shouted Harris, the hunter; "stir 'em up; they're all a-boiling!"

As he spoke he pulled his horse right up on its haunches; his long rifle was raised for an instant, and, as the white smoke puffed from the barrel, the bull rolled over and over in a cloud of dust.

The earth trembled beneath the rapid gallop of the countless herd, and a dull, rumbling sound was heard, which entirely deadened all other sounds. Dense clouds of dust were raised by the thousands of flying hoofs, which,

together with the crack of rifle and pistol, made the scene resemble in some degree a battle-field. The hunters were all, with the exception of myself, peppering away as rapidly as they could, the revolvers of the subalterns being heard constantly, as they plied the flying herd with leaden bullets. It was time to begin action myself, if I would earn any laurels in the chase. My horse was, luckily, well trained to the sport, and I soon found that he understood it quite as well as I did. He galloped along at a pretty pace till we came close upon the herd, when I at once felt a change take place in his behavior. He fairly trembled with excitement, as, with head thrown forward and ears laid back, he bit viciously at the air and hurried forward, with a fire and determination which not even a chain-cable would have restrained. I could only guide him, and, indeed, felt pleased when I found that I still possessed the power to direct his headlong career.

We were going at a most awful pace, when I selected a monster bull, and ranged alongside of him. Throwing the gun over the fore part of my bridle-arm, I pressed the trigger. The moment the report was heard, my horse turned on his heels as on a pivot, nearly throwing me, so sudden was the movement. At that instant the buffalo rolled over, raising a cloud of dust in its fall. The animal was shot through the backbone, just beyond the hips; but the wound, though severe, was not immediately mortal. The huge beast raised himself up on his forelegs, shook his shaggy mane savagely as he uttered a low growl of defiance, while his eyes flashed with anger, terrible to behold.

It will be a long time before the image of that animal is absent from my mind. Dismounting as soon as I was well satisfied that the shaggy monster was too much injured to be able to rise, I gazed upon him. His head and shoulders seemed like the fore-quarters of a lion fearfully caricatured, to which the short curved horns and wild gleaming eyes gave a more savage and ferocious appearance. But this expression soon changed when he had made one or two fruitless efforts, and had discovered his inability to rise. His bold look of defiance and anger changed to an aspect of seeming regret and heart-sick pain. His dark eyes became more mild, and beautiful in appearance as those of a doe. His gaze wandered across the prairie in the direction where the forms of his uninjured companions were rapidly lessening in the distance.

The sight of the sufferings of this gigantic brute cooled my ardor, and for a short space of time more kindly feelings overpowered the hunting instinct which was so strong within me. Had it been in my power, I would then and there, on the instant, have restored the bull to health and strength, even though well aware that he would immediately have charged at me. In that case I should, at all events, have had the plea of self-defense to lay as flattering unction to my soul.

The end, however, was at hand. The stream of blood which flowed from the wound drained his strength. He shivered, gave a low moan, and rolled over. A thrill passed through the huge carcass, and all was still. The wild ranger of the prairies was dead.

I hastily remounted, and galloped forward to escape from the regret which began to steal over me. In the hurry of the chase I soon found relief for my feelings. We sallied in pursuit of a fine, fat cow, and my good steed soon enabled me to roll her over dead with the contents of my second barrel; after which I stood for a time watching the exploits of my companions, who were killing on every side.

But the reckless waste of life and food was sickening, and there seemed to be little of chivalry in an encounter with a brute whose huge strength alone was insufficient to enable him to cope with man armed with a deadly rifle.

Though the risk in buffalo-hunting is considerable, yet there is some profit to those who kill it for means of subsistence; but it is sincerely to be hoped that both Indians and white men will see the necessity of using moderation in the slaughter of this useful animal—the largest and noblest wild quadruped found on the American continent.

THE WOLF AND THE CAT.

A Wolf, pursued by hunters and by hounds,
Fled at full gallop to a hamlet's bounds,
And thus unto a Cat by him descried
Basking upon a wall: "Where shall I hide?
Say, Puss, whose friendly roof will grant defense?"
"Stephen," says Puss, "is all benevolence."
"True, true; but once, by accident, I tore
One of his sheep a bit." "Try Theodore."
"Alas! I fear I there should be forbid:
We had a difference, too, about a kid."
"Philip will shelter you, no doubt of that."
"I doubt it much. I took his calf, dear Cat."
"What do you think of Basil?" "There I'd flee,
Did not I know what Basil thinks of me.
What shall I do?" "Dear friend, my heart will break.
I wish we had some wolves here, for your sake;
Yet bear this comfort to the shades' abode—
You have not failed to reap what you have sowed."

Krilof.

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER.

N the trunk of a fallen tree, in the depths of a fir-wood, not many miles from the Castle of Starnberg, a man sat, one Summer twilight, with a flute to his lips. Over the peaks of the Bavarian Alps a storm was gathering. The conscious forest groaned in all its multitudinous branches. Far off, one could hear the brawl of torrents, the whistle of goatherds, the echo of convent-bells.

As for the man, he was young, and handsome as an archangel. His hat was tossed upon the turf beside him—his rich hair hung in confusion about his pale, dreamy face. Eyes, marvelous in their pensive splendor, shone from under his knitted brows. Heedless alike of falling night and coming tempest, he was hugging the flute—an exquisite instrument, of silver and ebony—to his lips with the rapt air of a devotee.

A wayward trill the youth had at his finger-ends—a brilliant bubble of sweet sound—bent upon bursting into airy, tantalizing failures. Nevertheless, he practiced patiently, coaxing the sweet, swarming notes in an absorbed, impassioned way, till, of a sudden, a hand raised the boughs behind him—held them open for a face to look through.

In a twinkling, the trill was snatched from the lips of the player, from the mellow throat of the flute, and tossed into the air by a clear, audacious voice—a girl's voice, without a flaw—whirled giddily up into the gathering dark, and dropped again, sudden and short, adown its silence.

The youth leaped to his feet. Standing beside him, under the black firs, he saw a figure in a white bodice and short blue kirtle, with silver buckles in her shoes, and a

RUNNING BUFFALO IN TEXAS.—"DISMOUNTING AS SOON AS I WAS SATISFIED THAT THE SHAGGY MONSTER WAS TOO MUCH INJURED TO BE ABLE TO RISE, I GAZED UPON HIM."—SEE PAGE 669.

silver chain, with the massive clasps the Bavarian peasant loves, shining on her milky throat and bosom. Her brown, fawn-like eyes were fixed with a startled, timid look on his face. Far below the belt of her trim bodice streamed the broad plaits of her blonde hair.

"By my faith, that was well done!" cried the flute-player, half extending his hand to seize and hold her before she could escape him; "who learned you that trill, my pretty maiden?"

She seemed about to fly, but his smile, his reassuring gesture, restrained her.

"The birds on the mountains," she answered, with a little laugh.

"Heavens! you have a voice like an angel!" he burst out. "Who are you, and what are you doing in this lonely forest at this hour?"

She flung him a quick, coquettish glance through the sleek lashes that swept over her dark, deer-like eyes.

"I am Marie," she answered, making a little courtesy—"the daughter of Max, the forester. I came to the fir-wood to find my father's kids. Hark!"

A peal of thunder broke suddenly out of the dark above them. It crashed with a deafening roar through the great solitude. Immediately a rush of rain followed, smiting full upon the two.

"As I live," cried the youth, in some consternation, "the storm is upon us, and I have lost my way in this wilderness! Tell me, pretty Marie, can I find a shelter near?"

"Follow me," she answered, and dashed into a narrow goat-track leadin off and away under the black branches.

Waiting for nothing more, he strode after. The rain poured upon them, as if all the windows of heaven were opened. Red streaks of lightning flashed through the gloom. Breathlessly they hastened on till they came to a torrent leaping down a steep, its foam and fury spanned by a single fallen fir, which stretched across it from bank to bank.

"Give me your hand," cried Marie. She looked back at her companion through her streaming blonde hair with a face which seemed to him like some luminous star. "I will lead you. A false step on this trunk might be your death."

Eagerly he obeyed. Her dimpled palm closed upon his. She leaped upon the dangerous bridge, drawing him swiftly after. Directly they stood in the pouring rain on the opposite side.

"Come!" cried Marie, "yonder is my father's cottage!" And running breathlessly across a green opening, where the kids she had driven from the wood stood huddled together, she lifted the forester's latch.

"Enter," she said, and her companion followed her in silence across the threshold.

The fir-rafters of the room were black with smoke. On the open hearth below a cheery fire burned. Against the wall stood a spinning-wheel and a bench, covered with tangled wool. The small windows shook with the violence of the tempest outside.

Marie's companion advanced to the hearth, chilled, soaked and breathless.

"Sir," said she, "sit down and be welcome. I see that you are some burgher's son. What is your name?"

He looked confused.

"Call me Ludwig," he answered. "I am not a burgher's son, pretty Marie, but a poor musician from Starnberg, separated from some friends who were wandering with me in the forest. With your permission, I will rest here till the storm is over, and then set forth to seek them."

An old woman, whom the forester's daughter called Gretchen, with a *goitre* on her neck, and a parti-colored shawl crossed on her breast, entered, and began to prepare the evening meal. This consisted of black bread, goat's milk, a little bacon, and *knackwurst*—a hard, smoked sausage.

While the old woman was moving about, Marie stood upon the hearth in the ruddy light of the fire, wringing the wet from her luxuriant blonde hair.

"Hear the rain pour!" she said. "My father has gone to Starnberg Castle to have speech with his brother Lepp, who keeps the deer in the King's park. The saints protect him as he comes back across the torrents! I would that I had borne him company, in spite of the King."

"The King!" replied Ludwig, with a faint smile; "does he keep you from the castle?"

"He likes not to have strangers intrude there," she answered, shaking her golden head. "My father is careful never to be seen by his Majesty. No one can enter the great park without permission, for he loves to be alone."

"He must be an ass," said Ludwig, "if he objects to the sight of such a face as yours."

RUNNING BUFFALO IN TEXAS.—"WE SALLIED IN PURSUIT OF A FINE FAT COW, AND MY GOOD STEED SOON ENABLED ME TO ROLL HER OVER DEAD WITH THE CONTENTS OF MY SECOND BARREL."

"Nay," she protested; "since you come from Starnberg, you must know that he is good and beautiful—so beautiful, my father says, that Nuremberg maidens, when

"No," sighed Marie, "for I have been at Starnberg but twice in my whole life, and each time the King was absent in Munich. And now I fear I shall never go again,

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER.—"HERE WAGNER FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR AND RUSHED INTO THE CHAMBER OF HIS PUPIL. A COTTAGE PIANO STOOD IN ONE CORNER, AND AT THIS INSTRUMENT MARIE SAT, HER HEAD FALLEN FORWARD UPON THE KEYS."

he rode through their city, looked from their windows upon him, and cried, 'One kiss, and then die!'"

He watched her with laughing eyes.

"And have you never seen his Majesty?" he asked.

for Hans, the son of my Uncle Lepp, has asked me to marry, and to-day my father will tell him that I refuse his offer."

Herr Ludwig, the musician, looked greatly amused,

"I would," he said, "that the King could hear your voice, for he is an ardent lover of music. And what is the matter with Hans, that you send him that answer, pretty Marie?"

She looked unspeakably lovely as she stood plaiting anew her long, rich hair.

"He is a dolt," she said—"fit only to drive the swine. He thinks only of the guldens I shall have for a dowry. Bah! I will listen to no sweetheart like Hans. I can read in books, which he cannot. I know many things which he is too stupid to learn. I can mock the song of every bird that sings. Listen, now!"

She flung back her coquettish head, and over her lips rippled such a storm of marvelous trills and cries and calls, perfect in their mimicry, yet more exquisite than feathered throat ever uttered—such a hurly-burly of ravishing notes—the merry mingling of lark and thrush and nightingale—the wail of fir-woods in the wind, the plaint of torrents—that Herr Ludwig held his very breath as he listened. The passionate soul of music burning in his own breast leaped to his lips in a cry of irrepressible delight.

"Wonderful!" he cried, and seemed for a moment ready to snatch to his embrace the red young mouth, with all its sweet utterance; but Marie drew back, crimson to her temples, and at that moment Gretchen brought in the supper, and the three sat down together at the forester's board.

Ludwig ate with the keen appetite of youth. The rain made merry music on the roof. The turf fire burned brightly. Marie poured the goat's milk, and watched the guest through long, sly lashes. So, also, did old Gretchen.

"A handsome youth," she thought, "and, Holy Mother! he seems right fond of the *knackwurst* and the black bread. He has eyes for this pert child's beauty, too."

Before the meal was over, the thunder began to grow fainter above the mountains.

Marie sprang up from the board, and, lo! through torn and ragged clouds a slender white moon was wading, and a streak of watery light slipped from its curved rim and stretched ghostly and long across the cottage floor.

"The storm is passing," said Marie.

"And I must be gone," sighed Ludwig, starting as if from a dream.

"But you know not the way," she said, in perplexity. "Gretchen or I must go with you as far as the Starnberg road."

"Gretchen!" he answered—"no, no! Youth and age cannot keep pace together. I will have no guide but you."

She yielded to his tender, smiling look, made ready, and they set forth. The air was heavy with forest scents, beaten by the rain from tree and bloomy thicket. The moonlight fell in patches along the path. In silence Marie crossed the green opening, and descended a steep track till they came to the torrent. Then she stopped—she started back.

"Look! ah, look!" she cried, and pointed to the fall, now a terrific thing of foam and thunder and shattering spray, roaring under and over the solitary fir-tree which spanned the chasm from bank to bank. Upon this frightful bridge the forester's daughter leaped fearlessly.

"Dare you follow?" she called to Herr Ludwig.

He answered, with a light laugh:

"Ay—lead on!"

Betwixt their combined weight and the jar of the water below, the fallen tree swayed and shook and groaned drearily. Marie, who looked like some spirit born of the foam, beckoned him on; but the bark of the fir was wet and worn with the ceaseless dash of the torrent. Midway across it his unaccustomed foot slipped suddenly. He flung out his arms, caught a treacherous bough that bent like a reed to his hand, and fell, and went over with a stifled cry. There, above the frightful chasm, he hung suspended, enormously long, holding only to that slim, swaying branch.

"Merciful God!" shrieked Marie, and turned back, quick as thought, upon the dripping trunk, and, leaning low, like an Undine in the flying spray, seized him by the shoulders. "Hold fast!" she cried, straining with all her generous young strength; "hold fast for your life! Oh, Mother of mercy, help me now!"

With a tremendous effort, she dragged him upward within reach of the wet trunk. Supported by her strong young arms, he grasped it convulsively, and upheaving his body upon its slippery length, crawled slowly along it to the opposite bank.

"Ah," shuddered Marie, drawing a broken breath, "that was a narrow escape! Fritz, the goatherd, lost his life in this very place but a year ago."

He stood panting and pale with his struggle, and drenched to the skin.

"But for you I might have shared his fate," said he. "How shall I thank you?"

"I want no thanks," answered Marie, with a toss of her head. "Is it likely I would stand and let you drown before my eyes?"

With that they continued on their way till they reached the Starnberg road.

"Follow this," said Marie, "and presently you will come to the meadows, where the peasants cut turf. Should you meet an old man dressed in green, you will know he is my father. He will point you out the village and the lake, with the King's steamer thereon; and so, farewell!"

"Farewell!" answered Herr Ludwig, regarding her steadfastly, but not attempting to touch so much as her hand. "Farewell, Marie; we shall meet again."

"Ah, no!" she sighed; "you will soon forget me."

"Never!" he answered, and waved his white hand, and, like some magnificent dream, plunged into the forest, and disappeared from her gaze.

When Max, the forester, returned to his dwelling that night, he found Marie sitting pensively in the chimney-corner, her blonde plaits streaming down her bosom, the firelight playing on her pale face.

"Ah," she cried, starting quickly up, "did you meet him on the way, my father?" And old Gretchen added, "Herr Ludwig, master—a strolling player from Starnberg. I hope he will not come here again."

"Good faith, not I!" answered the forester; "I have seen neither man nor beast since I left the castle. Your Uncle Lepp is sorely vexed, my girl, because you will not marry, and Hans swears his heart is broken. There! bring the beer and the sausage, and let us hear about this player."

"He has white hands, like a nobleman's son," sighed Marie, in her father's ear; "I doubt if the King himself be half as handsome." And leaving Gretchen to finish the story, she crept to her little bed under the fir-rafters, and fell asleep there, to dream all night of Herr Ludwig's eyes.

The next day Marie went to the forest with her father, and sang sweeter than any bird in its solitude; the next she staid at home with Gretchen, and moped in silence over her flax and distaff; the next, as she sat by the fire, moistening her black bread with tears, a stranger stepped over the forester's threshold and stood before her.

He was a man of middle age, with a massive forehead, from which his iron-gray hair was swept serenely back, a heavy nose, a thin mouth, a keen but kindly eye. He stood and surveyed the girl, who sat like another Cinderella among the ashes.

"I come," said he, "from Herr Ludwig, the musician whose life you saved three days ago, my little maiden. He wishes to reward you; in view of which he has sent me to hear the voice that can mimic so well all the sounds of the forest."

All over her lovely face the bright color flashed. She started up.

"And who are you?" she faltered, in confusion.

"My name," answered the stranger, "is Richard Wagner."

On the ears of the forester's daughter those two words, famous as they were throughout the world, fell meaningless. She had never in her life heard them before.

"And Herr Ludwig," she added—"is all well with him? You are his friend, then? Do you also come from Starnberg?"

"He is well," Wagner answered, briefly. "No, I do not come from Starnberg, but from Lucerne, in Switzerland."

"He has sent you to hear me sing!" cried Marie, clapping her hands in delight. "I was thinking, as you entered, that I should never sing again—it is so sad to be forgotten!"

Whereupon, without a moment's hesitation, she lifted up her marvelous young voice to the fir-rafters, and, one after another, every wild melody the goatherds sing on the steeps, every note of bird or tempest she had ever caught from the depths of the forest, she now blew out, airy as bursting bubbles, from her lips.

Wagner sat by the peat fire and listened. He said not a word. Presently, however, crushing his hat betwixt his knees, he lifted his keen eyes to the flower-like face—to the little figure in the white bodice and blue kirtle.

"Will you come to Lucerne with me," he said, "and learn music—learn to sing and charm the world? You will have a home like a paradise; you will be clothed in fine attire, and fare sumptuously; and, last of all, Herr Ludwig bids me ask it of you in his name."

That was enough. The great composer supped that night on goat's milk and black bread, and lingered long by the peat fire, talking with Max, the forester.

"I myself will be her teacher," he said; "and when she has learned of me, she shall sing in the Court-chapel at Munich, and her fortune will be made."

"Ah, heaven!" cried the old man, "whoever would have dreamed of such luck as this for our little Marie!"

So the birds in the fir-wood were left to sing unmocked, and the torrent, the goat-track, the forester's cottage, and the wheel and the distaff, knew Marie no more, for the very next day Herr Wagner carried her off to his chateau at Lucerne.

"I cannot write music," the composer once said to Louis II., "unless I am surrounded by beautiful objects."

His dwelling was, as he had told Marie, a paradise. It stood in a wood of beech and chestnut, facing a purple lake. Gardens surrounded it, full of cascades, costly exotics, luscious thickets, rare vines and plants. Within, a princely luxury prevailed. Superb pictures and statuary met one at every turn; draperies of silk and velvet, costly carpets and magnificent upholstery. That the King's generosity had provided all these things, the German people knew well.

The great musician's greedy grasping at favors, and his overweening pride, had rendered him obnoxious in their sight—forced him, indeed, to leave Nymphenburg for his home in Switzerland.

"Here, in my household, you will live," said Wagner to Marie. "You will see no one but my servants and myself—you will think of nothing but study. I predict a great future for you. It is your voice which will some day interpret to this dull Germany—to the world—the music which I write, not for the present, but for the future."

In her heart Marie thought how dear Herr Ludwig must be to this man, since in every room of the chateau his face hung—his splendid pictured face, with the soft, romantic features, the dreamy poet eyes, the flowing hair, which she remembered only too well.

For a year after Wagner's visit to the forester's cottage, the good Bavarians heard but little of the unpopular composer. It was whispered in Munich that he was living in great seclusion, devoting himself exclusively to a pupil of extraordinary promise, who was to make her *début* either in the Court-chapel or in one of Wagner's own operas at the royal theatre. It was whispered, furthermore, that her genius and her personal beauty were alike wonderful, and that she lived like a nun with the old musician—his constant companion, but secluded utterly from the outer world.

All this was quite true. A year of tireless study developed in Wagner's young charge such talent as amazed even the old master. He loved her with that instinctive love which attracts genius to genius. He put rich garments on her, and seemed to draw from her living, breathing loveliness a deeper inspiration than he had ever done from rare painting or flower. She shared the weary vigils he paid to his art. He confided to her his dreams, his idealities. He called her daughter—she called him father. Her velvety skin lost the soft brown of the mountain sun, and became like snow. She grew tall and marvelously lovely, like the sumptuous day-lilies blooming in the chateau gardens.

Meanwhile she never once saw Herr Ludwig, nor did Wagner ever mention his name in her presence.

One Summer night Marie sat in a mullioned window of Wagner's music-room, gazing out into the dark of the chestnut wood. The moon shone above the mountains; the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers. As she looked down on a terrace below, where, during all the warm months, coffee and wine were served after dinner, she saw—pacing back and forth there, in the shadow of the trees—Herr Wagner and another figure, tall and handsome, wrapped closely in a military cloak.

Her heart gave a great bound, and then seemed to stand still.

He walked by the side of the old composer, his hand resting with familiar tenderness on Wagner's shoulder. They were talking earnestly and in low voices.

Marie heard now and then the echo of her own name dropped in the pauses. With flitting color, with quickened breath, that came like perfume through the red blossom of her lips, she watched the pair.

He of the military cloak paused beneath the window and looked up. The moonlight slanted upon his pale, handsome face. It was Herr Ludwig.

He stood for some moments, gazing intently upward. The deep vines that swayed about the window sheltered her from his view. Presently a deep, passionate sigh broke from his lips. He turned and disappeared among the chestnut trees, and she saw him no more.

"He would not stay to speak so much as a word to me!" murmured Marie, and she hid her face in her long blonde hair and wept.

AT A NORWEGIAN WEDDING.—DRESSING THE BRIDE.—SEE PAGE 679.

The next night as she sat at supper with Wagner in that wilderness of beauty which he called garden—the cascades rippling, the thickets about them on fire with bloom, a step crushed through the flowers, and Herr Ludwig stood before the two.

The year had added power to his face—yes, and melancholy.

Wagner seemed disconcerted at the sight of him.

"Heaven save us!" he muttered, and would have started up, but Ludwig held him back with a gesture.

His eyes were fixed on Marie.

She, in turn, sat voiceless, motionless, looking at him. Her blonde hair lay in massive braids upon her shoulders. Her face was quite colorless—the velvety-brown eyes shone under their black lashes like stars of heaven. She wore a long white gown of some rich opaque stuff, confined at the waist by a golden girdle.

NORWEGIAN PEASANTS.

He seemed dumbfounded at the sight of her exceeding beauty.

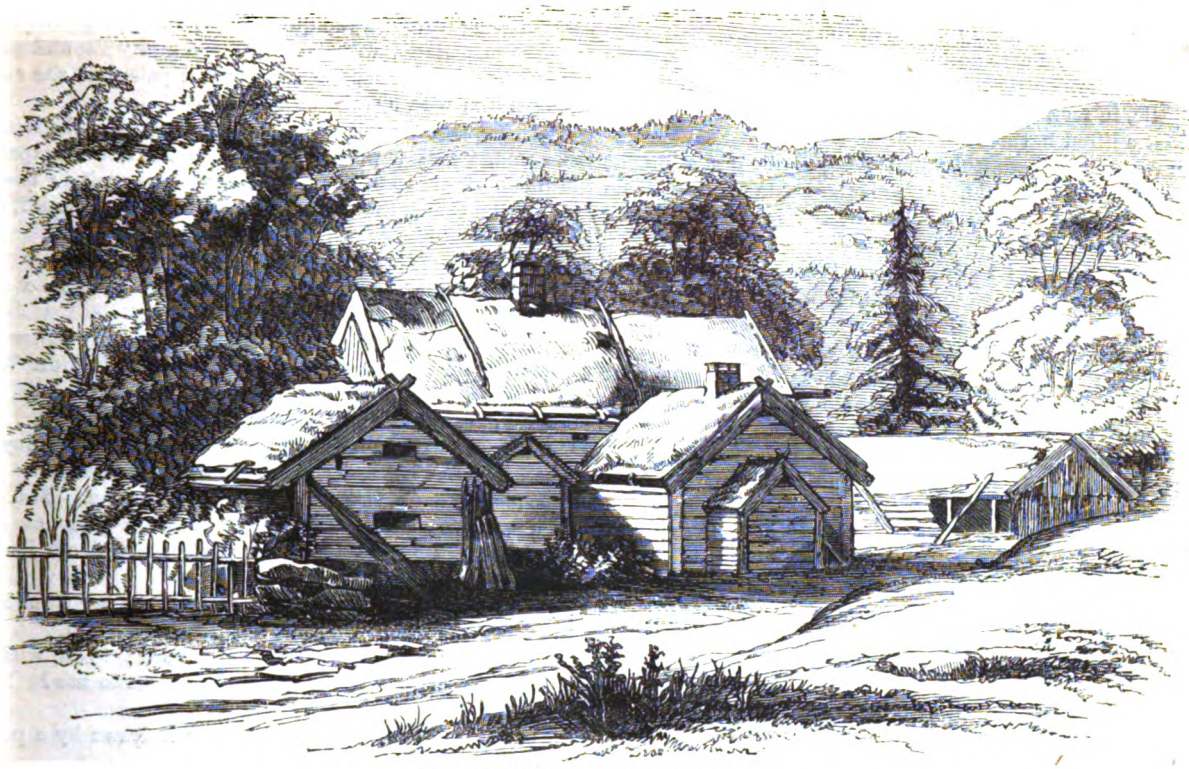
"Surely you have not forgotten me?" he murmured, with a mingling of reproach and tenderness in his voice.

"Forgotten?—ah, no!" she answered; "but I have not seen you for a year."

And her head drooped, and the blood ran red as fire into her white cheeks.

"True," replied Ludwig, "for the portal of this Eden Herr Wagner has guarded with a flaming sword. His will, not mine, has kept me from it. Let me remind you, my friend, that I have not supped. Why do you look so dazed? Have you a vacant seat here?"

At this the old composer picked up his scattered wits, and set his guest a chair with his own hands.



NORWEGIAN HOUSES IN GULDBRANDSDAL.

"A thousand pardons!" he muttered; "you quite take me by surprise. Shall I order——"

"Nothing!" said Ludwig, with a look. "I requested particularly that your servant should not announce me. Pray be seated, and go on with your supper."

He took a place at the board beside Marie.

The sunset died on the mountains. The moon hung a shining sickle overhead. Some impassioned lover sang in his boat upon the lake.

"Do you come to-night from Starnberg?" asked Marie.

"No," answered Ludwig, in a low voice and with averted eyes; "from Munich."

"Ah!" cried Wagner, in exultation, "the Court is now there, I hear, and the city waxes right merry over the

INTERIOR OF A KITCHEN, WITH PEASANTS OF THE DOVREFJELD.

King's betrothal with the Bavarian princess, Sophia." Ludwig looked defiantly across at the speaker.

"For Courts I care nothing, as you know," he answered; "nothing, either, for the King or the princess—bah! almost as little, in fact, as they care for each other."

Marie lifted her head.

"Would the beautiful young King marry one whom he did not love?" she said. "He is too noble for that, I am sure. And the princess—is she lovely? is she good? will she make our sovereign happy?"

Ludwig left his friend to answer these questions.

"She is pretty and piquant," said Wagner, "and good, too, I dare say, since the Queen-mother and the nobles pronounce her such. My child, a year ago Herr Ludwig promised that he would not seek to see you, or hear your voice for a twelvemonth. The time is now past. Come now and sing some little song, that he may judge of the work we have both done since I brought you to Lucerne."

How deadly fair, in that placid light, looked her face! She arose, and the three entered the chateau together.

Wagner seated himself at the piano, and opened thereon one of his own operas—that wild, strange music, incomprehensible to the admirers of Mendelssohn and Beethoven. Behind him, in the mullioned window, stood Ludwig, his arms crossed on his breast, the moonlight shining on his fixed, intent face. Marie crossed to the old master's side.

A long, wailing note shivered suddenly through the scented hush, and she began to sing.

It was something to see Wagner's eyes glisten, and his hands drop unconsciously from the keys—to see him hang on her voice, as a bee on a blossom, while she seized at a glance on the divine mysteries of his music—ay, poised a flight above them, even, to hint of others yet more divine. She seemed to draw his plaint and passion into some depths of her own soul, and fling them back to him again, full of a fiery new-born life of her own making. And in the mullioned window Herr Ludwig stood, pale, breathless, like a statue in stone.

Wagner turned from the instrument, and snatched his pupil in his arms.

"Child of my heart!" he cried, "I have no words with which to praise you! Speak, Herr Ludwig! Have we not done well?"

Ludwig advanced, and stood with one hand on Wagner's shoulder—his eyes upon Marie.

"Master and pupil—heaven surely made you for each other," he answered. "I can say no more than this."

And then a thrilling silence fell—the silence under which some current of strong passion throbs. Wagner arose from his seat.

"The hour grows late," he sighed.

And Ludwig, with a deep-drawn breath, carried Marie's listless hand to his lips, murmured above it some broken words, drew his cloak about his shoulders, and—was gone.

During the weeks which followed this night, a tall man, muffled to the eyes, and attended by a servant, would often, of fine nights, start from Starnberg, and, plunging into the forest, gallop up to some lonely station in time for an express-train, fling his bridle to his attendant, and, seating himself alone in a carriage, locked against all intruders, whirl off and away—whither, no human being knew.

In the old chateau-garden, at Lucerne, the same person walked in the soft, romantic moonlight, among thickets and cascades, with a girl's ravishing voice in his ear—a girl's heavenly face shining upon him everywhere—from old windows, from recesses hung with gorgeous fabrics, from the hot-hued shadows of flowers—as changeless in its beauty as a star.

He came one night to the chateau, when a great storm was roaring through the quiet Swiss valley. In the long hall he met Marie, with Wagner's opera of "Tannhäuser" in her hand. Her face was weary and pale, but she came toward him with a smile on her lips.

"Herr Wagner has to-day received word from the King," she said, "that a place is vacant in the Court-chapel at Munich. I am to fill it; I am to go to the capital; to sing before the Court, the Queen-mother, the King himself, and his betrothed!"

Ludwig started.

"Surely that is great good news," he said, in a constrained voice.

"Ay," she answered; "and Gretchen and my father will now want for nothing. Ah! can I ever pay to Herr Wagner—to you, the debt that I owe you?"

His superb eyes dwelt fixedly upon her.

"To *me!* Great God!" he groaned; "betwixt your face and your voice, it is easy to read your future. You will take the Court and the world by storm. You will soon cease to remember Ludwig, who owes you not only his life, but the few hours of perfect happiness he has known in the world."

The passion in his voice seemed to shake her from head to foot. She stood, white as a spirit, before him.

"Cease to remember you!" she echoed; "you, without whom this fortune would never have come to me? No—oh, no!"

He advanced slowly toward her, as if drawn by a power he could not resist.

"Marie!" he breathed rather than spoke.

She ran toward him. His arms closed around her; he bent; his mouth pressed hers, madly, passionately, again and again. Then, with an agonized face, he thrust her from him—he stood; he gazed wildly upon her.

"My God!" he cried, through his clinched teeth, "why was I ever born?"

At the same moment a door near by was flung violently open, and Wagner rushed into the hall. He seemed in the uncertain light to see only the tall form of Ludwig. He flew toward him, with a paper fluttering from his hand.

"Your Majesty!" he gasped, "the Queen-mother is taken suddenly ill at Hohenschwangau! Bah! the jealousy of my enemies! They know always where to find you! She requires your presence at once——" Then, for the first time, he saw Marie, and stopped short in confusion.

Stark and stiff she stood, her dilating eyes fixed on Ludwig.

"Speak, for the love of heaven!" she cried—"who are you?"

And he, staggering back a step, answered, in a voice of intense agony:

"I am Louis, King of Bavaria!"

In silence she stared at him one moment. Then a wild, piercing shriek broke from her lips. She fell senseless into the arms of Wagner.

"Go, your Majesty," groaned the old master. "You have had your play out, but you have broken her heart."

The King picked up the dispatch, which had fallen to the floor, and read it with a shaking hand.

"Would to God I had been born a peasant!" he cried, wildly. "If her heart is broken, so also is mine!"

"I entreat your Majesty to go before she revives," urged Wagner; "and to come near her no more, for her soul's sake."

Louis II., the betrothed of the Princess Sophia, snatched the unconscious girl from the old master,

strained her wildly to his heart, kissed hair and eyes and sad, sweet mouth with bitter anguish, and then, covering his face, rushed off and away, with his one servant, into the night.

And Marie! Wagner carried her to her chamber, and called the women of the house to attend her. She opened her eyes after a time, and looked up in his face.

"Leave me alone!" she prayed, with white lips. "Send them all away—leave me alone."

He obeyed her, sorely troubled in spirit, and retired himself to seek consolation in his divine art. But the storm beat, and the wind roared in the gables and chimney-stacks; and, being ill at ease, the old composer arose at last, and ascending to his pupil's chamber, knocked at her door.

"Marie!" he cried—"child of my heart, open to me."

There was no answer. He listened, but heard nothing.

"Marie!" he prayed again, "do you not know my voice? The King has gone. You will see him no more. You will soon forget this unhappy passion. I will not leave you alone. Open—open to me!"

No reply. A clock struck midnight in the hall below; then all was still. Thrilling with indefinable terror, Herr Wagner flung open the door violently, and rushed into the chamber of his pupil.

A cottage piano stood in one corner, over which a bronze lamp burned. At this instrument she sat, some sheets of "Tannhäuser" spread before her, her head fallen forward upon the keys. On the edge of the music she had written in pencil the following words:

"Sire, I bless you—I love you. Had I loved you less, I might have lived——"

Wagner sprang and raised her. He turned her face to the light—he called her by name. The lashes clung wearily to her colorless cheek. Her head fell back against his breast. Her young life, snapped at the root, perhaps by the work of the year, had yielded to this first great shock of sorrow—snapped in a moment, like a thread overdrawn. Marie lay in his arms, beautiful and still and dead.

A week after, the betrothal of the King of Bavaria with the Princess Sophia was openly annulled. The latter has since married the Duke d'Alençon, a prince of the House of Orleans. But Louis II., the handsomest prince in Europe to-day—young, gifted, the patron of Wagner, and of all things great and good, consumed of a mysterious and hopeless melancholy—goes upon his royal way alone.

AT A NORWEGIAN WEDDING.

By David Ker.

There are few finer bits of scenery in all Norway, picturesque though it is, than the upper part of the Hardanger Fiord; and I am just admiring the effect of a huge wood-crowned cliff, which looks down upon the tiny log-hamlet beneath it like some battered old soldier watching his grandchildren at play around his feet, when my usually quiet and self-contained boatman startles me by springing up and gesticulating like a madman, with a halloa that awakens all the echoes, far and near. At first I conclude that he must have run into an excursion party of hornets, or been suddenly seized with a fit of "jumping toothache"; but his shout explains everything:

"*Bryllup, bryllup!*" (A wedding, a wedding!)

The sympathy of every Norwegian—even the most confirmed old bachelor—with anything pertaining to a marriage, is without limit: and honest Olaf's rough visage looks as radiant as if he were going to be married (or divorced) himself. Even my English courier, a quiet, hardy lad from one of the London clubs, is almost equally enthusiastic.

"Let's go ashore and see the fun, sir," he suggests. "I'd like to see if them outlandish folk get married same way as us; and p'raps they'll give us a chance to drink the bride's 'ealth!"

The same ecstatic thought seems to inspire my pilot, who bends to his oars with a will. But before we can reach the village (where a considerable bustle is now apparent), we are passed by another boat coming from it.

"Who is it?" shouts my boatman.

"Lars Hanssen," is the reply.

Olaf's face waxes more radiant (if possible) than before, and he hastens to inform me that the bridegroom is a relation of his own, and that if I like to come up to the house with him I can see the whole affair, from beginning to end.

The offer is too good to be declined, and I agree at once.

The scene upon which we enter on landing is just like a fancy fair. All the peasant costumes of the district (for some of these revelers have come from a considerable distance on their wiry little horses) seem to be represented in this hot, mirthful, never-resting throng. Fur caps and tall hats, coarse brown frocks and smart velveteen jackets; short-skirted girls, with cheeks as round and rosy as the apples which they are eating; tall, active lads from the hills, with their long guns on their shoulders; chubby little fellows in tasseled caps, who look more like over-fed boys than grown men; hale, bright-eyed graybeards, with the healthy brown of the sea air upon their weather-beaten faces; big, jolly-looking farmers in homespun, scattering jokes broadcast among the crowd, and laughing uproariously at their own wit.

Through this motley assemblage we at length elbow our way up to the house, at the door of which we are received by the bridegroom himself, a good-looking, hearty young fellow of two-and-twenty.

"Ha, Olaf!"

"How goes it, Lars?"

And the two men embrace very lovingly, kissing each other on both cheeks.

"I've brought you a guest, Lars," says the boatman, putting me forward; "a gentleman from over the water, who has come to see how we Norsemen live."

"He's heartily welcome," says the hero of the day, grasping my hand cordially. "Come along in, both of you, and have a look at my *pige*" (girl).

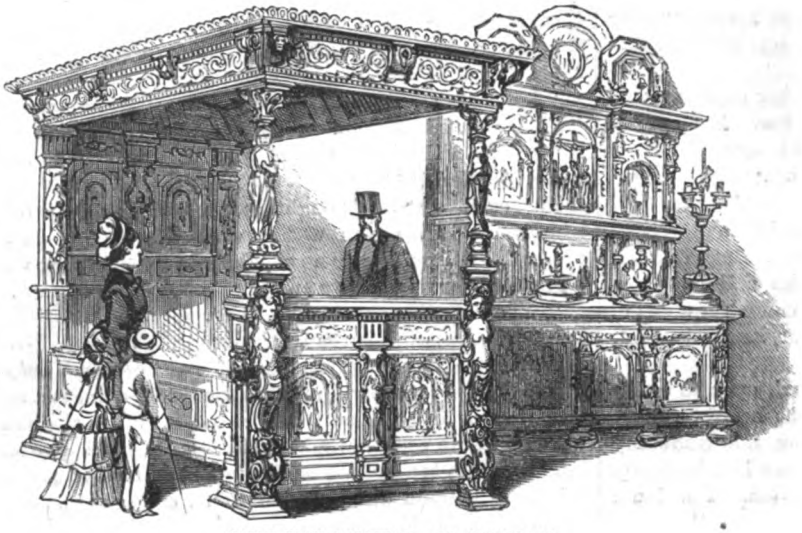
Just as we enter, the *pige* herself (who has been completing her toilet in an inner room, with the help of half a dozen female relations) comes forth in all her glory—a typical Norwegian bride.

On finding herself suddenly face to face with a perfect stranger, the young lady's comely countenance shows visible signs of confusion; and when I produce pencil and paper and attempt a sketch of her dress, she seems disposed to "bolt" outright. But her future lord and master reassures her at once with an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

"Don't be afraid, Helga; the gentleman only wants to draw your crown. Stand still, and let him do it."

Miss Helga "stands still" accordingly, and I am enabled to take a full inventory of her very picturesque costume, the details of which I give at length for the benefit of my lady readers, if I am so fortunate as to have any.

The most conspicuous features of it are a white Garibaldi jacket, with large hanging sleeves, and a piece of embroidery on the breast shaped like a shield; a red bodice, trimmed with green velvet, coming low down on



NORWEGIAN BEDSTEAD AND SIDEBOARD.

the shoulders; and a skirt of dark blue *wadmaal*, quite short enough to display to perfection a pair of the prettiest ankles in Norway.

The young lady's rich brown hair is judiciously allowed to hang loose over her shoulders, and the only visible ornaments of her dress are a waistband embroidered with gold thread, and a circular band of gold on the neck. But this simplicity is more than counterbalanced by the profuse decoration of the bridal crown which adorns her head. In Russia, although the popular phrase for marriage is "to go under the crown," the actual crown itself is nothing more than a wreath; but the Norwegian *kron* is a different affair altogether. Helga's white forehead is surmounted by no simple wreath, but by a magnificent tower-like tiara, of which the Pope himself might be proud, interwoven with bright scarlet ribbons, and hung with enough gold beads and bangles to set up any princess in "Lalla Rookh."

While I am criticising the lady, my English henchman,

LUTHERAN CLERGYMAN, NORWAY.

Saunders, is "taking stock" of the furniture and household utensils, which are certainly well worth looking at. Many of these quaint little farmhouses, far away from the beaten track of civilization, contain cabinets, bedsteads and sideboards of carved oak worthy of a Louis Quatorze chateau, which have descended from father to son since the days of Gustavus Vasa; and in not a few out-of-the-way nooks of Norway and Sweden you may find antique silver spoons and goblets which would command any price from a connoisseur in London or New York.

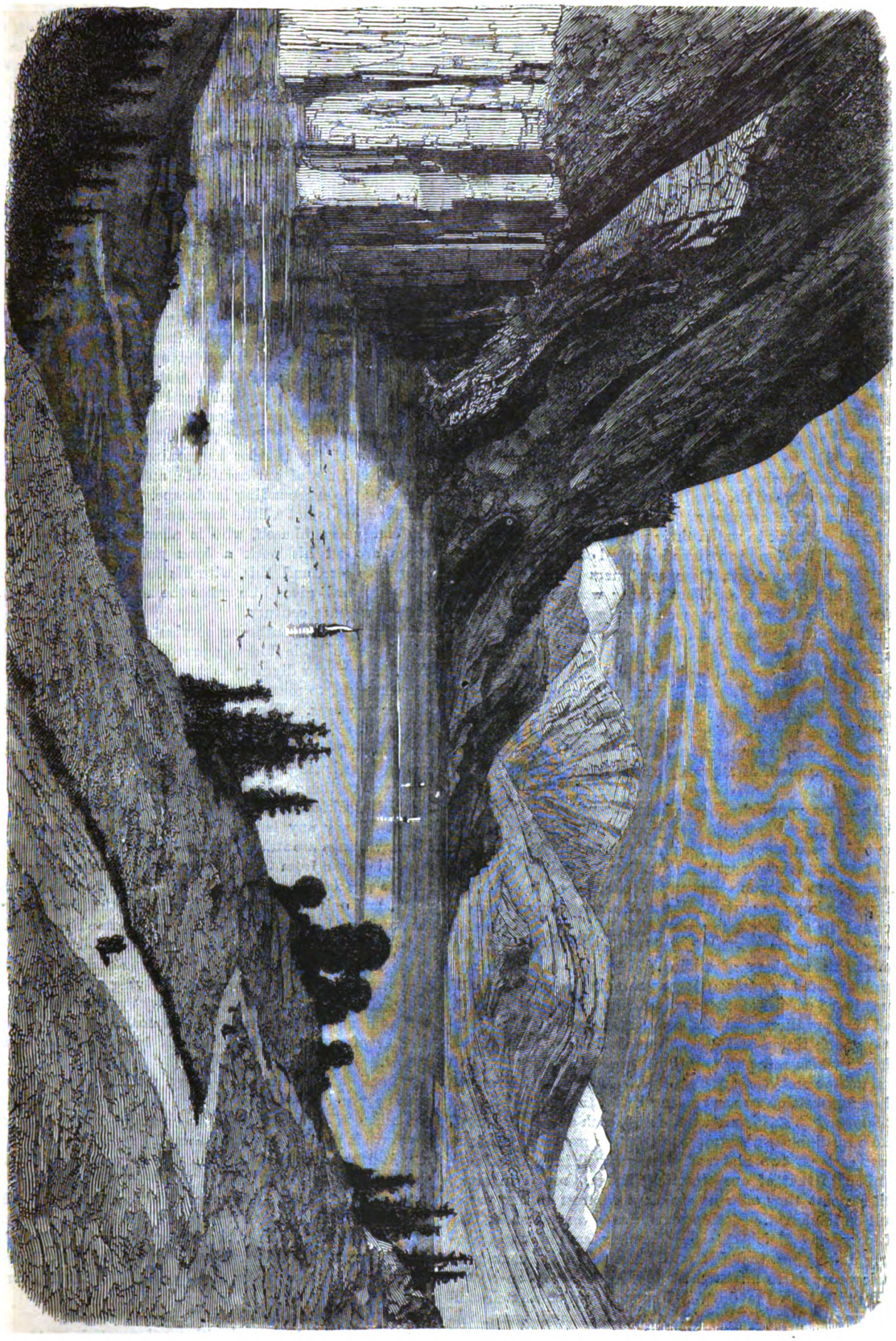
But all this while the bridal party has been mustering outside; and now the bride's father—a ruddy-faced, stalwart old patriarch, with a beard as broad and thick as a door-mat—comes forward to announce that all is ready, and that it is time for us to set off to the church.

Off we set accordingly, though not without a somewhat unexpected prologue. Some of the wedding-guests—doubtless under the inspiration of a few glasses of good Northern whisky—decide upon indemnifying themselves in advance for the slow pace of the procession, by having a little fun before the start. Accordingly they put their horses to speed, and gallop up and down the road, with a succession of ear-piercing yells worthy of my old friends the Cossacks of the Don. Every here and there one of the riders rolls off his horse into the dust, to the no small damage of his wedding finery, while the rest, instead of compassionating

NORWEGIAN GRODSTICK.

him, ride over him with the utmost composure, seeming to care very little whether they trample upon him or not.

This little interlude being ended, the bridal procession gets fairly under way at last, presenting as queer a picture as can easily be imagined. First come the two fathers, in blue coats and silver buttons, with hats so enormous that the faces beneath them look very much like a cucumber under a bell-glass. Then follows the "best man," with a huge frilled collar sticking out all round his neck, like the label on a medicine-bottle. Beside him rides one of the most important personages of the day—viz., the fiddler, without whom no Norwegian wedding can go off properly.



A MIDNIGHT SCENE IN NORTHERN NORWAY.

Early as it is, the worthy musician has evidently been "wetting his whistle" already, and can with difficulty be restrained from executing a frantic solo upon his instrument every now and then, to the manifest discomposure of his sober-minded horse.

Next in order come the bride and bridegroom, mounted on white horses linked together by a coupling-chain, emblematic of the bond which is about to unite their riders. My English henchman, who has the eye of a hawk for everything connected with horses, is not slow to perceive that one of the gallant steeds owes its color to art rather than to nature, and goes into a paroxysm of suppressed laughter over the discovery.

Then, riding two-and-two like troopers on parade, appear the relatives and friends of both parties, who seem to be remarkably well off in that respect. The men, like the two "heavy fathers" at the head of the procession, wear blue coats with silver buttons, supplemented in most cases by round caps trimmed with fur, and high boots reaching to the knee.

The married ladies are, one and all, exact fac-similes of the bride, minus the crown and the flowing hair. They are perched on curious side-saddles, with a hanging step on one side to support the feet, and carry in their hands pocket-handkerchiefs almost as big as tablecloths, appallingly suggestive of the floods of tears which they intend to shed during the ceremony

As I look back to watch their progress, Saunders ranges up alongside of me to relieve his mind of a remark:

"Tell you what, sir, these foreigners seem an unmannerly kind o' lot, too. That young woman yonder's as nice a gal as I've set eyes on for a goodish bit, and yet I'm blest if they don't all keep on callin' her 'smoked piggy'!"

"That's their word for 'nice girl' in this country, Saunders," answer I, with difficulty keeping my countenance at this new version of "*smukt pige.*"

"Well, I never!" ejaculates the amazed John Bull. "I've heerd a young gal called 'a duck' often enough, but I never heerd of anybody callin' her 'smoked piggy' before!"

And now comes the most picturesque part of the whole show—a far-extending file of young girls, among whom are to be seen not a few faces quite pretty enough to make the fact of their owners being still unmarried a standing reproach to the whole masculine portion of the community. As in some parts of Russia, their maiden state is expressed by the hair being plaited in two long tails, which hang down over the back, and are tied together at the ends with a piece of ribbon. The gay kerchiefs and bright-colored rosettes of these young ladies, their tasteful wreaths of narcissus, their sunny hair and clear blue eyes, and that peculiar softness of complexion which is characteristic of the Norse and Danish races, all combine to form a picture which any painter might love to copy.

But the spectacle is not over yet. Following in the rear of our procession comes another bridal train, consisting of at least thirty *stolkjaere* (small carts), each and all crammed like a sardine-tin with guests of both sexes. In the foremost cart sit two mature ladies, arrayed in bridal finery similar to that of our charming Helga, though in every other point they offer as strong a contrast to her as can well be imagined. Both are manifestly on the wrong side of forty, and their flat, sallow, homely faces look so singularly uninviting, that I inwardly marvel at the courage of their prospective husbands.

By this time the dust, bad enough under any circumstances, has been stirred up by the wheels and horse-hoofs to an extent suggestive of a simoom. The blue-coated gentlemen look like a committee-meeting of baker-boys, and the white, powdery cloud works sad havoc among the gay toilets of the ladies. Even the two mature vestals in the bridal cart, despite all their efforts, spoil the effect of their dignified attitude by sneezing lustily every two or three minutes.

One of my Norse companions, shooting a sly side-glance at the pair, whispers to me, "*Gammle brut*" (an old bride), which uncourteous epithet arouses once more the righteous indignation of my friend, Mr. Saunders.

"By jingo!" says he, wrathfully, "if *I* was a woman, catch me livin' in a country where they call a young girl a smoked piggy, and an' old 'un a gammony brute!"

But there is no time to pursue this interesting subject, for just at this moment a sudden turn of the road brings us in sight of the village church.

Strictly speaking, the building itself can scarcely be termed ornamental, framed as it is of rough-hewn pine logs smeared with tar, which give it very much the look of a badly smoked stock-fish. But the quiet little graveyard, with its low gray wall, and its smooth green turf dotted with white headstones, would make a worthy frontispiece for Gray's "Elegy;" and the quaint, patriarchal simplicity of the interior harmonizes well with the old-world costumes of our cavalcade, and with the primitive aspect of the surrounding landscape.

This effect is not a little increased by the appearance of the clergyman himself, who is already at his post. He wears around his neck a *bona fide* Elizabethan ruff of enormous size, and this, with his long black cassock and pointed beard, gives him quite the air of a "schoolman" of the sixteenth century.

The simple old Lutheran service is soon over, and my friend Lars's bride (looking prettier than ever in the first flush of her new dignity) is handed round, like a tray of refreshments, to receive the embraces and congratulations of her relatives. Then we get to horse again, and ride back to the village at a much livelier pace than our former one, while the fiddler strikes up a wedding-march that makes the air ring.

The next thing, of course, is to do justice to the substantial breakfast that awaits us, provided on a scale which would dismay any languid "society" appetite. For in Norway things are still done in the bountiful ancient style, handed down from those good old times when any hospitable gentleman, whose own stock of beef was running short, had only to go forth and carry off that of his neighbor, and cut his throat to boot if he presumed to object.

As we enter the courtyard, where the tables have been spread, my boatman, Olaf (who has undertaken to be my chaperon, the bridegroom himself having naturally something else to think about), sees my eyes wandering toward a huge wooden framework, almost as big as the cow-catcher of a locomotive, which is lying in the further corner.

"That's one of our snow-plows, master," says he, with a grin; "and you'd find it hard work to get about without them, if you were to come here at Christmas-time. We have it pretty deep here then, I can tell you."

"And then, I suppose, you take to your snowshoes?" suggest I.

"Just so. And famous races we have over the hills. There's no finer fun in the world than coming down a steep slope on snowshoes, if you can keep your feet; but if you can't——" an expressive shrug finishes the sentence. "I like it better than *pige kelker*, though, for all that."

"What's that, pray?"

"A sort of sled, steered with two long sticks. At a dis-

tance, it looks just like rowing a boat on dry land; but you can go pretty quick on them, all the same. And then the sleighing! I tell you, when once I get fairly started, and feel the wind whistling through my hair, and hear the bells jingling merrily, and see the frozen woods flying past on each side, I feel as if I should like to do nothing else all the rest of my life!"

And now we take our places, and the marriage feast begins in earnest. As if the mighty meal were not sufficient of itself, it is preluded (according to the invariable custom of Norway and Sweden) by a perfect legion of small saucers, filled with sliced ham, tongue, beef, smoked salmon, etc., supplemented with strong liquors of every kind.* This formidable prologue—reminding me of the work scarified by Lord Macaulay for possessing a title as long as an ordinary preface, and a preface as long as an ordinary book—is popularly known as *smorgosbrod* (bread and-butter), which, however, plays a very subsidiary part in the enormous total.

The saucers are soon emptied, and then, for the next half-hour or more, the rattle of knife and fork is as steady and continuous as the musketry of a great battle. The ladies eat as heartily as the gentlemen, and the parson himself, who is just opposite me, shows himself as valiant a trencherman as any of his flock.

For those who prefer it, there is excellent coffee to be had, but the principal liquors are Christiania beer, sour cream and corn whisky—to all of which the revelers do justice. My Englishman makes trial of all three, greeting each in turn with a grimace of marked disapproval.

"They ain't so bad in the eatin' line, sir, these chaps," he whispered to me, confidentially; "but I never knew a foreigner yet who 'ad a proper appreciation of drinks. It don't seem to lie in the genius o' the race, somehow."

And now, the appetites of the company being a little appeased, up rises the bride's father, in all the glory of a white shirt-collar three sizes too big for him, and strikes up a highly patriotic Norwegian song, in the chorus of which all energetically join in making the glasses rattle again. This is appropriately supplemented by the toast which never fails to arouse a Norseman's enthusiasm in any part of the world—that of "*Gammle Norge*" (Old Norway), as the land of Thor is affectionately called by its children.

Other toasts succeed, each honored with a full measure of good liquor. There is the health of the bride, the health of the bridegroom, the health of their respective fathers and mothers (not to mention their sisters and cousins and aunts), and finally the health of every one else, myself included. I believe I made some kind of a speech in acknowledgment, but at this moment I have not the slightest idea what it was about, except that it ended with some flattering allusions to Norway, the sea-kings, and my poor old friend Ole Bull (whom no one *then* supposed to be within one short month of his end), which completely "brought down the house."

In the midst of all this speech-making, in comes a sturdy fellow with a brimming punch-bowl, huge enough to have served Harold Hardrada himself, at sight of which a rollicking young student on my left, home from Christiania for his Summer vacation, strikes up a very appropriate drinking-song, to which the following translation does but scanty justice:

"Four elements, joined in
An emulous strife,
This universe fashion,
And constitute life.

"From out the sharp citron
The starry juice pour;
For acid to life is
The innermost core.

"Now, now let the sugar
The bitter one meet;
Thus still be life's bitter
Toned down by the sweet!

"Now let the bright water
Flow into the bowl;
Thus water, the calm one,
Embraces the whole.

"Now drops of the spirit
Pour quick'ning within;
For Life but it's life from
The spirit can win.

"Then haste while it gloweth,
Your vessels to bring;
The wave has but virtue
Drunk hot from the spring!"

The singer is lustily applauded, and the fun goes on briskly, jokes, healths, songs, stories following each other without a check. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, does a stranger feel at home so soon and so thoroughly as at a merrymaking in Norway. Already I have shaken hands half a dozen times over with every soul within reach, and seem to have known these jovial comrades all my life, instead of having seen them for the first time barely an hour before.

But just as the merriment is at its height, there comes a sound which breaks in upon it as effectually, though not quite so tragically, as the cannon of Waterloo upon the military ball at Brussels. The notes of a fiddle are heard from the "great room" of the house, as a hint that the drinking has lasted long enough, and that the dancing is about to take its place. Up start the whole company at once, and rush helter-skelter into the house.

In most other countries, it would be a hazardous experiment to supplement a drinking-bout with a dance; but not so here. Most of the faces are certainly a good deal flushed, but the feet and hands are just as steady as ever. In fact, your Norse villager—thanks to his open-air life and constant exercise—is a seasoned vessel, capable of absorbing with impunity an amount of liquor which would lay any degenerate foreigner under the table at once.

"Now, Saunders," whisper I, as we enter the long, low room, with its heavy cross-beams and bare floor, "this sort of capering is scarcely the thing for a man who is just well of an African sunstroke; so I'll just sit here and watch *you* go in and win, for the honor of the old flag and the credit of Pall-Mall.'

Saunders complies, nothing loath; for he is secretly rather proud of his agility, and certainly not without reason. But he is not long in finding out that he has met his match this time. The Norse beauties, delighted with their new partner (for a foreigner, and, above all, a foreigner who can dance, is not to be met with every day in this out-of-the-way nook), have a regular scramble for him; and as fast as he gets rid of one lady, he is pounced upon by another.

Meanwhile, I, sitting at my ease in the corner, watch with no small amusement the gradual waning of his jaunty briskness into the "dragging" movement which shows how the pace is beginning to tell. At length he can bear up no longer, and comes staggering back to his place, spent, gasping, crimson with heat, his neat white collar wofully crumpled, and his hair as wild as if it had been arranged by the Cow with the Crumpled Horn—the greatest possible contrast to the quiet, orderly, prim-looking man who left me barely twenty minutes ago.

* This curious custom exists, though in a modified form, in Russia, where it is called *zakooska*.

"Oh, law!" he pants, pressing his hand to his side; "blest if they haven't danced me all to bits! They go by clockwork, them gals do, and no mistake. Let them try it that like; *I've* had enough!"

Just at this moment a general shout proclaims that the bride's crown has fallen off. According to the native custom, she is bound to dance till it does; but, happily for the poor girl—who might otherwise have to keep on dancing all night, like a firefly—it has been loosely put on by her considerate mother, who now comes forward and leads her from the room.

The general revelry, however, goes on as vigorously as ever, and I am told by an old gentleman beside me that it must be kept up for sixty hours (such being the custom), the dancers taking an occasional rest, and then "going at it" again.

"Sixty hours!" echo I; "I am afraid, then, I can't have the pleasure of sitting out the performance. As for you, Saunders, *you* seem to have had about enough of it, too; so make your bow to the company, and let us be jogging."

UMBRELLAS IN BURMAH.—In the capital of Burmah gold or gilded umbrellas, which in the provinces may be carried by anybody, are reserved for princes of the blood alone; consequently red umbrellas are affected by the gay sparks of Burmese society as being the next thing most gaudy in appearance. Etiquette has also fixed the exact number of umbrellas that Burmese nobles may display when they approach "the lord of the golden palace"; and no one but the En-She-Men, or heir-apparent, is entitled to have borne over his litter the full complement of eight golden umbrellas.

AN UNKIND WORD from one beloved often draws blood from a heart which would defy the battle-ax of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire.

IN A HOLLOW MOUNTAIN.

BY DAVID KER.

"*Torg-hatten* means Torg's hat, don't it? Well, if *that* was his hat, Torg himself must have been a strapping fellow!" says one of our passengers, as the steamer anchors off the "perforated island" of Torg-hatten, one of the wonders of the far North.

"But why on earth do they call it a hat? It's not a bit like one!" cries another, eying critically the vast black peak which blots the bright evening sky like a thundercloud, casting its grim shadow far over the lonely sea.

"I suppose because it has a hole through it—the usual ornament of a hat in these parts," suggest I. "Well, I see our good captain has lowered the boat—so suppose we go ashore and see for ourselves?"

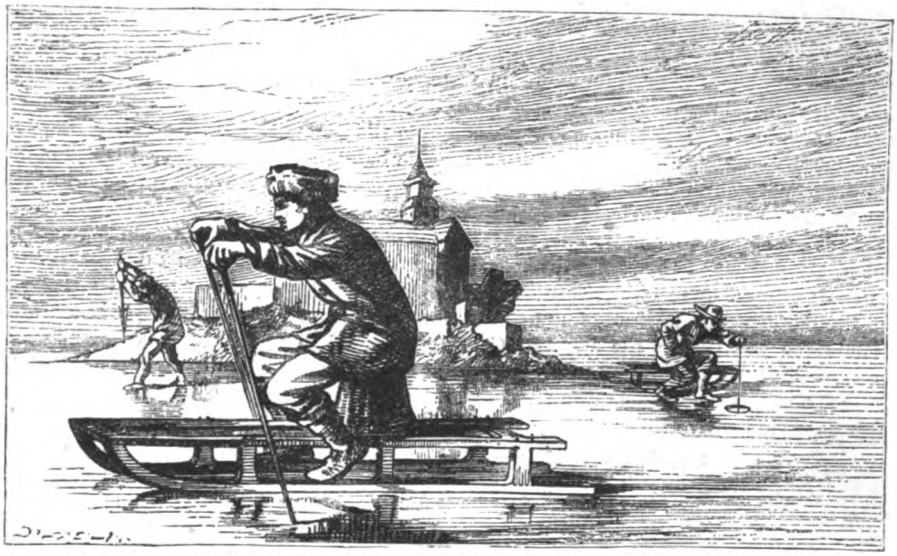
NORWEGIAN SNOWSHOES.

We are indeed a motley party. Two Polish counts, whose entire baggage seems to consist of a case of claret, and another of canned meats; three Boston ladies, who scramble over the wet rocks as *woman*-fully as if they had just been reading "Excelsior"; a Prussian Jew, who might sit for the portrait of *Shylock*, and who revenges himself upon Shakespeare by constantly reciting him; a roystering Englishman, making every cliff and islet resound with uproarious selections from "Pinafore"; and others besides, too numerous to name.

The low ridge fronting the sea, though rugged and slippery enough, is easily surmounted; but when we have passed it, and crossed the deep, moat-like gully that encircles the great black castle of bare rock beyond, our work begins in earnest.

The regular programme of every mountain ascent appears to be somewhat as follows: You start with a jaunty step and a general air of being able to scale Chimborazo

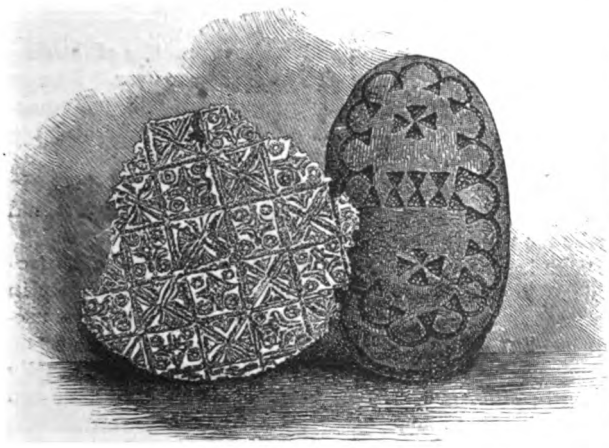
and the Himalayas, but condescending to this little thing in default of better. Toward the end of the first hour, the jauntiness of your step is not quite so manifest, and you become aware of an invisible hand pinching your left side, and a plum of monstrous size sticking half-way down your throat. Presently you find yourself taking such an absorbing interest in the scenery, that you are impelled to halt every two or three minutes to turn around and look at it. Meanwhile your naturally sweet temper gets ruffled to such a degree, that the accidental collision of your toes with a sharp stone, or the obtrusive attentions of an inquisitive fly to the interior of your left ear, goad you to absolute frenzy, and to the utterance of remarks which your calmer judgment would wholly disapprove. Then you feel yourself gradually filled with an unhallowed longing to see your comrade sprain his ankle, or break his head, or do *anything* which may give you a chance of stopping to breathe; and when he does not, you regard him as a malefactor of the deepest dye, and wish he were dead. Finally, all these varied emotions melt into one great gush of savage misanthropy, embracing yourself, your companions, the hills, the view, mountain-ascents generally, and the whole created universe.



AT A NORWEGIAN WEDDING.— A PIGE KELKER.— SEE PAGE 679.

DRINKING VESSEL.

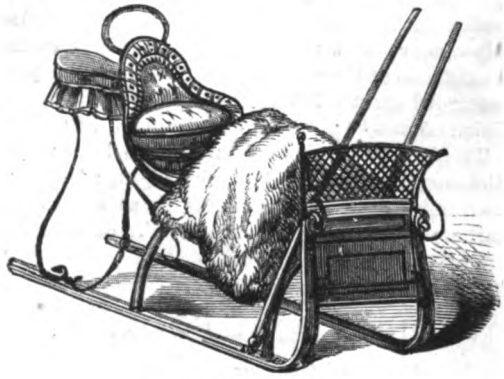
Through all these changes do we pass in succession, without seeing the least sign of the famous "hole," till at length our patience begins to run short, and some of the weaker vessels are manifestly on the point of sitting down and declaring that "there can't be much to see, after all."



NORWEGIAN FLATBROD.

"Guess I'm a big fool to come all this way for nothing," growls a stalwart New Englander, mopping his face for the twentieth time. "Who'd ever think of climbin' half a mile of stairs, just to look at a hole?"

"That depends a good deal upon the hole's surroundings," answer I. "You remember Paddy's recipe for making a cannon: 'Take a long, narrow hole, and put iron around it.'"



NORWEGIAN SLEIGH.

And the Englishman, catching the prevailing spirit, breaks out at the top of his voice:

"Up, upward we go plodding, but we never reach the goal,
For the rocks are far too trying, both for body and for *sole;*
And vainly we keep hunting for a non-existent hole,
As we go marching on."

Just at this crisis, our jovial captain (who has lingered behind to give some orders to his men) appears from somewhere as suddenly as if he had risen through the earth, and comforts us by calling out, in the cheeriest tone imaginable:

"Hi! you go quite de wrong vay altogedder!"

So saying, he turns our caravan around, and leads the way up an almost imperceptible path that winds off among the rocks to our left.

We follow, sulkily enough; but, all at once, a sudden turn around a sharp corner brings us face to face with a view which would well repay much greater labor.*

* Two similar tunnels, the Martinsloch and the Urnerloch, figure among the "sights" of Switzerland.

Right before us, in the very heart of the solid rock, yawns a magnificent natural tunnel, at least fifty feet in height by more than two hundred yards in length, piercing the whole breadth of the mountain, from side to side. Through it, as through some great cathedral window, we see, far beyond, the glittering snow-peaks along the horizon, and the craggy, wood-crowned islets that lie between, and the smooth surface of the blue, sparkling sea, and the tiny fishing-boats with their high prows and huge square-cut sails, that flit to and fro upon it like fireflies—all which, steeped in the brief, bright splendor of the Northern sunset, burst upon our eyes in one blaze of glory. At last the mighty picture lies before us in all its grandeur—a landscape painted by the hand of God, and framed in the shadow of the eternal mountains. In the face of such a scene, one can well understand the Norseman's stern admiration of his native hills:

> Thou hast made Thy children mighty
> With the touch of the mountain sod;
> For the strength of the hills we bless Thee
> Our God, our fathers' God!"

"I wonder how this curious chasm was originally produced?" remarks one of the Boston ladies, with a meditative air.

"Professor Airy," answers a grave-looking gentleman in black, consulting his inseparable guide-book, "attributes it to the degradation of a great mass or vein of mica."

"And Norse tradition," add I, "attributes it to an arrow shot by an ancient giant after his runaway sweetheart (then 105 miles off), with such force as to transfix not only the lady, but the mountain, too. You can adopt whichever explanation strikes you as the more probable, ladies; I will only observe that the legend is singularly confirmed by the existence of the archer's petrified figure (as you will see to-morrow) exactly 105 miles from this spot."

"Which shows," puts in our English friend, "that either the giant or the legend must have been very good with the long bow. Well, it's a fine sight, anyhow; but, now that we've seen it, I think, as those clouds yonder look rather threatening, the sooner we're on board again the better."

YOUNG AND FOOLISH.

Chapter I.

"NELL! NELL! engaged two whole months, and I have never dared kiss you yet."

"Mercy on us, Paul! what is the sense of kissing? Haven't I told you over and over that I consider it a perfectly childish, absurd custom? I set my face against it on principle, even with female friends, and you surely would not have me practice it with a young man. One can be engaged without kissing, I presume. Gracious the very idea ought to make you blush in a room by yourself, with the blinds down!"

"There is no more reason for an engaged couple's blushing than for a man to blush who kisses his wife," said Paul Darnly. "If they are engaged, they naturally expect to marry at some time. Oh, Nell, you would not think so if you loved me much!"

"Much? I never said I did. I told you that I liked you better than any other man, and so I do. *Strange* man, I mean—for, of course, I love papa best. And you would—you know you would—persist in calling it an engagement."

"Yes, I know," said Paul, sadly. "I was thankful for your *liking* me. But oh, my darling! will you never, never *love* me as I do you? Nell, Nell! you are not trifling with me?" he cried, eagerly, in a tone of suspicion, bending over her as she carelessly whirled back and forth on the piano-stool.

"Trifling with you? No, Paul," she said, simply. "Have I ever been in 'society,' that I should have learned to flirt? And"—her cool blue eyes looking steadily up into his, which were ardent and impassioned—"you know as well as I do that there is no other person whom I could, by any possibility, have fallen in love with. I am telling you the simple truth when I say I like you next best to papa. But, as for kissing—pshaw! Kissing is foolishness."

Paul took up his hat, looking pained and mortified.

"I do not expect to see you again for ten long months, Nellie. You do not really care for me. I fear they will be very bitter months."

"Men are so bent and determined on doing things their own way," said Nellie, peevishly. "You have got my photograph and a ridiculous lock of my hair, and yet nothing will please you but kissing."

Paul strode moodily up and down the floor, and Nellie was watching him.

"Men cannot endure to be crossed in the slightest little whim," she continued; "as if I would have made beadwork slippers for you if I had not been ever so fond of you! I did not make any for papa. Well, Paul," with a discontented little sigh, seeing he did not speak, "as you are going away for so long—that is always a man's trump card—I don't mind—you can—can—kiss me, I suppose—once."

Paul's eyes lighted up with inexpressible tenderness as he approached her.

But Nellie frowned severely, and looked extremely glum and disagreeable.

For all she had been so cool during the discussion, a hot flush dyed neck and face when she felt Paul's brown mustache pressed upon her soft lips.

"There! you need not put your arm around me," she cried, pettishly; "and now I hope you are satisfied that I am not trying to flirt with you."

"Thanks, darling—from my heart."

"And remember," cries Nellie, "that if I should kiss other strange men after this, that you would insist on my beginning it yourself."

"Hush—hush, Nell; don't talk so. And, darling, why will you call me a *strange* man?"

"Well, you are no kin to me, and I don't like kissing a bit," with a stamp and a frown.

"Then I differ with you, as I knew why kiss rhymes with bliss for half a second."

"And so I suppose you will make a practice of kissing those Western girls you are to be professor over. I know they are all freckled-faced, though; and I heard somebody say that all the Western girls had red hair and big feet."

"Your informant was mistaken in his facts. I only wish you cared whether I kissed them or not; it would make me very happy."

"Oh! of course, you will come back decked with trophies, like an Indian warrior. If you are particular in getting curls of the same shade, they might really be useful, too," cried Nell, laughing. "And then I would sit 'on a monument smiling at grief,' or something else equally absurd; and somebody might write a poem about us and hand us down to fame."

"Nellie, do be serious!"

"Then, seriously, Paul, I fear—I greatly fear—that

nothing half so exciting will ever happen. We will be a commonplace couple, without a previous love-scrape on either side, for one to throw up to the other, and actually be too humdrum and well-regulated to enjoy our peaceful, proper surroundings. Oh, I wish—I wish—I were going off somewhere, too! It will be duller than ever, now that I will not have even you to help drag the hours out. Heigh-ho!" and she sighed, dismally.

"I should have said good-by the moment I kissed you, Nell," said Paul.

"Pray do not allude to that performance again," cried the girl, testily. "I heartily repent already, and am almost tempted to make a vow it shall never be repeated—at any rate, not until we are married; for you cannot make me believe it is proper."

"I do not wish to annoy you, my darling," said Paul, gently. "I hope we shall not quarrel when we are married, Nell. Ah! only eleven months, now, and I shall be back to claim you. It makes me almost dizzy to think of the happiness in store."

"Try not to think about it, then," said the young girl, with her lips set hard together. "That is what I do. I shall shut my eyes and count ten during the ceremony, as when I swallow a bitter pill. It will be so horribly dull and stupid. I have never been anywhere, nor seen anybody, and will go from one house into another without even changing my initials. Don't you know, Paul, that 'If you change the name and not the letter, you change for worse and not for better'? Paul, Paul! I wish you had not set your heart on this plan of marrying!"

She crossed her arms moodily over the piano, and leaned her face on them, while a terrible alarm seized Paul's heart and wrung it.

"Darling—my darling, if you knew how such words wound me, you would never say them. Look at me, Nell. I am going away for so long! Only say once, 'I love you, Paul!' *Love*, not *like!*"

"If you will stand in the middle of the room, I will say anything you like," said Nellie, her face still in her hands. "Now, Paul, I love *you*, I love *music*, I love *fruit-cake*, I love—— Why, Paul"—in astonishment—"I do believe you are getting angry! I did not know you were so ill-tempered! There, I hear the bell! Surely it is too early to go yet!" Seeing him looked grieved, she cried: "Paul, Paul, do not mind me! You know I love you, only I am contrary sometimes, and do not like to say so. Forgive me, dear. I will try to improve when you are gone."

He bent over her an instant, with a longing yearning to take her to his heart; but he restrained himself with a fierce effort.

"Farewell, Nellie, darling," he uttered, and the empty hall echoed sadly his departing footsteps.

Nellie Dempster leaned back with a gentle sigh of relief.

"Novels must tell great lies," she said, dolefully. "The men and women in them never seem happy or contented until they get engaged, but I am sure it is anything but delightful to me. Paul bores me horribly at times. I suppose one gets accustomed to it all when one is irrevocably married, and I do fervently hope it may be nicer."

She listlessly touched off some rambling snatches from Handel and Haydn, yawned, took up the second volume of "Children of the Abbey," went to sleep over it, and was awakened by the summons for dinner.

While she is engaged with a not very elaborate repast, let us go back and rake up a few antecedents for this small heroine.

Nellie Dempster was her father's only daughter. A mother's love she had never known, and seventeen years of her life had passed away quietly and tranquilly before her father discovered that she was no longer a child. What made him suddenly aware that she was a woman was this: Paul Darnly came to ask her hand in marriage.

"I consider it my duty to inform you, sir," said Mr. Dempster, "that Nellie will have no fortune whatever. The estate is mortgaged, and my salary has never more than supported us."

"I ask for your daughter's hand, Mr. Dempster," said Paul, haughtily. "If I could not support her myself, I would not have urged this request."

And so Nellie had allowed herself, as "Papa did not object," to become engaged.

These are the antecedents I spoke of; and while Nellie, who is young and hungry, eats her cold beef, salad and potatoes with a tranquil mind, thinking nothing of the little episode of the morning, Paul Darnly, with a heart in his breast heavy as a stone, is speeding over the Union Pacific Railroad toward his destination, as professor in a female seminary in one of the far Western States.

When the moon, in unclouded majesty, peeps in that night through Nellie's casement, it finds her dreaming of imaginary ballroom triumphs, and the pink on her cheek flushes into crimson before lovers, who, alas! do not resemble Paul Darnly.

While he, still rushing at headlong speed through valleys and forests of midnight darkness, out into the plain, over the river, whirling back apparently through the same valleys and forests again and again, he smokes a solitary cigar, and his warm, faithful heart, true as steel, goes out in a gush of tenderness toward the little maid he left so many miles behind him.

Why is it that great, strong men, clever, old enough to be young Solomons—men who can see their own interest plainly enough in all else—why is it that such men will fall headlong in love with blue-eyed, fair-faced, pink-cheeked young women?—young women who are so thoroughly unreasonable that they domineer unmercifully over the finest feelings, and are greatly astonished that the worm, man, should at last turn.

Paul Darnly knew no end of Latin, was well versed in the intricacies of Greek roots, could come as near squaring the circle as any other man, and was as much at home with the "old ancients" and their proceedings as we are with our neighbors' affairs.

Still, with "Helen of Troy," and her airs and graces, in his mind, the "Female Cunigonde," "Evadne, the violet-haired," and a hundred other classic dames fresh in memory, he actually committed his great warm heart into Nellie Dempster's keeping.

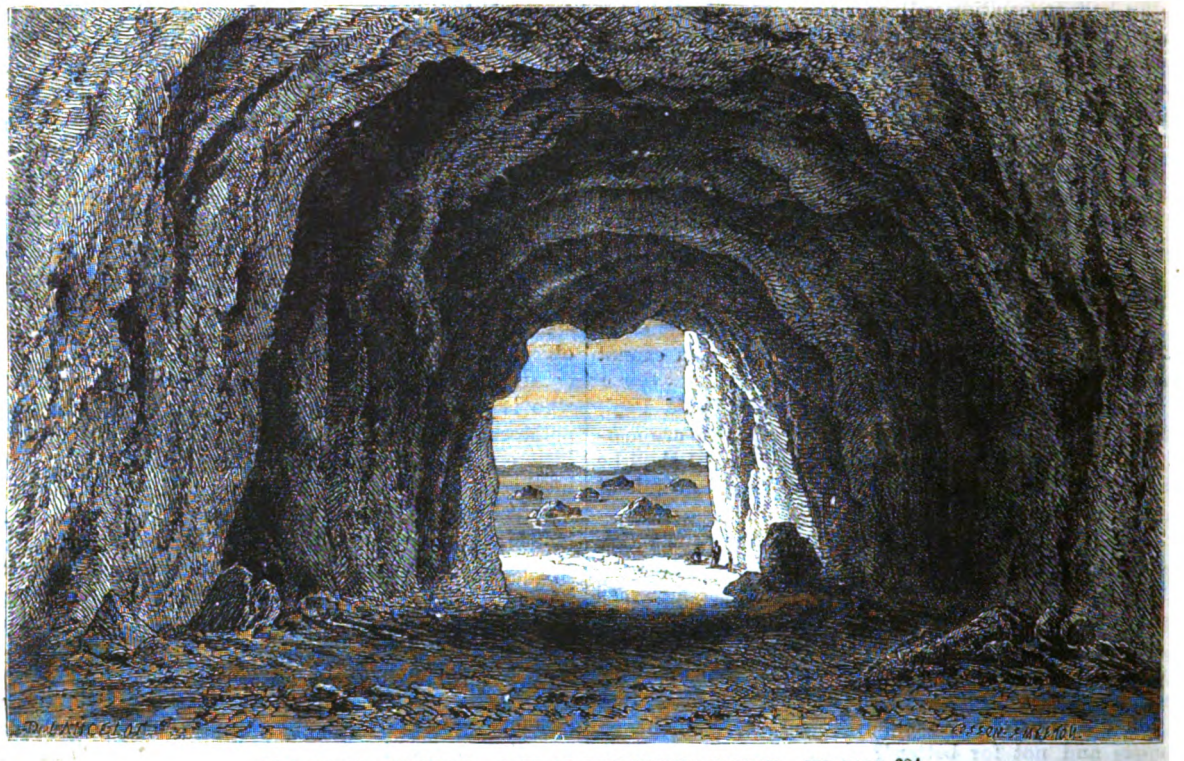
She, not having her affections greatly set upon the possession of such trifles, would have vastly preferred a pair of pink coral earrings—so becoming to blondes—or a black grosgrain silk, trimmed with plenty of lace.

To Paul, Nellie's pink cheeks and fair white throat were perfect innocence; under her broad, smooth forehead could lurk no guile. Her soft blue eyes bewildered him, and when her golden curls brushed against his shoulder, it sent the blood whirling through his veins.

Fresh and young, with her dainty white frills and ruffles around her, she was to him the incarnation of youth, truth and loveliness. Oh, he was very hard hit, indeed!

Nellie is fast asleep. The ballroom, the lovers, the dresses and lights have all vanished. The showman has dropped the curtain—the play is over.

But cigar after cigar does Paul Darnly smoke, wide awake, dreaming, dreaming of her. And ever, with a rush and rattle and roar, he sweeps further and further away,



IN A HOLLOW MOUNTAIN.—CAVE AT TORG-HATTEN, NORWAY.—SEE PAGE 684.

over plains and rivers, along the brinks of fearful precipices, through forests, valleys, arches, tunnels, over and over and over again. *Fouette cocher!*

Chapter II.

Two months after Paul's departure, Mr. Dempster died. It was a sudden death, and, of course, very dreadful for his daughter, who was left so lonely and friendless all at once.

After the edge of her grief had worn off somewhat, the spirit of independence rose within her breast.

Positively refusing Paul's urgent entreaties to allow him to resign his position and come home to her, she felt some little pride in the idea of earning, for a while at least, her own livelihood.

Through the instrumentality of her father's lawyer, the situation of teacher in a private family was obtained for her.

And that was how Nellie Dempster came to be at Northbend, in the family of Mrs. Sherwood. There were three meek-eyed, fair-faced little pupils, upon whose young minds she had stipulated to impress the rudiments of the English language, with as much French as the little things could manage.

If in this change of life Nellie Dempster had hoped to become initiated into the pomps and vanities of society, a week's experience at Northbend was sufficient to undeceive her. Indeed, the first glance at her employer's face was enough to nip in the bud any glowing aspirations after gayety.

Clad severely in black, Mrs. Sherwood appeared to be about sixty. Her face was one which might have once been fair to look upon, but on which sorrow and care had carved lines many and deep.

The house had been newly fitted up on the occasion of its occupation by Mrs. Sherwood's family. "Ada, Rupert and Louise Burleigh," she said, on introducing the little children to Nellie. Adding, with a sigh, "My only descendants; they are the children of my daughter."

A stranger in the neighborhood, and courting retirement, there were absolutely no visitors in Nellie's new home, and in the monotonous routine of teaching A, B, C's and French grammar, the months slowly wore away. She took sober-sided walks with her pupils, and told them solemn little moral tales—everything of an exciting nature being strictly forbidden, after it had been discovered that Rupert cried over "Children in the Wood," and Louise had fancied she saw Red Riding Hood's wolf in the dark.

Nellie received letters glowing with affection from Paul, and wrote very nice, ladylike answers.

It was exceedingly pleasant to know that some one was loving her with ardent affection. She felt deeply grateful to him.

ROADMARKS AND SNOWPLOWS IN NORWAY.

"I shall be fond enough of him in time, I do not doubt," she murmured, after one of the long, tender letters had been twice read.

"I am very glad to be engaged," twisting Paul's ring pensively on her finger; "but how very absurd in him to warn me not to flirt, when, to my certain knowledge, there is not a flirtable creature in shooting distance."

YOUNG AND FOOLISH.—"'OH, NELLIE, NELLIE, LISTEN TO ME!' CRIED MRS. SHERWOOD. MECHANICALLY CLASPING THE CHILD, NELLIE GAZED ONLY UPON BURLEIGH'S FACE. HE EXTENDED HIS ARMS. 'COME TO ME, DARLING! DO NOT LISTEN TO THIS WOMAN.'"

She laughed a little over his tender pleading "not to forget him among the new friends with whom her lot now lay."

"Dear me," thought Nellie, "if my 'new friends' do not make themselves a little more lively, I will not mind marrying much, I imagine."

There were two things which she greatly enjoyed at Northbend. One was a choice modern library—"Ada Burleigh," oftener "Ada Sherwood," written in the volumes. "My daughter's name," Mrs. Sherwood had said, simply. Then there was a magnificent piano—one of Knabe's best instruments.

Nellie played charmingly, and sang with wonderful power and expression.

She would sit hour after hour evoking waves of melody from the compositions of those grand old masters, who may be superseded, but can never be surpassed, by modern composers.

At such times the weary, tense lines about Mrs. Sherwood's sad face would soften, and unshed tears glisten in her melancholy eyes.

The three children gave her very little trouble, little Rupert's studies being confined for the most part to the

intricacies of the alphabet. The girls were older and further advanced.

Mrs. Sherwood watched over them with the tenderest solicitude, insisting on a great deal of leisure and out-of-door exercise for them, objecting strongly to their being confined to books for more than a few hours in the day; so Nellie had a great deal of time at her own disposal.

Had she occupied that leisure in the study of history and moral philosophy, as you, reader, would doubtless have done, Nellie might have greatly improved her mind, and become a very superior young person. It is sad to relate that her researches were in another direction. Her favorite books were novels.

In her father's library there had been only "Clarissa," "Evelina" and "Children of the Abbey." Now she reveled in the fictions of Bulwer, Thackeray and Dickens. She wept sentimental little "weeps" over Miss Muloch's tender love-trials, over "Agatha's Husband"; she dreamed day-dreams, and sang "Herz, mein Herz" with new pathos.

Northbend being a modern house, with new furniture, and, excepting the old negress who still followed Rupert about, new servants—therefore, a mystery was the last thing that Nellie Dempster would have looked for.

Consequently, when, on hurrying down one morning, she ran against a man in the passage, she was as much astonished as if he had been a bear.

Her surprise only increased when the children timidly addressed him as "Papa," and Mrs. Sherwood introduced him as Mr. Burleigh.

She had taken it for granted that her pupils were orphans, as she had not heard any living parent alluded to.

When Nellie had time to observe him, she found Mr. Burleigh not bad-looking.

"So far from it; on the contrary, quite the reverse," she thought to herself; having just finished reading "Pickwick."

He was dark, fierce about the eyes, and very silent, moody and abstracted. Of Nellie he appeared to take not the slightest notice; was barely civil to Mrs. Sherwood, and served as wet blanket to the customary chatter of the children. They sat quiet and subdued.

Mrs. Sherwood, however, was nervous, flushed and agitated; in her manner to him there was a studious anxiety to please.

"Miss Dempster," she said, as Nellie was leaving the room, "pray do not confine the children for long to-day. Their father's society is a happiness they cannot often enjoy."

"My society, indeed! Do not disturb yourself on my account, Mrs. Sherwood," and the new guest strode quickly out of the room, and was soon rapidly walking along the drive. Mrs. Sherwood's countenance fell.

"Ah, my poor children!" she moaned, clasping her hands. "Miss Dempster! Nellie! oh! help me to keep him. If he would only stay with them!—he must—he would surely love his poor little children, as a parent should love his own."

"Believe me, Mrs. Sherwood," said Nellie, touched by her distress, "I would do anything I can to please you. How can I possibly be of any use?"

Mrs. Sherwood pressed her hands to her forehead.

"My dear," she said, after a while, "you can do a great deal. He has a passion for music—this hard-hearted man, he adores it. Sing for him. Nellie, do this much for me! Play your sweetest melodies. Make this dreary house attractive, that he may learn to love his own children. Will you do this much for the sake of a sorrow-stricken old woman, who is at her wits' end?"

Tears trickled down the poor lady's face as she urged this strange request.

"Shall I tell all?" she murmured. "It may be that I ought. What shall I do? Ah! *miserere Domine!*"

"So something has happened, at last," thought Nellie. "Truly, nothing to add much to our gayety; but it is an event all the same, having this grum, stupid, horrid man in the house, and being set to entertain him. He paid me no more attention than if he had been a stone statue. I am thankful that Paul is not such a bear."

In obedience to Mrs. Sherwood's desire, she dismissed her little school at an earlier hour than usual, and proceeded to the drawing-room, to "make music for the bear to dance," as she styled it.

The door opened noiselessly at her touch, but what she saw made her spring back and hurry away like a guilty creature.

Standing haughtily erect, with flashing eyes and fierce gestures, she had seen "the man," and at his feet, on her bended knees, was Mrs. Sherwood, her uplifted hands passionately clasped.

Nellie had not recovered from her surprise when the door was hastily flung open, and Mrs. Sherwood, with agitated step, approached her.

"Oh, Nellie!" she cried, brokenly, with trembling lips, "when Saul was possessed by the evil spirit, David's harp had power to soothe. Now go, my child, and with your music, heaven grant that the fiend I have to contend with may be disarmed. Oh, God, that I should plead in vain with a father for his own children!"

She wrung her hands, weeping bitterly.

Frightened and confused, Nellie took her place at the instrument, and soon the witching strains of the "Olga" were floating on the air.

She played many moments before she dared raise her eyes. Then she saw that "the man" was leaning on the low marble mantel, regarding her with a frown of fierce displeasure.

"I have promised Mrs. Sherwood, sir, and shall continue to play on, whether you like it or not," she thought, defiantly. And bravely the little maiden kept her word, playing on for an hour or more, wondering the while "where he came from, why he made poor Mrs. Sherwood cry, and why he could not have natural affections like other people."

"The man" had for some moments been pacing the room, when he suddenly came over to the piano, and evinced his interest in her by a long, searching scrutiny of her face, which brought the indignant blood rushing to Nellie's cheeks.

In truth, she made a lovely picture, in her dark dress, surrounded with a halo of rosy light coming through the crimson curtains.

She struck a false note again and again.

"There!" she cried, pettishly, "you put me out; I shall go away."

"Tell me, first, did not *she* send you here?" he asked, extending his hand.

"No matter!" cried Nellie, with a crimson flush. "How can it concern you to know? I am going now! I hate to be stared at!"

"Pardon me; I could not help it, and meant no offense. Beautiful objects should not object to being stared at, and you are very lovely."

"It—it is very disagreeable," stammered Nellie, in great confusion. "Good gracious!" she ejaculated, as she flew up-stairs, two steps at a time; "what a horrid man! To stare at one as if one were a flower-pot, and then pay one a horrid compliment! A wretch! I cannot endure him."

Hope is said to spring eternal in the human breast. Vanity, I suppose, does the same in the female bosom. Certain it is that Nellie Dempster took unusual pains with her toilet for dinner that day. She arranged her hair in a new and very *recherché* style, and put on her jet necklace. "It is nice to have a man to dress for," she thought, "even if that man is a bear."

The toilet was thrown away. Little Rupert said to her when she went down-stairs:

"Miss Nellie, papa is gone away, and he didn't kiss anybody but me, 'cause I'm a boy; and papa does not like girls."

Months passed, and all went on as before. Nellie almost forgot that such a creature as "the man" existed.

Chapter III.

"And so you do not like to be stared at?"

It was the voice of "the man," resuming the conversation where it had broken off three months before.

Nellie, sitting at her beloved piano, was absorbed in a delicious reverie, evoked from the airy splendor and witching enchantment of "The Wedding March" and "Fairies' Dance," as it is transcribed by Liszt from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

She almost screamed when she saw close to her the flashing black eyes and dark, handsome face of Mr. Burleigh.

Now, in lieu of fierceness, there was a gay smile about the lips, which revealed teeth of dazzling whiteness.

"Yes," he continued, "I am back again, Miss Dempster—back again, like a bad shilling—but transmogrified from the fierce ogre, ready to tear and devour, into a peaceful kind of beast that will scarcely turn if trodden upon."

"I—I do not understand you in the least," said Nellie.

"So much the better, and I will drop this not very agreeable subject—namely, myself. I presume that my highly respected mother-in-law, after the manner of her sex, had made you a depository of the family secrets?"

"Indeed, she has done nothing of the kind!" cried Nellie.

"She gives to the world, then, an example of female fortitude. She must have suffered agonies in repressing her feelings to such an extent," and he laughed a hard, ugly laugh, that made Nellie recoil.

"Mrs. Sherwood is as kind to me as a mother," she said, with dignity. "Pray, turn your wit in some other direction."

"Kind as a mother, indeed! Ah, well, do not go. Continue that lovely sonata, in which all the fairies on earth seem to be represented."

When Mrs. Sherwood found him at Nellie's side, some hours later, her face beamed with unwonted pleasure and content. Nellie knew not what to think of it all.

By degrees, this strange, capricious Burleigh began to assume the position of head of the household, which Mrs. Sherwood appeared but too glad to resign in his favor.

The habit of command seemed born with him, and all yielded to his will. Indeed, Nellie was sometimes surprised to find how completely his word was law in their hitherto quiet household. Not half liking his imperious style, she felt inclined to rebel, when ordered to "Play those airs from Handel, Miss Dempster," or "Read to me now from 'Lucille.'" At such times, a pleading glance or word from Mrs. Sherwood was sure to make her yield.

Man, which includes woman, being a creature of habit, it was not long before she came to miss his presence, if for any reason he failed to appear during the day. Sometimes he would be absent for days, and then reappear with the irregularity of a comet. It was certainly nicer to Nellie to have a "man to sing at" as well as to dress for.

Burleigh never again told her that she was a "beautiful woman" with his lips, though his eyes said it a hundred times. And, in spite of her dislike for him, there was a vague fascination about "the man."

He was by turns gay, light-hearted, and, as suddenly as a meteor shoots, so melancholy that Nellie was ready to pack her trunk and send for Paul, to get away from such dismal companionship. She was annoyed at being set to amuse him; she violently disapproved of him, and quarreled and found fault with him. Finally she became interested and fascinated with him, and thought and wondered far more about him than she did of loyal, true-hearted Paul—Paul, who knew nothing and cared less for the "mysterious attractions of the soul" and "high art" that Burleigh raved about.

Really, Burleigh was at times a most charming companion. Who that has traveled over "far countries" cannot, if he chooses, interest a simple country girl like Nellie, who owned, sadly, that she had seen of the world absolutely nothing.

One day he was giving her a glowing account of *al fresco* life in Italy. "Ah, Miss Dempster," said Burleigh, "I have tasted the pleasures of life! '*Ich habe gelebt, und geliebt!*' I have tasted, but, alas! the cup was suddenly withdrawn from my lips." Then, suddenly as a storm gathers over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, his brow became overcast, gloomy and dejected. He paced the room, moody and abstracted, and vouchsafed not another word.

Little Rupert was seized one night with the croup. The household was hastily summoned, for his breathing was dangerously hoarse and quick. Nellie had sat up late over a new book. She was taking the jet pins out of her yellow hair before the cheval glass, and yawning with weariness, when old Rhoda, the colored nurse, burst in.

"Please, marm, Miss Nellie, he keeps axing for you, de blessed lamb! He dun had a hot bath, and white medicine outen de big bottle, and red medicine outen de little one, and he can't draw his bref most, scarcely. Come along, honey—do see if you can't appease him, nohow."

Nellie threw on a white wrapper and hastened into the nursery. Little Rupert lay in his crib, drawing his breath hard and short. Poor Mrs. Sherwood seemed cut to the heart, and was weak with fear and anxiety.

Burleigh was bending over him. The child's pale face brightened up at sight of Nellie.

"Sing, Miss Nellie—sing to Rupert; make pain go away. Take Rupert, Miss Nellie—so sick!" said the little fellow.

She took him in her arms.

"Poor darling!" she murmured; "he fancies music will relieve him."

"Sing to me—sing, Miss Nellie," said the boy.

Lullaby after lullaby she crooned over him, tenderly rocking him in her arms.

The medicines and hot bath taking effect at last, he closed his eyes in a fitful slumber.

"No, no!" he would mutter, when Nellie attempted to lay him down. "Hold me tight, Miss Nellie; make bad pain go away."

He was a fragile, delicate child, and his weight was slight, but the constraint of her position was becoming very fatiguing to Nellie.

Burleigh watched her closely. He moved once or twice to place a pillow where it would rest her tired arms, as the

ROBIN COMES HOME TO-DAY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 694.

boy would not suffer himself to be taken away. All danger being apparently over, Mrs. Sherwood had been prevailed on to retire, and old Rhoda was dozing in a corner. Nellie's eyelids, too, began to droop in spite of herself.

Only Burleigh, from his seat by the dim nursery-lamp, was wide awake. His eyes gazed with a wild brilliancy, not upon his sleeping son, but on Nellie Dempster's lovely face.

As the serpent gazes upon the victim he would fascinate and destroy, his eyes were fixed upon her fair countenance.

She slumbered lightly. Noiselessly Burleigh moved closer and closer to her side. He passed his hand lightly over her hair again and again. He gazed steadfastly upon her face, and spoke some words in a low whisper.

Suddenly Nellie's eyes flew wide open. With a startled, eager gaze, she followed his every movement.

"Darling," he uttered, in a voice low and tender—"darling, I love you! Nellie, kiss me, dearest!"

Did she remember Paul Darnly's pleading?

Dimly, faintly, as if it had been years ago, it came into her mind, and her words to him, "Kissing is pure foolishness, Paul."

When Burleigh repeated, "Kiss me, my darling," she slowly raised her face to his.

"Again," he commanded, and again she kissed him.

"Put your hand in mine," he said; and, even while his lips were pressed upon hers, there broke forth a long, low, plaintive cry, and, with white, horror-stricken face, Mrs. Sherwood stood before them.

"Girl, girl!" she shrieked, "you do not know what you are doing! He is married!—his wife is living!"

"Ay, but in a madhouse!" cried Burleigh, springing up, furiously. "Before heaven I am free, and would be in the eye of the law, but for your entreaties. This is your work, woman! You have blasted my life!"

"May God have mercy on me!" cried out the poor lady. "I confess I am a sinful woman. Ah, why did I not think of this danger, and tell her all? Nellie, listen to me. Oh, Nellie! why will you not look at me? What he says is true. I was wealthy, and my daughter loved him blindly. I would not tell him of the fearful curse that I knew was her inheritance, but I am punished by my own weakness. Oh, Nellie, Nellie, listen to me!"

Mechanically clasping the child, Nellie gazed only upon Burleigh's face.

He extended his arms.

"Come to me, darling!" he cried, and she walked straight into them, never moving her eyes from his. "Do not listen to this woman."

"No," Nellie, said slowly, speaking as with difficulty.

"Repeat after me, Nellie—'*I will never leave you!*'"

"I will never leave you," said Nellie, in dull, monotonous tones.

"Say—'*I will follow you to the ends of the earth!*'"

"I will follow you to the ends of the earth," repeated Nellie.

"The child! the child!" shrieked Mrs. Sherwood, snatching little Rupert into her arms.

His face was working convulsively. It was a spasm. Bells were rung, servants rushed in, the doctor came, but Nellie's face expressed no emotion.

She stood as Burleigh had left her, staring blankly after him; with eyes still blankly staring, she was carried to her room and laid upon her bed.

Little Rupert died; and Nellie was prostrated by a low, lingering fever. Her lovely hair was closely shorn, and she lay there day after day, confused, dreamily wondering, and sometimes talking in wild delirium.

The doctor was talking to Mrs. Sherwood one morning after her convalescence had set in.

"What you tell me, madam, is, as you say, very strange. Animal magnetism is of a very peculiar and mysterious nature. It has been known to have the most remarkable, almost incredible, effects upon subjects; and her illness may, as you presume, be the result of some such experiments made. She is of a highly nervous temperament, and evidently not very strong constitution."

It was in the soft, balmy weather of rosy June that Nellie got well. It was when—

> "Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
> Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet;
> Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
> Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet."

Then it was that Paul Darnly came hurrying home as fast as steam could bring him. And this is the winding up of Nellie's confession—for she told him everything—every word, look and action of that horrible night had come back to her mind clear as the day:

"Dear Paul, I have been a very foolish girl, I know, but I could not imagine people would undertake to mesmerize me—could I, Paul? And I hope you'll knock his hat well over his ears if ever you meet him, won't you, Paul?—just to please me. A wretch! Gone over to Europe, has he? I pity the Europeans, then, I'm sure.

But now you will take care of me—will you not, Paul, dear, and never let me be mesmerized again? Ugh! It makes me shiver to think of it. And, oh, Paul! I shall try to be a good wife to you as long as I live, and be contented and satisfied with everything and everywhere, for ever!"

Paul promised with fervency to administer the desired punishment to "that Burleigh" on sight; which promise, however, he never had the opportunity of fulfilling, for Burleigh was one of the passengers on board the ill-fated *City of Paris*, which went down the very month that Paul Darnly married Nellie.

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.

By H. A. Austen.

It was about three months after the wet monsoons had ceased to deluge the land, and old King Sol was having it all his own way, drying up with his fiery breath every blade of vegetation, and turning the beautiful green ghauts into a wilderness, that I was ordered to an out-of-the-way place far up country in Central India.

Society there was none, and I had to rely on my gun for amusement; and as my duties were not very arduous, I got a large amount of shooting.

On my first night's hunting in the jungle, I had an adventure which, though it was very exciting, was far from being amusing at the time.

The day had been one of the hottest I had ever experienced; from dawn to sunset no breeze had stirred the drooping leaves, and the scorching sun had poured its rays down upon the few living creatures that had ventured to expose themselves to their terrific heat.

As night came on, the air was still close and sultry; and thinking sleep was impossible, I determined to pass the night in hunting—not as I often had done, by lying in wait for game by water-tanks, but by prowling through the moonlit jungle.

There was something weird and fascinating in the idea of meeting the animals in their own domain, face to face, in the soft white moonlight—a night-prowler among night-prowlers—surrounded on all sides by animals who, like myself, were in search of prey.

The moon was well up by nine o'clock, so, attaching my cartridge-case and heavy hunting-knife, and arming myself with a double-barrel rifle of large calibre, I bade adieu to my solitary bungalow, and threaded my way through the long, dewdrop-covered grass which lay between me and the jungle.

The first hour went by without incident, though every now and then a faint rustle indicated the presence of some animal; but suddenly, as I emerged from a small thicket, my eyes rested on a large black shadow, moving across my path some little distance ahead. Throwing up my gun, I took hasty aim and fired.

A moment after, a deep growl broke the silence which had succeeded the report of my gun; and, as the smoke cleared away, I saw a tiger—a full-grown male—standing about twenty yards off, amid the long, reed-like grass. To give him my second barrel was the work of a moment, and as I sprang clear of the smoke I saw the tiger stagger forward, and, recovering itself, take to flight and disappear into the deep shadows of the jungle.

To the best of my belief, my aim was steady, yet the tiger was gone, and that feeling of depression came over me that a hunter feels whose bullet has failed to reach its mark, and sees before him a void space where, but a moment before, some noble beast was standing.

Thinking that the double report had doubtless disturbed my game in the neighborhood, I had resort to a pipe as the best means at hand to dispel the chagrin which I felt at the result of my bad shooting.

As I was in the act of lighting my pipe, and holding my still unloaded rifle carelessly under my arm, my ears were greeted with a terrific roar, and, to my dismay, I saw a huge tigress in the act of springing. I just had time to throw

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.—"SUDDENLY MY EYES RESTED ON A LARGE BLACK SHADOW, MOVING ACROSS MY PATH. THROWING UP MY GUN, I TOOK HASTY AIM AND FIRED."

myself flat on my face, when her feline majesty, roaring loudly, sprang into the air and alighted some half a dozen paces beyond where I was lying.

I was on my feet in a second, with my clubbed rifle in my hand, and as she turned to the attack, brought it down full on her head with all my force, at the same time breaking my rifle into a dozen pieces. The blow partly stunned her and broke her spring, and before she could recover I threw myself upon her, knife in hand, and then a struggle began of steel on one side and teeth and claws on the other. Over and over we rolled in this death-conflict, her teeth and claws tearing the flesh in strips from my left side and arm, while with my right I drove the steel further and further in my endeavors to reach her heart.

How long this struggle continued I know not, but it seemed centuries of agony to me. At last the cruel teeth relaxed their hold, the claws let go their prey, and the tigress fell back dead; while I, covered with blood and wounds, staggered to my feet, more dead than alive, only to fall back in a swoon, in which state I was found next morning, with the bloody knife still in my grasp.

For weeks I lay on a sick-bed; but when at last I got about again, I had gained prudence, though at rather a heavy cost, and the lesson learnt that night was not thrown away. I became a better hunter, and a less rash one, and the many nights which I spent afterward utterly alone amongst the wild denizens of the jungle, never found me smoking a pipe with an unloaded gun.

ROBIN COMES HOME TO-DAY.

Our Robin sailed across the sea,
When shone the Summer sun,
Ere leaflets fell in dale and dell,
Or Winter winds begun.
He said, when came the verdant Spring,
He would be sailing near;
And tidings come that close at home
To-day is Robin dear.

Our Robin he comes home to-day,
Oh, let our hearts rejoice;
For it is dear to have him near,
And hear his bonny voice!

The days have seemed so sad and long
Since he has been away;
None can replace his smiling face,
That beams so frank and gay;
And we have missed his merry laugh
That used our hearts to cheer;
But all is well, so tears dispel—
To-day is Robin near.

Our Robin he comes home to-day,
Oh, let our hearts rejoice;
For it is dear to have him near,
And hear his bonny voice!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

By Georgie A. Davis.

I always hated Bostonians—always, from the bottom of my soul; I felt a secret, sudden and violent antagonism spring to life within me at the very same instant that Dana Rollston's supercilious blue eyes met mine in the farm-house parlor. Besides, I always *did* despise blonde men; and he was just saved from touching the extreme of the type by the black lashes that had a sleepy fashion of drooping over those same blue eyes, and the dark, strong brows that slanted high up on his white forehead, and lent half the scorn to his face. And worse than all, he was *young*—not a day over twenty-eight, I wisely decided—and I had always declared anything masculine under the age of twenty-three to be "a babe in arms."

So of course I hated Mr. Richard Dana Rollston from the beginning, and he—did not "approve" of me. I could see at a glance that his critical eye picked out the New York girl in the midst of the crowd of New Englanders, and "wrote her down"—*fast*. And his cousin, Lily Parker, who had come earlier than he to the White Mountains, had told me long before he came how fastidious "Cousin Dane" was, and how he detested flirts and girls of the period, and how easily disgusted he was, even by a pretty woman, if she overstepped, just with the point of her slipper, the fine line that he chose to draw—"so far shalt thou go, and no further." And it struck me the very minute I saw him, that it would be remarkably good fun to shock Mr. Rollston.

That was just three weeks ago, and three weeks in a country house do a lifetime's work now and then; they did wonders with Dane Rollston and me. I *did* succeed in shocking him. I shouldn't have succeeded half so well if Captain Molyneux, the big, handsome Englishman, whose antecedents nobody in the house knew, and everybody was speculating upon, had not helped me to plunge into a flirtation that almost took my own breath away, it was so precipitate. All the other girls, you see, paid court to Dane—women *can* do that sort of thing—flattering him and doing deference to his whims and fancies, and modeling their conduct as well as they knew how on that of his ideal woman; only I, the girl from New York, played another *rôle*, just for my own amusement.

* * * * * * *

"Miss Clymer——"

"Mr. Rollston."

I am walking the piazza one rainy night, all alone, when a slender, tall figure appears framed in the hall door, on a bright background of lamplight, and thus addresses me. I fling back the answer without stopping in my walk or turning my head.

"Will you allow me?"

Two firm white hands lay a warm white shawl deftly over my shoulders, and draw it close under my chin; an encumbrance which I try, ineffectually, to cast off.

"Thank you; I do *not* need anything of the sort, Mr. Rollston."

"You couldn't possibly convince me of that," he says, bending his *fair* head a little—a ray of light from the parlor window shines across his face, and I see his mouth—a womanish one, it is so sweet and pure in its upward curves—smiling a little.

"I haven't the slightest interest in convincing you," I say, flinging back the wrap. "I don't wish to wear it."

"It's very damp," he says, hesitatingly.

"I prefer it so."

He walks at my side in silence for a minute or two, with his hands behind him, looking down, apparently, at the glimpses of the steel buckles on my slippers.

"Miss Clymer," he begins again, raising his head, with a little resolute ring to his voice—"Miss Clymer, I want very much to speak to you—I have something to say."

"Indeed? I shall be happy to hear it."

"You don't impress me with that conviction," he remarks, quick to take a wound. "I know perfectly well that nothing I can say to you is at all likely to meet with favor—barely tolerance. You never have given me an inch of ground—I've fought for it all; and what I've won here and there I only seem to lose again; but I *must* have your leave to speak to-night, and risk the chances of offending you more than I've done already."

"Offending me? Really," I say, with a laugh, "you are laboring under a delusion, Mr. Rollston; nothing you have ever said or done has lived long enough in my thoughts to give offense."

We pass through the bright bar of lamplight again; I can see him gazing down steadily, with a set look of pain on his proud young face.

"Perhaps I shall offend you now," he says, coloring a little. "You make me feel what an unwarrantable piece of presumption I'm guilty of—but, even so, I must take the risk. I heard this morning, from Captain Molyneux himself"—beginning to pull his brown mustache nervously as he talks—"that you had accepted an invitation to dine with him to-morrow?"

He looks down interrogatively, and I answer the look.

"I have, certainly."

"I've no right to ask you *not* to do so, Miss Clymer, but I must beg of you to reconsider your answer—and to take my word, as a gentleman's, that you *ought not* to accept such an attention from Captain Molyneux."

"Really, Mr. Rollston, your remarks are very enigmatical."

I stare up with scornful amaze at his face—it is earnest and eager, as I don't think I ever saw it before.

"I'll try to make them a little clearer," he says, quietly. "I know Captain Molyneux better than you, as a lady, can possibly know him. I'm thoroughly convinced that he's not a fit person for you to be associated with, even in other people's casual talk. I can scarcely make you understand all the disagreeable consequences that you might entail on yourself by accepting courtesies from him here which you would not wish to accept elsewhere, and which, if you knew the man's character and antecedents better, you certainly would not be willing to receive at all. I am fully justified in whatever assertions I make, Miss Clymer," he says, resolutely, in his sweet, even tones; "I wish I could convince you how imprudent it is to give a total stranger the right to connect your name with his own, in ever so trifling a way."

I look at Mr. Rollston from head to foot in one swift glance, and my cheeks burn hot with anger, while a mocking little smile comes up to meet the gaze of those imperious blue eyes of his.

"Could you expect anything but reckless imprudence from *me*, Mr. Rollston? New York girls always do shocking things, you know, and I'm entirely outside the pale of your Boston code of *convenances*. Caution is thrown away upon me, I assure you. I thank you for your exceedingly flattering solicitude, but"—I bend my head deeply in the acknowledgment—"I must ask you to spare me any further expression of it. I reserve to myself the right of selecting my acquaintances, and regulating the degrees of intimacy with each one."

We have paused just where the light shines out yellow through the open door, lies in a streak along the piazza, and crosses the raindrops on the wet grass outside. And I see his face in it. Oh, I have hurt him this time! I take one short, swift impression of it into my memory, and then turn and pass into the house, leaving him standing there, with his hands clasped behind him, all alone.

* * * * * * *

"Which road do you prefer, Miss Clymer?"

"Oh, it's no matter—yes, I think I like the left-hand road the best, if you please."

I correct myself quickly, bethinking me that the left-hand road, besides being steep and stony, and affording little time for tender converse on the part of the driver, is very short, and terminates abruptly in front of somebody's barn.

Captain Molyneux and I are *tête-à-tête* in that most delectable institution of New England, a "buckboard." We are being trotted smartly along by the fastest horse of the farmhouse stables, and I—am decidedly uncomfortable. I am too painfully conscious of the bold, satisfied admiration in the ruddy English face—of the solicitude, and our proximity, and my own folly, and, perhaps, a certain memory of last night.

I wish from the bottom of my heart that I had never come out with the handsome, disreputable Briton—who, by-the-way, is accredited by rumor with a wife and babes across the Atlantic. I wish that Dana Rollston had not spoken to me. I wish that——

"I scarcely think we had better take this road," the obnoxious captain is saying, sweetly. "It's rather rough—don't you think so? And, in fact, Miss Clymer, I had promised myself the pleasure of driving you to Franconia this afternoon, enjoying those charming views of the Notch by sunset——"

"Oh, dear, no! I couldn't think of that, Captain Molyneux," I say, quickly. "That is entirely too long a drive for an evening, and you know I stipulated for a very short one. I promised auntie most solemnly not to be out after sunset."

"Oh, I'm so sorry—upon my word I am, Miss Clymer! But you won't insist on keeping your word so strictly, I'm sure," he says, looking at me with his daring, insolent eyes—insolent, as I think, for the first time.

"I shall insist upon it, as I always do," I answer, coldly.

He touches William, the bay horse, with the whip, turning him, as I speak, into the post-road that leads to Franconia, through the granite gateways of the Notch, and past the hotel nestled down in its shadow.

"I think we had better take this road—we can turn, if you insist upon it, at any time, and it's certainly the most enjoyable one for a drive—those little back roads are beastly affairs."

I make no immediate reply, and we bowl smoothly along. It is the loveliest afternoon in August, and the loveliest hour of the Summer day—that just before sunset. There is a fair west wind, and broken, shining white clouds making islands in the intense blue heaven, and the billowy hill-ranges that sweep and undulate all around us show dark-green and golden as the cloud-shadows wander over them.

I try to enjoy it. I do my best to think of sky and mountains and "Claude Lorraine effects," and to talk and laugh naturally, and be myself—anything but this morbid consciousness of the man beside me, and of the words spoken by the other man last night—but it is a useless endeavor. Mile after mile slips by under William's fleet, resounding hoofs, and the shadows grow longer, and the captain's conversation, from soothing abstractions, shifts to tender personalities.

"I think we had better turn here," I remark, suddenly and somewhat irrelevantly, in the midst of an impassioned monologue upon wasted lives and blighted aspirations.

"Here? you'll grant me one mile more, surely," he says, reproachfully. "I assure you, Miss Clymer, we have abundance of time to get home before sunset."

He tightens the reins a little, and we speed on past the few clean white farmhouses thinly scattered on our way, past the long stretches of pine woods, and the steep hillside pastures. In a few minutes I am literally afraid to urge my request—I am afraid of Captain Molyneux.

"You forget," he says, leaning forward to look in my face, "what an exquisite pleasure this is to me, and how priceless the minutes are that you're bent on shortening.

"WILL YOU BUY A BOUQUET, SIR?"

I've longed for this opportunity more than words can say, Miss Clymer, and now that it's fairly mine, I'm afraid I shall be selfish in grasping it."

"Pray don't be absurd, Captain Molyneux," I say, rather sharply. Not for worlds would I have him guess that I am afraid of him. I laugh, scornfully, but the laugh to me sounds hollow and forced.

"You always affect to misunderstand me," he says, with a sigh. "It is so hard for you to comprehend that——"

"I beg your pardon, but isn't this a good turning place?" I look around with an eye of interest, and the captain, smiling blandly, cheers William on a little.

"I think we had better not propose turning just here," he says, plainly. "The fact is, Miss Clymer, we're within half a mile of the Flume House, and my plan was to stop there for supper, as I'm really afraid we shall miss eating at home."

"I can't do anything of the sort!" I exclaim, losing command of myself for a minute, in the excessive horror induced by this proposal. "I don't wish to take supper at the Flume House! I want to go home instantly, Captain Molyneux!"

"You don't wish to stop there?" he says, mildly surprised. "If you dislike going to the public table, Miss Clymer, I dare say—in fact, I am sure—we could make arrangements for a little *al fresco* meal in the woods, or on Profile Lake. It's a charming spot for a little *tête-à-tête* supper, and I dare say we can get as far as that before twilight. We shall have a superb moon later in the evening."

The serene assurance of the man goes so far to madden me, that I forget all about disguising my emotions.

"Captain Molyneux, you understand me perfectly," I say, trying not to let my voice tremble with the wrath that is in me. "I wish to turn here, and I insist on your taking me instantly home!"

He looks at me with a face of injured astonishment.

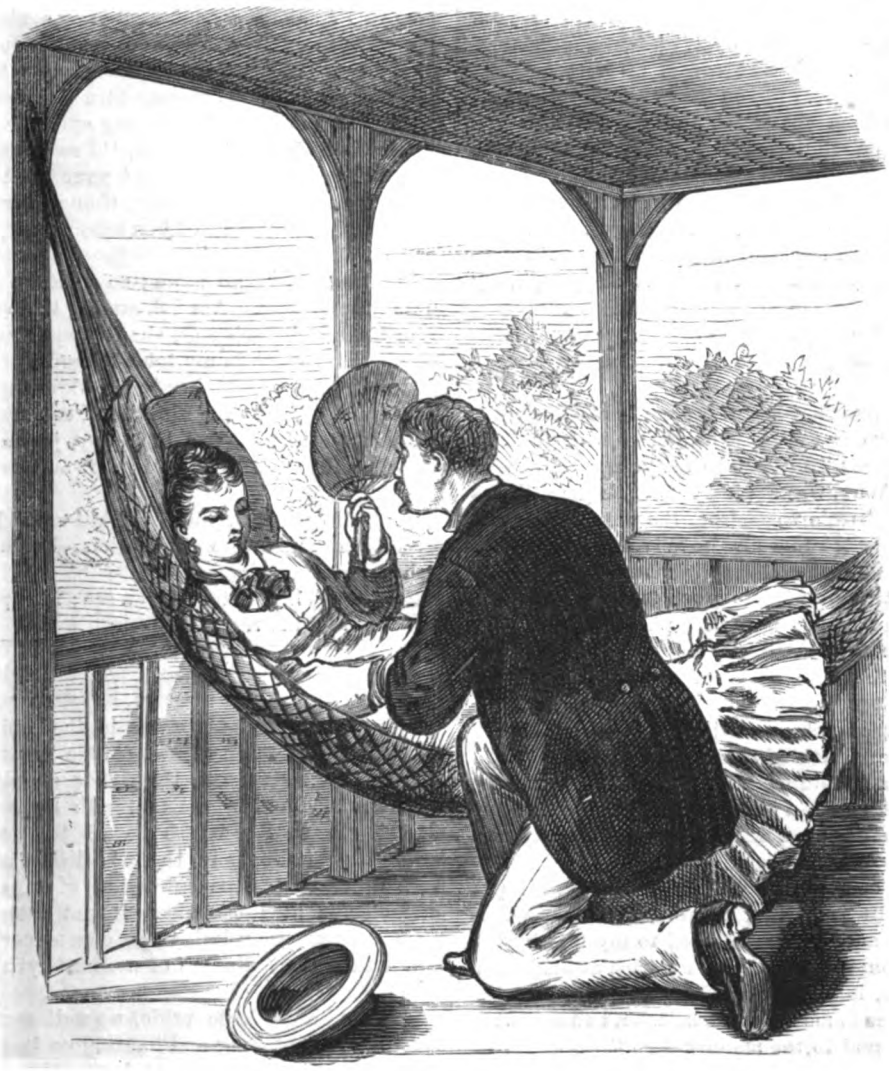
"Miss Clymer, you surely—— I beg your pardon most humbly if I've offended you," he says, with the most utter, unconscious innocence. "I scarcely need assure you how far from my intentions—from my thoughts——"

"Then, be kind enough to turn round immediately," I say, breaking in upon the soothing apology, which he seems to have been evolving with some difficulty from his brain.

There is a gleam of white through the trees just before us; we have reached the Flume House, and whirl past the stables, past the house with the scattered groups on the piazza, past the great cone of the Flume Mountain, with the sleeping giant on its summit flushed rosy in the afterglow of the dead sunset.

"Why don't you turn here?" I say, impatiently. "Captain Molyneux!" stamping my foot on the floor of the buckboard, "I *insist!* If you are a *gentleman*, you'll turn that horse this instant!"

The road has narrowed, and the woods close in again and arch darkly overhead. With one hand the captain tightens the reins in, and the other arm is cast about my waist.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.—"'ALL THESE DAYS,' HE SAYS, 'I'VE BEEN WAITING TO SEE YOU, AND ACHING FOR A SIGHT OF YOUR FACE.'"—SEE PAGE 694.

"Be quiet!" he says, sternly. "Don't you *know* what I've brought you here for? You know I love you; you've given me this chance to tell you so, and, by Jove——"

That is all. There is a clatter of wheels, a great shouting and laughing and singing, and a "team" comes bearing down upon us, heavily laden with joyous excursionists from the Notch. Quick as a flash, my salvation lies plain before me. I make no sound—I cannot, indeed, for the captain's hand is over my mouth in a second—but I fling myself swiftly and violently forward upon the reins, and just as our wheels graze those of the big mountain wagon, there is a mad bound, a great jarring crash, a shock that flings me heaven knows where. I know nothing for a

second, and then I know that I am safe. I lie in the midst of the fernbrake by the roadside for a few brief moments, and hear the captain storming and swearing, and the women screaming, and the men, who have leaped down from their seats to investigate the catastrophe, exclaiming, condoling and adjuring; and then I hear:

"Is the lady hurt?"

"Lady! Is there a lady there? Why, so she be, lyin' as still as a rabbit!" says a big, rough voice, and a pair of cowhide boots stamp through the fern, close to my head.

"Oh, I'm not hurt," I say, quickly and appealingly; "only my foot a little bit—and—*please* put me in your wagon and take me home—won't you?"

"Clare!"—Captain Molyneux comes up very quickly, and bends down—"Clare, are you hurt? Can you walk? We're just a step from the hotel, and I must take you back there, for this confounded wagon is smashed to bits, and——"

"I want to go home!" I cry, sitting up straight. "I *can't* walk. I'm not going to the hotel. I *must* go home!" and I almost begin to cry in the excitement and terror of thinking that, after all my chance of safety is slipping away from me.

"Where be you from?" asks the driver.

I break in, before the captain can possibly have a chance:

"From Mr. Parkman's, ten miles from here—don't you know? If you're going that way, can't I go with you? I *must* get home to-night," I plead, half sobbing.

"Parkman's? Why, we pass jest by Pelti's place," says the driver; and a female voice from the wagon calls out that "There's plenty of room for the lady, if she's anxious to get on."

"Sorry we can't accommodate you, too, sir," remarks my friend, the Jehu; "but *your* best plan's to lead your critter right to the Flume House, and see if he's hurt. It's my opinion that 'ere shaft of yourn's struck his shoulder."

"You can't insist on going on with these people, Clare?" the captain says, very fast and low, his voice shaking with ill-controlled wrath. "You had far better come back to the hotel; I'll engage a carriage of some sort."

"I am going straight home!" I reply, clearly and sharply.

I cannot see the comely English face in the dark, but I can guess at what it is saying, dumbly, as Captain Molyneux stands by, and sees me helped to my feet by the driver—blessings on those big, brawny arms of his!—and lifted, with a little, half-suppressed cry of pain, into the wagon, where a place is made for me between two motherly old ladies, "native and to the manner born."

And there lies the wreck of the buckboard in the road, and there stands the captain gloomily above it, staring, like another Caius Marius, at the ruins; while William, with the broken harness trailing about him, crops the sweet fern along the roadside.

* * * * *

A sprained ankle is nothing very serious, but it suffices to keep me to my room for three or four days—days wherein I see nothing, and hear a great deal, of Dana Rollston. I hear everything from Lily, who keeps me informed of his daily inquiries and his anxiety; hear, also, how William and the broken buckboard came home, and how the captain left the very same day. Heaven be praised! I am clothed in burning shame when I think of it. I would die, I think, sooner than face Dana's dreamy, supercilious eyes, with the memory of that disgraceful evening branded into my mind!

I am carried out to the hammock one quiet morning, when every one in the house—every one young, that is to say—has departed on an excursion of some sort. I am all alone, swinging there among soft pillows, with the sunshine through the pine-trees flickering on my closed eyelids, when somebody comes out to find me—somebody who stands still, looking down at me, till I open my eyes wide with a start.

"Did I disturb you?" says Dana Rollston, softly.

"Yes," I answer; but it is in a whisper—I cannot speak to him in just the old scornful tones, and this tone is a very small, shy one.

"Did I? I'm sorry. I'll go away again if you say so—only please don't say it," and he stoops down on one knee by the hammock. I am quite helpless there; I cannot rise, though I try. I can only turn my face away from seeing those beautiful, cold, dreamy eyes.

"All these days," he says, "I've been waiting to see you, and aching for a sight of your face; let me look, at least—my eyes can't hurt you, though I wish to God they could scan the soul out of you into myself, I'm starving so for you, Clare!"

Just a whisper—no more; so quiet, so deep, so hushed in its infinite pain. Am I dreaming these words that fall from Dana Rollston's soft, shapely mouth—dreaming that his warm breath is in my folded hands, and his fair head, golden in the sunlight, leaning so close above me? I dare not turn my face to see him, but I can move my hand to touch him—it goes out a little way, just a very little, and meets another hand that closes hot and swift over the shy little intruder.

"Why do you wish you could kill me?" I whisper, under my breath. "I—I—would rather—I should think you'd rather—have me alive——"

For I loved him, after all, you see; I suppose I must have loved him all the time.

UNCOMMON DINNERS.

Those who have been much in the habit of dining out, have doubtless often sighed at the great want of originality in connection with the viands supplied to them by their hosts. Beef or mutton, with fowls or ducks, form almost always the backbone of the feast, whilst the variations occur only in the side-dishes and dessert. To have dined on various substances of an entirely different character, is at least novel, if not interesting; and we therefore purpose relating our own experience in connection with various dinners of a class anything but conventional.

It was with no little pride, we well remember, that we succeeded in catching and hauling on board ship our first young shark, which was not larger than an average-sized salmon. We had been becalmed during some days, about two degrees south of the line, and were vastly in want of excitement, so that to hook a shark was a stirring event. The little creature leaped about on the deck in a most frantic manner, and exhibited an immensity of muscular power perfectly astounding in a fish. On account of its juvenile age, it was generally admitted that the shark had not as yet feasted on human kind, and therefore we might venture to try how it would taste. A portion having been cut off the creature, it was boiled, and served up like codfish. Certainly, we cannot recommend plain-boiled shark to any epicure; it tasted rather fishy, but, otherwise, just as boiled string might taste; and shark would henceforth have been discarded, had not a black man on board cooked a portion after his own peculiar receipt, which was as follows: A portion of the shark was parboiled; it was then

worked in the hands, or stirred in a pan, with bread-crumbs; about a pound of the shark's liver was then taken and boiled with the previous composition, and the shark was then really palatable, and not very unlike what English own cooks call "twice laid."

During upward of eight hours we had ridden over an undulating plain, beneath the burning rays of an African sun, when we at length discovered the rough-and-ready house of a Dutch boer. Formerly, in South Africa, it was the custom to ride up to a house that thus stood alone, and to be immediately welcomed by the owner, whom we had never seen before, and probably would never see again. Such was the case in the present instance, and we were immediately requested to dismount, off saddle, and come in to eat. "Dar is nix," said our host, "but eland beef and zee cow pork; but the eland is young, and the zee cow fat." To dine on a hippopotamus's ribs and an eland steak was certainly novel, and we were in such a state of hunger that we were not disposed to be critical. The very good and savory odor that arose as we entered the Dutchman's house, induced us to believe that both the articles mentioned were not to be despised.

We selected, as a commencement, a portion of the eland steak, and this, without doubt, was excellent; it was tender, juicy, and with a sort of venison-flavor; and we at once decided that it would be a most popular dish at home were the eland introduced, as it might be, in sufficient numbers to be killed and sold as food. It having been our fate at a future period to live entirely on eland's flesh during a fortnight, we can affirm that, even with the rough cooking of the bivouac, and the absence of flavor-giving condiments, still eland beef or venison is admirable eating. And now for a slice of hippopotamus. Hippo is usually boiled, and then tastes like a mean proportion between boiled beef and boiled pork. It would be very probable that a person might eat a piece of hippopotamus and fail to discover that it was not a slice from a prize ox. The hippopotamus seems to possess a contented mind, and accumulates fat rapidly, it being a very unusual thing to find one of these creatures thin, or even deficient in plumpness.

"The *Bas* has sent you some *kameel's* flesh," said a wizened Hottentot, as he presented himself at our door, with a basket on his arm. Some kameel's flesh was certainly a novelty; and one or two friends were immediately invited to dinner, "cameleopard" being in the bill of fare. Unfortunately, this cameleopard's flesh had been salted, and partially dried in the sun, so that its full rich flavor was in a great measure lost; but yet we tasted enough to discover that camel venison is very good, and our future experience fully proved this conclusion to be correct—the cameleopard being, especially when young, the best eating of all the wild animals of South Africa. To those who delight in marrow-bones, the camel affords an ample feast, and the supply is more plentiful than it is from the bones of an ox. The cameleopard is a very shy animal, and is not found in abundance in any part of Africa, so that we fear that those who taste the flesh will ever remain in the minority, for the climate of this country is not suited to the habits of the animal, and therefore it is not likely to be found here, except in our menageries.

It was whilst rambling up the coast between Natal and the Tugela that we first tried to eat another description of food, not usually found upon civilized dinner-tables. We had been hospitably received at the house of an English settler, near which was a Kaffir kraal, where his servants resided, these servants being runaway Zulus. A great noise was going on in the huts of this kraal, singing and shouting in abundance, whilst the smoke that forced its way through the thatched roof indicated that cooking was going on inside.

We at once decided upon paying a visit to this kraal, especially when our host informed us that the gay and festive scene was caused in consequence of a young elephant being killed by him on the previous day, which was now being rapidly disposed of by the Kaffirs. There was certainly great novelty in dining in a Kaffir hut upon elephant, so we decided upon inviting ourselves to dinner with the boisterous black gentlemen whose gayety had first attracted our attention.

It was a wild and savage-looking scene. Inside a circular, beehive-shaped hut, about fifteen feet in diameter, were assembled some five-and-twenty Kaffirs, men, women and children. They were seated in a circle, watching intently two huge earthen vessels, in which were masses of meat—elephant's meat—boiling and stewing. A wood fire glowed on the floor of the hut, and kept the pots boiling. This, I was informed, was the third lot of meat that had been eaten that day by the party. It certainly was too close and uninviting to enter the hut, but we determined to taste elephant; so we sent for a plate and knife and fork, and waited outside whilst the cooking proceeded—a little salt and some bread being provided by our worthy host; the Kaffirs utterly scorn these additions, preferring the flesh *au naturel*.

At length the meat was pronounced "done" by an old Kaffir man, who superintended the cooking, and we were offered a piece of meat of about two pounds' weight. Declining the whole of this, we selected a slice of about one-fourth the size, which we believed would be sufficient for a trial. We could not fail to perceive that our knife was marvelously blunt, as we endeavored to cut the steak; the prongs of the fork seemed round instead of pointed. Our teeth, alas! had lost their edge; and after diligently endeavoring to bite the piece of meat that was in our mouth, we were compelled to give it up as a bad job; we could make no impression on it, even after some minutes' munching. Future trials of the same kind of animal induce us to assert that four-hundred-years'-old elephant is not so good as four-years'-old mutton, and we doubt whether elephant is ever likely to become a popular dish.

It seems strange that two animals whose food is so similar as that of the elephant and hippopotamus, and whose size is equally unwieldy, should yet be so dissimilar in regard to toughness—the former being nearly uneatable, the latter very presentable food.

Whilst referring to tough and unpalatable food, we must not forget the zebra, and wilde beest, or gnu, as it is also called; both these animals are eaten, but they are tough and coarse. A young zebra, however, about half grown, is not to be despised, and tastes like veal, but with less juiciness. We have seen Hottentots who preferred zebra to beef, when they had a choice of either. Wilde beest, however, has a rank flavor about it that prevents any person eating it from choice; but in the desert, it sometimes happens that it is wilde beest or nothing.

The toughest of all tough things that we ever ventured to insert our teeth into, and which, by comparison, would induce us to believe that elephant itself was tender, was a portion of a cock-ostrich. Leather itself, or wire, might possibly be masticated by a Kaffir; but this strong-toothed child of the wilderness laughed and shook his head when a portion of ostrich was offered him for a meal. Sometimes the most curious-looking creatures, and those which we should scarcely imagine were eatable, turn out to be very delicate and palatable. Such is the case with the porcupine. Divest him of his quills, and he is not a very large animal; but may be roasted whole, or cut up and

put into a pie. In either case, the flavor is not unlike that of a hare. Its half-brother, the hedgehog, is said to be very delicate; but of this we have had no proof, never having as yet tasted the English version of the porcupine. We can easily imagine, however, that it would be very well worth eating, especially if we possessed such appetites as gypsies, who, it is said, feast joyfully upon it. We have been fortunate enough to taste the canvas-back duck, with its rich flavor of wild celery. The wild guinea-fowl and pouw of Africa have also frequently been upon our dinner-table; but, for delicacy and sweetness, we must pronounce the coran, or smaller bustard of Africa, the best of feathered game. The large bustard is also excellent eating—it is not dissimilar to a turkey.

A very curious dish, of which we once partook, is locusts. These, it is said, were favorite food with the ancients, but we certainly do not consider them very excellent. For us, they were fried with a little butter, and were not unlike white-bait. The guana, or large lizard, is another creature admirably suitable for food, and in some parts of South America is much and deservedly prized. We have, however, seen Kaffirs almost dying from starvation, because they could not procure beef or corn, and who would refuse to eat lizards' flesh.

There are few things about which people are more unreasonably fanciful than about eating. Children and grown-up people, savages and civilized people, have alike their strong prejudices. We have often seen savages feeding on flesh which we would scarcely have offered to a dog, and have been laughed at by them when they observed our disgust; whilst we have seen these same men look upon us with almost a feeling of horror while we made our lunch off oysters—a description of food which they could not be persuaded to taste. There are some people who cannot endure to see crabs, lobsters or shell-fish of any kind eaten. Others, again, may look upon us as little better than cannibals, to have eaten many of those things about which we have here written. But much of this is, as we before remarked, mere fancy, and unreasonable, too. Perhaps there are few creatures more dirty in their habits and food than pigs, and yet most men and women are lovers of ham and bacon. The horse, again, is one of the cleanest of feeders, and yet we would venture to state that were a ham-eater to be asked to take a slice of roast horse, he would, in most instances, reject it with disgust. The person, however, who, either from curiosity or necessity, is compelled to feed on other than beef and mutton, will find that outside of these two conventional items there are many delicate and delicious dishes to be procured; and that with moderate care, starvation, even in the desert, is a very unlikely contingency to one who knows how much that is usually despised is really very good eating.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF POUSSIN AND LE SUEUR, THE FRENCH PAINTERS.

EUSTACHE LE SUEUR.

Le Sueur was perhaps the only one of Vouet's pupils who refused to fire up for his master, and to take part in the system of disparagement and sarcasm that was formed

THE PORTAL OF THE RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

against Poussin, from the day of his arrival in Paris. What he respected in the great artist was not the royal favor, it was the earnest character of his works, the nobility of his ideas, the boldness and novelty of his style.

Poussin learned by chance that this young man was breaking lances on his behalf; he wished to know him, and was so charmed with his candor, with the elevation of his sentiments, with the distinguished character of his mind, that he received him with affectionate kindness, and promised him his advice and friendship.

From that day, Le Sueur never quitted the steps of his new master; he fed on his fruitful and powerful words; as he listened to him, he felt his doubts vanish, his presentiments and his dreams realized and made clear. Poussin's freedom of mind, his downright and sturdy attacks on the quackery of the trade, his firm opinions about everything, developed in his young friend a native independence and pride that strong restraint had only repressed. Le Sueur felt himself living again; he took possession of himself; his nature burst the bonds of his education.

It was almost always on the ancient art that they were accustomed to talk. Le Sueur penetrated with delight into this world, so perfectly new to him. Without ceasing, he turned over, he devoured, the books of sketches after the antique that Poussin had brought back, and his memory was filled with notions and remembrances, that even in the midst of the ruins of Rome nobody then had any idea of obtaining.

For more than a year he was thus able to become impregnated by the lessons of Poussin, and, better still, by his works. He helped him in his labors; he saw him paint, first a great picture of the "Last Supper" for the high altar of the Church of St. Germain en Laye; then, for the house of the Jesuit novices at Paris, that admirable picture of the young girl recalled to life by the miracle of St. François Xavier.

His practical teaching set him free from many hackneyed ways, and revealed many secrets to him.

He not only saw Poussin paint, but he painted before him; it was under his inspiration, and almost in his presence, that he executed his diploma picture for the ancient Academy of St. Luke. This picture, of a grave and noble character, represented St. Paul laying his hands on the sick people. The composition of it has been preserved to us by the engraving. It seems written under the dictation of Poussin.

THE PORTAL OF THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS.

Rheims is one of the oldest Christian seats in France. Its Latin name has for centuries given place to that of its famous old bishop, St. Remigius, or Remi. From Clovis to Charles X., the French Kings were crowned in this city and in its cathedral, anointed with the mystic oil preserved in the ampulla. And with the last thus anointed, the title of King of France ceased, perhaps, for ever.

The cathedral—begun in the thirteenth century, and completed after two centuries of labor—is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe. It is exceedingly grand and imposing. In length, it stretches away to 469 feet; and with a width of 97 feet and height of 114 feet, it gives a vast and impressive nave. The west front is a magnificent work. It has three noble entrances, which, according to the Gothic style of that period, are ornamented with an immense number of statues, inclined according to the curvature of the pointed arches which compose each entrance. The front is likewise decorated with a mass of bas-reliefs, sculptures and other ornaments of the most delicate workmanship. Many of these represent chimerical animals and foliage, and in their lavish prodigality they sometimes mar the symmetry of the outlines. Altogether, there are between four and five thousand figures sculptured on the exterior of this edifice, of which four or five hundred decorate the principal portal. Above the middle door there is a large circular window, with another of the same form above it. Each end of the principal front is surmounted by a tower, which rises to a height of 260 feet from the ground. There are seven flying buttresses between the transept and the end of the nave, and in each buttress there is a niche, or, rather, a recess with columns, containing a full-length statue. Above the buttresses, upon the top of the principal wall, there is a singularly light balustrade of pointed arches, which appear projected against the roof. At the east end of the cathedral, which is circular, there are quadruple flying buttresses, surmounted by pinnacles. The two gates on the north side of the transept have their fine sculptures in excellent preservation; a third gate appears to have been built up.

The interior of this magnificent structure does not disappoint the expectation which the exterior is calculated to excite. There are ten noble Gothic columns in the nave on each side, with two windows between each column. The places in the roof where the groins meet are all gilt, the upper windows in the nave are most beautifully colored, and the lower part is adorned with twelve pieces of tapestry. In the choir there are ten columns, six of which are circular, and all with beautifully wrought capitals. The pavement of the choir is much admired, being composed of lozenges of different kinds of marble; it was transferred from the ancient Church of St. Nicaise, which no longer exists. From the same church was also transferred the curious tomb of F. V. Jovinus, who was a citizen of Rheims, and became Roman consul in the year 366. This monument, which is of white marble, presents upon one of its faces an exceedingly well-preserved sculptured representation of a hunting scene. In the north end of the transept there is one of the finest organs in France, over which there is a grand circular window of painted glass, and on the opposite side there is another.

Among the other remarkable objects in the cathedral, we may mention that the Chapel of the Virgin contains a bas-relief by Nicolas Jacques, and Poussin's fine picture of "The Washing of the Feet." There is also a marble font, in which it is believed that Clovis, the first Christian King of France, was baptized.

This building was commenced in the year 1211, to replace one that had been burnt down the preceding year; but it was not completed until toward the end of the fifteenth century.

SUN-WORSHIPING INDIANS NEAR EL DORADO.

Some recent explorers, seeking Raleigh's El Dorado in Guiana, obtained guides at a Zummate village, who were to conduct them in sight of their enemies, the Woy-o-ways, who held the mountains rich in gold.

The explorers toiled on till they lost all heart, and finally abandoned the task. It took them a weary week to reach the Zummate village again.

"Here," says one of the party, "a surprise awaited us but little calculated to allay the ghostly feeling that possessed us. The *toldos* of the Indians were all deserted—not a soul to be seen about the place!

"What could it mean? Had an enemy—the Woy-o-ways—been there, captured their hereditary foes, and carried them all off to the mountains?

"No. It could not be this. There were no traces of havoc or devastation. The toldos were all standing, their fires were smoldering, their furniture untouched. It would not have been thus after a *razzia* of Red Indians. Where were the denizens of the deserted village? This we asked while visiting wigwam after wigwam, and finding them all empty. For answer, we now hurried to the *malocca*, or council-house, that stood some distance apart. Entering, we found it also empty, even more so than the private dwellings. For it was stripped of its trophies, the flags and feather dresses that we had seen there before, and knew to be its usual adornings—the property of the commonwealth. The absence of these looked more like pillage. Still we could not think it was this. There would have been dead bodies and blood, and neither were seen—nor any signs of struggle and conflict.

"While we stood speculating on what had become of our friends, in fear also about their fate, a sound fell upon our ears that seemed to issue from the depths of a distant cavern. We could tell it to be a chorus of voices chanting some sad or solemn refrain. As we listened it grew louder, as if the chanters were drawing nearer; and in the same degree it was becoming more joyful. All at once a procession appeared approaching the spot, men marching two and two, with files of women intermingled.

"As its head emerged from among the thick-standing tree-trunks, we recognized our old Zummate friends, dressed in all the gala of a grand holiday—with plumed circlets upon their heads, feather armlets, and garters of the same, girt just below the knee.

"On reaching the *malocca* they broke ranks, at the same time bursting into peals of joyous laughter. Then surrounding, they embraced us; the chief in a speech again making us welcome to their village.

"We soon discovered the cause of their absence from home with all these mysterious proceedings. The day was a grand festival—a religious ceremony annually observed by the tribe, when every man, woman and child go forth into the woods, to *worship the sun*.

"There, near the mouth of the Amazon, and amid the mountains of Guiana, is found the same *culte* observed by the ancient Peruvians in the days of Pizarro, and the Mexicans before Cortez Christianized them.

"Is it a mere contingency—the sun, symbol of life and strength, calling forth an instinctive adoration? Or, are the Indians of South America and Mexico but the scattered fragments of the same stock, that were once a grand united people—one in worship as in nationality? Who can tell?

"When the Zummate chief spoke words of welcome, he meant them; since he proved as good as his promise. For several days we were the recipients of his hospitality, until sufficiently rested to proceed on our homeward journey. This we did, once more embarking in our *cuberta*, and descending the Trombetas branch, and then the river itself.

"Without any further incident worth recording, we at length reached Obydos, and thence made our way to Pará by a returning steamer."

MYTH OF THE DIPPER.—One of the popular names of the constellation of the Great Bear is the Dipper. The people of the Vivarais, in France, have the same appellation for this group of stars. They say, however, that the little star seen over the handle of the Dipper is a little man, who is watching the moment when the contents of the Dipper begin to boil, so as to take it off the fire. When that comes to pass, the end of the world will have arrived.

VICISSITUDES OF ART TREASURES.

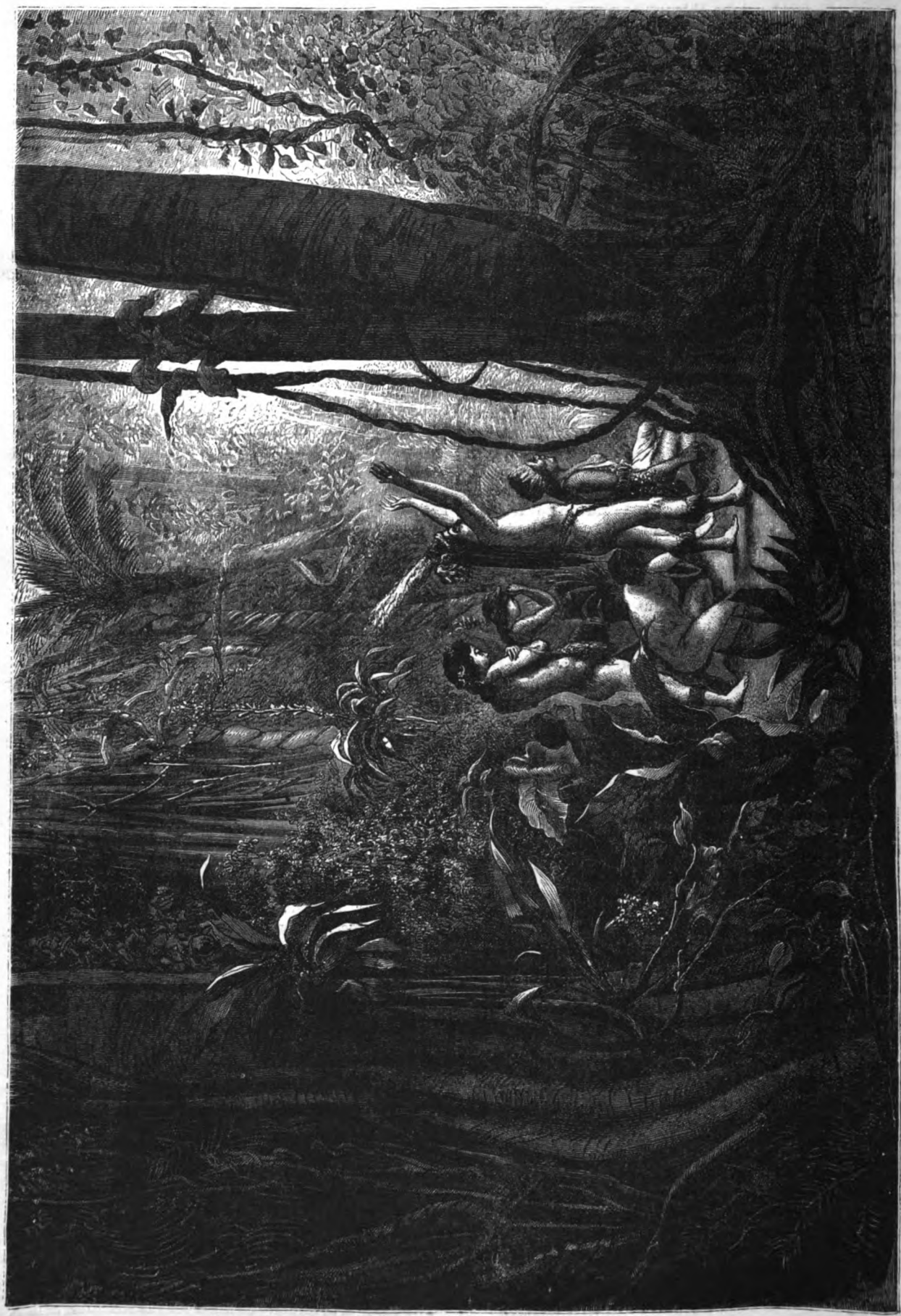
IT is not many years since a Spanish muleteer was traversing, one night, with his string of mules a rather wild track in the neighborhood of Guarrazar, not far from Toledo. The moon was bright, and the torrents of La Fuente de Guarrazar had recently been swollen, but had now shrunk low in their beds. Something glistening in the path of the moonbeam caught his eye, or that of a woman who rode one of his mules. They stopped; it was something of bright metal. They scraped the loose, washed-up soil away, and disinterred a golden jeweled crown. This is no fairy legend, but a fact of our own day. They found a royal crown of gold and precious stones. The effect on these rude peasants' minds of such a sight, at such a moment, must be left to the reader's imagination to realize.

Their disinterred treasure, moreover, was not alone; a buried hoard of untold value, hastily hidden away in some moment of peril and never recovered, had come to light after more than a thousand years of oblivion. Ten crowns, circlets of gold with pendants of precious stones, were ultimately exhumed, together with other objects. Another and most important one afterward rewarded the sagacity of some patient searcher, who suspected that the torrent might have swept part of the golden spoil further down its bed. At first these precious relics were shared among the peasants of the district; a few objects were sold and melted at Toledo; but, happily, there was near the spot some one keen enough to suspect their importance.

A Frenchman in the neighborhood heard of the "find" and saw some of its produce; this, as may be supposed, whetted his curiosity; by degrees he obtained nearly all that had come to light—eight votive crowns—and these he carried to Paris, and offered them for sale at the Museum of Antiquities, in the Hôtel Cluny, Paris. The director purchased them at once, and there they are now exhibited, chief among the treasures of that rich collection. They are rightly called "votive" crowns, that is, objects not for personal wear, but intended to be offered at a shrine, and to be suspended near the altar. Their peculiar form would prove this, the circlets being of dimensions unsuited for wear—some too large, others too small in diameter, and having long pendants descending from them; some enriched with perforated precious stones, sapphires, amethysts, etc. In all probability they had been so suspended as an offering at some shrine—a Christian sanctuary existed in the Visigothic period near the spot—and at some dangerous crisis had been carried away, either by a spoiler, or, more likely, from their perfect state of preservation, by one seeking to save them. Thus they may have been hidden rudely in haste and fear in the first remote spot that offered a chance of secure concealment, for in their placement there was no sign of the deliberate care and precaution against injury occasionally evinced in the discovery of treasure-trove, as, for example, in the wonderful find of antique Roman silver vessels exhumed a few years ago at Hildesheim, in Hanover.

Those who, in the wild and rugged district of Guarrazar, buried this treasure, no doubt themselves perished, and their secret died with them. Thus the silent and forgotten grave of these kingly offerings seemed to have closed over them for ever, till some such cause as probably aided their entombment, the action of a mountain torrent, at length sufficed to disclose them, and they have come forth from their hiding-place, to be set up for the gaze, more curious than reverend, of tens of thousands.

THE thought of eternity consoles for the shortness of life.



SUN-WORSHIPING INDIANS NEAR EL DORADO.—SEE PAGE 702.

THE AMBER WITCH.—"AT LAST IT WAS MY TURN TO SIT BEFORE THE SCREEN, AND I SANK INTO A CHAIR, BREATHLESS, PANTING, MY HAIR LOOSENED AND ROLLING OVER MY SHOULDERS."

THE AMBER WITCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE WITH AN L," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

THE B. C. is so nice! for she is always as much interested in everything as if she were as young as I am. Having told her what had happened, I was about to remove the rug from the opening, when I heard a movement in the room below—the sound of footsteps! These footsteps, that did not echo, as footsteps only can on the marble floors of these great, *echo-full* apartments, but had a dull, muffled sound, impressed me peculiarly. I was sure, from the inch-thick dust on that toilet-table, that the room in which it was had been long closed. I whispered my supposition to the B. C.

"If it is a ghost, so much the better," said she.

Of course, coming from America, where spirit-rappings prevail, she is more familiar with ghosts than I am.

"This ghost may be one you've seen in America," I said; "so I will leave it to you to take off the rug."

"We will put out the light first," she said. "All the ghosts I have ever known object to light."

She did so, pulled away the covering, and together we bent over the narrow square, through which a peculiar reddish glow disclosed itself. I seized the B. C.'s hand, as she afterward informed me, jamming a ring she wore into the flesh—for we saw through the aperture a man in the robe of a priest, carrying one of those huge waxen tapers one sees in churches; and its light showed us a high-bred face of an almost unnatural pallor, with large dark eyes sunk in deep hollows, and a mouth of rare beauty, set with the fixity of marble. The powerful light of the great taper showed us, also, why his footsteps had that strange, muffled sound, for the dust lay thick on the floor like a carpet, and spread like a gray vail over the awnings of a bed, whose hangings of silk and lace were pushed aside, as if some one had just risen from it. There was a child's cradle near the bed, and some shapeless, discolored robes lying across a chair.

The smoke ascending through the aperture made the B. C. cough, just as the priest had stooped, as if to raise some object from the floor. He raised his eyes, until they met mine, and the next instant was gone, without even the sound of a footstep or the closing of a door. We listened

in silence for a few minutes, and then the B. C. relighted the lamp.

I was the first to speak.

"Wasn't it strange? You don't suppose it could have been a—an apparition?"

"Not with all that smoke in my nostrils," said the B. C., laughing. I wondered how she could laugh, the reverberations were so hollow, and seemed to come whispering back to us from all those dim, far-off corners, where the shadows actually seemed to huddle together. "Neither was he a thief, for he had on the purple stockings of a bishop."

"How did he get in, do you suppose?"

"These old palaces are full of secret doors and hidden staircases. There are all sorts of unknown exits and entrances all over it, I haven't a doubt. He may be one of the owners, come to see if the foreign tenants injure the furniture."

"B. C., you are disgustingly matter-of-fact."

"I am an American, you must remember. We are so familiar with spirits over there, that we no longer stand in any awe of them."

"Will you be so kind as to close that trap-door, then? I don't want any of your ghostly acquaintances hovering around *my* bed."

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

How BRIGHT and full of color all my life has been since I have known this charming Rafe—what a pretty, odd little name! and the dear B. C.—which, I suppose, stands for Bonne Chrétienne—for a good Christian she is, since, having seen me stand, shivering, at the icy poles of filial affection, she has taken me—Frenchwoman and Papist as I am—into her warm, Puritan heart, which is as large as she is *petite*. In the sunshine of this quiet studio, I have expanded my chilled petals, and begin to feel myself again—not Madame d'Arbrai, nor, still further back—oh, most precious but most sad remembrance!—the Princess di Rospigliosi, but only little Rose-Marie Germont, who ran about in her linen robe and broad hat, as absolutely living for the day only as the butterflies she chased.

The atmosphere about these two women is good. As for Miss St. John, she is indeed a saint; and I call her—it is so much softer and sweeter—Santa Giovanna, for I do not think of the blessed saints as medieval-looking persons, standing with clasped hands and upturned eyes, against a blue or gilded background, but with faces expressing the purity and transparency of thought of a little child. *My* little child! Ave Maria! whose mother-heart was torn and bleeding, even as mine, and many a mother's since, has bled—*ora pro me!*

What a strange, fascinating creature this Rafe is! A human chameleon! She seems to reflect the moods of all around her, and is never twice the same—but always most delightful. And the changes of her personality are as Protean as her moods. Is she dark, or fair?—I cannot tell. The first time I saw her, she was a swarthy Cleopatra; the second time, she was Rafael himself; again, she was as pale and fair as moonlight, with bleached tresses flowing from under a blue ribbon, her lips faintly purplish, her very eyes looking as if tears had washed all the light and color from them. I thought for an instant it was her ghost; but no—she was about to sit to La Santa as Lucia di Lammermoor.

"And so, to do justice to the B. C.'s powers as an artist, I put myself *en rapport* with that wretched girl—so strong in her very weakness, who could be bent but not broken; and the result was that I cried as heartily over an imaginary Edgar of Ravenswood as ever she did over the real one. And I am now in the right mood to be sketched. Don't say anything to make me smile, until the B. C. has me down in colored chalks—for I may not feel like crying every time enough to wash my tints out."

The evening of that same day, I was in the studio, and she came in, with long, light auburn braids wound around her head in the severest Greek style; her beautiful arms bare under an embroidered peplum, except for two bracelets of antique cameos. I told her she looked like the famous Rachel.

"I am Helen of Troy to-night," she said, "and I want my Paris. O Alma Venus, give him to me!"

As if in response to her invocation, there came a knock at the door, which I opened, and admitted Monsieur le Comte d'Estaing and Mr. O'Neil, a young Irishman, who also has rooms in the palazzo.

"Madame Helen was just wishing for Paris," I said.

"And you will personate Venus—an old *rôle* of yours, madame—and introduce me, will you not?" cried D'Estaing, eagerly, his eyes fixed on the pure Greek profile.

The Greek profile became a charming full face, and Helen smiled dangerously on the two young men.

D'Estaing had come, ostensibly, to have a miniature of one of his ancestors copied. I know all about his ancestors, and, as this one was a *vaurien*, who gambled away a large part of the estates, I fancy that it was no particular desire to perpetuate his progenitor's insignificant features that led my handsome young friend to the Santa's studio.

While he was speaking *to* the Santa, but *for* the fair Helen, and, flushed and animated, was looking his very best, enter my brother! His eyes went like lightning to Helen, calmly sustaining O'Neil's adoring gaze, and then he looked as Menelaus might have done when he first caught his Helen's eyes lingering on those of his Grecian guest. Can it be possible that his icy heart is really touched at last? I have heard that the famous Amber Witch—I wish I could have once seen that piece of perfection—made it beat fast at one time; but, since her disappearance in the shades, he has stiffened into his old rigidity.

Another knock at the door, and our party is increased by the addition of miladi and Miss Amberside. Miladi announces, in her loud, hard way, that her presence in the studio is to be accounted for by her intense ennui.

"This gloomy old barracks gives me the horrors," she says. "I fancy that I must feel something as the prisoners in the Bastille used to. You have so much bright color here, that it is quite exhilarating. I have half a mind to hang up some of my old petticoats around my walls, to give them a cheerful look."

All the time she is speaking, her eyes are on our Helen, who is sitting, with Greek serenity, between two burning, devouring flames—namely, the ardent glances of D'Estaing and O'Neil.

What an actress this Rafe would make! Ordinarily, she is all vivacity and gesture; but she perceives that this would be inconsistent with her present costume—and so, she is stilly beautiful, like a statue.

Miss Amberside looks like a little schoolgirl beside her; but there is a strange fire in her eyes, and a strange flush on her cheeks, that belies her years. I can see miladi comparing the two. Her brows, which were knitted, now unbend. She looks as if she had arrived at some satisfactory conclusion.

Philippe also compares the two faces. It seems to me that the blonde English girl desires to avoid his eye. She is so *very* gauche and unformed to-night that I marvel that such exquisite proportions should express so little grace, and I do not understand how she makes those

beautiful arms of hers seem so all-elbows. Miladi impresses me as intensely *middle class*. The very kind of Frenchwoman who would delude an honest but not clear-sighted Englishman into marrying her.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GAME OF BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

WE meet in the Santa's studio now almost every evening. When I say *we*, I mean miladi, Miss Amberside, D'Estaing, O'Neil, the American lady, Mrs. Van Zandt, who has become "deeply attached" to her compatriot, La Santa, and her two daughters, one of whom has a skin like yellow wax, and the other looks like bad tallow.

When I am there I forget everything, and am again sixteen. *Sixteen*, did I say? I had forgotten what I was then! No, I am a *child* again, a gay, innocent child; and I spring across the floor, I laugh, I speak the thought of the moment with the carelessness of a child. I am ashamed when I think of all the foolish things I say and do in the gay society of these young people; but it is so pleasant to forget!

Last evening Monsieur Shirley joined us for the first time. We were playing a game in which a sheet is pinned over a screen, and one sits facing it, with a lamp so placed that the shadows of those walking behind the person thus sitting are thrown upon the screen. It is a species of Colin Maillard, and it is the business of the players so to distort and change their shadows, that the blindman shall find it difficult to make out the identity of any one of them. When I saw Monsieur Shirley come in I thought, There is an end of our frolic; for he always seems so reserved, and almost severe. Then I remembered that I had been ordered to make myself agreeable to him, and here was a chance to be disagreeable without Philippe knowing! I determined to romp, to laugh loudly, to disgust him with my want of dignity and reserve, and, as if the occasion inspired me with the maddest spirit of mirth; I made the most grotesque and absurd shadows imaginable; I danced fantastically between the light and the screen; I assumed the likeness of every one in the room by turns; I enacted little bits of pantomime that threw the blindman into convulsions of laughter; I parodied the gestures of some of the popular actors; I said utterly ridiculous things in two or three different voices. I think I must have rendered myself an object of horror to Monsieur Shirley! I even made every one else as crazy as myself, and I am sure we should have been objects of envy to the actors of the Theatre Comique, could they have looked in upon us.

At last it was my turn to sit before the screen, and I sank into a chair, breathless, panting, my hair loosened and rolling over my shoulders. How shocked Monsieur Shirley must be! I was thinking.

I found it very difficult to recognize any of the bizarre shapes which crossed the white surface before me, when, suddenly, I felt a chill come over me, as the figure of Philippe stalked across the scene.

"Who did that?" I exclaimed. "It was to the life."

"You are right," said my brother's voice.

I turned, and he stood beside me, his eyes direct on me, with a dreadful kind of irony.

"You are not only the *shadow*, but the *substance* of a Bacchante," he said, scanning my flushed face and fallen hair. "I hope Monsieur Shirley will pardon this lapse into your early years, evidently the result of strong excitement."

"We have been children for the time," said Monsieur Shirley; "but madame has been the most charming child of all."

Philippe's face relaxed upon hearing this, and I mentally thanked the American for his forbearance. He must have remarked my frightened look when I saw Philippe. I thank him for his pity. I am not too proud now to accept even that.

Rafe now came forward with that inimitable air of hers, the perfection of mockery, and yet without even a shade of impertinence.

"I am happy to see you, Monsieur le Chevalier; as you will not come to sit, I hope you are come to play?"

"I am come to do neither, mademoiselle."

"To do neither? Oh, chevalier, 'you have displaced the mirth and broke the good meeting with most admired disorder.' You are familiar with Shakespeare, I suppose? Macbeth was a most disagreeable fellow, was he not? A regular marplot! Now, chevalier, if you would but sit for Macbeth!"

"With pleasure, mademoiselle, if you will sit for Lady Macbeth. Rose-Marie"—to me—"I have a favor to ask of you; will you come with me?"

I know my dread showed itself in my blanching face, but I rose to obey.

"You will return, madame?" said Rafe; then she added, emphatically: "We will wait for you."

When we reached our own rooms, Philippe, having seated me, with elaborate courtesy, stood before me, one hand in his breast, the other hanging clinched by his side. I felt myself sinking under his gaze, and rallying, said, with an effort at carelessness of tone:

"Now for the favor you wished, Philippe?"

"Never to let me know of your being in that place again. Monsieur Shirley was there, to be sure, but he cannot rule his cousin"—here Philippe's lip writhed into a half sneer—"as I can you; although I know he does not approve of the intimacy. The little artist is too fast"—the sneer again—"for that English lily. And you! you thought you were from under my eye, and sought to disgust the American! I know you, madame, and let me tell you, that upon your success with Monsieur Shirley depends my permission that your daughter shall bear her father's name."

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

HA, ha, ha! I have made a discovery, and I came straight to you, my little scarlet demon, to whisper it in your ear, and ask for counsel. Germont means that his sister shall marry Monsieur Shirley!

I was in Rafe's studio the other evening, and I was not surprised when, in a short time, Laurence made his appearance; for I know that he thinks Rafe belongs decidedly to the Bohemian class, and fears her influence over my youthful mind. She is certainly one of the strangest creatures I have ever seen. Foi de Florestine d'Estampes!—don't laugh, my demon, for I have one kind of faith—I devoutly believe in a devil! I have no idea at this present time what is the true color of her hair or complexion. At one time she is the darkest of brunettes, at another the whitest of blondes; and, of course, the character of her face changes with all these variations, for she is never guilty of the solecism of fair brows and lashes with dark hair, and black brows make another face always.

Laurence is more than doubtful of her. He thinks she must have been an actress at one time. It is as much as I can do sometimes to keep my countenance when he

expresses his disapproval of my frequent visits to her studio. I don't believe *she* ever went in male costume to the Jardin Mabille—do you, my little familiar? Oh, if my immaculate cousin only knew!

As for me, I am getting so nauseated with this *rôle* of *ingénue*, that I sometimes feel as if I must throw up the game, and take the consequences. Bah! how I hate this bread-and-butter innocence! and how I absolutely long for just one taste more of the spice and high flavoring of my old Parisian life! When I am once Madame Shirley, I shall doff my white robe and whiter wings, and show my horns and hoofs without unnecessary delay.

But to return to my theme—the choice bit of news for your private ear, my darling demon! Ah! if you were only in the flesh, how I would nip your little, whisking tail!—I know it is whisking now with impatience—and tenderly pull your budding horns, while you frolicked around me! Oh, for any good old recipe, not for "raising the devil"—we can all do that—but for bringing into visibility a young imp whose horns are "still in the velvet," as they say of deer—and so warranted not to be dangerous.

The other evening, madame—who is old enough to know better—behaved so absurdly in Rafe's studio, and Germont so openly showed his apprehension lest she had, by chance, disgusted Monsieur Shirley, that my eyes were opened at once to his schemes. As Rafe expresses it—she uses such odd, racy Americanisms sometimes—he absolutely "yanked" madame out of the room! I hope he beat her when he got her alone—he certainly looked capable of doing so!

Germont and Rafe have had a little bit of a disagreement. I did a little bit of evil-spiriting here myself, my pet; for I thought it was as well to set Germont against Rafe, if he should still chance to cherish any fancy that I am not the real Beatrix Amberside—and she is; which is, of course, absurd, as no mortal woman would see another assume her personality, with such chances as go with it in this case, and preserve her equanimity as Rafe does. It seems that Rafe had sketched Germont as Mephistopheles—the likeness really admirable—and I contrived, in one of our meetings in the studio, to put this sketch in his way. That made him shake his horns a little, but I think he thought it half a joke, until she asked him one day to sit to her as Cæsar Borgia.

I never knew him so moved by so small a thing. I am sure that Cæsar Borgia was considered a very handsome and elegant man, and his inclination to poison everybody was thought of, in those days, as nothing more than an "amiable weakness." He—that is to say, Germont—grew so much whiter than even his natural tint, that I thought he was going to faint.

"Do you fancy that I resemble that Borgia, mademoiselle?" he asked, in so freezing a tone that it seemed as if the atmosphere of the room grew perceptibly colder.

"Yes, I do," said Rafe, with her head on one side, and such a look of daring on her face—"though I do not mean to say that I think you would poison any one *outright*, Monsieur le Chevalier!"

Of course he knew what she meant, for every one can see that he almost maddens his sister at times, with the venom of his looks and words. I have seen her look as if he had thrust a knife into her heart, when he has made a remark in his soft voice, with a smile playing around his handsome mouth, while she was quivering under the lash.

I think when Rafe said that, he knew how his sister feels sometimes. But, if he is not fond of this strangely attractive girl, why should he care what she says? It is evident that she is not fond of him. I saw a little exulting smile curl the corners of her mouth when she saw how she had stung him, for she adores madame, and I think I know the reason why. Madame looks like a certain picture; and I am sure that, at some time, there was more between our Bohemienne and the original of that picture than she is willing that the world should be cognizant of. I wish I knew the facts; they might be of use to me in some way, although at present that male Sphinx seems to be lost in the shades. . . . An unpleasant suspicion has forced itself upon me lately. It is that madame is playing into her brother's hands. Monsieur Shirley is the kind of man that would please most women. There is a wonderful mingling of keenness and softness in the glance of his beautiful blue eyes, that seems to say, "I could command, but I choose to sue"—that appeals to our sex's liking for that strength that becomes weakness for their sakes. Then, I suppose he is rich, very rich—all Americans seem to be; and madame, although evidently coerced at first by her brother, may eventually find that she has been forced to do what is most agreeable to herself. I have remarked sometimes that her eyes follow Laurence, and he seems much less reluctant to enjoy her society than he did at first. I know he pities her—and we all know what pity is "akin to." . . . I have resolved on a grand *coup d'état*. Laurence has been strangely unlike himself for a day or two. He has gone around like a man in a dream; he has seemed to me like a man who has snatched a rose growing on a precipice. He has the "fearful joy" of possessing the flower, but sees also the danger he risked for it. I mentioned the change in his manner to Clemence, who is in the agony of "composing" a new combination of colors and materials for one of her never-ending costumes. She looked up from her folds of silk and satin, to say, in a careless tone:

"He and madame were out together—all one afternoon."

"Indeed! Do you know where?"

"There! isn't that combination simply ravishing! I don't know where. It was some of Fiamina's gossip."

I stamped my foot.

"And you did not tell me?"

"I didn't know that you would care. You seem to have done very well for yourself lately."

"But this woman! don't you see she is dangerous? It will not do to give her the slightest advantage."

"I don't rave over red hair, myself. Thank heaven! I have it not, or I could never wear these tea-rose or cardinal tints. But, as for you, if you think her dangerous, Napoleonize yourself—try a *coup d'état*."

"I am glad to see, Clemence, that your brain isn't entirely knotted up in a skein of silk. I will strike while the iron is hot."

"*Bien!*" murmured Clemence, again absorbed in her contrasted silks to the exclusion of all outside interests.

CHAPTER XIV.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

I HAD resolved upon my *coup d'état*, but what should my plan of action be? I had retired to one of the windows of our corridor, that opened upon the courtyard, to think—for this was a matter not lightly to be considered. In attempting it, I risked everything. The result would affect my whole future. Should I fail, that very failure might lead to the formation of suspicions in Laurence's mind, and those suspicions would be a good foundation for Germont to work upon in his sister's cause.

I was sitting in the deep embrasure of the window, lost

in thought, when I heard a voice in my ear—"Florestine!" Will people feel thus at the Day of Judgment? I imagine that my sensations then were like those of one in the midst of some convulsion of nature—an earthquake, or the fall of an avalanche. For a moment I was deaf, dumb and blind. Then sensation slowly drifted back to me. I looked up. Germont stood before me! "Eh, bien!" I said, my lips framing the French words instinctively, and, although I felt sure that my lips and cheeks were as white as those of one who is newly dead, my voice and manner were calm and collected.

He looked at me admiringly, but I saw his resolve show darkly through that momentary illumination of his face.

"So you don't mean to deny your identity?" he said.

"No," I replied, and even as I spoke, a plan unfolded itself in my mind, slowly and grandly as a great flag opens to the wind.

"What a woman you are!" he said, still looking at me admiringly. "I wish I could afford to marry you."

"As you cannot afford to make me yours, I suppose you have no objection to some one else doing it?"

"What a game you have played, Florestine! And it would have been all in your own hands, had I not chanced to come to Italy."

"*Chanced!* You know you came to hunt the American with your fine hound, madame!"

Germont could not have shrunk more visibly had I struck him. The bare fact, put into words, was coarse and bold, utterly un-mephistophelian; and to be told this by the woman whom he was similarly accusing! When that curious red flush had passed away from his forehead, he looked at my hands, which were lying in my lap.

"You do not wear his ring yet," he said, almost as if speaking to himself.

"It still lies between us to play the trump card," I replied. He seized one of my hands.

"You charming demon! I wish I could afford to give you the game, but I cannot."

"I do not ask it of you."

"I must win! My affairs are desperate."

"So are mine."

"And you must remember that I shall be obliged to use every means in my power——"

"That is to say, that you will inform Monsieur Shirley that I——"

Germont bowed his head.

"Very well," I said, quietly.

"Florestine, you look so lovely—so innocent! I could swear you were no more than sixteen, and had been brought up in a convent. How do you contrive it?"

"I do not know," I replied.

"I am very sorry to be obliged to oppose myself to you."

"I believe it."

He kissed my hand.

"If I could only wish you success," he said.

He shook his head, sighed, and left me.

I was very glad, for, without appearing to look, I had seen Monsieur Shirley, who was crossing the courtyard as Germont kissed my hand, start, and stop short, as if petrified by amazement. My resolution was made, and I calmly awaited his approach. In a few moments I heard quick, angry-sounding footsteps coming down the corridor. I looked up, and then turned my head away.

"Beatrix, how strange you look! What has happened?"

I bent my head. Crying easily has always been one of my accomplishments, and the nervousness of the present moment, joined with the shock Germont had given me, brought the tears now without much effort. In a moment Monsieur Shirley was beside me, one arm thrown protectingly around me. I shrank from him.

THE AILING CHILD.

"No, no; you must not!" I said.

"Mustn't I?—your own cousin! Now, *what is it*, Beatrix? and why was that man kissing your hand?"

"Because I—I had made him a promise."

"A *promise*, Beatrix! What kind of a promise?"

"Don't ask me; I can't tell you."

My face was in my hands now, and I was blushing all over my neck. I can do that very easily.

"But, Beatrix, this will never do! You are too young to make promises to a stranger in this way."

"A *stranger!* Do you call him a stranger, when you——"

"When I——"

Laurence paused. I could see, through two of my fingers, that it was now his turn to grow red.

"When you are to marry his sister!"

"I?"

"Yes; he said so, if *I* didn't interfere. And how *can* I interfere?—a poor little thing like me! And they are so poor! and you—couldn't you give them some money, and not have to marry madame?"

"Good heavens!"

"He said that if I didn't promise, I should be sorry for it; for people were often killed, in Italy, and no one ever found out how it happened."

"Why, this is infamous!"

"But, I don't care. If you are going to marry madame, I had just as soon be killed as not!" and I flung both arms despairingly along the broad stone window-sill, and laid my head upon them.

"Marry madame!—the sister of a villain who could so tamper with the fears of a helpless girl? Never!"

"You will not?" I cried, as if in an ecstasy; and, raising myself, flung both arms around his neck. Remember, my demon, I was but an impulsive child!

"Beatrix, if I should ask *you* to marry me?"

I raised my face to his. He bent his head, and kissed me on the mouth. It was for the first time, and now I was sure of him. Then I wondered if there were any witnesses of the tableau we were making, and I withdrew myself from his arms, as I saw, at an open window on the opposite side of the courtyard, *madame*, who was leaning on the sill, one hand grasping the iron frame of the window, as if for support, her face pale, and her eyes staring wildly at us.

I said, almost involuntarily, "There's madame!" and then, like a scene in a dissolving view, there was madame, flushed and smiling, the great, red-gold curls of her hair rolling across one shoulder, shaken from the other by the upraising of the rounded arm and slender hand with which she was making us a merry signal.

Laurence flushed, and then grew pale, as he looked at her. And then madame did a strange thing. She had a bunch of purple flowers in the bosom of her dress, and she took them out, crushed them in one hand, and let them fall into the court. Laurence stood staring after her retreating figure, until I had to recall him to a knowledge of my existence.

"You are going to tell mamma, are you not?" I asked.

"Yes—shall you come with me?"

My triumph is secure, although my lover is by no means a rapturous one. But, then, raptures fatigue me; I have endured too many.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

I AM succeeding admirably with the American. Philippe is more than satisfied, and praises my management, and the versatility of my character, and says he is more than ever convinced that I can do whatever I choose. But it is very easy for me to make myself agreeable to my American, since he is no longer distasteful to me. Since we parted in the Santa's studio, his manner has been very gentle to me, as if he knew me to have been bereaved, and to be a pensioner on the kind thoughts and words of others. He is like a rock, firm and unyielding, when he believes himself to be right, and, like a rock, would be a most faithful support to any poor little feminine vine whose light tendrils he might allow to cling to his strong breast. Then I must confess to admiration of his graceful figure, his sparkling blue eyes and rich brown curls.

I do not think that his beautiful cousin loves him; but, if she does, let her take him quickly, for, although I do not love him, yet I could learn to do so very soon, he is so good and kind. . . . Belonging to the palace there is an old garden, with which were once linked some of the most tender and delightful recollections of my life, now become, through the force of circumstances, a horror and a dread. Into this garden no persuasion could induce me to enter, and the very sighing of the breeze through its trees, and the murmur and plash of its fountain through the still night, has brought to me the anguish of death.

This morning I met my American and the yellow-waxen Miss Van Zandt in the corridor. They were laughing and talking, and I gathered from their conversation that he had never been in the garden, and that she was promising to show it to him. As they approached me, the tallow-skinned young lady came running after her yellow sister, calling to her to come back. She seemed very much vexed, hesitated, looked at Monsieur Shirley, looked at me, and then, asking monsieur to wait for her, reluctantly followed her sister.

"Madame," said he, as I reached him, "*you* can show me the way to this garden, can you not? You are looking pale, and the air will do you good."

"I, monsieur?"

"Why should you not?"

"I never go into that garden," said I, drawing back, as he offered me his arm.

"Are you afraid of the damp?"

"No, monsieur."

"Of snakes, then, toads or lizards?" he continued, smiling.

"Of none of these."

"Perhaps you always wear thin shoes?"

I put out my foot, guarded by a strong boot with double soles.

"Then I must conclude, madame, that you do not wish to go out with me?"

I thought that he looked grave as he said this. I dismissed the phantoms that had crowded around me when he first spoke, and said:

"To disprove that, I will go with you."

"Not unwillingly, I hope?" he said, looking earnestly into my eyes.

"With pleasure," I returned, smiling in his face, although between it and me there had risen a phantom head, freezing my heart with the dark glance of its eyes.

As we reached the door, which was in the wall of the court, my phantoms stood before it, waiting, with eager expectancy to enter with me, and seeming to say: "If *she* has dared it, so will we!" As I went in, there were three went in with me—one going first, with a free and careless step; the second following, with a child in her arms. The child looked back, and stretched out its arms to me. I sprang forward, to feel their clasp about my neck, to kiss that warm, moist mouth, and all was dark before me, until I heard the distant convent chimes, and felt the cool drip of water on my face.

"Guido!" said I, opening my eyes. I met the compassionate glance of the American, and, in an instant, all was real again; and I was lying on the edge of the fountain, with the spray wetting my forehead, and my head on the American's arms.

"You fainted, madame."

"How foolish!" I exclaimed, sitting up.

"I should not like to see you do it again, madame; you looked as if you were dead."

"I wish I had been! Oh, I wish I were!" said I, being all unnerved, with the terrible past overhanging me like a cloud, with the air full of undefined but well-remembered shapes, and the fountain babbling the sweet laughter of a child, and uttering low, tender murmurs, the echoes of the soft tones and loving words to which its waters had borne accompaniment long, long ago. And I, sinking down on its brink, all cast into a miserable heap, and hiding my face in my hair, all regardless of the American's presence, of Philippe's anger, of everything but my own intolerable misery, wept in an abandonment of grief, feeling as if each moment my heart would break.

I had forgotten the American, I had forgotten everything but my woe, when I felt a hand touch my head, and started to my feet.

"Pardon me, madame; but I could not leave you alone here, and I am afraid you will make yourself ill."

"Monsieur, I have been making a spectacle of myself! But, believe me, that I had forgotten I was not alone."

"Perhaps I should have left you?"

"No, monsieur; you are a friend. Do not leave me alone with my sorrow."

He sat down, and looked at me compassionately. He seemed touched, and at the same time uncomfortable, as one is apt to be who witnesses grief of which he cannot understand the cause. I hastened to dispel this constraint on his part. I bathed my face in the fountain; I smoothed my disheveled hair; I laughed and talked while doing it, and filled my hands with the purple flowers that grew thick and large by the margin of the fountain, where their roots were wet by its ever-falling spray. I wove of them a half-wreath for my hair, and saw, while adjusting it by the mirror of the fountain, that my cheeks were red with fever, my eyes shining, my lips no longer tremulous, but a full crimson, and dimpling at the corners into their customary smiles. I bent my head, that the spray might shower my wreath, and called the American's attention to my "diamonds."

As I bowed my head toward him, he stretched out his hand, took out one of the flowers, brushed it across my lips, and then put it to his own. Then I forgot the phantoms of the past; forgot the grief that had shaken me almost to dissolution; forgot the tears just dried from my eyes, and threw into them all the witchery of my nature. I magnetized him; I drew him toward me with all the strength of that love for him that I felt welling up in my heart; and he fell at my feet. He kissed my hands and my dress. I lifted his face between my two palms, and our lips met; but he said nothing.

The next time I saw him, he kissed his cousin on the mouth, as he had kissed me. To be sure, to me he had *said nothing*—therefore, had not committed himself.

CHAPTER XV.

CLEOPATRA SUBDUES ANTONY, AND IS HERSELF SUBDUED.

From the Journal of Rafe the Waif.

THE chevalier has certainly forbidden madame to visit my studio! I am sure of it, for I have seen nothing of her for several days, and I find, upon inquiry, that she is perfectly well. So it is not illness, and I am sure that it cannot be her own wish that has kept her away.

I wish I could think of something bad enough to call Mephistopheles. "Let him be Anathema Maranatha," whatever that may mean; and he shall also go down to posterity in his real character. I have made such a nice little sketch of him as Satan, groveling and writhing, half revealed, under the keen spear of Ithuriel, and I mean to get somebody to *buy* it, too. Yes; he shall be sold like a slave in the Roman market. He has some design in his wicked old head, and under that smooth, fair mask of his, and I will not be beaten in this way. I'll make him show both his hoofs and his horns, and stand before the world in all his moral ugliness.

"But how are you going to get at him?" asked the B. C., who always grows wonderfully quiet as soon as I begin to rave.

"That's a poser."

"Of course, you cannot go to see madame, if he will not let her come to see you."

"No, but I can meet her somewhere else," I responded, flourishing my mahl-stick triumphantly.

"You can meet her in Mrs. Van Zandt's rooms, if she goes there."

"She does—she does! but, then, the girls——"

"Hem!" from the B. C.

"Maud doesn't like me."

"Haven't you rather monopolized the men lately?"

"Is that my fault? I am sure it is much more of a bother than a pleasure."

"You may be sure that Miss Maud blames you. Her complexion is of the true jealous tinge. If you could only gain her over, now!"

"I can—I will!" I replied, a bright idea suddenly illuminating the darkness of my mind.

The B. C. gave a little contented sigh.

"I must say that I miss madame myself. Don't you think that she has changed very much lately?"

"She grows more beautiful every day."

"I mean in her manner. She used to strike me as being abrupt, careless of pleasing, with a certain air of wildness and defiance of the world's opinion; but now she is gracious, winning and 'proper' as an Englishwoman—and yet this propriety is without stiffness, and has a certain wild-wood atmosphere about it, like that of some graceful wild animal tamed to the hand, but with a reminder of its once free life in every motion."

"B. C., you are poetical."

"I didn't mean to be!" cried the B. C., with an air of alarm.

"You have been it, nevertheless, but you may manage to outlive the disgrace; and madame would make even a log of wood poetical."

"Thanks for the comparison," said the B. C., meekly.

* * * * * * *

I astonished the B. C. this morning by executing a *pas de triomphe* before her.

"Wish me joy," I said—"Miss Maud is my friend from this hour!"

The B. C. looked up from her canvas with a dazed expression.

"She hasn't been here for a week," she said, "and you have been just glued to your easel all that time; so, how you can have made any progress in winning her friendship is more than I——"

"But it won't be, when you have seen my work."

And I led her up to my easel, where a swarthy, large-eyed face looked out from the canvas, the peculiar Egyptian headdress binding the dark brows, and heavy tresses

of a purple blackness, braided with gems, dropping over the carelessly vailed shoulders.

"Oh! Cleopatra! I wish, my dear, you had chosen a less conventional subject; but you have really done it very well, and it quite resembles some one I know."

"I have intended to represent Cleopatra's first interview with Marc Antony. Please give me your opinion of Antony, whose head alone, as you perceive, has emerged from the obscurity of the background."

She looked at the pictured Roman, whose eyes were beginning to kindle in the blaze of Cleopatra's beauty, and who was standing on a very sketchy pair of legs, holding the outlines of a helmet in his ghostly hand—and, after a few moments' silent observation, exclaimed:

"Why, it's Mr. Shirley, as he will look twenty years from now, if he should, in the meantime, lead a reckless, dissolute life."

Yes, it was my cousin Laurence, even through the disguise of the grizzled hair, worn away by the pressure of the helmet, the war-worn and passion-seamed face, the bronzed forehead and fiery eyes, with a sudden softness subduing their warlike fire.

"That head is fine," said the B. C., adding, with a gleam of humor in those large, soft eyes of hers: "but, aren't you afraid that you have taken a liberty? Mr. Shirley doesn't seem to like us."

"Neither, I fancy, does he especially care for Miss Maud Van Zandt; but she likes him, and I think that this picture—to use one of your Americanisms—will do her business."

"Then she is the Cleopatra? But, my dear, how you have flattered her!"

"She will be still more flattered when she sees it. I shall let her see it as soon as I can, without waiting to put in any of the fine touches, for I am just dying to see madame, if Phisty has left anything of her by this time."

* * * * * * *

I went to Mrs. Van Zandt's apartments, to call on Miss Maud, to ask her to come and see her "counterfeit presentment," and while there I encountered a newly-arrived countryman of theirs, a General somebody or other, I did not catch the name; but I believe all Americans but my Cousin Laurence are colonels or generals. He is a man about six feet high, broad in proportion, with a jolly red face, large gray eyes, and a voice of thunder. He has a funny way of beginning to swear, and then breaking off at the by——, and looking horribly ashamed of himself.

"Another daughter of yours, Mrs. Van Zandt?" said he, when I was introduced. "Upon my soul, I congratulate you. She's a beauty."

Maud looked spiteful, and Blanche giggled; Mrs. Van Zandt showed her teeth uneasily.

"I said Miss St. John, general."

"Miss St. John!" The general looked at me thoughtfully for a moment. "I knew a Miss St. John once," he said. "Let me see—why, it must have been twenty years ago, by—— by a moderate computation."

"It couldn't have been *this* Miss St. John, then," said Mrs. Van Zandt, showing her teeth again.

"No, she was a much smaller woman than this young lady. I was narrower in the belt myself, then; and so were you, Anne, by——" a pause—"by several inches."

Mrs. Van Zandt did not seem to relish this allusion to her increased size, but she showed her teeth to the general in an alarming smile, and, while adjusting her costly bracelets, said:

"I think Maud's figure is like what mine used to be."

"Not such fine curves, I think; more of the pine-tree pattern. But where is Larry, Anne? Where does the boy keep himself? I heard that he had stowed himself away in some corner of these con——hem!—complicated old barracks."

"You'd better ask Maud," said Blanche.

Maud hung her head and looked conscious.

The general eyed her sharply as he said:

"Miss Maud, where is Master Laurence?"

"I don't know," said Maud, growing more bashful.

"So you're caught, eh?" said the general. "And is Laurence caught, too?"

Maud gasped, and stared at the general, whose eyes twinkled, but whose face was otherwise unmoved.

"Rather a home question, isn't it?" continued the veteran. "Well, I won't ask you to answer it, but will wait and see for myself. Tell Laurence to call around and see me, Anne. I always did like the boy." And so the blundering old warrior took his departure, and Maud, falling upon his manners and appearance, tore them into tatters.

"He is half blind, too," she concluded, with a side-glance at me. "Do you remember, mamma, how he came to see us once, to tell us of the splendid beauty he had met on Broadway, and she turned out to be one-eyed, painted up to that one eye, and fifty years old, besides?"

I took this blow meekly. At all events, I am not yet fifty years old.

I now ventured to tell Miss Maud that I had called to ask her if she would favor me with a few sittings. I wish the B. C. could have seen the air with which she turned around on me, evidently scenting a hungry artist *begging* a commission.

"When I have my portrait painted, I think I shall employ a *known* artist."

I swallowed this for madame's sake.

"But this is a *fancy* picture," I said. "You suggested the subject to me; I have sketched it out roughly, but I fear that I cannot go on without painting from yourself."

Miss Maud evidently felt slightly flattered. She assumed a more gracious expression.

"Oh, if that is it—" she began.

"You will come?"

"Yes. How soon do you want me?"

"As soon as you may find it convenient."

"Then I will come in about half an hour."

When I went back to the studio, I found both the count and Mr. O'Neil there. They *have* been there a great deal, lately, as the B. C. says I did not object to this, until I found that they were inclined to say pretty things to me; and oh, what nuisances *other* men are, when you care for but *one* man in God's whole creation!—when his presence can "make sunshine in a shady place," or, on the contrary, his absence blot out the sunlight from the fairest landscape. However, I feel safe when the two are together; they neutralize each other; and they have also begun to look askant at each other, lately, which amuses the B. C.

"They won't be friends again until you have refused both of them," she said to me. To which I replied:

"Now, B. C., *could* I hope to go any higher than a *count?*"

"You will never marry for a *title*, I am sure."

"Just wait till a prince asks me!"

They stationed themselves on either side of my easel, like the two supporters of a shield, and glared at each other across me, until I began to feel like Mr. Pickwick between the rival editors. The count thought I had caught the likeness admirably; O'Neil said it was a thousand times handsomer than Miss Maud Van Zandt.

"You are both right, I think," said the B. C., coming down like oil upon the waters. But the waters refused to be calmed.

"WHAT CARE I FOR WIND OR WEATHER!"

"I think I have seen some one who looks like your Antony," said the count, thoughtfully.

"That Antony is evidently an original head," said O'Neil. "I hate to see painters reproduce each other's designs."

The count colored a little.

"I should never dream of accusing mademoiselle of adaptation. Mademoiselle has studied a model, and a living one. Is not that head painted from Monsieur Shirley's father?"

"It is painted from Monsieur Shirley himself. I have only anticipated the ravages of time."

"Mademoiselle, you have done admirably," said the count, bowing. A Frenchman always bows when he compliments you.

"Are you art critic for any paper, D'Estaing?" asked O'Neil, impertinently.

Fortunately, at this juncture Miss Maud entered, evidently gotten up in an Oriental style, and to look as much like a modernized Cleopatra as possible, for she wore a profusion of heavy gold ornaments, a dull gold-colored silk, trimmed with ruby velvet, and had an ermine cloak over her arm. She swept into the room with considerable majesty, giving me all her "points" at once, in a focus.

"I thought I would imitate you," she said, "and dress to suit my accessories. As Cleopatra was a queen, and as queens always wear ermine in pictures, I've brought along my cloak."

The B. C. and I exchanged glances. Fancy Cleopatra in ermine!

"Don't you think that will be rather warm for Egypt?" asked O'Neil; while the count rubbed his upper lip to conceal a spasmodic motion of his mustache.

But Maud did not hear. Her eyes were on the dusky queen.

"I had no idea—oh!" she said.

"Mademoiselle was too modest," said the count, translating her thought, like the Frenchman that he is.

"But don't you think that she has flattered me?" asks Maud, bewitchingly, rolling her great eyes around to the count's face.

"I may have slightly idealized you," I said, hastening to the rescue of that rare goddess, Truth.

"Oh, Miss St. John," said Maud, playfully, "if you were a gentleman artist, I would not allow you to say that you have *idolized* me!"

I dropped my mahl-stick, and stooped to pick it up. O'Neil rushed to one of the paintings on the wall, and began to examine it attentively; while the count stood quietly, with the preternaturally composed face that is only possible to a Frenchman on such an occasion.

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO STRINGS TO RAFE'S BOW.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

PHILIPPE said to me, yesterday:

"Has the American asked you to marry him yet, Rose-Marie?"

I have been anxiously awaiting this question, for I knew that Philippe had remarked that Monsieur Shirley has absented himself from our society lately, though I have carefully concealed from him how much I feel this change.

"No Philippe."

"He will soon, I hope," he continued, turning to me with that glitter in his eyes which is always, with him, a sign of anger.

I shook my head. Philippe made a step toward me.

"You have not dared——"

"I have done nothing. He has betrothed himself to his cousin."

It is no exaggeration when I say that, for a moment, Philippe was black in the face. The change was so instantaneous, so frightful, that I was paralyzed with fear. I expected to see him fall to the floor in an apoplectic fit. When he began to recover his natural complexion, I trembled still for the results that such excessive agitation might bring to me. He will kill me, I thought—and I hastened to say:

"Oh, Philippe! it was no fault of mine, for—I—love—him!"

And I wept, with the shame of my forced confession—with grief for my loss.

"I believe you, because you weep—you never give tears to a trifle. But how do you know that he has betrothed himself to—his cousin?"

I related what I had seen. Philippe listened intently.

"They are not married yet," he said, when I had finished. "Not if you will it otherwise—and you love him."

"Philippe, I think this man will hold his word sacred. Words, you know, my brother, hold good in law."

Philippe began to walk up and down the room, evidently deep in thought; and, at last, pausing beside me, he said:

"I believe that you have done all in your power to forward my wishes. You are growing thin and pale, my sister," he added, seating himself beside me; and, drawing me to him, he kissed my cheek.

So inexpressibly grateful to me was this expression of sympathy from one so habitually cold, that I responded to it immediately by throwing my arms around his neck, and crying as heartily on his shoulder as I had ever done on the bosom of my mother. This kindness, and the hope of our future friendship, was so soothing, that I at last raised my head, with a heart lightened of half its load of wounded and mortified affection.

"Rose-Marie," said he, with his arm still around my waist, and his other hand caressing my head, "you are undeniably the most beautiful and fascinating woman of my acquaintance. If I, your brother, look upon you with such eyes, the rest of the world—of Florence, I mean—must view you likewise; therefore, it lies in your power, you who know all your sex's deviltries—pardon the word, my sister, but 'tis very expressive—it lies in your power to win this Englishman to yourself, notwithstanding his promise to his cousin."

My heart went down like lead. This was the secret of Philippe's kindness! This was the fruition of my hopes! I drew myself from his arms, but he held one of my hands in his iron-velvet clasp, and said:

"If nothing else will do, let him see that you love him."

"I have done so, Philippe."

"Good heaven! you did not tell him——"

"No, Philippe—I—I—only let him—see it—as you have just suggested."

"Then nothing is lost. He must prefer you to an unformed schoolgirl, so prove yourself a good mother, and exert yourself for your daughter's sake."

With these significant words he left me.

So I am again in the toils. I called him a rock, but it is a rock that is not to shelter, but to crush me. My task is harder than Hannibal's, for I must cut my way without vinegar, with the honey of sweet words and sweeter smiles; and I shall be no hypocrite, for I love him! But what will become of my self-respect?

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

CLEMENCE did not appear to be as much pleased with my success as I had expected her to be. I remarked upon this coolness, and she replied that she did not suppose she was more selfish than other mortals, but she should like to know what was to become of her when I was Madame Shirley? for it was evident that monsieur had no particular liking for herself. I felt inclined to reply that she could resume her former occupation of "living on her wits," but I restrained myself, as I cannot afford to offend her yet.

I should have supposed that madame would have told her brother what she saw from the window of the court, but there has been no threatening cloud in that quarter as yet. I have not seen Germont since. Madame is as calm and smiling as if I had not snatched her prey from her very teeth, and everything is as peaceful and as dull as possible. I am beginning to long for a little danger.

I wonder if anything could make monsieur's blood run warm in his veins? I never saw so passionless a person. I begin to believe that his dastardly attempt to destroy my beauty was done in cold blood, instead of being the act of a man half crazed by grief.

He has given me a magnificent betrothal-ring, he kisses me when he bids me good-night and good-morning, he is always bringing me bon-bons and dainties, as if I were a little girl, and he also sees that I have everything I can possibly wish for; but that is all. Ah! if I only dared to be myself again—the Amber Witch—wouldn't I bring milord to his knees, make his eyes follow my every motion, his cheek flush and pale at my glance! But I do not dare to try it, for I might fail. I sometimes think that he had but one strong feeling—love for his brother—and that when he lost him the thermometer of his blood fell to zero, and has staid there ever since. He has given me one satisfaction, however. He has told me that, being still more particular about his wife than his cousin, he would rather I should not visit Rafe's studio. This prohibition will bring me the pleasure of disobeying him, and, perhaps, put him into a passion when my disobedience is found out. I should like to see him in a rage. If I could only once break the barriers of his coldness in any way, he might find it difficult to freeze over again. If he thinks that he can make my pulses beat to his even measure, he will find himself mistaken, when I am once Madame Shirley; until then, I hope I may keep within bounds. But give up Rafe I will not. Is is only in her studio that I breathe air that does not choke me. It is strange how she fascinates me! and she is as much of an icicle in her way as Monsieur Shirley is in his, and she is not only indifferent to me, but to the men as well. But her very carelessness seems to attract them the more, and I am sure that D'Estaing and O'Neil are both épris with her; although Maud Van Zandt really fancies them her especial victims. She is painting Maud as Cleopatra. Why? I wonder!

When I was going up to the studio to-day—I have been *twice* since Monsieur Shirley forbade it—I felt sure he was following me, and evaded him by making quite a detour; and, finding the door of the studio open, slipped in and hid behind some of the hangings, expecting him to follow me every instant. In a few moments I heard a man come in. That is he, I thought; but, peering between a division in the folds, I saw D'Estaing, looking so flushed and agitated that I divined his errand at once, and concluded that I had better not make it of no effect by presenting myself.

Rafe appeared, greeted him composedly, and begged him to excuse her, if she continued her work, as she was somewhat hurried; and then she moved her easel into a better light, and, with her palette on her thumb, began to make an infinite variety of quick, light strokes, while the count stood by her side, alternately pulling the ends of his mustache and nervously turning his hat between his two thumbs.

Rafe, with her gray blouse belted around her slight waist, her short blue skirt, which gave to view two of the prettiest little feet imaginable, and a scarlet cap on her brown, curling hair, looked very picturesque; and so the count seemed to think, for his black eyes sparkled as he looked at her, and he said something to her in a very low tone. Rafe laughed—she had a merry, ringing laugh—and shook her head, the scarlet tassel of her cap dancing on her brown curls. The count spoke again, and she turned her head and looked at him, as if surprised. As I could hear nothing that was said, for he spoke in a very low tone—probably fearing the B. C.'s presence in some remote corner—and used a great deal of gesture, it was as good as a pantomime to me.

The count continued to speak, and I saw Rafe begin to retreat from him, almost imperceptibly, until she found herself impeded by a great carved chair. She then said a few words, in a tone inaudible to me, and returning to her easel, began to paint industriously.

The count moved toward her again, and spoke, evidently in great agitation. She inclined her head, but did not look at him, and, taking his hat, he went hastily toward the door, turned, bowed deeply to her—she never took her eyes from her work—and went out.

As the door closed, she shrugged her shoulders and stepped back from her easel, to study the effect of the last few touches on Antony's armor. As she did so, the door opened, and O'Neil came in. Rafe looked around, and, nodding pleasantly, returned to the task of brightening up Antony's armor.

She had some old Roman armor from which to copy, and this was raised on a wooden frame. Behind it O'Neil stationed himself, looking over it at her, and remarking that he thought it would just fit him.

"Why didn't you paint *me* as Antony? Miss Maud says he is Monsieur Shirley to the life, and you can't think how pleased she is."

"Would you like to play Antony to Miss Maud's Cleopatra?" asked Rafe, making the armor so brilliant, just over the region of Antony's heart, that it seemed as if it were to be typical of the flames the Egyptian was to kindle in that organ.

"I would play Antony to *your* Cleopatra."

Rafe shook her head.

"I am not in the least like Cleopatra."

"My idea of Cleopatra is, that she was a lively little thing, who used to tease Antony, and then run away from him."

"A mere romp? No, indeed! She was no Zenobia, but she was lithe and slender as the serpents of her own Nile, with her moods as many-hued as their glittering mail, her anger as quick to strike, her words as venomous, her winding arms as fatal as their graceful coils."

"But that isn't Miss Maud!"

"Not at all. My Cleopatra is Miss Maud Van Zandt, not Shakespeare's Cleopatra. It is an idea, not an inspiration."

"What have you been doing to D'Estaing, Miss Rafe? I met him coming from here just now, and he looked as if he had seen a ghost."

"I have never seen a ghost," said Rafe, bending over her palette.

"I suppose it would be impertinent for me to guess the

cause of his looking so ill; but that very fact has encouraged me to——"

"B. C.!" said Rafe, "please come here. I want your opinion of Cleopatra's arms."

The B. C. presented herself with her usual neat, unobtrusive manner of "coming upon the scene"—for all this seemed to me like a comedy that was being enacted for my especial benefit. Her presence seemed not in the slightest degree to disconcert O'Neil, who joined in the discussion of the merits and demerits of foreshortening in general, and in particular of this slender and exquisitely shaped member—not in the least like Maud Van Zandt's angular arms—that rested, a blaze of jewels, on Charmian's shoulder.

"Now, Miss B. C., give *me* your advice, please, like the dear, good soul you look to be," began O'Neil.

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Rafe, "but I want to ask both of you what color you would advise for Charmian's drapery? It ought to be a contrast, and yet to blend advantageously."

"Miss Rafe, your Cleopatra is very much like Miss Maud Van Zandt. She is continually interposing herself between us."

"I am much inclined to white myself," continued Rafe, without appearing to have heard O'Neil's remark—"white, with an Egyptian border of gold and dead-silver. It will tone down Cleopatra's many-colored splendor."

"Yes; that will do, I think," said the B. C.

"Now *that* is disposed of," said O'Neil, "let us return, not to our muttons, but to our dear little lamb."

"But I am not decided about the white," said Rafe. "Perhaps a neutral tint—what do you think, Mr. O'Neil?"

"Don't talk of neutral tints! My thoughts are all rose-colored this morning. I am in love, and I hope that my love——"

"And I am only thinking of work," said Rafe. "If the B. C. has time to receive your confidences, you might retire with her to another part of the room."

"I am answered," said O'Neil, his face grown ludicrously long. "I had fancied—I had hoped——"

"B. C., *do* give me a suggestion about Charmian's drapery," said Rafe, impatiently.

"Make it green," said O'Neil. "That is the color of disappointment, I believe. Good-morning, ladies."

As the door closed behind him, the B. C. looked at Rafe quizzically.

"Two in one morning!"

"It is very disagreeable, is it not? Of course, now, I've lost their friendship. What bores lovers are!"

"When they're not the right one," said the B. C., sententiously.

A knock on the door followed her words.

"Perhaps this is the right one," laughed Rafe, as she opened the door. But it was Laurence, who stepped in across the threshold and stood there, looking very tall and very unpleasant.

"Miss Amberside is not here?" he asked.

His tone was by no means conciliating, scarcely polite. I did not wonder that Rafe's head took a saucy, sideward poise, and her face a certain devil-may-care expression, as she answered, curtly:

"She is not."

Laurence looked around him, suspiciously. Rafe colored slightly.

"Perhaps you would like to see for yourself, Mr. Shirley? My paint-pots are all open to your inspection. Here is a jar, where we keep our odds and ends; she is certainly not in that!"

"My dear!" said the B. C.

"May I ask *you*"—turning markedly to the B. C.—"has Miss Amberside been here lately?"

"*Beatrix*"—emphatically—"was here yesterday morning," said Rafe.

How black Laurence looked!

"Indeed!—and I had *forbidden* her to come!"

"Oh," said Rafe, "you needn't; she doesn't annoy us in the least!"

I almost laughed aloud. Monsieur Shirley's face was a study.

"But she annoys *me*," he said. "Will you tell her so, if she comes again?"

"I do not fancy she will come again," said Rafe, her elegant little head held very erect. "You may tell her, from me, that we do not wish to see her again. We are quite particular as to the visitors to our studio."

"I will give your message; I hope it will have the desired effect," said Monsieur Shirley, looking with something like admiration at the pale face and blazing eyes that confronted him. "Perhaps you will forgive me my desire that my cousin should keep more within her own sphere, when I tell you that she is to be my wife."

Rafe burst out laughing.

"In that case, you will *need* my forgiveness," she said. "Mr. Shirley, I wish you a very good-morning."

While she was bowing Laurence out of the room, I slipped along behind the hangings to another door in the rear of the room, and was down-stairs, ready to meet my accuser when he should present himself. And all the time these strange and incomprehensible words were ringing in my ears, "In that case, you will *need* my forgiveness." Had they any other than a simply sarcastic meaning? Impossible! If they had had the meaning my fears would give them, the girl would have spoken out then, when his insulting prohibition was first made known to her.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA.

MONSIEUR SHIRLEY has not even spoken Rafe's name since that memorable morning when she laughed in his face. I am sure that he was satisfied that she would keep her word with regard to me, but I have not seen her since, until this morning, when I met her under rather peculiar circumstances.

One peculiarity of Florence is, that no lady, be she a native or a foreigner, pretty or plain, can *walk* in the streets without being exposed to a comical kind of insult, that her appearance on *foot* is supposed to warrant. She finds herself closely followed, deliberately stared at, and her personal appearance freely commented upon, and always aloud, by the gentlemen whom she may meet; while the peasantry put their faces into hers, make a mock kiss, call her "Cara! cara!" or cry something that is equivalent to "boo!" in her ear. The streets are so abominable, that they seem only intended for carriages or beggars, and it is very seldom that a lady, unless a foreigner, and inexperienced, ventures to attempt a promenade.

Rafe came home from her first walk, altogether furious. She had walked from one of the galleries, in which she was studying a painting, and had been followed by a young Florentine, who, being possessed of a few words of English, danced around her, first on one side and then on the

other, saying "Very good," "Very much pretty," "I like," "You handsome," etc. He continued this persecution until she reached her own door, when, as she was about to enter, he, being in front of her, and dancing backward as she approached, fell over a donkey, and sprawled ignominiously in the mud, while she fled up the staircase.

"It is necessary, in the pursuit of my profession, that I should walk sometimes," said Rafe, after relating this incident to the B. C. and myself, "and walk I will."

"But you will always be exposed to something of this kind," urged the B. C.

"But I will not endure it."

"You will have to, or ride."

"You will see."

And now, to-day, I did see! for, driving out with Monsieur Shirley, who dutifully gives me a daily airing, as we turned the corner of the street we saw Rafe walking down it, not by any means hurrying herself, but proceeding very deliberately, with her hat cocked rather pertly over her straight little nose, and her arms folded in a waterproof-cloak, in a very cavalier manner. If she saw us, I do not know, for there sprang from an angle of a neighboring palace the very Florentine of whose impertinence she had complained, for I recognized her description of his unusually long hair and scarlet necktie.

"Laurence," I said, "do you see?"

At this instant she flung off her waterproof cloak, and showed herself completely dressed in man's apparel, and, whirling a light cane around her head, switched her tormentor across the face. He threw up his arm with a species of howl, cowered, and upon seeing her again raise her cane, took to his heels.

Rafe was looking after him, and laughing, when I heard a hearty man's voice cry, "Bravo!" in unmistakably foreign accents, and a carriage passed ours, having in it Mrs. Van Zandt, her two daughters, and a gray-haired, military-looking personage. The flush of victory on Rafe's face changed to a blush of confusion, and picking up her cloak, she huddled it around her as quickly as she could.

"Why, goodness gracious! it's Miss St. John!" said Mrs. Van Zandt.

"Is it a woman? Miss St. John?" said the military gentleman, and he ordered the carriage to stop. "My dear young lady, what could have induced you to take such a step?" he asked.

"To free myself from insult," said Rafe, and raising her head at the close of her sentence, she showed that her beautiful eyes were full of tears.

"I should think 'twould *attract* insult," said Maud, tossing her head, and viewing the offender from the corners of her virtuously averted eyes.

"Oh, no!" said Rafe. "He—ha, ha, ha!—he thought I was a *man!*"

"Ho, ho, ho!" chorused the military personage. "Well, you certainly are about his size. But you must not walk through the streets as you are, any more. If you will tell me where you live, I will carry you home."

"Really, general——" began Mrs. Van Zandt, but the general would not hear.

"You are Miss St. John?" he said. "I was once to be married to a lady of your name."

Rafe gave a glad little cry.

"You are General Lyon?" she said.

Then Laurence and I drove by them.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

So FAR I have had no opportunity to test the strength of the chain that binds my American to his cousin and betrothed, for she now wears his ring. He takes every occasion to pass me by with unseeing eyes. What he has said or done to Philippe, I know not, but his eyes look like blue steel when Monsieur Shirley's name is mentioned.

Madame Van Zandt and her daughters have courted my society much, lately. I respond, because by doing so I gain the chance to see that dear and charming Rafe, and also La Santa Giovanna, who has, to my eyes, grown to look quite lovely of late. There is also a General Lyon there, who is not unlike the royal beast in his own person, having a most manful roar, and a pair of great brown eyes, full of bonhomie; and yet with the power of looking savage at will.

Miss Beatrix is but little seen since her engagement, but miladi I have frequently met in the Van Zandt salon. Her toilettes are wonderful, and I fancy that she makes great eyes at Monsieur le General, who has pronounced her "stunning."

Monsieur Shirley, miladi and Miss Beatrix are all going to leave Florence for Venice for a season. Rafe tells me that the B. C. and she are going there also. She asks me if I shall not be one of the pilgrims, and I blush, for I know that where the American goes Philippe will be sure to oblige me to follow. Rafe has told me a little secret. She says that the general is an old lover of the Santa, and they are now betrothed, but do not wish it to be made common talk of.

* * * * * *

Christmas Eve. I have been to the midnight Mass at the Church of the Annunciation. I did not wish to go tonight, for I shrank from the crowd, the heat, the intolerable odors; but Philippe insisted, he who is usually far from being devout. The smoke of the incense rolled around and above us in such clouds that I could catch only an occasional glimpse of the scarlet and gold of the priests' garments, showing like lightning through a thunder-cloud. I kneeled, and listened to the solemn and beautiful music that promised peace on earth, good-will to men. The music was familiar to me, only too familiar; so was the church, and it seemed as if this were the very spot upon which I had kneeled years before. A voice, unheard for years, seemed to join in the solemn chant, and its silvery tenor rose above the pulsing waves of sound; the "Maria! Maria!" appeared to be less addressed to the Virgin than an imploring call upon my name.

Under the force of these recollections my forehead sank on the stone pavement, which was wet with my tears—my unavailing tears! and then I felt a hand laid over and clasped upon the two cold hands which were clinched above my head, as, like the Psalmist, I bowed myself down in the bitterness of my soul. I thought, and I must have been mad to think so, that it was a hand I shall never touch on earth again; and, shuddering at its contact, I felt a folded paper slide from its fingers into my palm. I raised myself instantly, and saw on one side of me the American, standing apparently absorbed in the sight of the high altar, and on the other a fat devotee, who was telling her beads in evident abstraction from all worldly thoughts. Behind me was a pretty, demure young girl, and in front of me an old man under the care of his daughter, a severe-looking woman.

While I was still looking around me, Madame Van Zandt said:

"We are going home, now."

Monsieur Shirley offered me his arm, as if under a protest, and we pushed and jostled through the pushing, jostling crowd, until we found our way to the fresh air and our carriage.

When we reached the palazzo, Philippe was waiting to

hand me from the carriage and to lend me the aid of his arm in the ascent of the long staircase. I am sure that every one thinks him a very attentive brother; and he is as attentive as the executioner who assists to disrobe his victim, that there may be no impediment to the blow.

We had reached our sitting-room, and before I had time to sit down, Philippe said:

"Come, let us read the little note you received to-night, my sister!"

Is the man a demon?

I turned up the flame of the lamp, and read the superscription.

"This note is addressed to *me*, Philippe."

"It is all one. We have no secrets from each other, as you very well know."

I do indeed know it—and I opened the note and read it aloud, Philippe standing behind me and looking over my shoulder, that I might omit nothing.

"I trust that madame has not forgotten to keep a place in her memory for the stranger who was introduced to her by the Baron Thibault-Delassy. If madame has done him the honor to remember him, will she also be pleased to permit him to visit her as a friend? he having it in his power to produce credentials that will satisfy her of his qualifications for such an enviable position.

"A note placed on the altar of the first chapel to the right, as you enter from the vestibule of the Annunziata, will reach

"GUIDO."

"It is the stranger with whom you danced at the French Ambassador's ball, and the same who enacted the guide up Vesuvius, and the winner at the Neapolitan races," said Philippe. "You may receive him, my sister."

I understood Philippe's thought.

"Do we stay here?" I asked, and I felt myself blush as I asked it.

"Tell him we are going to Venice. Write the note, and I will see that it reaches its destination. He is in pursuit of the English lily, and wishes to pluck it by your hand. You, who love, should be willing to aid all lovers."

"Philippe!"

"You would ask for pen and paper, Rose-Marie? Here they are. Now write."

(To be continued.)

A LOVE-CURL.

WHAT was I worth? I cannot say; I never valued myself. Some one else did, though, for I used to dance with every toss of the coquettish little head, and knew I was the brightest, sunniest of all the sunny curls clustering round the well-shaped brow.

"Really," she used to say to me, as she looked with roguish eyes into the mirror, "you are the most obstinate twist of a curl that ever I knew."

And so I was. Why should not I peep into the laughing eyes? Why should I be hidden? I knew that I had a golden brightness which none of the others possessed. Why not show it? Besides, "some one" used to say that I gave all the character there was in the appearance of the wicked little head. That was saying a great deal for me, because every one knew—at least, all my curl-mates did—that Cousin Reggy had loved our "Birdie" since she was as high as the table. He had no curls—not he; but straight, limp hair, ever falling over the large, earnest eyes.

"Don't look so earnest," Birdie once said; "I hate you when you look so."

"Who can help looking 'so' at an erratic little creature like you?" he answered, calmly, while the earnest look deepened.

"Anything but that," she returned, petulantly, and he turned away with a sigh.

"Only a light-hearted child," I heard him murmur one day; "she will be a noble, earnest woman one day."

But do you think earnestness ever troubled her butterfly brain? Certainly not. She should say and do exactly what she pleased, in spite of Reg and his earnest looks. Besides, Reg was rather jealous. She could not help others loving her; she must be kind to them. Many an honest heart told itself "She *does* love me," while the piquant head would nod to me in the little mirror, "He thinks I care for him. Poor fool!" And five minutes afterward I would kiss the brow of a tranquil sleeper.

The little mite would not willingly have hurt a mouse. A woman's cruelty! The wound is bound so lovingly and tenderly that it is forgotten, lost in admiration of the art that hurts and heals with the same breath.

"Reggy, I am going to try my new habit to-day. Young Percival asked me to ride with him."

"Is Maud going with you?" he asked, looking up quickly from his writing.

"No, I am going alone. I shall gallop away until he is quite out of patience, then draw rein, and dilate upon the scenery in quiet, drawing-room tones."

"Do not ride alone with that fellow, dear."

He rose and came to her side.

"What does it matter, old Grundy? Let me have my fun while I am young."

"Not at the expense of seeming what you are not. Do not get your name coupled with Percival's. Ask Maud to go with you."

Maud was mother as well as sister to him.

"*You* can come, if you like."

She shook me wickedly off her brow.

"I cannot spare the time," he said, quietly, as he sat down to his writing again.

He sighed. He knew as well as I did that she would ride alone with Percival, enjoy it thoroughly, come back to himself and spend the evening in fascinating him with her talk and laughing eyes.

Birdie enjoyed her ride. So did young Percival his. She went to the piano after dinner and sang to Reginald all the songs that he loved best, did not mention Percival's name, then went to bed and dreamt that she was engaged to him, and that Reg would not help her to break it off.

That Reginald had a tired, weary look that Summer. He had been working hard, and was making rapid strides in his profession.

"You look quite old," Maud said to him one morning at breakfast; "you want rest."

"Right, *ma sœur*, I do want rest."

He looked at the restless head I caressed opposite, and the face which did *not* look old.

That afternoon we were in the summer-house. I played with the tiny breeze that danced through the honeysuckle over the glossy head, while the large straw hat flapped lazily, and the leaves of Tennyson rustled at "Maud" through the sunshine. Two large tears fell slowly, and before they reached the page a hand was gently placed over the soft eyes.

"Keep your tears for some one else," said Reginald.

"It seems so real. Poor Maud!"

"That name reminds me. Our Maud has had visitors. Some one wished to congratulate you. Birdie," he spoke earnestly, "why get your name handed about so?"

"Oh, do not scold. People will talk."

"Why give them cause to?"

"Why cannot I flirt as I like? No one imagines I mean anything by it."

The old earnestness that worried her. But how handsome he looked!

The breeze danced on joyously, and the hat rose and fell beneath its touch, while Reginald told an old, old story, which it would not interest anyone to hear. He told it well, and if I had been allowed a voice in the matter—well, I should not be lying in the old pocketbook; and Birdie——But we were powerless, and could only look on silently and grieve.

That evening Reginald had an engagement, and Birdie a headache. I tossed with the restless head all that night, and lay quietly upon the quiet one nearly all the morning. Maud told us that Reg had been obliged to return to London suddenly, and Birdie made no comment. Only the face I saw in the mirror was very pale, and the eyes full of pain.

"What nonsense!" she said; "I never cared for him. Poor fellow!"

Time passed away. Birdie grew quiet and pale. France was going to war with Germany. The papers were full of it.

"Birdie," said Maud, looking up from the letter which I knew was from him, "Reg is going to use his healing powers among the wounded. What do you think of it?"

But she never heard, for Tennyson had never caused a shower like that.

And we were out in the old summer-house while Maud pondered, and the tea and toast grew cold. Birdie buried me in the honeysuckle while she wept for Reg and herself—where she had wept for "Maud," and he had told her of the love which had grown with his growth.

He came down for one day to say "Good-by." She looked pale, but how could he doubt the truth of her impetuous words, or guess that she grieved to lose him?

"Just for old friendship's sake," he pleaded, raising me gently in one hand, while the other held the bright scissors. It was cruel to take me from her, but love is always cruel to some one; it cannot help itself.

When he was really gone, Birdie often read "Maud" again in the old summer-house; and would dream among the leaves and flowers that she heard the rattle of the musketry and the clashing of the swords; that she was a soldier's bride, whose love was the strength of the hero she followed to his final fight upon a foreign field; or, that she was with Reg among the wounded.

Among the wounded there toil the brave, patient men who give their lives—for what? To satisfy, sometimes caprice, sometimes ambition, and neither ever are satisfied.

With a cheery word and pleasant smile for each, Reginald used his skill among them. Many a weeping wife would have called her bonnie, laughing children fatherless, but for the "Médicin l'Anglais" with the limp hair and earnest eyes. And I? I was with him everywhere—on the battle-field, in the tent, and beside the pale, suffering faces, the long row of which constituted a hospital. When the quiet stars peeped in upon his sleeping face, and Birdie's laughing eyes looked from dreamland into his, I heaved with the heaving of the broad, strong breast, and felt the brave, true heart beat beneath me.

One day, when the grapeshot fell thick and fast, and the heavy shells burst with death in every splint, he bent over a poor fellow whose life-blood ebbed fast and silently. In vain he stanched the wound, too deep for aught but death to heal. "Mes enfants, mes enfants!" With his last thought for his babes, he yielded his life to the Giver of it. As Reginald turned with a mist over his earnest eyes, a bullet pierced me on its way into his chest, and he staggered forward.

For twenty-four hours I rose and fell upon the breast of the dying man. Early one morning he used his feeble strength to place me from the little locket into his pocketbook, and scrawl "Reg to Birdie" on the page which held me. The pencil-marks were faint, but she would make them out "for old friendship's sake," he murmured. He wrote the address underneath, and placed me in the hands of his medical comrade.

That evening, when the little pocketbook was opened to note the address, I saw the limp hair lying off the calm, white brow, and the earnest eyes covered by their marble lids. There was no pain about the placid mouth, and he looked very handsome, although it was the still, pale beauty of death upon his face.

Many years have passed since then, and I often hear, "Why do you not marry, Birdie?" But "Birdie" only smiles—the smile of one who has learnt to suffer and be strong.

I alone know how often the soft eyes look upon those feeble, straggling letters, "Reg to Birdie," for I lie near them. If she loves me, it is not because I belonged to her, but that I was with him in battle-field and tent, beating against the strong, true heart that never knew she loved him dearer than herself.

"She will be a noble, earnest woman one day," he said. There is a school in which many seemingly selfish, frivolous creatures become so—the school of suffering. She is noble—noble in unselfishness, in love for others, in tenderness for sorrow and sympathy with suffering; noble in not permitting her life-sorrow and mistake to mar the happiness of those around her; earnest in giving the word of advice just where it is needed, and the warning truth before it is too late. And no young friend is ever vexed when Birdie scolds. She was not true to herself, but perchance the timely word of love may spare others the pain which has been hers.

So I lie quietly in my nook, and when I hear folks talk of "selfish, narrow-minded old maids," I wish I could make them a speech upon the subject; but then, you see, I can't, for I am only an old, faded LOVE-CURL.

THE FRENCH CROWN JEWELS.

A FEW days before the French Parliamentary vacation commenced, M. Turquet, Under-Secretary for Fine Arts, presented a Bill, in the name of the Ministry of Fine Arts, providing for the partial alienation of the Crown diamonds. Nothing was done in the matter before the Chambers separated, owing to the shortness of the time at disposal, but it is stated that the proposal will be vigorously pushed forward at the opening of next session. The following details on the subject are given in the *Galignani:*

The gems may be divided into two classes, those possessing merely an intrinsic value, and those which, in addition, have an artistic value. The proposal deals with the former alone, estimated to be worth between seven and eight millions of francs, and with the proceeds of their sale it is intended to form a fund to be applied to the purchase, from time to time, of important works of art for the National Museums. At present, no such fund exists, the only approach to it being an annual grant by the Chambers of 250,000 francs, to be employed in effecting the purchases to which we have referred, and it has been found that opportunities for acquiring valuable works of art have been lost by the inadequacy of the amount allowed for the purpose. Instances in point are afforded in the cases of the Luini frescoes and the Firmin-Didot library, when no purchase of importance could be effected for the State from the insufficient means available.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

THE SINGER'S STORY.

I WAS a born musician. When I was a child of two, I would spend hours softly touching the piano-keys, and listening with exquisite delight to the sounds. More, I had a beautiful voice—so beautiful, that when I sang lullabys to my dolls, strangers would stop at the door in passing.

I was a fisherman's daughter.

I grew up healthy and free, and my voice became stronger and sweeter. When I was sixteen, my uncle took me to Philadelphia, and commenced my musical education.

I loved refinement and art; I was pretty; and soon they adopted me. All that sympathy, encouragement and education could do for me became mine. My uncle Archibald was very proud of my voice, and determined that it should reach its full compass.

"You have a bird in your throat which can win you both fame and gold, Gabrielle," he used to say.

Not that he had any definite plans for me. It was enough for him to sit and listen while I played and sang in the twilight—to have the crowded room suddenly hush when *my* voice took up the song. He took the most exquisite pleasure and pride in my successes.

THE SINGER'S STORY.—"THROWING BACK MY VAIL, I PUT THE CHILDREN BEFORE ME, AND BEGAN TO SING."

When I was eighteen, he gave me a reception, at which people of high rank and talent paid me so many compliments that I could not but believe in my own powers.

I had not naturally much confidence in myself, and it always required a considerable effort to play or sing before strangers. I always made it, however, when Uncle Archibald wished. I realized that I owed it to him that I was a well-educated, accomplished young lady, instead of an ignorant girl, living obscurely and humbly. I had no taste for the sphere of life into which I was born, and gladly escaped it. After five years' residence with my uncle, I seemed always to have lived in Philadelphia.

One evening when I had been singing to him, he said:

"Gabrielle, I am going to send you abroad."

I turned, and saw that he was in earnest.

"When?"

"In a few weeks—as soon as you can be ready."

"How?"

"In care of your pastor's family, who will start this Spring. But you will not go solely for sight-seeing; you go to study. Your musical education can be finished only in Paris."

I was pleased at the thought of going abroad, although I did not much enjoy the company of my pastor, who was aged, cold and formal. His wife and daughters were also very dignified and precise. But this was the arrangement my uncle had made for me, and I found no fault with it, for I knew, if not congenial, the Sunderlands would keep me strictly to my lessons and practice.

In a month we set sail.

I spent two Winters in close study in Paris. The remainder of the two years I traveled with my friends. Of all lands, I loved Italy the most dearly. The golden-blue skies, the landscapes, the people, the songs, all gave me the most exquisite pleasure, and I vowed never to forget this land of beauty. I felt that I owed it a debt of gratitude for all I had enjoyed there.

We had returned to Paris, where I was finishing a course of lessons, when there came a startling letter from my uncle. I was recalled home. He had failed in business

I crossed on the steamer alone, and hurriedly sought my uncle's house. Closed shutters, silence, darkness.

I hurriedly questioned the servant. Her master was very ill.

Worn out with striving and disappointment, my good Uncle Archibald lay in a darkened chamber—a shadow of his former self. Though this disaster in business had been feared for a year, he had kept me at my studies and pleasures abroad, and never let me know the trouble he was in.

"And are you a poor man now, Uncle Archibald?"

"I shall be, as soon as my house is sold."

I bent and kissed the forehead of this noble and kind old man, who had been my greatest earthly benefactor, vowing that his home should *never* be sold. While he had wealth he had given it freely unto me. Now that he had it not, I would restore it to him!

Yes, I would commence public life as a singer; though, as I have said, constitutionally timid, shrinking from whatever made me conspicuous, I promptly decided upon this course of life.

For the first time delighting in my powers, I hastily sought the leader of a superior opera troupe and offered my services.

He was much pleased. He knew me well, having heard me sing several times at my uncle's house, and he had repeatedly advised me to sing in public.

"But you would need more courage, more confidence. It would greatly aid your success," he used to say.

Now, on my application, enthusiastically in earnest and quite forgetful of self, I must have appeared differently, for he said:

"So you begin to understand yourself—to appreciate our powers. That is good. I shall have great delight in ringing you out."

I had a few weeks of preparation, which were, however, sufficient.

"Don't hurt your health by too close study; that will weaken your voice and spoil everything," said my friend. "You must take a long, brisk walk daily."

In compliance with this advice, I daily threaded the public streets with a free, light step. In all my life I had never been so happy and courageous. I seemed upheld on wings. I knew I should succeed in my undertaking, of which my uncle as yet knew nothing. His sad, patient face had a fascination for me, feasting as I was on the thought of how glad and hopeful I would soon make it appear.

I was passing rapidly along a crowded square, one morning, when a hand touched my arm. It was that of one of two beggar children—Italians.

A thrill went through me as I looked into the girl's soft, dark eyes, and heard her lisp her petition in softer Tuscan. I felt quickly for my purse; but I had left it behind me.

I would have at once drawn a jewel from my finger, but I reflected that it might not be a wise gift.

What could I give this destitute child of my beloved Italy? Suddenly a thought came to me—I would give her a song.

Throwing back my vail, I put the children before me and began to sing. As if a magic spell had been dropped upon them, they all stood silent around me; only there was a little stir on the outside of the crowd which I felt pressed inward and widened—for I was intent only in giving of my sweetest and best in this happy charity. I knew no one in that crowded mart, and did not fear recognition; and in the musical Tuscan words I loved, I caroled loudly and clearly.

Then I seized the child's brown wrist and lifted her thin palm; silver and even gold dropped into it. I caught a glimpse of many wild, delighted, eager eyes; then, as they hustled around the children with a shower of precious coin, so that each joined her little hands to receive it, I slipped aside and ran home with a gay heart.

That night I was to sing. I had kept my health, and as my maid dressed me in the shimmering evening robes, she declared my beauty to be wonderful.

But, as I turned from the mirror, a sudden sickening realization of the strange concourse awaiting my coming filled my heart. The old forgotten dread returned and overwhelmed me. I began to tremble. A wild, shaking fear filled me. I felt for the first time the importance of the occasion. These five thousand people awaiting my singing were not my friends or my uncle's. They had cold, strange hearts for me. They would listen sharply, and judge me rigorously. Oh, God, how frightened I was!

The manager was at the door. He bent to button my glove.

"Good heavens, what pale cheeks!" he cried, in dismay. "Marie, rouge her."

But I motioned the girl away. I came forward, slowly. I seemed to see my old uncle's pathetic eyes, and braced myself accordingly. I moved unclassically upon the stage, feeling blindly for the first words of my song.

I had not lifted my white face, when peal after peal of welcome broke upon me. Kind? Did they mean encouragement? I raised my lashes, feeling a little color running into my pale lips, but the clapping of hands grew louder. A tumult of applause filled the building. The air rained flowers and fragrance. I heard enthusiastic words. Ladies kissed their hands to me. I felt my frozen face soften and brighten, until I met smile with smile.

Still the clapping of hands—still the rain of flowers. This was not merely kind encouragement. It was approval, enthusiasm, delight. I gazed upon the radiant faces wonderingly.

"Sing the ditty you sang this morning for the beggars!" they cried.

My heart's blood filled my cheeks. I trembled. For a moment I stood faltering like a shy child. Then, as they sympathetically hushed, awaiting the words of my song, I softly syllabled the first strain, and caroled to the end the simple Tuscan ditty.

Ah, how pleased they were! how kind! how warm my heart! I feared no longer. I could have sung for them all night. When I retired, the old manager, my friend, embraced me.

"It is all right, my child. They know you—they love you!"

Ah! I lived years in that beautiful evening. Heaven only knows how my heart trembled with gratitude that it was a success. I flew home to my uncle; I knelt down by his pillow, and kissed his cheek. He looked at my dress, my loose hair full of flowers, my burning cheeks and dancing eyes.

"Gabrielle!" he cried, "you have been in opera?"

And then I confessed, and told my glad tidings.

Ah, success is sweet! I had been favored—my feet, so timid, were set in a flowery path. The way has ever been bright and fair. I love my vocation.

But when the song is done, and the lights are quenched, I speed away as gayly to the bright home I have secured, and made it the resting-place of a fond old heart. I have filled it with all the luxuries which money will buy, and many friends throng it; but though triumphs crowd around me, none will ever, I think, be as sweet as my first success.

BRICK TEA.

In a recent report on the trade of Kin Kiang, China, some interesting facts are given in regard to the manufacture of and traffic in a product known as "brick tea." The quantity of this kind of tea exported from Kin Kiang during one year has amounted to 681,333 pounds. There are three kinds of brick tea made. The first, or largest kind, is a cake of coarse green tea, which weighs, when thoroughly dried, about three and one-half pounds, and is about one foot long by seven inches wide. These cakes are made in a wooden mold while wet, and compressed by a lever press and afterward dried. This is all done by hand labor, and affords employment to a large number of coolies. When dried, each cake is wrapped in paper and packed in strong baskets, each containing thirty-six cakes. The cost of this tea per basket is about $6.75, and the annual exportation amounts to from 15,000 to 20,000 baskets.

The tea is sent from Kin Kiang to Tientsin, from whence it goes overland through Mongolia for consumption among the inhabitants of West and Northwest Siberia, in the province of Kazan, on the Volga, and by the Kirghis and other Sautas tribes. A cake of tea of the same form, but of a much commoner quality, costing about $5.25, made by the Chinese at Yang-lontung, in Hupeh, is largely consumed in Mongolia. There being no copper currency in that country, the Chinese bankers in Mongolia keep stores of this brick tea and issue it as a monetary medium.

The second kind of brick tea is of a finer quality, each cake weighing one and one-half pounds, and being eight and one-quarter inches long by five and one-quarter inches wide. It is packed in baskets, each containing eighty or ninety, and costs about $8.25 per basket. This kind is consumed in West and Southwest Siberia, at Kazan, and on the Amoor.

The third kind of brick tea is made of black tea dust, each cake weighing two and one-quarter pounds, and being eight and one-half inches long by six inches wide. It is packed in baskets containing sixty-four cakes each, and costs $8 per basket. It is consumed throughout Siberia and in Eastern European Russia by the peasantry. It is made into cakes at Foochow, Kin Kiang and Hangkow. The yearly exportation from the three places is about 100,000 baskets. It is stated that at Hangkow there are now four brick tea factories, two of which employ steam power. The employment of steam instead of hand presses will ultimately cheapen the cost of production, and at the same time a more satisfactory article will be placed on the market. Brick tea made in the old manner was not pressed sufficiently hard to enable it to successfully resist the rough treatment it received *en route*, and frequently reached its destination in a broken and crumbling condition, which detracted from its value, buyers laying considerable stress on its hardness and perfection.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES IN INDIA.

The life of a native lady can in no way be compared with that of an English one. In her childhood she sees her father fondling his male children, and knows them to be taken about and loved, whilst she is kept in her own apartment, shut up, almost excluded from outside society; and this state of nearly total seclusion from life and happiness continues to the end of her days. And he, the husband, to whom she is married in perfect ignorance as to what he may prove, considers her, according to a man's own statement, "a nice creature, pleasing at times, but not quite so useful as a horse." With the Hindus there is very little difference. A writer well informed on Indian subjects says: "A Hindu naturally despises women, and among them no wife ever looks for kindness, or even attention, from her husband, who disdains even to mention her name, or to permit her to eat until he has entirely finished, although her own male children sit down with him; and so what remains from the children forms the mother's share." Of course, the force of circumstances prevents this being carried out in some classes of Hindus—amongst the low castes, for instance. Yet, doubtless, the spirit is the same throughout, otherwise the treatment of women would be different.

One can easily arrive at a pretty accurate idea of the estimation in which women are invariably held by natives, by noticing how, instead of abusing a man regarding himself, directly to himself, his female relatives are spoken of. I remember, on going first to Calcutta, being engaged in business matters with a very clever native gentleman, who can speak and write English as well as I can. From his earliest days he has associated with Europeans, and belongs to the Brahms-Semaj caste. Although this religion rather nearly approaches the Protestant one in the results of its teaching, and notwithstanding that this gentleman understood English customs perfectly well, when in return for his inquiry had I left all my friends at home well, I asked, as would any Englishman, knowing him to be a married man, "Was Mrs. —— well?" (apologizing for the English prefix), he answered me very quietly, "Thank you, my family are all well; but be careful in speaking to Bengalis, for any mention of a man's wife to him is a great insult."

PEASANT LIFE IN BENGAL.

The daily life of the family is a series of pictures of Arcadian simplicity. At daybreak, when the crows begin to caw, the whole household is astir. The two elder brothers are off to the fields, while Gayaram is seeing after the cows. The women are busy in the huts and courtyard. Sometimes the men come home to their midday meal, and sometimes it is carried to them in the fields. At sunset the work of the day is brought to a close. A mat is spread in the courtyard, and the men sit down cross-legged and smoke their bubble-bubbles; at such time it is the joy of Baden's life to listen to the childish prattle of his little daughter Malati. Occasionally the mothers pay visits to their neighbors, or neighbors drop in and join in the smoking. The conversation is nearly always the same—the weather, the bullocks, the crops and the cows; the plowing, harvesting, sowing or irrigating. But money is ever the burden of the talk—rupees, annas and pice; the *zemindar's* rent; the interest paid to the money-lender; the cost, loss or profit of every transaction connected with farm or household.

The whole family is religious; indeed, all Hindoos are religious. They may be everything that is good or bad, but they are never wanting in fear of the gods. They are constantly uttering the sacred names, and they offer a portion of every meal to the gods of the earth, water and sky. They see deity in everything that exists, and omens of good or evil in everything that moves. If they meet a cow or a wedding, they rejoice over their good fortune; if they see a widow or a funeral, they are down-hearted at their ill-luck. They engage in no business, or journey or transaction of any sort or kind, without a prayer to the goddess Lakishimi or an invocation to the elephant-headed Ganesha.

ONLY A CHILD'S GRAVE.

It is only the form of a heaped-up sod,
And some words in a sculptured wreath,
That tell of a soul gone home to God,
While the rest lies underneath.
It is only the grave of a little child;
A shred on the sea of Time;
A spot over which the winds run wild,
And clothe it with frosty rime.

But I, who stood in this very place,
One sultry Summer's day,
Beheld a mother, with whitened face,
Bend over her baby's clay—
Bend down till she clasped the tiny shell,
With all its polish and sheen,
Close up to her snow-white bosom's swell,
Her marble arms between.

I know of a home not far away,
Where peace and plenty abounds,
But the light went out one Summer's day,
From the beautiful house and grounds.
There were little feet that pattered about,
Now still in the sleep of death,
And the walls that rang with a childish shout
Scarce echo a passing breath.

I know of a drawer in an ebony frame,
Wherein there is hoarded wealth;
Where every day comes a stately dame
To kneel and to weep by stealth.
Her wealth is a half-worn suit of blue,
Some books and a broken toy,
A velvet cap and a little shoe,
And the picture of her boy.

For these—she would give her gems and gold,
Would barter her house and lands;
For these—were they to be bought and sold,
She would work with her delicate hands.
One half of her heart lies here in this grave,
The other is out with the world,
Playing a part as callous as brave,
Till the scroll of her life is unfurled.

Ay! it is only the grave of a child,
Some sods o'er a sinless form.
Could it be by prayer from death beguiled,
Could it be by love made warm,
The winds would wander around this spot,
And the frost erect its whitened crest,
But the frost and winds would find it not,
For the babe would be on its mother's breast.

THE PAPAW (ASIMINA TRILOBA).

Among the native fruits of our northern latitudes in America, there is perhaps none better known to the young who have grown up in the pure air, and less known to the denizens of cities, than the papaw, or, as our Canadian neighbors call it, the asiminier.

The papaw-tree grows to the height of some fifteen or

a, Fruit; *b*, Seed; *c*, Section of Fruit; *d*, Section of Seed.
THE PAPAW (ASIMINA TRILOBA).

twenty feet, worthless for its wood, but dotting the landscape pleasantly with its smooth, silver-gray bark, brilliant leaves and pendent purple masses of flowers—or, later in the season, with its irregularly oval yellow fruit. This is not an article of commerce anywhere, we believe; but young folks enjoy it, and our Indian predecessors made it serve its turn as food. Its soft pulp is fragrant, some say insipid, but might be improved by cultivation. On the streams in the Middle, Southern and Western States, which it loves, it sometimes forms thickets covering acres, and these are favorite grounds for frolics of the young folk gathering the fruit.

There is another small-flowered variety, that rarely exceeds two feet in height, found on the coast of Carolina and Georgia. Another variety, found in the latter State and Florida, is still smaller, and rivals the magnolia in its beautiful blossoms.

The delicious custard-apple of the West Indies belongs to the same family as this comparatively despised native fruit, which is waiting for cultivation and improvement to be admitted to good society.

A SHORT TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

By Thomas W. Knox.

If stout old Sir Francis Drake, the first navigator to sail around the globe, could appear on earth to-day, he would be quite justifiable in standing transfixed with astonishment. The announcement that he could encircle our sphere in less than eighty days would be too much for his equanimity, when he reflected that the voyage in the *Elizabeth*, from Plymouth back to Plymouth again, consumed

EMBARKING FOR A VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD IN THE OLDEN TIME.

nearly two years, and compelled him to cross the equator no less than four times. The performance of the modern steamship would be likely to bewilder him, and he could scarcely comprehend the transit of the American Continent in a single week. From New York to Omaha without change of cars, or clothes, would be beyond his understanding, and from Omaha to San Francisco in a Pullman car would appear to his old-fashioned mind like the work of the magician. There is good reason to believe he would not be thankful that he had been awakened from his sleep of three centuries. To the question, "What would Admiral Drake say if he were alive now?" the historic Irishman might respond, "He would say he's glad he's dead!"

From the two years required for the circumnavigation of the globe in the time of Sir Francis, the progress down to our day was not very rapid. For two hundred years after that eventful voyage of the *Elizabeth*, there was little if any reduction in the time for a similar cruise, though there was a material diminution in the profits to be derived from semi-piratical adventures along the route. The brave old admiral made his enterprise remunerative in a high degree, both to his Government and himself; the courts are said to be troubled at the present day about the rightful ownership of some dozens of millions which belonged originally to the estate of Sir Francis Drake and have increased through the operations of time and the tables of

CLOTHES-WASHING IN INDIA.

simple and compound interest. If modern voyaging could be as profitable as was the cruise of the *Elizabeth* under the control of the pioneer of circumnavigation, the ocean would be stippled with sails, and half our citizens would go a-plundering, with the understanding that those who staid at home should have a two-fifths interest in the enterprise as compensation for their abstention. But, alas for us! not only has the age of chivalry gone, but the age of piracy; it flourishes only among the barbarians of the Malay and Chinese coasts, and sometimes among the free-handed publishers of England and America, in consequence of the absence of a law of international copyright.

Time was when the pirate was the hero of the novelist and the poet; when fair women loved him, and would rather marry him than link their fortunes with those of a clergyman or a country doctor; when to plunder a merchantman was to win admiration, and to bring home a wealth of gold was a sure way to absolution. There were squeamish persons who thought it a little "off color" for the pirate to compel his captives to "walk the plank," and who uttered expressions of horror when he burned a useless prize with all on board; but they were not a majority, and their sentiments found no place in the romance of modern times.

Where is the boy of the last generation who did not long to be a pirate, and for whom "The Pirate's Own Book" was other than the most welcome specimen of literature that could be found? But who would be a pirate now—with the chances of capture and ignominious execution so painfully against him? The romance of the sea was destroyed when the ocean steamship was invented, as it rung the knell of successful piracy. No more could the swift brigantine lie in wait among the nooks and bays of Cuba, or sweep the seas in search of her prey; sail as fast as she might, she could not outstrip the prosaic gunboat with its lungs of fire that bore it steadily onward through storm and through calm. Once the swift sailer was the sovereign of the seas, but with the coming of the steamer the domination of the white-winged craft was known no more. I repeat the question, Who would be a pirate now?

And in these modern times much of the romance, or, rather, of the poetry, of the sea has followed in the wake of the piracy whose demise we so deeply mourn. One can grow sentimental about the ship, with her clouds of canvas, her prow cleaving the waves, her keel plowing the bright waters of the dark blue sea, the spray dashing against her oaken sides, the cool breezes of the ocean fanning the brow of the gallant sailor, and the noble craft bending beneath the impulse of the steady wind that wafts the odors of the spicy isles of the land of the blest; we adore the weather-beaten captain who has sailed in all latitudes, and boxed the compass in every quarter of the globe; and we realize his pride when he orders his men into the rigging to furl the binnacle, take a reef in the keel, or hoist away the lee-scuppers. It may puzzle us when we know how frequently he was accustomed to splice the main-brace; but our astonishment ceases when we learn that this delicate accomplishment of the mariner was performed without going on deck. Where is the poetry of the sea since the steamship took the place of the clipper? where is the gallant captain, and where are his gallant men? The sailor has made way for the stoker; the sails are furled, and more frequently there are no sails to furl; from port to port the steamer proceeds with the regularity of a railway-train, and turns neither to the right nor to the left for favoring winds. The knell of true seamanship was rung when the *Savannah* and *Great Western* succeeded in crossing the Atlantic.

There was a glorious uncertainty about the voyages of Sir Francis Drake and Captain Cook that exists no longer. It was a problem if ever those navigators should return; and, in the case of Captain Cook, the solution was not to the satisfaction of that enterprising explorer and his friends. But, setting aside the ordinary uncertainty of human affairs, a voyage of circumnavigation to-day is no more problematic than a trip from New York to Chicago. A man may start for a journey around the world, and fix almost to a day the date of his return. On the third day of July, 1877, a gentleman sailed from San Francisco for Japan, China, India, and other Eastern countries, intending to return by way of Europe. A friend was at the dock to see him off, and, as they shook hands in farewell, the friend said:

"I am going to Paris next Spring; when will you meet me there?"

The outward-bound voyager thought a moment, and then said: "I'll meet you in Paris on the 15th of April."

And so they separated, one to go west, and the other, a few months later, to go east.

On the evening of the 14th of April the first-mentioned tourist landed at Marseilles, and the next day he was at Paris; his friend, who had been notified by telegraph, was at the station to meet him, and the meeting, as we see, was exactly on the day appointed. A traveler can arrange his time with absolute certainty, if he will take the trouble to study the tables of the steamship and railway lines, and determine the period of his detention in each city and country along his route. And this is precisely what was done in the instance I have mentioned.

A man in New York thinks nothing of making a business appointment for a week from to-day; he is going to Chicago in the meantime, but will be back on the date he names. It is just as feasible for him to say, "It is now the 13th of June; I must go to Hong Kong for a little business which will keep me a couple of days, and the movements of the steamers are such that I shall lose a day and a half waiting there when my business is ended. If you will call at my office at noon on the 24th of August, we will go to lunch and talk this matter over; I really haven't time to attend to it to-day. I may possibly have to go to Calcutta; if so, I'll telegraph you, and we'll make the appointment hold over till the 18th of September, as I shall arrive by the Inman steamer on the 17th. Good-day; I leave by this evening's train."

Many persons who have read the fascinating volume from the pen of Jules Verne, "Around the World in Eighty Days," or have seen the play based upon it, are skeptical as to the correctness of the story and the possibility of making the journey in the time indicated. The incidents in the narrative are well understood to be fanciful, and the majority of them are absurd; but the author has fallen short of the possibilities of the case, in the matter of time, as I shall show at the end of this article. I have heard many criticisms of this book; the most amusing of them that I now recall, was by a sea-captain whom I met in China. For a full understanding of his comments on the work, it will be necessary to explain that a powerful wind, known as the northeast monsoon, blows down the coast, from Shanghai to Hong Kong, from October to April, while an equally strong wind, the southwest monsoon, blows up the coast, from Hong Kong to Shanghai, for the other half of the year. So certain is the monsoon, and withal so powerful, that the steamship time-tables for the Eastern seas all contain monsoon allowances, and an increase or decrease of not less than twenty per cent. may be looked for, according to the period of the year and the prevailing monsoon.

I was talking with this ancient mariner about the book which has added so much to Jules Verne's reputation, when he suddenly elevated his nose in the air, and spoke very contemptuously of the story. I came to the rescue of the author by suggesting that, in spite of its fanciful character, I had found a great deal of interest in "Around the World in Eighty Days."

"Interest!" the captain exclaimed; "I thought so, too, till I came to where he took the party on a yacht from Hong Kong to Shanghai in four days. If it had been in the Summer, when the southwest monsoon is on, it would have been all right; but he had them do it in December, when the northeast monsoon is blowing a gale, and no yacht could have done it in a month. When I came to that I wouldn't read any further, but pitched the book overboard."

Moral.—When you are combining fact and fiction, you should be very particular about your facts. The fiction will take care of itself.

Year by year the travel around the world increases, and doubtless it will continue to increase as people become familiar with the requirements of time and money for the journey. Let me endeavor to answer a few of the practical questions that arise as to time, cost and other conditions of a swing around the great circle.

A ticket around the world can be bought at a price varying from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars, according to the line of steamers chosen for certain parts of the route, and whether one passes through India or adheres to the steamer from Singapore to Suez. The time required is from three months upward, according to the abilities of the traveler to spare it, and the amount of money at his disposal. The old adage, that time is money, is nowhere more applicable than on the journey around the world. You can't have a good time unless you have the money to pay for it, and you can't have a good time with your money unless you have time enough to spend it properly.

"How much does it cost to go around the world?" is as difficult to answer as "How much does a horse cost?" One man will get along with a quarter of what another will consider absolutely necessary, and can live luxuriously on what will starve another. Tastes and ways differ in travel as in anything else, and an exact rule cannot be set for everybody. A youth who has not learned by practical experience the value of a dollar, who indulges in ways of living more or less riotous, and, above all, who occasionally whiles the weary hours at the seductive game of poker with chance travelers, will require a liberal allowance to enable him to make the circuit of the world in what he would call "style." This allowance might be anywhere from five or six thousand dollars upward, and would probably leave occasional souvenirs in the shape of unpaid bills, which are altogether too numerous at present for the reputation of our countrymen. But to the man of unwasteful habits, who knows the worth of his money and quietly makes up his mind to have it, who uses his eyes and his brains, finds what is proper to pay in each instance, and then pays it, the journey can be made in ten months, at an expenditure of about three thousand dollars, or, perhaps, thirty-five hundred. Ten months will allow for sufficient stoppages along the route, and the sum I have indicated will enable him to travel first-class on all ships and stop at first-class hotels—if the majority of the caravansaries in the East can be called first-class. Generally the only features about them that warrant that name are their bills. The traveler can also purchase a fair allowance of inexpensive "curios," as souvenirs of his tour, without going beyond the last figure I have named.

When any one has fully made up his mind to purchase a ticket around the world, I would advise him not to do anything of the kind. He would do much better to buy from place to place, instead of binding himself to any particular line; it often happens that one is seriously inconvenienced by a through ticket, and the amount he has saved is no compensation for the annoyance. In many cases a through ticket is no saving whatever, and I have known instances in Europe where a through ticket from one point to another by the tourist agencies was actually dearer than the local fares added together. From New York, or any other American city, to Yokohama, is as far as I would advise any one to buy his ticket; beyond Yokohama the routes divide, and your movements depend upon circumstances which generally are not easy to foresee. Therefore, when you have determined to buy a ticket around the world, buy it as you go along, and not all in a lump.

In my opinion, the best way of going around the world from America is by going westward. The seasons can be taken more easily in their natural course in this way than by going eastward, and each country on the route can be seen in the best time for seeing it. The monsoons can be taken in a favoring direction, and the typhoons, those scourges of the Eastern waters, can be avoided. From May to July is the best time for leaving San Francisco—not earlier than the first of May, and not later than the first week of July. This will give the Summer months in Japan, the Autumn for China and Siam—if the latter country is included—and the Winter for Java, the Straits, Ceylon and India. By the end of February, one should leave India, spend a fortnight or three weeks in Egypt, and then go on to Europe. He can land at Naples late in March or early in April, and then go north with the season till he reaches that Mecca of the wanderer—Paris. Thence, if he does not possess the ingenuity to find his way home, he has traveled to very little purpose; whether he will be anxious to find his way home from Paris at an early date depends largely upon circumstances—and upon Paris.

It is advisable for the intending traveler to have his finances so arranged that he will run no risk of being stranded penniless in some Eastern port and compelled to wait till a remittance reaches him. A letter of credit for the whole amount needed on the journey is the best thing to have; but if this is not attainable, he should carry a credit for at least half the amount, and arrange for remittances in sterling drafts on London to meet him at points previously designated. These should be forwarded in duplicate in registered letters, and by different mails, so that a loss of one will not be likely to mean the loss of both. And in order to take these registered letters from the post-office, and for other purposes of identification, every traveler should carry a passport. Many people go abroad without passports, and never have occasion for them; but it is a matter of common prudence to be equipped with this document. You can never know when it will be wanted. I am reminded of the man on the Western plains who said of his revolver: "I may not want it at all, and quite probably sha'n't; but if I do want it, I shall want it awful bad, I tell you." It is about the same way with a passport.

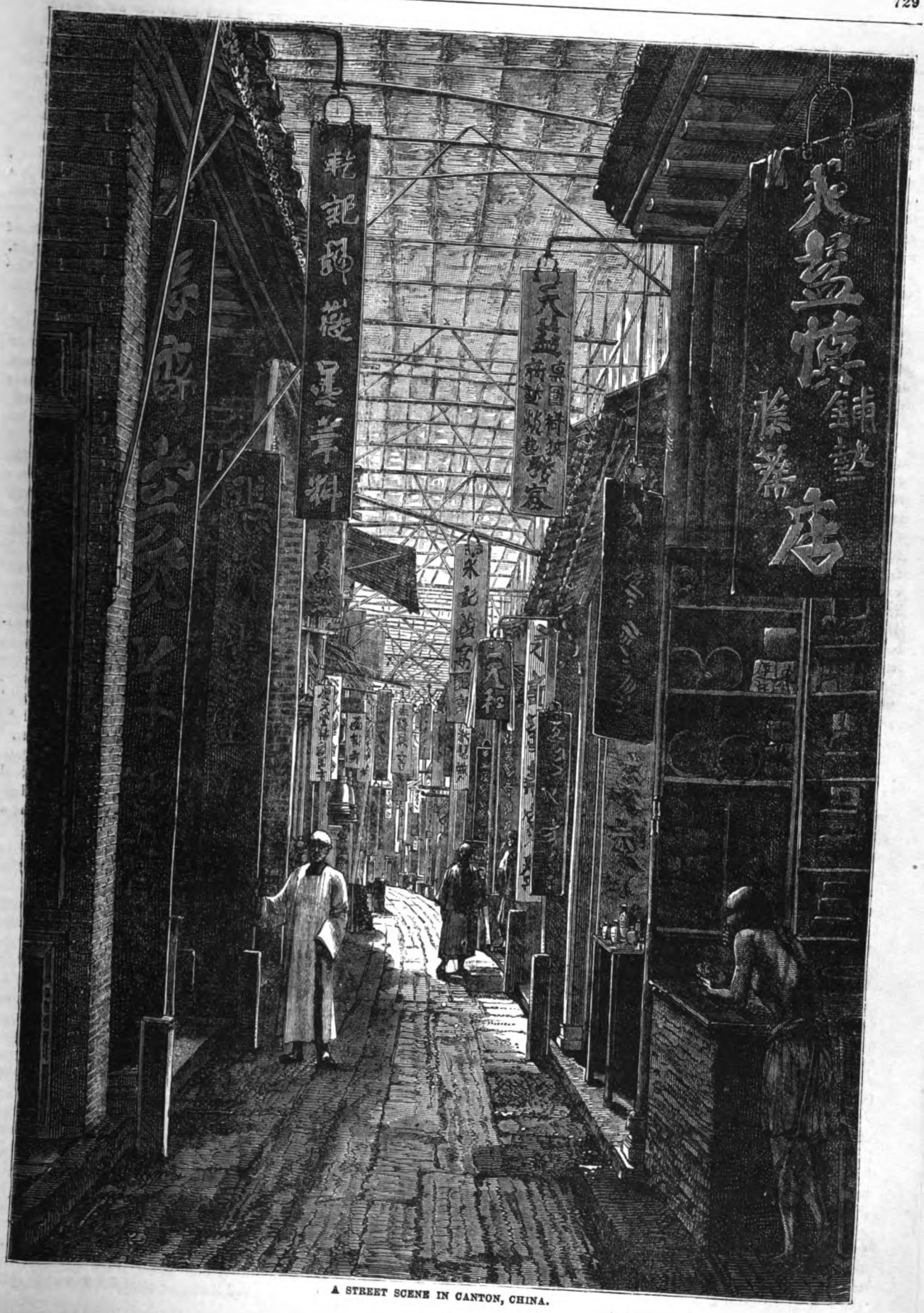
In taking out a letter of credit, be sure and have it from a house that has correspondents in the principal cities and the open ports of the East. The same precaution should be observed relative to drafts that may be forwarded to meet the traveler at any of the points he is to touch; and he should not conclude that because he is personally cognizant of the high standing of a banking house, it will be

VIEW OF YOKOHAMA AND THE ROADSTEAD.

all right wherever he goes. A draft made by a well-known house in New York on the Barings, of London, reached me in Singapore; when I proceeded to turn it into cash I was surprised to find that nobody in Singapore had ever heard of the makers of the draft, and if I had been without introductions, and had had no letter of credit in reserve, I should have been in a very awkward predicament. I repeat, that too much precaution cannot be observed about one's means of obtaining money in the far East; and I furthermore repeat, that to be stranded on the other side of the world without cash is very inconvenient.

Every consul in Japan and China could relate a harrowing tale concerning the appeals that are constantly made to him to aid distressed Americans, whose impecuniosity is due, nine times in ten, to their own imprudence, or worse. There are travelers and travelers: the first pay their bills like honest men, and sponge upon nobody; while the second start upon a journey without a quarter of the necessary cash for its disbursements, or with no cash at all. They rely upon their ability to borrow enough in each place to carry them to the next, and in one way or another they manage to get around the world at more expense to others than to themselves. It is needless to add that they never repay the so-called "loans" they have negotiated, and the consul is severely out of pocket in

HONG KONG.



A STREET SCENE IN CANTON, CHINA.

consequence of the swindling propensities of his countrymen.

We will suppose you have equipped yourself with the necessary letter of credit; the next thing is to have a suitable frame of mind for the journey, and the next is a light and properly garnished trunk. The frame of mind is an important consideration. If you are a morose, ill-tempered brute, determined to see nothing good in any country but your own, you had better stay at home; and if a friend has arranged to travel with you, it would be an act of kindness to advise him to drop you and go with some one else, or alone. If you start out with a determination to growl at everything that does not suit you, you will have an abundance of growling to do, and if you can afford the expense, you had better take a valet along to do the business for you. Things will be going wrong at every step, and the best you can do is to make the best of the situation; submit to the inevitable, and make a well-conducted but emphatic row when a row will do any good. Travel, like poverty, acquaints one with strange bedfellows; and if the bedfellows, like poverty again, cannot be shaken off or kicked out, you must sleep on as best you can. Go on your journey determined to be as happy as you can, to see the bright side of everything as much as possible, and the dark side as little; remember that there is good in nearly everything in the world if we know how to find it, and that we are not likely to find it unless we look for it. When compelled to sleep with only a cellar door for covering, do not meditate upon your wretchedness, and envy the millionaires who repose on downy beds; think rather of the thousands and millions who are cellar-doorless, and consider yourself lucky to have such a superb wrapper for your weary limbs. Remember the man who could only find a fish-net for a bedquilt on a sharp night, and consoled himself with the reflection that it would tangle the cold, anyhow; array yourself in a pleasant smile and the other garments of civilization, and you will find the journey far more useful and agreeable than if you take the other course. Blood is thicker than water.

As to baggage, you don't want a large amount to start with. A couple of ordinary suits of clothing, and a dress suit for dinners, will be the basis; remember that the dress suit is indispensable, as its absence will sometimes deprive you of the pleasure of attending an interesting ceremonial, and that a gentleman in the East, as well as in Europe, is expected to wear an evening garb when invited to dinner. A light overcoat should be taken, and a heavy one for rough work; the latter should be of coarse but strong material, and will often come handy at sea when storms are blowing, and on land when the owner is compelled to camp out or travel through severe weather. A rug or shawl may be taken, if one has a fancy for it, but it is not at all necessary, as the stout overcoat supplies its place, and serves the additional purposes of an overcoat. Take the same underclothing that you would take for a six weeks' trip anywhere in the States; when your stock is exhausted you can buy a fresh supply in any of the ports or inland cities of the East, particularly the former. Clothing of all kinds is as cheap in Hong Kong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, or the other great ports, as in New York, and in some of the cities I have mentioned it is cheaper. It would be well to have your shirt-maker get you up a dozen shirts of a kind specially adapted to the journey, and if you are inclined to be a "swell," you might take two or three dozen. Have them made of the strongest muslin you can find; pay no attention to fineness, but a great deal to strength. The front, or "bosom," may be as fine as you please, but I wouldn't be too particular about it; as to the rest, the nearer you can come to sailcloth or sheet-iron the better.

The laundress in the far East is invariably a man, and, to judge by the way he knocks your clothing to pieces, he must be the strongest man in the community. He is native and to the manner born, and his manner is not at all pleasing. In Yokohama, and other Japanese cities, he is, of course, a Jap; in China, he is the "wanchee washee" man, with whom San Francisco and New York are familiar; in Java, he is a Malay, and in India he is a Bengalee. No matter which one you have first, you will think he is worse than any of the others can possibly be, and when you try the others you find that your first love was the mildest of them all. After a careful study of the various wash-fiends, I have reached the conclusion that the Bengalee is the worst of the lot for destructiveness, but he is only an infinitesimal distance ahead of the Chinese.

The Eastern way of washing is to pound the garments with a club, when clubs are handy, but as they are generally out of the way, and firewood is dear, the artist contents himself with laying your shirts and other things on a stone, and pounding them with another stone; and the rougher these two geological products are, the better for his purpose.

Another way is for the skilled operator to form the things he is cleansing into a club, and with it he pounds a stone or a log with the fury of a man killing a boa constrictor. Your garments come home to you with edges frayed and with great rents in them, where the muscular energy of the laundryman has taken the place of soap. If he is a true artist, he has filled the garments with gravel before submitting them to the pounding process; and he finds that when he adopts the club formation I have described, that a stone weighing a pound or so will add momentum to the mass if it is judiciously folded within. When a handkerchief is thus laden, and swung violently against a log, the result is a goodly sized hole in the centre in a very short time—and even the toughest shirt will suffer by this heroic treatment. Three or four washings will generally make an end of handkerchiefs; shirts and other garments may survive a sixth or eighth journey to the lavatory, but the tenth or twelfth will usually send them to the rag-bag. Therefore I advise that all underlinen should be of the strongest material, and fineness a secondary consideration.

When you reach Yokohama, you will probably want to buy some clothing suitable for the warm climate of the East. A *sola topee*, or sun-hat, is the first requisite; it is made of pith, has a white cover which can go to the wash every few days, and an internal arrangement so that the wearer's head is constantly cooled by the air which circulates around it. Then you will want some suits of white linen, about ten of them, which will cost you from five to six dollars a suit; a couple of suits of blue serge, at ten or twelve dollars each. These, with your ordinary clothing, will be sufficient for your wants if you exercise proper care in keeping close at the heels of the washman; you will generally find that your washing will be promptly done, but it is always best to have an extra provision laid up for a rainy day. In the East, everybody carries a goodly amount of baggage, and as there is always a plentiful supply of porters, and the allowance of the steamship companies is liberal, you need not mind the addition of a trunk or two.

Well, we are off from New York; we are not in a frightful hurry, and are determined to see as much as we can for our time and money. The broad gauge of the Erie Railway bears us smoothly and swiftly to Niagara, where, if we have never done the Falls, we spend a day among the

wonders of the great cataract. Then we go on, over the Great Western of Canada and the Michigan Central, to Chicago, where we halt a while amid the marvels of the metropolis of the Western lakes. Thence the Northwestern Railway carries us to Omaha, where begins the Union Pacific, and shoots like a sunbeam away to the westward, connecting at Ogden with that other occidental sunbeam, the Central Pacific.

The lines of railway I have mentioned are the links or sections in the great belt of iron that spans the continent; they are separate organizations, and not always as harmonious as their stockholders might wish; but, for all the purposes of the traveler, they are one homogeneous whole. That triumph of modern civilization, the Pullman car, or its equivalent, abounds on the entire route, and you may go luxuriously from the Atlantic to the Pacific, sleeping at night in a comfortable bed, washing your face in the morning with real water, combing your hair—if you have any—before a real mirror, and filling your stomach, at intervals a trifle irregular, with solid food. Sometimes it is a bit too solid for fastidious tastes, but the most skeptical cannot deny that it is always "werry fillin'."

The transcontinental trains between New York and San Francisco are a daily affair each way, and the regular time of running through is seven days. The price of a ticket varies according to the harmony, or the lack of it, between the Eastern roads; $140 may be taken as a fair average for the through ticket, with an addition of $25 or $30 for sleeping-coaches and meals.

From San Francisco, the departures are semi-monthly for Japan and China; the steamers of the Pacific Mail and Occidental and Oriental Companies perform the service alternately, so that each line sends a ship every month. They were formerly in opposition, but are now working harmoniously; a passage certificate bought of the one is good on the ships of the other, and there is nothing to choose between them, so far as the comfort of the voyage is concerned. The running time to Yokohama is about twenty days, and no matter what the ship or which the company that the traveler patronizes, he is pretty certain to be pleased with his fare and treatment. A ticket from San Francisco to Yokohama costs $250, and if bought in New York, it entitles the passenger to an allowance of 250 pounds of baggage overland, instead of the ordinary allowance of 100 pounds.

After the "globe-trotter," as the tourist is called in the East, has done with Yokohama, Tokio, and the eastern part of the empire, he can take a steamer any Wednesday afternoon for Hiogo, which is the port of Osaka and Kioto. This is a voyage of a day and a half; and when the western part of the empire has been seen, another steamer may be taken to Shanghai, passing through the famous inland Sea of Japan, and halting at Simoneseki and Nagasaki. The line is weekly each way, and is known as the Mitsu Bishi (Three Diamonds); it is a Japanese organization, sustained by a Government subsidy in the shape of a mail contract, and its ships are mostly of American build. Old travelers on the line between New York and San Francisco by the Isthmus route will find an acquaintance in the steamer *New York*, transformed to the "*Tokio Maru*," and the *Oregonian* to the "*Nagoya Maru*"; the *Golden Age* is the "*Maru*" something or other, and so are several of the former vessels of the Pacific Mail Company. A ticket from Yokohama to Shanghai costs forty-five dollars, and it makes no difference whether you buy it through or in sections. There are chance steamers at frequent and irregular intervals, that carry passengers at a reduced rate, but they are less comfortable than the Mitsu Bishi Company's boats, and more uncertain. The crews of the Mitsu Bishi steamers are Japanese, the waiters in the cabin are Chinese, and the captains, officers, engineers and stewards are American, English, or some other Caucasian nationality. When the equipage of one of these steamers is drawn up for inspection, the affair is emphatically *une revue des deux mondes*.

From Shanghai one can ascend the Yang-Tse as far as Hankow, a distance of a trifle over six hundred miles, and there are boats of the China Merchants' Company every three or four days. The price of a ticket varies; it was once four hundred dollars each way, but at the time of my visit to Shanghai it had fallen to eighteen dollars, in consequence of an opposition by an English company. It was the intention, as soon as the opposition ended, to raise it again to fifty dollars, where it probably now is. The steamers are large and comfortable, and the table is excellent; if the traveler makes the trip on the steamer *Kiang Ching*, under Captain Paul, an old New Yorker, I can promise him a good time.

The China Merchants' Company has a weekly line to Tien-Tsin, whence one may go overland to Pekin, a distance of ninety miles. There is said to be a smooth way of the world and a rough one; where the smooth one may be I will not attempt to say, but there is little doubt that the rough one is that stretch of ninety miles between Tien-Tsin and Pekin. About two thousand years ago the road was built, and it has never been repaired since the contractors left it; it was made of large and irregular boulders, badly laid down, with no attempt at evenness, and has been a good deal damaged by old Tempus Edax Rerum in the twenty centuries that he has been gnawing at it. If that road had been sent to the Paris Exposition to compete for badness, it would have received the grand gold medal, a diploma of special distinction, and the cross of the Legion of Honor.

You can make the journey to Pekin on horseback, by cart, or by a mule-litter, or you can go on foot. For a vigorous man, the saddle is recommended; for a more luxurious one, the mule-litter; for a brave and small one, the cart; and a man who has a touch of the walking mania can try pedestrianism. The mule-litter is a box like a covered chair slung on a couple of poles; these poles are long enough, and just far enough apart, to serve as shafts for two mules—one in front and the other in the rear—and are suspended over the saddles of the beasts by stout straps. The pace is not unpleasant, and the movement would soon become monotonous were it not that the suspensory apparatus is constantly giving way, and letting the box to the ground with a general shaking up as the result. Occasionally the mules run away, indulge in kicking-matches, or otherwise disport themselves in ways more or less exciting; so that the traveler is in no danger of perishing with *ennui*.

The Chinese cart is a small box on a single pair of wheels; it is not long enough for an average man to lie down in, and too low for him to sit erect. The occupant is doubled up very much as if he were in a wine-cask; the cart has no springs, but the body rests directly on the axle, so that every jolt, however small, is felt by him. When all these facts are considered, in connection with the character of the road, it will be readily seen that a traveler who journeys from Tien-Tsin to Pekin in a Chinese cart, feels, on arrival, very much as though he had been passed through a patent clothes-wringer.

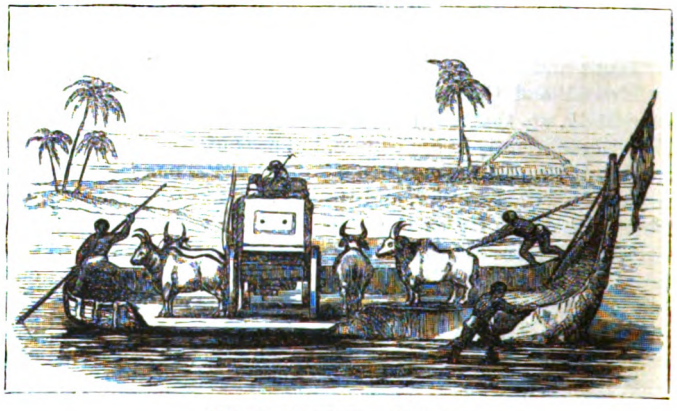
There is another route, *via* Tung-Chow. A Chinese boat is taken to the latter point, which is twelve miles from the capital; the usual way is to go to Pekin by the road, and return by Tung-Chow and the river. In this way the current favors, and the descent can be made in a couple of

LANDING AT SINGAPORE.

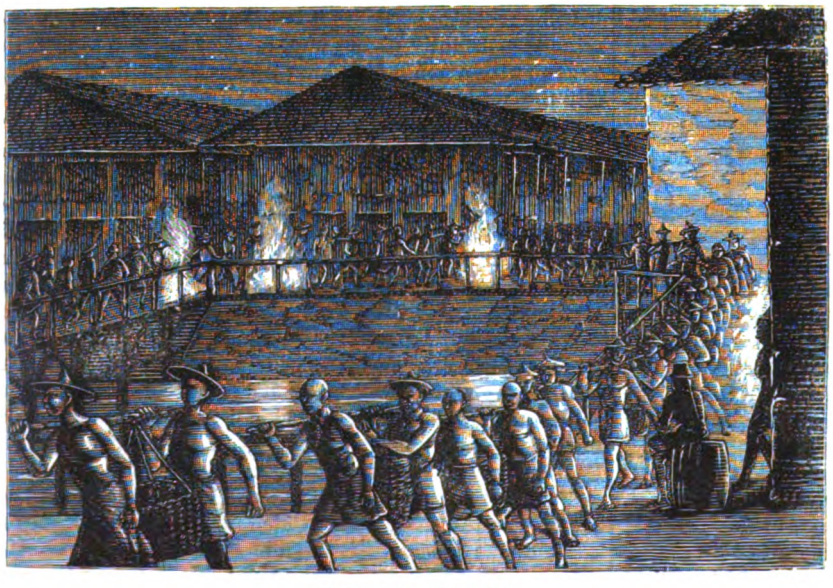
days, while the ascent takes four or five. Few travelers to Pekin fail to visit the Great Wall, which is about a hundred miles northwest of the city. Saddle-horses and mule-litters are the modes of conveyance, and the most of the provisions which you expect to consume on the journey must be taken along. The journey from Shanghai to Pekin and back again will require about a month in time, and $400 in money, including the visit to the Great Wall.

From Shanghai to Hong Kong there is a weekly service, which is performed alternately by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company (English), and the Compagnie Messageries Maritimes (French). These lines are usually called the "P. & O." and the "French Mail," and it may be roundly stated that they run from England and France to China and Japan. One week there comes the P. & O. boat, and the next the French Mail, and so they go on alternately each way weekly, year after year. The fares are about the same, but the French line includes wine in the price of passage, which the English does not. As far as I could observe, the French steamers are the most comfortable, their table is better, and there is more civility on the part of the officers. It is noticeable that the majority of the passengers on the French steamers are English, and I have known Englishmen who were intensely patriotic in other matters to delay their departure a week to go on a French ship instead of an English one.

The itinerary of the P. & O. Line from Shanghai to Southampton touches the following ports: Hong Kong, Singapore, Penang, Pointe de Galle, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Alexandria, Malta and Gibraltar. There are branch lines between Hong Kong and Yokohama, Singapore and Batavia, Java, Pointe de Galle and Australia, Pointe de Galle and Calcutta, Aden and Bombay, and Alexandria and Brindisi. The French route is from Shanghai to Hong Kong, Saigon, Singapore, Pointe de Galle, Colombo, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Naples and Marseilles, with branches between Hong Kong and Yokohama, Singapore and Batavia, Pointe de Galle and Calcutta, Aden and the Mauritius. Both lines receive a heavy subsidy from their respective Governments in the form of mail contracts, and they do a great deal to maintain English and French prestige throughout the



LUXURY OF TRAVEL IN INDIA.



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TRAVELING IN INDIA—FORDING A RIVER.

East. For several years the P. & O. had a virtual monopoly of the business, and looked with disdain upon the efforts of the French to enter the field. But not only did the French Line establish itself, but other lines have sprung up, and have managed to flourish without the advantage to be gained from a contract for carrying the mails. There is one known as the "Holt Line," which performs a semi-monthly service each way between England and China; and there are numerous irregular steamers in addition, so that there is no lack of communication between the Occident and the Orient. There are nearly a hundred steamers passing through the Suez Canal every month—fifty each way; and it will be seen from this fact how extensive is the commerce between the East and the West.

The rates of fare in the East are decidedly high, when we compare them with the price of passage over the Atlantic and on the seaboard lines of the United States. From Yokohama or Shanghai, by the English line, to Southampton, or to Marseilles by the French one, the fare is £105, or $525 in round figures. The local fares are higher than this in proportion. I paid $63 from Shanghai to Hong Kong—a run of three days; and I subsequently paid $103 from Singapore to Pointe de Galle—a voyage of five days. I went to Java by the branch line from Singapore, and the voyage of exactly forty-eight hours required a disbursement of $46. You will save about twenty per cent. on your fare by purchasing a through ticket; but, as I have already hinted, the saving is accompanied by a restriction of one's movements that more than balances the advantage in the reduction. I would emphatically advise a tourist who is on pleasure bent to buy only from point to point, except in the instances where he has absolutely laid down his route and intends to make no deviation. Under such circumstances, a through ticket will materially assist him to keep his resolution.

At the agencies in the East they will not assign you to a room on the steamer when you buy your ticket, but will tell you that you will get it from the steward when you go on board. They give as a reason for this the impossibility of knowing what rooms are reserved, as the tickets are generally bought before the ship arrives in port, and before there is any communication between the purser and the agent. This excuse will not hold good at the beginning point of the voyage, and so they plumply tell you that it is not their custom to assign the rooms except on board, and they can make no deviation from their rules. At Shanghai, it was impossible to secure rooms in advance; but there were few passengers and the ship was large—so that everybody had a room to himself. Generally the ships are not crowded, and so the custom works well enough; in case of a rush of passengers it also works admirably—for the company. The agent can continue to sell tickets to all applicants and assure them that there is abundance of room, although he knows that he has sold twice or three times the capacity of the steamer. The ship that performs the branch service for the French company between Singapore and Batavia has accommodations in her cabin for sixteen persons—eight rooms, with two berths in each room. The agent at Singapore blandly assured me that there were very few passengers engaged, and I would be certain to have a room to myself—when all the time I knew that more than forty passengers were booked, and that he had the list in his possession. It may be impolite to say he lied, but I am certainly justified in declaring that he was not mathematically exact. When the steamer sailed she had fifty-two passengers, and they were packed like negroes on a slave-ship. Of course there was much growling, but the officers of the steamer referred the matter to the agent—whose fault it was; and the agent was safe on shore, and out of reach of the angry travelers.

On another occasion, I knew an agent to tell everybody that *he* was the first, and up to that time the only, applicant for a place; and he kept up this farce till he had sold twice the number of berths that the cabin contained. He had no plan of the cabin, and gave as a reason that the ship was entirely new, and they had not had time to make a plan. It turned out that she was fourteen years old—a condition of newness that we failed to appreciate in harmony with the agent's assertion. Another time an agent sold me a ticket for an entire room, and the fact was duly set forth on my receipt. When the ship sailed, I found he had sold a place in my cabin to another person; and I only saved myself from intrusion by refusing to give up my ticket and threatening to bring suit against the company in the terminal port of the voyage. The captain gave up his private cabin to the stranger whom I would not admit within my gates, and took his satisfaction in abusing the agent who was far away o'er the billows. The Oriental custom of managing the steamship agencies gives great opportunities to an enterprising man who is not moved by the fate of Ananias, and does not possess anything he is pleased to call a conscience.

Two things are necessary to one's comfort in traveling on steamers in the tropical East—*pajamas*, and a bamboo chair. A pajama suit consists of a loose sack and drawers of the Chinese pattern, and nearly every foreigner in the East adopts them, in place of the night-shirt of civilization, for sleeping purposes. They may be of muslin, silk, grass cloth, or anything else that suits the wearer's fancy—some prefer one thing and some another, and there is no way of harmonizing tastes. Any Chinese tailor can make you a pajama suit at a few hours' notice; and if you would be comfortable, you will order half a dozen of them. Around the hotels and on board ship it is perfectly *en règle* to be in pajamas between the hours of 9 P.M. and 8 A.M.; and on the steamer it is interesting to observe how universally the passengers avail themselves of the permission. Through the tropics, it is generally too hot to sleep below; nearly everybody takes to the deck and makes it his home by day and by night. The reclining chair comes in play here, as it can serve as a bed for most persons, and at any rate it is a capital lounge. It can be bought very cheaply in all the Eastern ports, and no traveler's library is complete without it. And the man who neglects to equip himself with pajamas in the first port he reaches will have reason to regret his action. He might even do a more unwise thing than purchase a supply before he leaves San Francisco, provided the Chinese have not all gone thence before he reaches the Pacific coast.

The hours for meals vary somewhat on the different lines, but may be taken as resembling in general the hours on the transatlantic ships, with the exception that they are fewer. As soon as you rise you can have a preliminary coffee or tea, or you may have it before you rise, if it so please you. Then from eight to ten you have breakfast, which consists of omelets, meat of two or three kinds, and curry, the latter being universal and perennial. Somewhere between noon and 1 P.M. you have a cold lunch with fruit, and at 5 P.M. you have dinner. This is not much unlike the steamship dinner of other parts of the world, except that the curry comes up warm and smiling on every occasion, and is eaten by nearly everybody. Few people like it when they first eat it, and few people eat it half a dozen times without acquiring a taste for it that is akin to love. It is conceded that curry is neces-

sary to keep the liver in a proper condition of activity, and the man who does not eat it is very liable to find himself out of order internally in a very short time. It is surprising that such a warm substance as curry should be the proper thing in a hot climate; but the weight of testimony is emphatically in its favor, and we should respect the verdict of time and experience.

There is no pleasanter steamship life anywhere than in the East, so far as the associations are concerned. The brainless idiots that add a pang to existence on the transatlantic voyage, are rarely seen so far away from home as the coast of China; the majority of the people you meet there are the possessors of at least a fair amount of intelligence, and know how to use it. Among twenty passengers on a steamer, you will find three or four globe-trotters, like yourself; as many merchants; as many clerks and other employés of Eastern houses; two or three men who have been or still are in the consular or diplomatic service; a banker or two; two or three soldiers of fortune who have been serving one of the Oriental Governments in one way or another; and the balance will be made up of nondescripts who cannot be classed in any regular list. If there are any of the gentler sex, they will be the wives, widows, sisters or daughters of men who have been making a home in the East; and you will occasionally encounter some of them who have made a dozen voyages back and forth, and know every wave of the sea along the route. The great majority of the passengers are sure to have had sufficient attrition against the world to wear away their rough corners; you will find them social without forwardness, and communicative without being garrulous. I have recollections of many pleasant voyages—none of them fill brighter pages than some of those in the Eastern seas.

If the traveler is limited in time and money, he will avoid the north of China, and also the western part of Japan; he will proceed direct from Yokohama to Hong Kong, and can take for this purpose a ship of either of the transpacific lines or of the English or French mail companies. The former are preferable, as the fare, when combined with that from San Francisco, is lower, and the steamers are larger and better than the English or French mail packets. From Hong Kong one can go daily to Canton (ninety miles) in about eight hours; and by no means should a tourist omit seeing this most interesting of the cities of China. From Hong Kong, when Canton has been finished, the regular route leads to Singapore—the English steamers going direct and the French ones touching at Saigon. But those who wish to leave the regular track, may go to Siam by steamers that leave every week or ten days, and though of English build and ownership, are managed by a Chinese agency and carry their cargoes on Chinese account. They are nominally freight-steamers, but have accommodations for a few passengers; and the same is the case with the steamers that will take the tourist from Bangkok to Singapore when his visit to Siam is concluded.

From Singapore you may make a detour to Java or Manila, but eventually you will find your way back again, as all the routes of the East lead by this point, as, anciently, all roads led to Rome. If you have a month to spare when south of the equator, you may make a circular trip on a Dutch steamer that goes to all the principal ports of Java and the Spice Islands, and comes around in the end to her starting-point. When back in Singapore, and ready to go on to the westward, you have choice of two, or, rather, of three, routes: you can go by mail steamer to Ceylon, and stop at Galle, whence you proceed by land to Colombo and Kandy; you can go to Calcutta direct; or you may go to Calcutta by a steamer that halts at Malacca, Penang and Moulmein a day each, and two days at Rangoon. This indirect voyage consumes seventeen days, but it is full of interest. The direct voyage to Calcutta requires six days.

If you do India by way of Ceylon, you will finish the land of spicy breezes where only man is vile, and then cross from Colombo to Tuticorin, whence you can go by rail to the uttermost parts of the great Indian peninsula; or you may take, once a week, a ship of the British India Steam Navigation Company, which makes the voyage to Calcutta in fourteen days, touching at Madras and a dozen other ports. As the ship is usually halted in the daytime and moving at night, this mode of traveling is not at all unpleasant. From Calcutta the railway will bear us to the north, and we can see Benares, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Allahabad, Delhi, Jaypoor and other cities, arriving eventually at Bombay

Six weeks will serve for seeing India, or, rather, that part of it in the Bengal and Bombay presidencies, and very few who have done the country will care to return.

The distance from Bombay to Calcutta, by the direct route, is 1,409 miles, and the fare (first-class) about $60. Benares and Allahabad are the only cities I have mentioned that lie on the direct line; the others are reached by branches, and it will require another thousand miles of travel to take them in.

We will suppose we have finished with India, and are ready to leave Bombay for Egypt and Europe. The P. & O. Company sends a weekly steamer, and its departure is fixed for Saturday during the prevalence of the southwest monsoon, and for Monday when the monsoon is not blowing. There is another weekly service, formed by the Hall Line and the Anchor Line, making fortnightly departures alternately. There is an Italian line and an Austrian line, each monthly, and there are numerous irregular steamers, so that four departures a week may be fairly counted upon. The fares vary considerably; the P. & O. charges $250 to carry you to Suez, 3,000 miles; the Italian line will take you there for $160; the Anchor and Hall lines for $155, and the Austrian for $150. Patronage appears to be fairly divided among the lines; those who have plenty of money, together with a great many who have not, go by the P. & O. ships, while others who are more matter-of-fact, and do not care to keep up appearances, select the cheaper lines.

To irascible bachelors, the voyage from Bombay westward has a lively terror. From February to May the steamers are crowded with children and their nurses on their way to England, and no matter what ship you take, you cannot avoid them. Like the poor, they are always with you, and cannot be shaken off; very often the number of juvenile passengers equals that of the adults, and on occasions painfully frequent it is greater. From rosy morn till dewy eve, and from eve till morn again, they make things the reverse of monotonous, and it was fortunate for my equable temper that I was a passionate lover of infantile ways. On the steamer that took me from Bombay to Suez, there was a smaller percentage than usual, as the ship was not bound for England directly, but there were quite enough to rouse the indignation of an old bachelor who sat next to me at table. In the early part of the voyage he was a great admirer of King Herod, and thought he deserved canonization; he repeatedly invoked the presence of that historic personage; but one morning he remarked that his faith in Herod had been shaken. "I have been reading him up," said he, "and find he was only half the good fellow I thought he was, and only half the public benefactor that he might have been. He only slew

the male children, and let the females go! He would do no good on this ship, as all our juvenile passengers are girls."

This migration of children is for the reason that they lose health, and generally their lives, if kept in India beyond the age of four or five years. Every man who can afford it must send his children to England to be reared; and if he cannot afford it, he should refrain from matrimony and paternity. The Spring and early Summer are considered the best time for them to arrive in Europe, and consequently the traveler at this season finds the steamers filled with them. They are mostly of the spoiled class, accustomed to have their own way, to receive the attentions of a multitude of servants, and to resent with anger the least attempt to thwart them. The companies would doubtless find it to their profit to send an occasional steamer at higher rates, from which children should be excluded, just as our transatlantic lines advertise ships carrying no steerage passengers, and charge more for passage thereon.

A MAIL-CART IN INDIA.

In Egypt, one can go directly through the canal, and thence to Europe, or he may land at Suez, go by rail to Cairo (eight hours), and, when he has done with Cairo, he may go in four hours to Alexandria, where he will find three or four steamers a week for Brindisi, Naples, Marseilles and England, and steamers at least once a week for Syria, Palestine, Asia Minor, Constantinople, the Black Sea, and also for Greece and the Adriatic. He may take his time in Europe, where I have endeavored to land him safely, and he may also take care of himself and get home the best way he can.

I append a table of distances of a journey around the world, without taking into account the numerous detours, which will vary according to the tastes and means of each traveler, and the time he has allotted to himself for his personal gratification, either in the pursuit of pleasure, science and art, or commerce:

New York to San Francisco, 3,450 miles; San Francisco to Yokohama, 4,764; Yokohama to Hong Kong, 1,620; Hong Kong to Singapore, 1,150; Singapore to Calcutta, 1,200; Calcutta to Bombay, 1,409; Bombay to Aden, 1,664; Aden to Suez, 1,308; Suez to Alexandria, 250; Alexandria to Marseilles, 1,300; Marseilles to Paris, 536; Paris to London, 316; London to Liverpool, 205; Liverpool to New York, 3,000. Total, 22,172 miles.

Separating the above distance into land and sea travel, we have 6,166 miles of railway, and a trifle over 16,000 miles of water. Allowing continuous progress at the rate of 25 miles an hour on land and 12 miles on the water—neither allowance is unreasonable—we could swing around the great circle inside of 67 days. And if we take the quickest journeys that have been made over the different portions of the route—the special trains that have passed across the continent on two or three occasions, and the extraordinary

NIGHT-SCENE ON THE DECK OF A RED SEA STEAMER.

A TROUBLESOME SECRET.—"'HERE—TAKE IT ALL—IT'S VULGAR DROSSH—AND THE TURNIP, TOO. TAKE 'EM ALONG—CALL TO-MORRER MORRER.' AND MYERS TURNED OUT EVERYTHING HE HAD IN HIS POCKETS IN THE WAY OF VALUABLES.'—SEE NEXT PAGE.

runs of steamers on the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans, and in the China and Mediterranean Seas—add them together, and make no deductions for delays in port, we can have a theoretical journey around the world in less than sixty days. Phileas Fogg is left far in the rear, and Jules Verne must resume his pen and make another trial, if he would really astonish us. Give us the highest recorded speed upon railways and ocean steamers, and apply it to the route in question, and we will put a girdle around the earth in the half of eighty days.

THE DAGMAR CROSS.

WHERE the angry billows of the Baltic
With the North Sea meeting, surge and swirl,
And on rocky reefs and shores basaltic
High the snowy foam-flakes upward curl,
Waldemar, the victor, rode to glory,
While his deeds were sung in minstrel rhyme,
Greatest of all Kings—so runs the story—
'Twas in Denmark, in the olden time.

Fair the Lady Dagmar was, and saintly,
And the fierce King bowed him at her feet.
Said he, while her cheeks were flushing faintly,
"What gift on my marriage that is meet
For the bride of Waldemar, oh, maiden,
Shall I bring to grace the marriage morn?
See, my slaves are near, and heavy laden
With the jewels Danish Queens have worn."

And the lady made him answer, lowly:
"Gifts of precious stones are not for me;
Better far are noble deeds and holy
Than a mighty kingdom held in fee:
From the plow-tax wilt thou free the peasant?
And release the captive from his chain?
Lo! I ask my lord no costly present—
This my marriage gift, and this my gain."

Answered then the monarch like a lover:
"Such a gift befits not thee, my Queen;"
And o'er Dagmar, as he bent above her,
Flung he chain and cross of golden sheen.
Holy figures wrought in wondrous fashion
By Byzantine workmen glowed thereon:
Pictured was the suffering Saviour's passion;
There the Virgin stood, and there St. John.

Then away by barren height and foreland
Rode King Waldemar again to war;
Round him swept in fury storms of Norland,
And the storm of battle, wilder far.
While the good Queen Dagmar, ever tender,
Richer harvests in kind deeds would glean;
And to this day Danish hearts will render
Loving homage to the "Darling Queen."

Homeward came King Waldemar in gladness,
With the victor wreath around his head;
In the royal halls was silent sadness—
Dagmar slept the long sleep of the dead.
In her handmaid Kersten's arms, when riding
Up the long street came the King that day,
Still the rose-flush on her cheek abiding,
Dead the young Queen in her beauty lay.

And the King a mighty voice of sorrow
Raised, and called on Dagmar by her name:
"Dagmar, live, and glad me on the morrow
With one kiss!" and wondrous answer came
From the dead; and still the old petition
Sprang from her loved lips, a ghostly prayer:
"Free the outlaws from their lone condition,
Let the weary captives freedom share."

Low in Ringstead, with the cross that tarried
Still upon her breast, the Queen they laid;
Fairer, purer corse was never carried
Home to rest beneath the church's shade.
Years rolled on, and Christian's royal pleasure
Ope'd the tomb; and, since death knows no loss,
Now old Denmark boasts no dearer treasure
Than the young Queen Dagmar's holy Cross.

A TROUBLESOME SECRET.

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

THE young artists who were copying pictures in the grand *salons* of the Louvre were beginning to lay aside their brushes, and prepare to end their day's work. Leigh Dexter, a young American, who had come to Europe to study the old masters, was regarding sorrowfully the stony glare in the eyes of his copy of a Madonna, and remarking to himself with refreshing candor that he had made the drapery as stiff as oilcloth.

Leigh was a shy, timid fellow, with fair hair and a girlish complexion, subject to blushes. He had made no acquaintances in Paris, and was too retiring to make any, unless persistently sought out—so he was rather astonished to hear himself accosted in a jovial manner:

"Hi, old feller! So this is where you hang out!"

Turning, he saw a gaunt six-footer, dressed in remarkable plaid, and with an immense Panama hat on his head, which respect for the old masters did not cause him to remove.

At first Leigh could not recollect him, but then recalled him as a person whom he had seen the day before at a restaurant, and who had handed him the paper, and made a few remarks chiefly about himself—giving some items of personal history. He was a Western man who had "made his pile," as he expressed it, and was bound to see life.

Leigh nodded good-naturedly, and the new-comer stared at his copy.

"Does this sort of thing pay, now?" he asked.

"Well, not yet," answered Leigh, candidly; "but we live in hopes, you know."

"Not as profitable as stock-raising, you bet!" the other exclaimed, with a guffaw. "Been about much in this village?"

"No. I am not acquainted—and work all day," answered Leigh.

"More reason for being jolly at night," answered the other. "Come, now, here's my card—John Myers, from Illinois—everybody knows me there. I'm at a crack hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain; am told it's the tip-top place to stay. Money's no account."

"With me it's otherwise," answered Leigh, blushing. "I'm at the cheapest place I can find in the Latin Quarter."

"Ah!" answered Myers, with a laugh. "Jolly place, too, eh?—I've heard. Revolutions all brewed there—the students and grisettes do it all, I'm told. Never mind; we're both Americans. Any objection to spending the evening with me? We might see something of Parisian life."

Leigh reflected that there was no reason why he should

hesitate. In fact, Myers, who did not speak French, seemed to have no idea of losing sight of him, and invited him at once to dine at the Trois Frères, regaling him with the most delicious viands and costly wines; and pulling out a handful of gold pieces in a sort of reckless manner to pay the bill.

Leigh was always abstemious, generally from necessity as well as inclination; and he saw his companion's frequent potations with uneasiness. But he seemed to bear it pretty well, only growing more communicative.

"I'm from Illinois," he repeated. "There's nothing like the Great West. I'm known there some, I guess. I've got a tidy bit in the bank there, in Quincy—used to run that bank myself. And a pretty girl's waiting for me, you'd better believe. Folks said to me: 'Why don't you wait till you're married to take the tower?' but I just wanted to go round a little before I was tied. In love with her? Oh, yes. Feller asked me the other day 'if I was traveling with my wife, or for pleasure?' Good joke, wasn't it? I answered 'For pleasure.' Like to go to the opera, eh?"

Leigh signified that he enjoyed music above all things.

"Well, I can't say I see much sense in it," answered Myers. "You know, when those females are in real sorrow they don't come out and sing about it—'tisn't nater. But come along—it's one of the sights."

It was a clear, fine night when they came out of the opera; and, still feeling no inclination for bed, they strolled along the boulevards till they reached the Porte St. Denis, when Myers suddenly decided that he was very thirsty, and turned into a side-street, where he knew a *marchand de vin* who never closed his doors.

Leigh followed somewhat unwillingly, and felt still more uneasy when he saw the questionable-looking people within. He, indeed, had nothing to lose except his pocket-handkerchief, but he saw the greedy glances at Myers's purse as he paid for his cognac.

He could not, however, succeed in drawing him away till he was quite excited with the liquor, and ready to challenge or treat anybody they met. Leigh cursed his own facile temper which had led him into company of which he knew so little, and vowed greater exclusiveness in the future.

In the meantime, he found himself with a rather noisy, obstinate companion in the silent streets of Paris, and feared every moment that one of the *garde municipale* might arrest them both for disturbing the peace.

"Is it this morrer, or to-morrow morrer?" Myers reiterated. "'Cos if it's to-morrow morrer, I haven't had my breakfast."

"Come home, then, at once, and get it," Leigh urged, for his companion had a great desire to sit down and argue various points.

"No such thing. It's this morrer—had broiled kidneys. I'll wait here till to-morrow morrer; capital restaurant in neighborhood. I'll wait till restaurant comes around."

"You'll be robbed," answered Leigh, anxiously, and wishing himself well out of the scrape.

"Here—take it all—it's vulgar drossh—and the turnip, too. Take 'em along—call to-morrow morrer—no queshtions asked.''

And Myers turned out everything he had in his pockets in the way of valuables—gold pencil, watch, portemonnaie—and bundled them carelessly into Leigh's hands, with the consoling assurance that when he returned them there would be "no questions asked."

Leigh took them, after a moment's reflection, concluding they would be much safer with him, and reluctantly left his companion sitting on a large stone before a public office.

"He will grow sober in the cold night-air," said he, as he took his way home, where the moonlight slumbered on the old spires and domes of the city, and the Louvre rose like an enchanted palace, almost spectral in the pallid light.

Leigh went to bed, registering a vow that he would not accept a chance acquaintance again, and his sleep was restless and unrefreshing. In the morning he went to seek his new friend before going to the Louvre for his day's work.

"Not at home," answered the porter—"did not return last night."

Leigh felt somewhat uneasy, but concluded that the man had turned in somewhere for the night. He went to his work, however, in a somewhat disturbed state of mind, and was not in the proper mood to touch his copy of the Madonna. He felt restless, and, after working an hour or two, concluded to take a walk.

Strolling almost unconsciously in the direction they had taken last night, he saw a crowd in the vicinity of the Pont Neuf. Supposing it to be some vender of a new and curious ware, he moved carelessly in that direction.

But before he reached the outer edge of the crowd some one said:

"Another man drowned—*mon Dieu!* no wonder, with a three-sous loaf the size of a *galette*."

"But this is not a poor man," said another.

"*Ma foi!* what would you?—his money was too much trouble, I suppose."

"I would have shared his trouble," laughed another.

"Some one wished to do that—at least, to relieve him a little—for he has been robbed, and stabbed also!"

Leigh was on the point of turning away, for he had none of the courage which enables many men to look unmoved at the dead or dying. He shrank with a woman's sensitiveness from all unpleasant sights, but now he could not escape. Directly past him the dead body, dripping with Seine mud and water, was carried. The face—with the hair washed back, the eyes fixed in a terrified stare, the lips purple and swollen—was not so changed that he did not recognize, in one hurried glance, his Western acquaintance—poor John Myers!

Leigh was always timid and shrinking in his nature. He avoided crowds constitutionally, and he did not step forward now and avow his knowledge of the murdered man, although his first impulse was to do so

The next moment there flashed across his mind, like an electric gleam, the fact that he would be at once suspected of the murder.

The man's watch, pocketbook and valuables were in his possession; he had been last seen with him at an obscure *marchand de vin's*, and it was known there that the deceased had had a large sum of money about him.

Leigh gasped, and felt a clammy sweat break out on him as he connected link by link the chain of evidence against himself. He went through with lightning-like rapidity an imaginary trial, and conviction.

He heard the terrible sentence like a death-knell in his ears. What influence could he bring to bear against it? He had not a single friend in Paris. He was only an insignificant art-student. While tortured by these thoughts, he moved stealthily away from the crowd.

He felt like a criminal, and turned now and then to see if he was followed. He was glad to reach the shelter of his own room, where he locked the door, made sure that no one but the chimney-sparrows could look into his window, and then sat down to examine the articles poor

ALL THAT MRS. LENNOX SEES OF HER HUSBAND WHEN HE IS AT HOME.

Myers had confided to his care the night before. First came a large Russia-leather pocket-book, containing about two hundred dollars; there were a few business papers in it, and also, in one compartment, wrapped in tissue-paper, a magnificent solitaire diamond ring.

It was a lady's ring, and Leigh looked at it with real melancholy. He remembered the garrulous Western man's allusion to the pretty girl he was to marry. This, then, was the costly wedding gift to be given by the happy bridegroom to his bride. Poor girl! she was dreaming about him, perhaps, in her distant home, while he was laid out in the morgue, unrecognized, unwept!

Leigh felt like a thief as he put the ring back. Strange that in one day he could have been thrust in such a position, with all the terror of guilt upon him!

There was the heavy gold watch, too, and a number of conspicuous charms. Leigh gathered the things together, and put them all in a box, which he sealed elaborately.

"Would to God I could return them to his friends!" he groaned, his womanish fears obscuring his true course.

Of course, the whole thing was clear to his mind. Myers had been followed by some one of the ruffians who had seen his full pocketbook in the wine-shop. He had made some attempt to defend himself, and had been stabbed, and the body thrown into the river to avoid detection.

This was, as we say, all clear enough in Leigh's mind, but he despaired of making it so to others; and the affair preyed upon his nerves in such a manner that he was really sick for a few days.

When he was able once more to go out, he took up every newspaper with fear and trembling, but only saw a small item stating that a certain dead body of a drowned man at the morgue had been recognized as an American named John Myers, but the thief and assassin had not yet been discovered.

It was a long time before this tragic occurrence lost its sombre effect on Leigh's mind. He always regarded the small box containing Myers's effects as a sort of skeleton in his closet. Some time—at his own death, if not before—he expected to send it to the dead man's heirs, with a full description of his moral cowardice.

But time, that covers all things with a mist, and wreaths even the graves of our beloved with flowers, cast its mantle at last over Leigh's adventure, and it was only occasionally that he remembered it.

Hard work occupied him, and he had added another branch to his business, more profitable, if not so interesting. He took portraits, and succeeded in making tolerable likenesses. With the money gained by these, he was able to take those higher flights into the regions of ideal art that his soul enjoyed.

He gained a sort of reputation for taking likenesses of the young well. Mothers brought their rosy darlings, and were delighted with the flesh-tints. Fresh young girls seemed to find that they lost at his hands none of that ineffable charm of youth, so evanescent and fugitive. Perhaps it was because his ideal of womanhood had been kept so pure by his life.

One day a rather plain-looking man, with a sun-embrowned face and hard-tanned hands, made him a call. Evidently a farmer, the man was not at home in an artist's studio, particularly as there were no landscapes. He seemed somewhat embarrassed, too, and cast stealthy glances around, as if the pictures were only to be seen on the sly. His hat was very much in his way, and he nodded at Leigh nervously.

"My darter is thinkin' of havin' a picter took," he said, in a jerky way—"wants me to make arrangements. She seen a stunnin' likeness of Miss Jones, the stocking-factory man's daughter, from our place, and nothin' will do but Isadory must have one, too. She's a right good-lookin' gal, too, but"—with a feeble smile—"I s'pose you charge jest as much for them as for the humly ones."

"My charge is seven hundred francs."

"Seven hundred? Whew! Painting *is* a good trade! Why, I've had my hull house painted for one hundred dollars! But never mind. Dang the cost, where Isidory's concerned! Besides, the money's her'n, and she's goin' to make me a present of the picter."

So the arrangement was made, and on the following morning the old man, who had given his name as Ephraim Colman, appeared. With him came a lovely, dark-eyed, golden-haired girl, in the freshest of pale lavender silks; hat and gloves were of the same delicate hue.

There was a faint shadow of mourning about the attire, as of a grief which time had lightened to its faintest and most becoming hue. Leigh immediately likened the eyes to dewy violets and the hair to imprisoned sunbeams, and felt himself suddenly inadequate for his work; but he could think of no plea for refusal.

The father sat down in a corner and took out an old paper from his native town. The young lady looked at the pictures in a self-possessed manner, made a few remarks in an intelligent style, and then prepared for a sitting.

Leigh, while he painted, occupied himself with trying to solve the enigma of such a father and daughter. He learned by chance, at the second or third sitting, that the young lady had been educated for a teacher.

"She's the only chick I got," the old man volunteered, "and I was bound to eddicate her. Haven't got much in that way myself, and knew the walley of it accordin'. I was glad enough I'd prepared her for a higher sphere when that there money——"

"Father," interrupted the young girl, in a significant tone, "do you like this rose in my hair?"

"Lor', Dory, you know you're handsome enough in your old father's eyes, anyhow you fix it. Ask the young gentleman—I reckon he knows what's what about such things better nor I do."

And so Leigh's curiosity, which was somewhat stimulated, was not satisfied at that time; and as the days went by the glamour of a first love closed about him. Never had he painted a more successful picture, for love touched the colors till they glowed with life.

The shy, dark eyes seemed to gaze at him from the canvas with eloquent glances, the soft hair fell about the fresh young face in all its blonde beauty, and cheek and lip wore the dainty roses of youth.

Poor Leigh! He dreamed over the picture when Dora was gone, and thought with dread of the time when he should lose them both. Even though he fancied he could read a dawning interest in Dora's dark eyes, he scarcely dared to take any encouragement. A beauty and an heiress—what had he to offer?

Toward the close of the sittings, the father would sometimes go away on business of his own, leaving the young people together. He had begun to regard Leigh as an old friend, and felt every confidence in him. He was charmed with the picture, and said it would be "a comfort when he lost *her* some day, for 'twas only nater for sich a good-lookin' gal to find a husband."

So it happened that, nearly the last sitting having arrived, the two found themselves alone. The girl, with an unaccountable sadness, felt that when her portrait was finished, one great interest of her life would be gone. Leigh, with a choking sensation in his throat, and a nervous trembling in his hands, was very silent.

"You wear no rings," he said, suddenly.

"No—not since——" and then Dora hesitated and blushed, while Leigh ached to ask "since when?"

What pretty hands they were!—slender, white and rose-lined. Leigh suddenly caught a vision of them with the magnificent solitaire upon them, which was glowing and throbbing in a certain sealed box in his trunk.

"Will you leave Paris when—when—the picture is finished?" faltered Leigh.

"I don't know. Father goes just where I choose—it's

THE DAGMAR CROSS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 738.

all alike to him, you know. We may spend the Winter in Rome. I shall be very sorry to leave Paris;" and her tone grew so mournful that Leigh began to flatter himself that she would be sorry to leave *him*; and, before he had given himself time to be frightened at his own temerity, he had plunged into an avowal of his love, and found the little rosy-white hands in his, and the dark eyes looking into his own, suffused with tears.

Dora loved him!

The knowledge transported him at once into that Eden where lovers have ever wandered, hand-in-hand, like glorified children, in a region high above the world and its cares and toils and tears.

"I am so poor—what will your father say?" he asked at last.

"Oh, dear father will be quite delighted!" Dora answered, naïvely. "You know"—with a beautiful blush—"my money is my own, and father has been afraid I might fall in love with some of those exquisites—the mere fine gentlemen, whom he detests. He feels a great respect for men who work, and he likes you."

So Leigh's cup of bliss was full when the old gentleman walked in, and, being made acquainted with the state of affairs, declared it was a very comfortable arrangement.

"I've felt sort of anxious, havin' an heiress to look after," he said, with a laugh. "To be sure, she had her own way generally; but I was always afraid some fortune-hunter would nab her. Now, I suppose, you won't send in no bill for the portrait?"

Leigh was in the humor to laugh heartily at any joke just then, and he went home that night in a sort of rapturous intoxication, wondering how he had deserved his happiness.

He was to spend the evening with Dora at her residence, and while dressing for the visit his hand touched the box—the skeleton which was in his trunk instead of closet. As he turned it over, he saw once more, in imagination, the glow and splendor of the jewel inclosed within. How he would delight in putting such a betrothal-ring on Dora's slender finger! The more he thought of it, the more the purpose stole into his mind of using that very ring. Why should it lie concealed from the light of day and from admiring eyes all his life? And yet there was dishonor in the thought, and he put it away again and again.

It was two years now since John Myers had been dragged out of his watery bed. All inquiry had long ago been lulled to rest. No one could ever know, he reasoned, and while he held the box in his hands, the desire grew and strengthened.

He broke the seal at last—that seal which he had never thought to break himself—and then he felt as if he had liberated a ghost, the past sprang once more in such vivid colors before him.

But the ring—how splendid it was! What a mountain of light! The rays seemed to smite him with a sharp pain; yet, spite of all, he did not repent his purpose.

Why should not the superb gem sparkle on the hand of beauty, instead of being shut up from human eyes in that box? He thrust it hurriedly in his vest pocket, and took his way to his Dora.

The fashionable hotel where she lived was all ablaze with light when he reached it. A fountain played in the courtyard, and flowers bloomed everywhere. The balconies overflowed with them; they garnished the entrance, and flanked the broad staircase on either side, and filled the halls with fragrance.

In a pretty little *salon*, with gilded furniture and rose-colored hangings, he found Dora. The father, fatigued with a visit to the Cluny, was in his own room in a blissful doze.

Dora, in the most bewitching cream-colored dress, with scarlet trimmings—the first time in which the faint mourning had been laid aside—sat with an anxious expression on her face.

"I want to tell you a story to-night," she said, softly, as Leigh took her hand. "I was so taken by surprise and happiness this morning that I did not think about it; but you ought to know."

"But look at this first," Leigh said, drawing out the ring. "I want to put this fetter on you to feel sure you are mine."

Dora took it in her hand.

"How beautiful!" she began. The next moment, with a shriek, "His ring!—his ring!" she fell senseless to the floor.

The shriek reached her father's ears, and in a moment he was in the room.

Leigh looked thoroughly frightened.

"I cannot account for it," he replied, in answer to the father's glance; "this ring seemed——"

Old Colman snatched the ring and looked at it.

"No wonder," he said. "How did you get it? Never mind now!" and he rang the bell furiously.

Dora's maid appeared, and they carried the insensible girl to her own room.

Leigh paced the floor like a madman. What demon had prompted him to take the ring? he wildly asked himself; and yet, what could these people know of it? How could the sight of it affect them? Myers must have bought it in Paris. No one had seen it—even his betrothed.

His anxious questionings were interrupted by Colman's return. The old man looked stern and forbidding—his whole manner had changed.

"She's come to," he said, "but cannot see you again. Look here, now; you're almost a stranger to us, and I feel as if we'd bin too precipitate—no offense meant, but we'd better consider as that matter isn't settled 'tween you and Dora."

Leigh started as if struck with a dart.

"But I must know the reason!" he cried, passionately. "This is like a blow in the dark!"

Mr. Colman walked up and down in a perturbed way.

"I s'pose," he said, after a while, "'tain't more than right that you'd orter know something 'bout it. Well, you see that there ring—the very same, no mistake—belonged to Dora."

Leigh uttered a horrified exclamation, and the old man eyed him sternly.

"It was given to her by the man she was goin' to marry; but he took a notion, when he made his last onfort'nate v'yage to Paris, that he would have a new settin', as he called it."

Ah! The whole mystery was made plain now, and Leigh's heart seemed to stop its beating, while his knees shook under him.

"He never come back—he was *murdered!*" exclaimed Colman, with a tremor in his voice—"murdered and robbed!" Then he stood before Leigh with a terrible look. "God above only can judge you—I ain't a-goin' to meddle with it; but now you know why you can't marry my daughter."

Leigh was stunned for a moment, but felt that he must speak. It was life or death with him.

"For God's sake don't judge me!" he cried. "I have been a coward—I've been dishonest about the ring—but hear what I have got to plead!" and he poured out, in a disjointed way, the whole story.

Old Colman listened, and appeared impressed by the earnestness of it; but he still seemed to feel that it was impossible to go back for the present to the happy plane on which they had stood an hour ago.

"Poor Myers!" he said. "I can't think of anything but him. Sich a ginerous soul! Left every stiver to Dory in a will made just before he sailed—that's the way she got her money."

"Then I'll leave the ring, and send the other things," answered Leigh. "They are all Dora's. God knows I'm glad to give them up," and he took his mournful leave.

How suddenly had the cup of happiness been dashed from his lips! How strangely had the ghost of this dead man thrust itself between him and his beloved! He saw no way to clear himself from at least suspicion in the minds of others. He felt that there was a strange injustice in his being so terribly punished for one act of cowardice, and he buried his face in his hands and wept like a woman when he had reached his solitary room.

Yet even then his release was at hand. Under the arms in which he had buried his face in despair lay the evening paper. His tears fell upon it, and it sent up no electric thrill to impart its potent message to him. Yet later in the evening, sick of his tormenting thoughts, he lit his candle, and took it up leisurely. There he read:

"The criminal Tourtillon, otherwise 'Cache-nez,' has confessed, among other crimes, the murder of the young American, John Myers, whose dead body was found in the Seine about two years ago. Strange to say, while confessing the greater crime of murder, he denies the robbery—says he intended it, and went through him, but found nothing, though he had seen him display a full purse at the wine-merchant's. No reliance is placed on this statement, however."

Over and over Leigh read these words, as if he feared they were an optical delusion, and the next morning, as soon as possible, he saw Mr. Colman; together, as friends of the deceased, they visited the criminal, and Dora's father professed himself satisfied.

And very soon the two lovers were restored to one another, and all went happy as a marriage-bell. But they needed no betrothal-ring—the plain gold band for the wedding was all that was necessary.

LOTTERIES:

THEIR HISTORY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By Frank H. Norton.

The subject of lotteries is one concerning which there can scarcely be said to be two opinions in this country, so general, and, indeed, almost universal, is the reprobation in which they are held. Yet, despite all this antagonism, lotteries continue to exist and to flourish. Everybody derides them; scarcely any are willing to confess participation in them; they are alike obnoxious to the law and to public opinion; and yet millions of dollars are annually expended in the United States in lottery-tickets, the larger part of this vast sum going out of the country.

The State of Louisiana, with its French population, is really the only one in which the lottery has, in late years, gained a successful and established foothold. The institution exists, to be sure, in other States, but it is surreptitiously and under ban. In all the principal cities, however, there are offices for the sale of tickets in the lotteries of Louisiana, Kentucky, and, especially, of Havana; and it is a matter at least open to question, whether it would not be better policy, and quite as good morality, for the State of New York, for instance, to legalize lotteries, and thus retain the large sums annually expended. Certainly public morality is not benefited where the law is so constantly broken or evaded, and as for the possibility of absolutely preventing, by law or by any other means, persons from indulging their passion for lottery-tickets, it is no more practicable than is the prevention of intemperance by summary means.

It is a remarkable feature in the history of lotteries, that there is probably no instance recorded of any custom which has so fallen into disrepute and disgrace, and which can boast of so ancient and respectable an origin as that of division by this means. In the Scriptures we find constant mention of this custom, and it seems, indeed, to have been the prevailing habit from the earliest history of the world. Thus, in Proverbs xviii. 18, we read as follows:

"The lot causeth contentions to cease, and parteth between the mighty."

Again, in I. Samuel xiv. 41, 42, we find the following passage:

"Therefore Saul said unto the Lord God of Israel, Give a perfect lot. And Saul and Jonathan were taken; but the people escaped. And Saul said, Cast lots between me and Jonathan, my son. And Jonathan was taken."

And again, in Matthew xxvii. 35:

"And they crucified him, and parted his garments, casting lots; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet: They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots."

So we are given to understand that this mode of division was considered just by the old Hebrew sovereigns and lawgivers. Indeed, among the Hebrews and Egyptians, lands were divided by lot, and this same method was employed in the appointment of priests to the Temple of Jupiter by the pagan inhabitants of Syracuse.

The employment of chance as a mode of divining a course of action was very probably the origin of division by lot, since we do not know of any period when this custom has not obtained. It has come down to us in very many forms—spinning a coin in the air, drawing sticks or slips of paper of different lengths, and other modifications of the practice being still common among the children of men.

Among the Romans, this plan was adopted in their disposition of charity. They were accustomed to make periodical donations of corn, wine and oil among the poor, and they used the method of distributing billets, or tickets, each entitling the holder to a certain share in the gifts. In this scheme, to be sure, there were no blanks. On the occasion of the Saturnalia, tablets were thrown in the midst of the crowd, each being inscribed with an order for some gift of consular or imperial munificence. Of course, there was eager scrambling on the part of the multitude to obtain these tablets, the element of chance being introduced in the fact that the finder knew not whether he would become the happy possessor of money, slaves, valuable ornaments, horses, oxen or articles of clothing.

It is said of the Emperor Augustus, even, that he was in the habit of selling paintings, displaying only their backs, the purchaser not knowing whether he had bought a *chef d'œuvre* of Apelles or the worthless canvas of some obscure amateur. The example of the Emperor was followed by the wealthy nobility and aristocracy of Rome, who distributed among their friends little checks of bone or ivory, on which were inscribed the names of various gifts. One would obtain by this method perhaps 100 pieces of gold, another a purple robe, another a vase of tooth-powder, etc.

The Emperor Nero appears to have entered into the lottery business with the same profuseness and breadth of appreciation which characterized all of his acts. During the

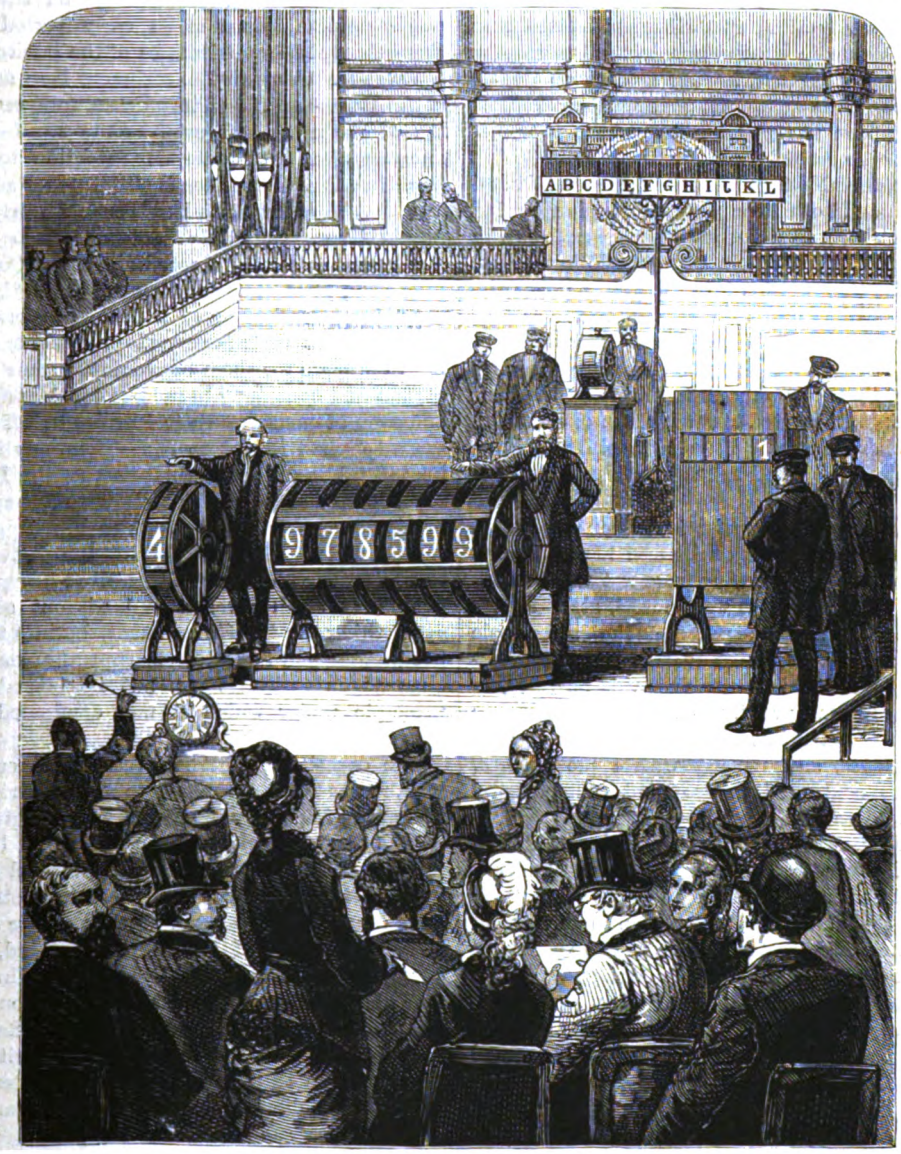
"PARTING DAYLIGHT."

Roman festivities he was in the habit of distributing tickets to the number of as many as a thousand in a day. The prizes consisted of birds, rare meats, grain, paintings, gold and silver, precious stones, slaves, and at last even including ships and extensive tracts of land and islands.

The Emperor Domitian followed the same practice, being less extravagant and more charitable. He confined his prizes to gifts of food and clothing to the poor; while Heliogabalus distributed in this manner eunuchs, chariots, horses and mules, and even fools and jesters. The scene occurring on the distribution of these prizes was ridiculous in the extreme. One would draw, for instance, ten bears; another, perhaps ten crickets; a third, ten ostriches or hen's eggs; a fourth, ten mules or ten house-flies.

Rome ruling the world in those days, any caprice or whim which she adopted spread rapidly through the rest of Italy and elsewhere. Thus it was with the mania for lotteries. Venice and Genoa became infected with the disorder, and there the plan soon grew to be a Government monopoly.

The feudal princes of Central and Northern Europe, during the progress of the Middle Ages, adopted this custom, while the Italian and other merchants at the same period frequently made use of the lottery in the disposition of their wares. In 1530 a money lottery of the character of those of modern times was instituted at Florence for the benefit of the state; and in Venice, a half-century later, lotteries existed under Government or public control. In Genoa a specific character of lottery originated in these early times. The election, by lot, of five members of the Grand Council, afforded the basis for a wager. The names of ninety candidates being thrown into a wheel, bets were made upon the result of the drawing. After a little, numbers were substituted for the names of councilors, and the direction of the game was undertaken by the city. The players fixed upon certain numbers, wagering that one, two, or more of them would be drawn among the five, or that they would appear in a certain order. This plan was made profitable by calculating nicely, according to the doctrine of probabilities, the chances of success, and then adjusting the prizes so as to insure a profit to the bank. As the chances of success grew less, the value of the prizes was increased.



THE DRAWING OF A LOTTERY.

The first instance of a regular lottery undertaken for a charitable purpose occurred at Malines, in the Low Countries, September 13th, 1519, and was designed for the benefit of the Church of St. Peter. This lottery was carried on under the authority of Charles V., prospectuses being issued by the city, and distributed throughout the country, informing the public as to the nature of the lottery, and stating that the list of the prizes should be posted at the various church doors, where the successful numbers could be seen by all. In fact, in the sixteenth century churches appear to have been the favorite hunting-ground for the lottery speculator. Thus, we are told of a lottery which occurred in 1557 at Lisle, designed to aid in the construction of the Church of St. Stephen; while another took place at Bruges, in 1538, for a similar purpose, under the auspices of the "Brotherhood of St. George."

The first legislative Act having reference to lotteries was passed in France, May 15th, 1539, in the reign of Francis I. It appears that, owing to the disastrous wars which were at that time in progress, and the period of whose termination could not be foreseen, the treasury of his Majesty had become very much depleted. It was therefore suggested that a lottery should be used as the means for refilling the exhausted public purse; to which end a

proclamation was issued, containing the following as a pretext for the proposed lottery: "To incline the nobles, tradesmen and merchants who are attached to games of hazard, from such as are dissolute, some of which consume all their time, others all their goods and substance."

In this case the prizes were rings and jewels of gold and silver, besides other rich articles of merchandise. The Crown received a portion of the result in the form of a tax on every lot. To this lottery was given the name *blanque*, from the white tickets which indicated the blanks.

The next public mention of lotteries in France occurs in 1563, in the minority of Charles IX. It is stated that some individual obtained a special license to dispose of a watch by this means, but that, having sold more tickets than he had advertised to do, the Government revoked his license, and forced him to pay "ten *ecus* to the poor, because that for little he gained much."

In 1564 the Prince of Navarre, afterward Henry IV., and at that time only a child of eleven years of age, is recorded as having taken a share in a lottery which was drawn in the cloister of the Church of St. Germain L'Auxerriox. Having selected for the motto of the winning ticket the words, "Conquer or die," and this coming to the ears of the Queen, Catherine de' Medici, she was annoyed, and reprimanded the teachers of the young prince, desiring them in the future that they should refrain from teaching him "sentences more calculated to render him opinionated than to improve his manners." It is not set down, however, that her Majesty objected to his participation in the lottery.

Though lotteries, even thus early, had been conducted officially by the administrative powers and heads of government of different countries, they were not as yet generally in favor. Various efforts were made, at and after this period, to speculate upon the purses of the good people of France by this means. Foreign merchants, in particular, were specially anxious to enter into this business, in which they already foresaw profit, provided it were adroitly managed; but the Government made every effort to suppress such adventures, and usually with some success, although instances continued to crop out unexpectedly from all quarters, down to a much later date.

By the time of Louis XIV., public opinion was evidently more in favor of lotteries in France than before. Indeed, it is related that Cardinal Mazarin once gave a lottery gratuitously; but this was probably to obtain some political advantage, for which this great intriguer knew so well how to work. But on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XIV., and in commemoration of the peace then concluded, among the other enjoyments and festivities of the period a lottery was instituted. The privilege, however, appears to have been abused, for on May 11th, 1661, it was withdrawn, and a law passed forbidding all lotteries, under penalty of confiscation. But the infatuation on this subject which now seized the French people made this law powerless, and on March 19th, 1670, a second Act, still more stringent and severe in its provisions, was passed, and for a few years the activity of the police succeeded in enforcing this.

On May 4th, 1685, the King himself organized a lottery for the ladies of his Court, in which 3,000 tickets were distributed, there being but twenty-four prizes to be drawn, four of these consisting of money—500 *louis* each—and the remaining twenty, jewels. It is related that one Madame de Lovestein had the extraordinary good fortune to gain all four of the money prizes of silver—an occurrence which caused some doubt whether her good fortune had not met with some assistance. A few months later, on the occasion of the marriage of Mlle. de Nantes with the Duke de Bourbon, a second lottery took place, in which the generosity of the King surpassed the prodigality of the Roman Emperors, and everything that luxury could devise, and lavish means execute, rendered this one of the most elegant feasts of the age.

It is related of Louis XIV., that, having on one occasion drawn 100,000 *livres* in a lottery, he immediately invested the whole amount in another lottery, in which he himself would take no chance.

It would almost seem from the manner in which the lottery question was handled during the reign of Louis XIV., that that shrewd monarch, or his advisers, were testing public opinion—since at an early period they informed themselves of the possibilities of the institution as a means of revenue. Certainly the stringent laws and severe action of the Government and its officials, followed by the loosening of the reins, and even by the royal participation in lotteries, almost indicate an intention to experiment in this direction. This idea is still further suggested by the fact that when lotteries had become fairly established in public favor, Louis XIV. determined to render them of service to the State. Accordingly, in a Council Decree of May 11th, 1700, it was announced that, "having remarked the natural inclination of a large proportion of his subjects to invest their money in private lotteries, and desiring to procure for them convenient means for obtaining a certain and considerable income for the rest of their lives, and even of enriching their families by offering to fortune sums so small as not to cause them any inconvenience—he judged it proper to establish, at the Hotel de Ville, a royal lottery of ten millions." This lottery was composed of 440,000 tickets, at two *louis* each, and gave 485 prizes in cash and 500,000 *livres* of life annuity. Of course, by this lottery the Government received heavy loans from the people, at small interest and without security—a very good thing for the Government, besides the profit. The programme of this lottery became afterward modified and changed in various ways, but intrinsically the general principle under which it was conducted remained the same.

The occasion of lotteries has varied continually: one year, it was to obtain money to pay off certain debts of the King; the following year, twenty-five engines were needed for the City of Paris, and were obtained by means of lotteries. And again, the General Hospital of Paris was in want of funds—a lottery was set in motion, the tickets were drawn by a Sister of Charity, while the Archbishop and the President of Parliament presided, under the title of "Fathers of the Poor." Next, the Church of St. Sulpice had to be constructed, as also the Foundling Hospital and several religious establishments. Recourse was continually had to the lottery system, and with great success. It is said that there were sold for the lottery of St. Sulpice 16,282,000 tickets, returning to that charity the sum of 1,685,200 *livres* as its share of the profits.

By such means, and aided by the smiles of the Goddess of Fortune, the good deeds which were done in those days were without number. Was it not thus that the hospitable Sisters of Mercy were enabled to rebuild the ruins of their monastery? and the nuns of the Madelaine de Trenel—did they not thus conclude the construction of their convent? The Benedictines of the "Presentation" are said to have maintained themselves to a great extent by means of lotteries. By this means, also, Christian slaves are said to have been snatched from slavery among the Algerines. The Church of St. Nicholas-du-Chardonet was in part rebuilt, and other churches without number were ornamented with costly cups and vases, services of silver and gold, paintings and furniture in *ormolu*.

The principal patrons of the lotteries were the members of the lower classes. Washerwomen and domestic servants bought far more tickets than their employers and masters. Often female servants, having the hope of gaining enough to entice some attractive youth into matrimony, would dispose of their every possession, even to the most needed articles of clothing, for the purchase of lottery-tickets.

During the reign of Louis XV., lotteries became more common than ever before, the principal one being that of the Regent, established August 21st, 1717, and which existed until 1776. This lottery was drawn every month, in the grand hall of the Hotel de Ville, the regular monthly receipts amounting to 6,000 livres. Lottery bureaus were now established in every quarter of Paris, and sixty agents, wearing each a copper badge, with the inscription, "Lottery-ticket Vender," walked the streets from seven o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening, crying their wares. It was customary to inscribe on those tickets some religious or philosophical sentiment, and of these the following are good examples: "Spiritus sanctus Deus"; "In cruce Domini gloriabor"; "A la Sainte Vierge"; or of some token of respect, as "Vive Louis XV."; "Vive Monsieur le Curé."

In 1776, Louis XVI. suppressed the lotteries of the Hotel de Ville, replacing them, however, by the "Royal Lottery of France," with which were combined all the lotteries of charity, etc. This combination is said to have brought the royal treasury no less than 10,000,000 francs per annum. In 1793 it was suppressed by the Convention, but in 1797 was re-established on a new basis. Finally, by a law of April 21st, 1832, January 1st, 1836, was announced as the date of the final decease of the system in France. Since that date, lotteries have only been conducted in France under special Act, and for certain specified purposes of charity or for other good public reasons. In such cases, permission is granted by the Prefects of the Departments, at the request of the Mayor or other official, and such lotteries are always under Government management. Between the years 1816 and 1828, the French Government derived from lotteries an annual income of 14,000,000 francs. In the month of January, of the year following their suppression, it is said that 525,000 francs were deposited in the savings banks of Paris alone, more than was deposited in the same month of the preceding year.

In most of the European States, lotteries still continue to be a source of revenue, under the principle that, as the people would gamble under any circumstances, it is better that the Government should reap the benefit accruing from the custom than that individuals or foreign combinations should—as would frequently be the case—by deception, rob the country of its wealth.

In Germany, the first "class lottery" was opened in Nuemberg in 1669, and this kind has been a favorite ever since. These lotteries are controlled by the Government, their profits being applied to the support of workhouses and civil institutions, or to other charitable objects. The system is to return in prizes the money received, less a small discount, out of which are taken the expenses and the charity benefit.

Money lotteries are most frequent, though lotteries of goods are often offered. The latter are very popular, as each ticket-holder receives some article, though of small value. All of these require the approval of the Government. Sometimes whole establishments, which have become heavily encumbered, have been offered as prizes.

The premium lotteries of Germany have always been peculiar to that country. On this plan the Government issues proposals for a loan, offering to capitalists a small percentage for the amount furnished, by way of interest, and a like amount in premiums, to be awarded by lot. The first part of this plan is the modern syndicate adopted to float loans in this country.

The first lottery in England, of which we have any account, took place in 1569, proposals being issued during the two previous years. This lottery was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral. The tickets were sold at ten shillings each, the prizes consisting principally of plate; and the profits were devoted chiefly to repairing the harbors and other public works of the kingdom. This lottery began to be drawn on January 11th, 1569, and continued until May 6th of the same year, drawing day and night. The advertisement, in the quaint style of the period (*tempus* Elizabeth), reads as follows:

"A very rich lotterie generall, without any blanckes, containing a great number of good prices, as wel of redy money as of plate and certaine sorts of merchandizes, having ben valued and priced by the commandment of the Queenes most excellent Majestie, by men expert and skillful; and the same Lotterie is erected by hir Majesties order, to the intent that such commoditie as may chance to arise thereof after the charges borne, may be converted towardes the restoration of the Havens and strengthening of the Realme, and towardes such publique good workes.—The number of Lots shall be four hundred thousand, and no more, and the price of every Lot shall be the summe of tenne shillings sterling onely, and no more."

The first prize was £5,000 sterling, while every one was sure of getting at least two shillings and sixpence, if nothing greater. This lottery brought into the treasury about £100,000. In 1586 a second lottery was drawn in the same place for a collection of valuable armor, and lasted for several days.

A lottery having historical interest to Americans was drawn in 1612, and was perhaps the first one with which this country had to do. It was for the benefit of the "Virginia Company," the highest prize being 4,000 crowns. This lottery produced the sum of £29,000. Lotteries now began to be so common in England, and became generally so objectionable, that they were suppressed by an Order of Council; but by license of Charles I., one was specially authorized in 1630, to defray the expense of conveying water into London. Under Charles II. they increased to an alarming extent, and Parliament was obliged to interfere for their suppression, which was ordered, under penalty of £100.

On the 10th of May, 1665, one John Ogilby announced a lottery of books, and this was being drawn doubtless to his entire satisfaction, when the plague broke out, and put an end to the lottery. It is related that after the subsidence of the plague this lottery was again announced, and was again cut off by the great fire, which destroyed all the prizes. Nothing daunted by this ill fortune, Ogilby again issued proposals for a lottery, having replaced his burnt prizes by new ones, and the affair was announced and came off successfully in 1668.

In the year 1683, the jewels of his deceased Royal Highness Prince Rupert were disposed of by a lottery, the value of the prizes being £20,000, including, among other costly articles, a pearl necklace worth £8,000. It is stated that the tickets in this lottery were assorted and arranged in the presence of the King and with his assistance.

In 1675 a special lottery had been granted by Parliament in favor of the loyalist officers of the late revolution. The most popular and most remarkable of all lotteries was the "Penny Lottery," the first of which was drawn October 16th, 1698, with a capital prize of £1,000, tickets being issued at one penny each. As might well be imagined, thousands were anxious to invest where, by risking so little, one might gain so much.

SCENE BEFORE A LOTTERY OFFICE IN ROME.

One of the best of all the lottery stories which are told is of an incident which was said to have occurred in connection with one of the penny lotteries. A little boy, going to school one day, was met by an old woman who asked for charity, and to whom he gave his luncheon of bread-and-butter. Shortly after, on meeting the boy again, the old woman told him his bread-and-butter had given her good luck, and presented him with a penny, telling him that if he took care of it he would gain from it many pounds. The boy retained the penny for a long time, and finally, by advice of a friend, invested it in a penny lottery, where he is said to have drawn the highest prize of £1,000.

Of course, the lottery excitement in England could not but cast its reflection upon the literature of the day. Tracts, posters, dialogues, songs, plays and hand-bills were circulated largely, some in favor, some ridiculing, and some violently against lotteries. Tall vans paraded the streets of London, covered with posters announcing the day of drawing, prizes, etc., of the various schemes which were now set afloat to gull the unwary. Horsemen rode in all directions, their steeds caparisoned with lottery placards; and ticket-venders bawled their wares lustily in the public squares.

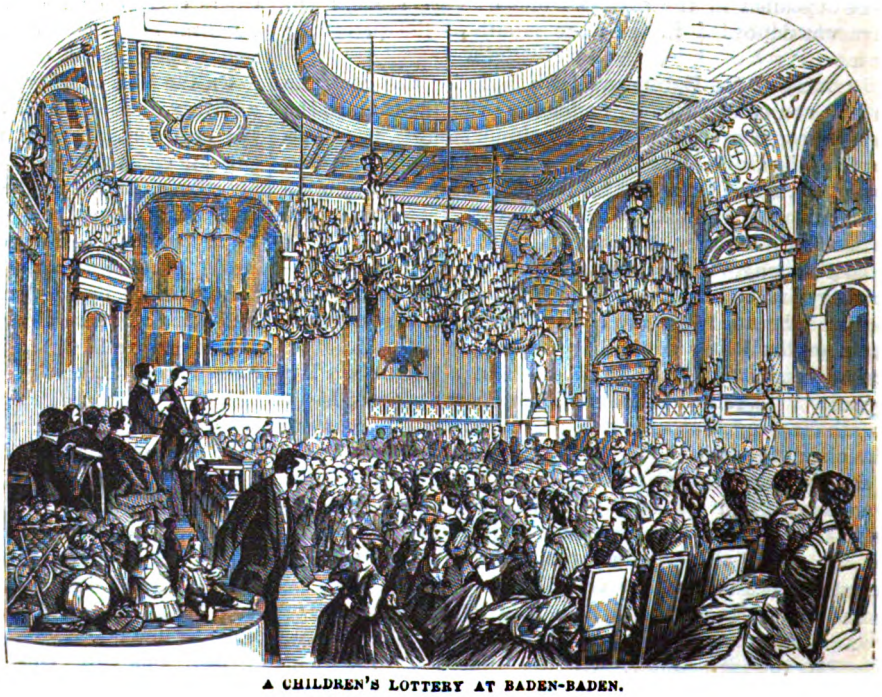
Again, in the reign of William III., it became necessary to pass an Act of Parliament for the suppression of these schemes. It was found that even in country towns they flourished on the earnings and savings of servants and children, and innumerable stories were told of clerks ruined and employers robbed to assist in lottery speculations. Private lotteries were put down, but gigantic incorporated schemes were commenced, in which life annuities and insurance policies were the prizes, and these became enormously popular. In 1710 the Bank of England received subscriptions to a State lottery in which every ticket gave an annuity for thirty-two years of from five to one thousand pounds per annum.

In 1759 the annuity plan was discarded, and prizes ranging as high as £20,000 were substituted. This system continued in vogue, the amount of the prizes being constantly increased, in order to offer the greatest possible inducements. In 1747 it is said that £1,000,000 were raised by a lottery selling 10,000 shares, the prizes being paid in perpetual annuities of four per cent

In 1718, the number of lottery offices in the whole kingdom was 400. In that year an Act was passed obliging every person who had such an office to take out a yearly license, and to pay £50 for it. This measure soon reduced the number from 400 to 41.

In 1808 lotteries were drawn having as the highest prize the sum of £40,000, with six prizes of £20,000, besides innumerable others of lesser value. In this year (1808) the evil had grown to such alarming dimensions that a committee was appointed by the House of Commons to investigate the subject, with a view to see what laws could be passed to diminish the loss and injury accompanying the condition of things in this direction. The committee reported adversely to lotteries, but the sense of the House seemed to be in favor, the vote standing: in favor of lotteries, 90; against lotteries, 49—majority, 41.

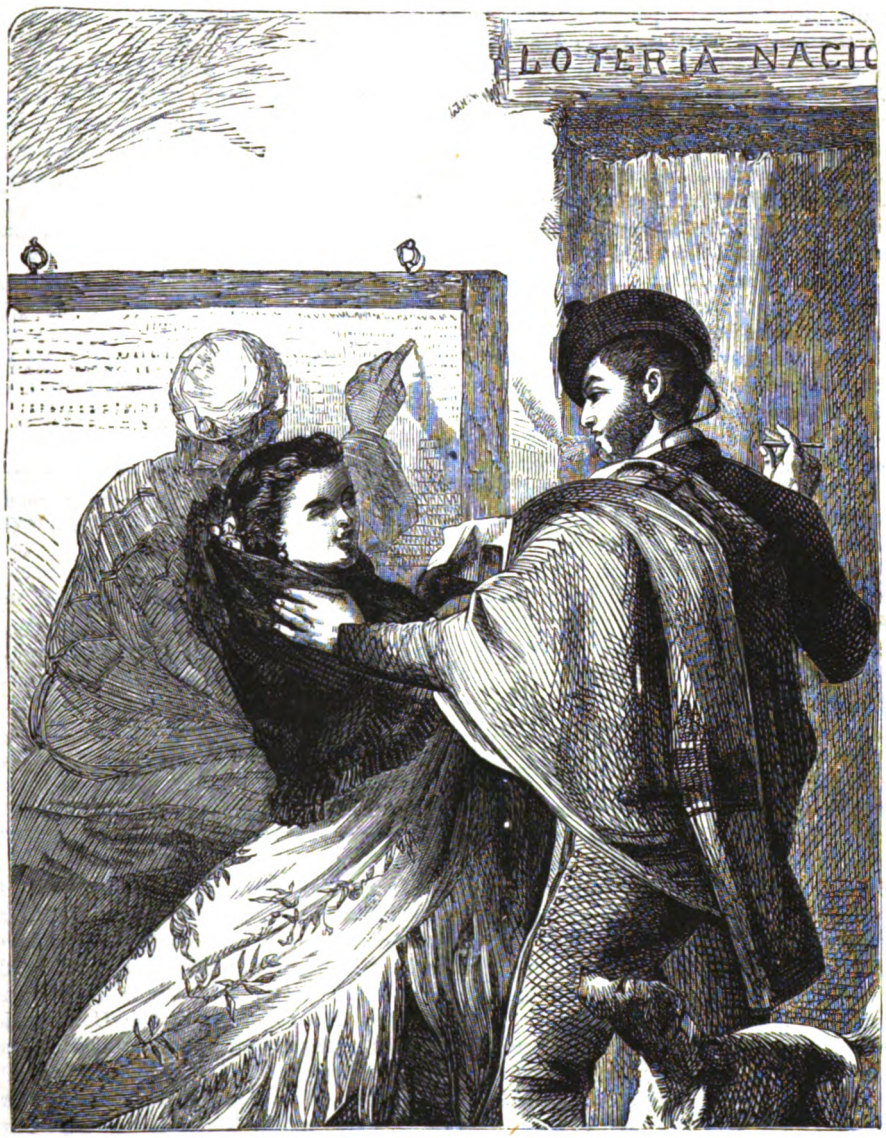
What was probably the origin of the present system of policy-shops, as practiced in New York and other cities and towns, happened in 1712. It appears that a goldsmith



A CHILDREN'S LOTTERY AT BADEN-BADEN.

of London, named Matthew West, divided his tickets into twenty parts, and was very successful in disposing of them in that form. This idea of fractional parts, or "little-goes," as they were called in London, became immediately very popular, and was doubtless the cause of the greatest amount of injury effected by lotteries on the lower classes, since it appealed immediately to those who had little money, and could least afford to risk anything on such ventures.

But the immediate influence of lotteries was not their only effect. They acted and reacted in all directions and upon all kinds of games of chance. Offices were opened to effect insurances on marriages, births, christenings, etc. Dice and card-playing became more than ever prevalent, and more than the customary amount of crime followed in the wake of these vices.



SKETCH AT A LOTTERY OFFICE IN SPAIN.

One peculiarity of lotteries which has always existed, was noticed even in the early part of the eighteenth century in England, this being the desire frequently evinced by those who purchased tickets to possess those of a certain number, or combination of numbers, the most extraordinary causes often influencing people's minds in their choice. Thus, one man insisted on having No. 1,711, because it was the current year; another the number representing the year of his age; a third dreamed a number, and would be satisfied with no other; while a fourth selected the number which had been successful in the last lottery.

The final death-blow was given to state lotteries in England on the 18th of October, 1826, when they were abolished by the Government. Private lotteries in England and Ireland were also made illegal, with heavy penalties to follow, even the advertisements of foreign lotteries.

In 1837 the Art Union of London was established, and other similar enterprises soon followed. In 1844, the amount of subscriptions to the Art Union was £14,848. Although the principle upon which these enterprises were based was decided to be illegal, they were, and still are, tolerated in England and winked at by the Government.

One result of lotteries in England was the increase in the number of suicides occasioned by ill success. It is stated that after one drawing more than fifty suicides occurred in London. Clerks were found drowned at the docks, servants hung themselves by their garters, and all sorts of instruments of self-destruction were at a premium.

Quite a number of curious anecdotes are told of the lottery period. For instance, a negro man, who cried "oranges, lemons and limes" in London, drew a prize of £5,000, and went raving mad the next day. A footman to a lady of high rank dreamed that he drew a £5,000 prize with a ticket of a certain number, and accordingly invested all his earnings in purchasing a ticket bearing that number. He won nothing, and after passing a few melancholy days destroyed his life. On one occasion, at a lottery in 1774, after the drawing, a ticket was found sticking in the crevice of the wheel, which, on being examined, proved to be entitled to a prize of £1,000. It is said that a lady in London, whose husband presented her with a lottery ticket, sent a notice to the church to have prayers put up in the following manner: "The prayers of the congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking." One young man, who had ruined himself by a lottery, shot himself with two pistols, leaving behind him a paper, in which he cursed "the head of the plan and the heart that executed the baneful destructive plan of a lottery."

An apparent comment upon a lottery as practiced in England occurs in a farce written by the celebrated Henry

Fielding, in 1731, for Drury Lane Theatre, and which was called "The Lottery." In this piece the following lines occur:

"A lottery is a taxation
Upon all fools in creation;
And, heaven be praised!
It is easily raised,
Credulity's always in fashion;
For folly's fun will never lose ground
While fools are so rife in the nation."

At the time of the legal abolition of lotteries in England, a large procession paraded through the streets of London, carrying banners and placards, accompanied by a band of music, announcing the end of the lottery, and advising every one to try one chance in "the last lottery in England—the great £30,000 lottery."

The lottery system has been applied to other purposes besides that of making money. A good story is told of an instance of this character, said to have occurred in France just after the abdication of Charles X. A young French officer in the service of the King lost his position after the abdication, and was thrown upon the world penniless, but in the possession, as it chanced, of an exceedingly handsome person. He had won the affections of a beautiful girl at Lyons, to whom he was betrothed, and the discomfort and misery of his poverty-stricken situation, combined with regret at the apparent impossibility of fulfilling his engagement, worked so upon his mind, that he concluded to commit suicide. He accordingly proceeded to a café near the Seine, and calling for writing materials, was writing a letter to his betrothed at Lyons, when he heard the voice of a Jew crying "Lottery tickets!" Immediately, and as if by inspiration, he conceived a bold and original idea. Calling the Jew, he proceeded to interview him, when, finding him shrewd and calculating, he opened to him his new project, saying to him, "All the world is a lottery—wealth, pleasure, happiness, marriage. Why can we not institute a lottery, in which I shall be the only prize?" The Jew snapped at the idea, and insisted upon the captain accompanying him to his residence. Calling a cabriolet, the pair entered, and proceeded to drive through a whole labyrinth of streets in the most ancient part of Paris, and so to the Jews' quarter of the city. Reaching an ancient-looking location, the Jew ushered him in, when the captain found himself, to his great surprise, in a suite of rooms furnished with the utmost magnificence. Splendid carpets, gilded fauteuils and costly pictures met the eye everywhere, and at the end of the suite, in a room still more exquisite in proportions and furniture, the table was laid with a luxurious supper, to which the two schemers proceeded immediately to do full justice.

The plan for the lottery was now discussed and arranged, while the remainder of the night was spent in enjoying the richest wines which a well-stocked cellar could produce. The scheme of the lottery was very simple, the only prize being the captain, and this to be won by the holder of the highest number. The officer, however, made two conditions. One was that a ticket should be sent to the fair maiden at Lyons, and the other that in case the winning party should not like the prize, or *vice versa*, a compromise should be effected by an equal division of the profits; and each should go free, the Jew having a percentage on the whole. The story proceeds that in two months 10,000 tickets were sold, at a napoleon each. The drawing took place a few days later. The fair Lyonaise was waited on by a beautiful widow in a magnificent equipage, who offered her a thousand napoleons for her lottery ticket, which she said had drawn the prize—although she herself had bought thirty tickets, and had been unsuccessful. Now, it appears that the young lady had no idea as to the character of the prize; for, on receiving the ticket, she had thrown it into a drawer without even inquiring into its value. Thinking it unwise, however, to dispose of her good fortune before she should know what it was, she refused the offer, and the widow departed, disconsolate. Five minutes after, a traveling-chariot drove to the door, the captain leaped out, and was in the arms of his betrothed in a moment. He had no sooner heard into whose hands the prize had fallen, than he was on his way to Lyons as fast as his horse could carry him. Throwing 5,000 napoleons into her lap, he told her the story of his lottery, and announced his determination to keep out of the Seine in the future.

In 1818 there appeared in a Calcutta newspaper the following advertisement: "Be it known that these fair, pretty young ladies, with two sweet and engaging young children, lately imported from Europe, have roses of health blooming upon their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable manners, and highly accomplished—whom the most indifferent cannot behold without expressions of rapture, are to be raffled for next door to the British Gallery. Scheme 12, tickets at 12 rupees each, the highest of the three throws to take the most fascinating," etc.

The time of the introduction of lotteries into America is not known; though, as the second scheme drawn in England was, as has already been related, designed to aid the colonization of Virginia, it is probable that this occurred about that time. It is on record that as early as 1699 the ministers of the gospel settled in Boston met and denounced lottery speculation as a cheat and its agents as pillagers of the people.

Early in the eighteenth century, lotteries had gained a foothold in Philadelphia, and in 1748 the State granted a charter to some such enterprise, for the purpose of erecting in Philadelphia the "Association Battery." On this occasion the Society of Friends proceeded against lotteries by reading a rule in their meetings designed to warn members of the Society against them. In 1753, Christ Church steeple, and the steeple for the Presbyterian Church in the same city, were each assisted by a lottery grant. A lottery also took place in Baltimore, and another in aid of Princeton College, N. J., by which latter £13,332 were raised.

In 1761, a lottery of 12,500 tickets at $4 each took place in Philadelphia, granted to raise $7,500 for paving the streets. As the receipts from this lottery, if the tickets were all sold, would have amounted to $50,000, it is evident that there was considerable leakage in the scheme.

After the adoption of the Constitution, many of the States legalized lotteries, and this soon became a customary means employed to forward any object of public or private interest. Thus bridges were built, railroads laid, canals dug, roads made, ferries improved, hospitals erected, colleges founded and books published. In 1832, in nine States of the Union, there were no fewer than 420 lottery classes sold, amounting to $53,136,930, or, with brokers' commission added, $66,420,162.

In New York City alone, during the year 1830, schemes were drawn to the amount of nearly $10,000,000, and in 1833 an Act was passed in New York State suppressing all lotteries for the future.

Up to the year 1837, the Assembly of Virginia had passed over fifty lotteries, legalizing them for special purposes. In 1833 a society was formed in Pennsylvania, called "The Pennsylvania Society for the Suppression of Lotteries." To the efforts of this society may be mainly attributed the action of most of the States prohibiting the further estab-

lishment of lotteries. In Tennessee and Virginia, Acts abolishing lotteries have been, by express decisions, pronounced Constitutional. In New York and Pennsylvania, lotteries are declared to be public nuisances, and may be indicted as such. In the State of New York, art unions are held to be lotteries by express decisions.

In 1847, there were six lotteries drawn per day in three States, of which the Delaware Lottery was the most important and the most profitable. At present there are still lotteries drawn in the United States—the Kentucky and Louisiana lotteries—although the Legislature of Louisiana recently repealed the grant to the Louisiana Lottery Company, on the ground that its charter was obtained by fraud. It is said of this lottery that its yearly profits have been upward of $100,000.

The famous "gig," known among the colored population as the "Washerwomen's Gig, 4-11-44," was originated by W. C. France, who in 1863 had control of the lottery wheel when drawing the lottery in Washington, Del. On one occasion, after the drawing had taken place, he added to it a number 4, not drawn from the wheel, which made up this "gig," and by which he cheated the lottery managers to the extent of more than $10,000. This France, Murray, Miller & Co., Morris & Howard, Ben. Wood, Henry Coulter and others, have conducted for years the most of these lotteries.

But the principal lottery of the Western Hemisphere takes place in Havana, Cuba, under the auspices of the Government, and for the purpose of supplying Government revenue, and is legally drawn eighteen times per annum at the Custom House at Havana, under the superintendence of a Government official. In this lottery 30,000 tickets are issued, and sold at $20 each—fractional parts in the same proportion. The highest prize is usually $200,000; and there is sometimes a grand drawing, when the highest prize is fixed at 1,000,000 Spanish dollars, and the price of the tickets at $100. The lottery is drawn in the morning of the day appointed, and tickets can be purchased up to within half an hour of the time of drawing. In an enormous courtyard, surrounded by Government officers, is placed a movable platform, upon which the two wheels used in the drawing are erected. Boys, blindfolded, draw the tickets from the wheels, and the numbers are chalked up on blackboards placed just behind them. The open courtyard is large enough to contain thousands of people, and the excitement over the drawing is intense. This lottery is undoubtedly conducted honestly, as indeed all lotteries might well be and still prove a profitable business. Prizes in the Havana Lottery are paid in gold on the day following the drawing. Tickets are sold in New York, New Orleans, and other cities in the United States; at Panama, throughout South America, and in the West India Islands.

Probably the largest and most exciting lottery which ever took place was that undertaken by the French Government during the Exposition of 1878. This scheme was originated with the design to raise funds to bring workingmen and poor peasants from the rural districts to Paris, and enable them to witness and enjoy the delights of the Exposition. The affair was in the hands of the Government, and its management was intrusted to a central commission. The original design of issuing one million of tickets at a franc each was soon altered, as the demand for tickets grew. The number was increased to six millions, and by subsequent steps to twelve millions, of tickets. All France was in a frenzy of excitement over this grand scheme. Speculators bought large quantities, and at one time an extravagant premium was asked and obtained. Large quantities of tickets were sold in London, and in the different cities of Europe, and no difficulty was experienced in getting rid of the entire number.

Of the 12,000,000 francs derived from the sale of the tickets by the Government, five per cent. was allowed to the venders, and the expenses of the undertaking absorbed about as much more. Of the 10,800,000 francs remaining, one-third, or 3,600,000 francs, was applied to the expenses of bringing workmen and others to Paris to see the great show, and 7,200,000 francs were expended in prizes. Besides the purchase of the prizes, many of the exhibitors and tradesmen contributed from their exhibits in the Exposition, and altogether the number of prizes was about 8,000, there being twelve series in the drawing.

The grand prize was valued at 150,000 francs, and was won by a journeyman currier named Aubriot, the occupant of two rooms on the fifth floor of a tenement house. The winner of the second prize (100,000 francs), was a tobacco vender in the Rue St. Honoré; and the winner of the fourth prize, of 50,000 francs, was a clerk in an insurance office. Besides these there were pianos valued at 15,000 francs each, and pieces of tapestry at 9,000, and of furniture at 10,000, and of statues and paintings of still higher value. The entire distribution of money in prizes was as follows: grand prizes, 380,000 francs; French works of art, 855,000; fine art, books, musical instruments, etc., 540,000; furniture, bronzes, ceramic ware, 1,350,000; wearing apparel and jewelry, 877,500; raw materials, objects of utility, etc., 472,500; machines, tools and vehicles, 405,000; articles of food, confectionery, wines, liquors, etc., 270,000; agricultural and horticultural, 303,750; articles purchased from foreign exhibitors, 740,000. The value of the gifts made by exhibitors was said to have been 800,000 francs.

This lottery was drawn on the 15th day of December, 1878, in the grand hall of the Trocadero Palace. As it was the first lottery to take place in France since 1836, it deserves special notice, not less than on account of its own intrinsic peculiarities.

In Italy, lotteries flourish vigorously, although three Popes, in times past, made strenuous efforts to suppress them. The famous novelist, Guerazzi, tells a well authenticated story, with which we will conclude this paper on lotteries. The incident actually occurred only a few years ago in Florence, where a priest, a peasant and the peasant's wife dug up a dead body from the graveyard, and while the priest held the corpse by the hair, the peasant struck off its head, and his wife took it home and cast it into a seething caldron, to watch how many times it bobbed to the surface and then made a bet on that number in the lottery.

The explanation was, that the deceased was a learned man, and had studied Algebra, and that there might be still much cabalistic power in his head.

"ONE OF DEM DERE KINGS."

THERE was a rich display of foreign gold lace and uniforms on the quarter-deck of the United States ship *Independence*, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Charles Morgan, an old sea-dog, who had monopolized the command of the Mediterranean Squadron, but who had gained the respect of crowned heads by his fearless and independent spirit, tempered with the courtesy of the American gentleman.

The *Independence* was anchored in the Bay of Naples, within hailing distance of Castle Noo. It was in 1850, at the time of the Pope's visit to Naples.

His Holiness having expressed his desire to visit the

frigate, the necessary preparations for his reception were immediately made.

We will pass over the ceremony of reception, and narrate the result of the honor conferred on the officers and crew of the frigate by the visit of His Holiness.

The visit had occasioned the introduction of our officers to the *élite* of Neapolitan society, and had secured them the *entrée* to all the clubs and social gatherings. Indeed, our officers had been so hospitably entertained, that it behooved them to reciprocate, and they decided to give a military ball.

There was a busy time on board the *Independence*—carpenters putting up benches; gunners' mates and quarter-gunners removing carronades, transforming slides into sofas, and making bayonet chandeliers; quartermasters festooning bunting and dressing the awnings with flags. To be brief, the crew were engaged in turning a war vessel into a ball and supper-room.

The night of October 3d, 1850, was a lovely one, made bright by a full moon in the azure sky of Italy, and by the red glare of the flames of Vesuvius. Innumerable boats from foreign squadrons and from our own plied between the shore and the *Independence*, taking to her those called to the feast.

A more brilliant assemblage had never graced a man-of-war's deck. Royalty with its court was there. The music was exquisite—the best Naples produced, which is saying a great deal, when one hears such delightful strains from her itinerant street-players.

The *Independence's* quarter-deck was transformed into a vast tent, dressed with the colors of all nations, the forward ones of the occasion being interwoven with our stars and stripes.

The hatches had been *battened* down; flower-beds or fountains screened them.

Only one hatch besides those reserved for main-ways to the lower decks was left open, and that was for the purpose of admitting the wind-sail.

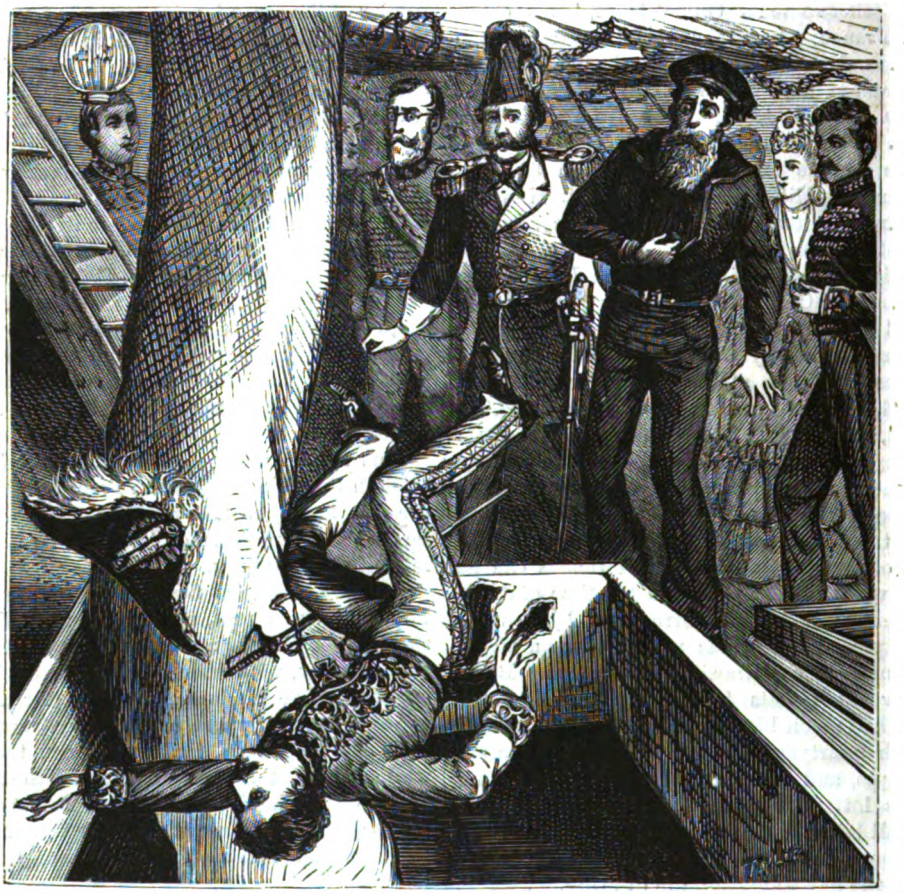
As the night was warm, the wind-sail, which had been well scrubbed, and looked snow-white, had been kept up. Being well rounded, it looked like a column.

For fear that land-lubbers, ignorant of its use, would lean against it, an old tar had been stationed near it to warn them to keep off. Jack Anderson, the mainmast-man, had been selected for the purpose.

Jack did not enjoy the dancing, but he did his post, as it afforded him the opportunity to seize, unobserved, various drinks from the passing waiters; and, as the latter were hired for the occasion, and from shore, they were not *au fait* in discipline, thought it was all right, and waited for Monsieur Anderson, as they called him, to empty his glass and replace it on the salver.

Too many glasses had unsteadied Jack Anderson's faculties; he walked or staggered beyond the margin of his post.

It was at that moment that the Marquis de Toronto, fatigued from much dancing, stepped to the hatch, and leaned back, as he thought, against a column; but down the hatch he went—that, too, with a yell that startled the dancers.



"ONE OF DEM DERE KINGS."—"DOWN THE HATCH HE WENT—THAT, TOO, WITH A YELL THAT STARTLED THE DANCERS."

Officers and civilians hastened to the spot; Jack Anderson, tipsy, did likewise, reaching his post in time to confront his superior.

"Anderson!" shouted the captain, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing, sir," coolly replied the old tar, raising his hand to his cap—"nothing much, sir; only one of dem dere kings as has tumbled down the hatchway, sir—that's all." Notwithstanding the seriousness of the accident, a "yaw, yaw!" resounded through the ship. Mirth is contagious—it will spread.

The marquis was not hurt, only badly frightened. He had fallen in a tub of punch which had been placed near the wind-sail to keep it cool.

It was the only damage done.

Putting Hives in Mourning.—In the French province of Perche, when a man died, bows of crape were fixed to the beehives, and one of the family, tapping each hive, said, "Beautiful ones, your master is dead." If this ceremony was neglected, the belief was that the bees would either die or forsake the hive.

We must not attempt an eagle's flight with the wings of a wren.

"'WHAT DEW YOU MEAN BY SAYIN' AS HOW I TOLD YE THAT MR. BROWN HAD A WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN?' 'YOU DID TELL ME SO!' CRIED THE WIDOW."

WHAT BROWN LEFT TOWN FOR.

By Mary Grace Halpine.

Such a commotion as there was in Barberry Green—among the feminine portion of it—was never known before by the oldest inhabitant.

Thomas Jefferson Brown, who was considered as much a fixture in the place as the town-pump, had gone, no one knew whither.

That he should have left town without telling where he was going, what he was going for, and when he was coming back, was considered in the light of a personal affront by his fellow-townspeople in general, and the Widow Peabody in particular.

The Widow Peabody was one of those kind-hearted creatures, to be found, to a greater or less extent, in every country village, who take a deep interest in their neighbors' affairs, often neglecting their own to attend to them.

But virtue in this wicked world of ours often fails of its reward, and we are sorry to say that this worthy individual's disinterested efforts in her neighbors' behalf not infrequently met with a base return, some of them being so unreasonable as to suppose they knew their own business best, and could manage it without any of her help.

But this by no means discouraged the Widow Peabody. She "expected sech things from them that didn't know no better," as she often observed.

It now being her "self-evident duty" to find out the whys and wherefores of Mr. Brown's sudden and mysterious disappearance, she set about it with all commendable zeal and alacrity.

She commenced operations by pumping Josh Hardwick,

who used to do odd jobs for him, and any one else who needed his services, Josh being one of those handy individuals so often found in Yankeedom, who "can turn their hands to 'most anything."

But Josh was non-committal; either he had nothing to tell, or was indisposed to tell what he did know.

Mrs. Peabody believed it was the latter, and, as the natural effect of this conclusion, the old kitchen clock, that had ticked quietly in the corner for a quarter of a century, was suddenly discovered to need "fixing."

Now, be it known that there is none of these natural-born geniuses of the New England type but can take a clock to pieces and put it together again—to quote Josh Hardwick's frequent assertion—"jest as easy as nothin'."

Josh hated the Widow Peabody "wuss than pison," to use his emphatic language; but he "allers calc'lated on bein' perlite to wimen-folks." And then he was glad of a "job"; nothing suiting him better than "tinkerin'," as he called it.

So he lost no time in "steppin' in tew the widder's, jest tew take a squint at the consarn."

He set it "a-goin'," and then closing one eye and squinting up the other, in a manner peculiar to him, watched the pendulum as it swung solemnly to and fro.

"Don't keep good time, hey? Suthin's out of tilter, I s'pose. I'll soon find out."

Suiting the action to the word, Josh soon had the wheels and weights, and all the varied mechanism, spread out upon the table before him.

"Needs cleanin', I expect."

This gratuitous information was volunteered to the Widow Peabody, who stood looking over his shoulder, her thoughts intent upon the subject that so puzzled her astute, far-reaching mind.

"How very sudding Mr. Brown did go off! Don't you think so?"

"Well, no, marm; I can't say as I do. I thought he lingered surprising. His darter told me at the funeral——"

"Oh! I didn't mean *that* Mr. Brown; but, Thomas—him that left town in sich a turrible hurry that he didn't have time to bid good-by tew nobody. You was seen talkin' to him the mornin' he went; what did he say he was goin' fur, an' where tew?"

"I do' know no more'n the man in the moon; he didn't tell *me* nothin'. I met him in the street down by Deacon Skinner's, with his carpet-bag in his hand. 'Josh,' says he, 'I'm going out of town. Here's a dollar; that makes us square, I b'lieve.' He was allers good pay; I'll say that much fur him."

The widow pursed up her lips, shaking her head mysteriously; these simple words had, to her, a meaning of direful import.

"Ah! there it is! If he had expected to come back, he'd have waited. It's just as I thought—*he don't intend to come back!*"

"Mebbe not," responded Josh, taking a prolonged squint at the balance which he was adjusting; "but I don't see no reason why he shouldn't, if he has a mind tew."

"But there *is* a reason, if you can't see it," said the widow, with a reproving shake of the head. "There's reason in everythin'. Didn't he look sorter solemncholy, as if he had heard some bad news?"

"Wal, no; I can't say as he did. I didn't notice nothin' pecoolyer 'bout him, 'cept he kept his han'keecher tew his mouth, as if he'd got the toothache, or suthin'."

"He wanted to hide his face, more like!" retorted the widow; "he was ashamed tew be seen sneakin' out of town that fashion, an' no wonder!"

"Mebbe so," was the philosophical rejoinder.

"An' then tew think how attentive he's been tew Mahitable Green! Everybody said they was as good as engaged. He goes there every Sabba'-day evening, an' allers waits on her home from meetin'. Tew my certain knowledge, them two have stood talkin' at the gate half an hour on the stretch."

"You've got a very obsarvious mind, widder; there ain't many folks that sees as much as you dew."

"There ain't much that goes on in the village that I don't know of, if I dew say it!" responded the widow, with a gratified air.

"An' it is so kind-hearted of ye, tew, to be interested in them that you ain't in no way responsible for!"

"Wal, folks is commonly so selfish; they can't seem to think of nobody but themselves an' them that belongs to 'em. I thank the Lord I ain't no sich! Poor Mahitable! I really feel for her! She sot her life by Mr. Brown, as a body could see with half an eye! Melissy Powers was there when she fust heerd on't, an' says she was all struck of a heap. Said she saw him the night afore, an' he didn't say nothin' 'bout a-goin'. I must say that it's the curiusest thing I ever heerd tell on! What could be the reason he didn't marry her?"

"Wal, he might have a good reason for't. As I told brother Sam, when he was prancin' round with the Widder Pettee, when a man's got a wife——"

The widow lifted up her hands and eyes.

"Good gracious! you don't mean tew say he's married?"

"Tew be sure; an' got three children."

"Of all things! Who on airth told ye?"

"Who told me? Why, I was at the weddin' myself. Is it anythin' surprisin' fur a man tew git married?"

"Wal, no. But tew think that you never mentioned it!"

"I didn't s'pose 'twas anythin' that would interest you in partic'ler," responded Josh, as he put the last screw into the face of the clock. "I hadn't no idee, then, that you was of sich a kind an' charitable turn of mind. I guess it will go all right now. I'm goin' to the 'Centre' this arternoon, but I shall be back the fust of the week, an' if there's any trouble, jes' let me know."

"The sly, deceitful, good-for-nothin' scamp!" exclaimed the Widow Peabody, as she tied on her bonnet, preparatory to spreading this delectable bit of scandal through the village. "Tew think of his havin' a wife an' three children, an' he purtendin' to be a single man! I'll unmask the vilyun!"

The Widow Peabody was as good as her word, succeeding so well in her benevolent, self-denying efforts, that when Brown returned to Barberry Green, as he did a few days after, he was received with a mixture of constraint and coolness by his former friends and associates that surprised and puzzled him.

To complete his vexation and bewilderment, Mahitable Green, whose esteem and affection he was so anxious to secure, actually refused to see him.

The studious avoidance of him by every one made it no easy thing to do, but he finally succeeded in tracing the matter to its source.

There was a "quilting" at Squire Teller's, and such a clatter of tongues as there was in the "square-room," where the fair quilters were congregated!

The Widow Peabody was there, of course; she never failed to "put in an appearance" on such occasions.

Mahitable Green was there, too, though she had much rather have staid at home, poor girl! But she was high-spirited, and wasn't going to have folks think she was "wearing the willow," not she!

She sat among a merry group of her own age, her smiling face little in unison with her heavy heart.

The Widow Peabody was the centre and attraction of an interested, if not interesting, group. Never was her voluble tongue more active and venomous.

She was repeating, for about the hundredth time, her account of Mr. Brown's baseness and duplicity, to which she had given a variety of additions and embellishments, when the door opened, and in came the hero of it, followed by Josh Hardwick.

Without noticing the astonishment on the faces of those present, he marched up to where Mrs. Peabody sat.

"Good-evening, ma'am. I hear that you have been busying yourself with my affairs a good deal lately ?"

"Sir," said the widow, grimly, "I consider it tew be my dewty tew warn folks ag'in them that go about like wolves in sheep's clothing. How did you leave your wife ? Ahem !"

Here Mrs. Peabody glanced around with a look of triumph.

But, instead of being overwhelmed with confusion at this public exposure, as might properly have been expected of him, Mr. Brown said, quietly :

"My wife—that is to be, as I hope—is very well at present, as I am happy to say."

Here the supposed culprit glanced at Mahitable, who was an interested and attentive listener to this.

Josh Hardwick now spoke.

"Look here, widder, I've got a question tew ask you. I don't often speak, but when I dew, it's tew the p'int. What dew you mean by sayin' as how I told ye that Mr. Brown had a wife and three children ?'

"Because you *did* tell me so !" cried the widow, sticking her elbows akimbo, evidently considering her reputation as a reliable "news-vender" to be at stake. "You told me so the day you fixed my clock, an' you needn't go fur tew deny it, nuther."

"I didn't tell you nothin' of the sort. I was speakin' 'bout brother Sam, when you bust in, askin' if *he* was married, an' I said Yes. If you wasn't continnerly thinkin' evil of your nabors, you'd have knowed what I meant."

Mr. Brown now interposed. Looking around upon the expectant group, whose faces evinced both surprise and curiosity, he said :

"My good friends—as I hope and believe you all to be —perhaps I owe you an apology for my abrupt and unceremonious departure from your midst. In order to explain it clearly, I shall have to make a—to me—rather humiliating confession. But an open confession, they say, is good for the soul."

Here the speaker glanced shyly at the Widow Peabody, who had pricked up her ears, thinking that she should now hear something more to her liking.

Mr. Brown resumed :

"I am reluctantly compelled to acknowledge that, owing to the result of a fall, I have—not a wife and three children ; I am not so blest—but, horrible to relate, three artificial teeth, which, being directly in front, are indispensable to the fair degree of good looks which I flatter myself I possess. Upon the night previous to my leaving town, I returned home, after having spent a very pleasant evening." Here Mr. Brown again glanced toward Mahitable, whose conscious face was the color of the roses in her hair and bosom. "While partaking of some slight refreshment before retiring, I accidentally loosened the spring which kept these teeth in place. There being no experienced dentist here, I left town early the next morning, fully expecting to be able to return the following day ; but unforeseen hindrances prevented. True, I might have written. I certainly should have done so had I known what a commotion my 'mysterious disappearance' was creating. I hope this explanation will prove satisfactory, especially to a heart so kind and charitable as the Widow Peabody's."

Here Mr. Brown turned toward Mrs. Peabody's seat, but it was vacant.

"*She* wasn't goin' tew stay tew hear any sich trumped-up story as that !" as she roundly asserted.

In compliance with Mrs. Teller's invitation, which was warmly seconded by the other ladies — Mahitable said nothing, but her looks spoke volumes — Mr. Brown remained to tea, having many a hearty laugh over the blunder, now so happily and satisfactorily explained.

As a matter of course, Mr. Brown went home with Mahitable.

If the Widow Peabody had looked toward Mr. Green's, she would have seen that the parting at the gate was unusually lingering and tender—a foreshadowing of the time when the felicity with which she had so prematurely endowed him should be his.

STUDYING THE WEATHER.

By J. Munro, C. E.

It is not so many years since the study of the weather was considered a very vain pursuit. The wandering gales were either believed to obey no laws, or laws which it was hopeless to try to find out. Far otherwise is the view of educated persons to-day, and those who make a special study of the subject assure us that only time, observation and thought are necessary to enable us to comprehend the processes of the atmosphere, and, to a certain extent, predict the coming weather.

Meteorology, or modern weather-science, is only about twenty-five years old, and dates from the employment of the telegraph in transmitting reports from different places of the state of weather existing there at the same time. The word itself, however, is old, since it was used by Aristotle some 300 years B.C. to name a treatise on water and earthquakes. It does not come, as popularly supposed, from the "meteors," or falling stars sometimes seen in the sky, but from the Greek words *meteoros*, soaring, and *logos*, a discourse. As a science, it is of endless practical utility, not only in commerce, engineering and agriculture, but also in pleasure-seeking. At present, however, it is mainly in its relations to shipping and farming that it is valuable. By its aid Captain Maury has pointed out the least tempestuous routes across the Atlantic ; and the Weather Bureau daily informs Western farmers what weather they may expect for their crops. These results have been attained by an intelligent scrutiny of ships' log-books, which are now all kept on a uniform system, and by weather observatories planted all over the vast extent of the United States. Great Britain is too limited in area and insular in position to encourage the hope that weather-study in those islands will ever give the same certainty of prediction as it gives in America or India or other continental regions ; but, nevertheless, much may be achieved, even in stormy England, by a proper system of observation carried on for a considerable number of years.

Most civilized nations have awakened to the great importance of the science, and systematic observations are daily made at the British observatories of Kew, Greenwich, Edinburgh, etc., as well as at the weather-stations of the Meteorological Office. This office issues daily reports in the newspapers of the recent weather in all the districts of the United Kingdom, and forecasts of the probable

weather, besides answering telegrams of inquiry as to the weather in different places. They depend for a good deal of their information on individual observers provided with correct instruments and obeying their instructions, so that valuable assistance may be rendered in this way by persons who have the opportunity at their disposal, and the study of the weather may be made a means not only of private but of public good.

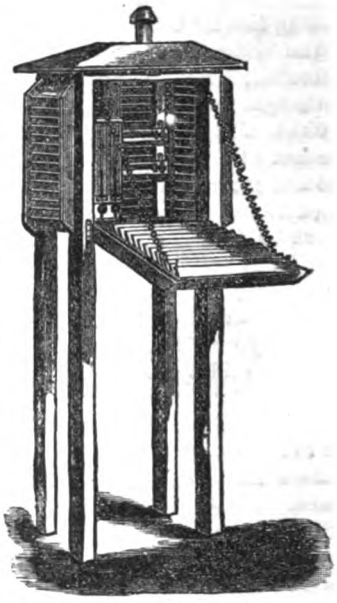
The elements of weather-study are: observations of the intensity of solar radiation; the temperature of the air in the shade; the weight of the superincumbent air, or, in other words, the barometrical pressure; the velocity and direction of the wind; the dampness or humidity of the atmosphere; the amount of rain or snowfall; the amount of electricity and ozone in the air; with notes on the forms and drifts of clouds, the color of the sky, thunderstorms, sea-disturbance, aurora, or other signs. These elements are intimately associated, and it is by a concurrent study of all that weather-knowledge is obtained.

A WEATHER GLASS.

The intensity of the sunshine is best measured by the solar radiation thermometer of the Rev. F. W. Stow. This consists of a mercury *maximum* thermometer, having a black bulb and stem, and inclosed in an outer glass chamber, from which the air is exhausted. The bulb is exposed to the sun's rays, and the expanding mercury drives before it a small index along the tube, so that the *maximum* temperature in twenty-four hours is recorded by the index. Fig. 1 represents this thermometer exposed in a S.E. direction, on a stand about four feet above the ground, with the air circulating freely all round it. The maximum temperature of the air in the shade is also to be taken at that place, and the difference between the maximum in the sun and the maximum in the shade is a measure of the solar radiation.

In observing the temperature of the air in the shade, it is necessary to guard the thermometer, not only from the sun's direct rays, but likewise the radiation of walls, trees, etc.; hence the instrument should be inclosed in a shade which admits the air freely, but excludes lateral heat-rays. Glaisher's shade, or stand, is a little wooden penthouse or shed facing away from the sun; but a better is Stevenson's, now generally used, and consisting of a louvre-boarded hutch, something like a small meat-safe, as shown in Fig. 2. The legs should be about four feet high, and it should stand over grass on open ground, away from the shadow of trees, and above twenty feet from any wall. In default of any screen of this kind, the temperature of the air, in a makeshift way, can be got by swinging the thermometer round at the end of a cord some two feet six inches long, after the manner of a sling.

1.—STOW'S THERMOMETER.


2.—STEVENSON'S SHADE.

The maximum and minimum temperatures during the twenty-four hours are to be observed by means of maximum and minimum thermometers. The most favored maximum thermometer is, perhaps, that of Professor Phillips, in which a bubble of air in the top of the mercury column is pushed up as the column rises, and left behind when the column sinks, to mark the highest temperature reached. The minimum temperature, on the other hand, can be very well obtained by Rutherford's minimum thermometer, in which a column of colored alcohol, as it shrinks with the cold, drags a light index or float down the tube, and flows past the latter on expanding with the heat again. These instruments are represented in Figs. 3 and 4.

The atmosphere is a gaseous ocean resting on the earth with an average pressure of fifteen pounds on the square inch. From various causes, chiefly the rarefying power of the sun's heat and the amount of aqueous vapor it contains, this pressure varies from hour to hour and day to day, and it is measured by barometer (from *baros*, weight, and *metron*, a measure). The principle of the mercurial barometer is best explained by citing the original experiment of Torricelli, made in 1643. This renowned pupil of Galileo took a long glass tube, closed at one end, filled it with mercury, and, stopping the mouth with his finger, inverted the tube over an open vessel of mercury in such a manner as to merge the mercury in the tube with that in the cistern without allowing air to enter the tube. To his surprise, he found that the mercury thereupon sank in

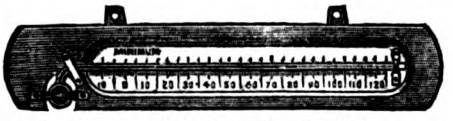
3.—PHILLIPS'S MAXIMUM THERMOMETER.

the tube till it became about thirty inches long, when it remained stationary. Pascal, the celebrated French philosopher, divined the true explanation of this singular action. He saw that the weight of the column of mercury in the tube just balanced the weight of the column of air resting on the mercury in the open cistern, and applied the apparatus as a barometer in measuring the pressure of the atmosphere.

In Fortin's barometer, which is illustrated in Fig. 5, the cistern consists of a glass vessel with a flexible leather bottom, which, by means of an adjusting screw, can be pressed in or out, so as to raise or lower the level of the mercury in the cistern till it reaches a certain fixed mark made by a small ivory point projecting downward like a spike from the roof of the cistern. The need of this adjustment will be seen when it is called to mind that the real height of the mercury column balancing the air is the height from the level of the mercury in the cistern to the level of the

mercury in the tube. Now, as the level in the tube rises or sinks, the level in the cistern must sink or rise, since there is only a certain amount of mercury common to both tube and cistern. Hence it is necessary either to bring the mercury to its datum level by a device like that of Fortin, or to correct the reading for "capacity error," as it is called, or to use a scale which can be moved till its zero coincides with the cistern level, or one with its degrees contracted to make up for the error.

Of the other barometers in use, the syphon barometer



4.—RUTHERFORD'S MINIMUM THERMOMETER.

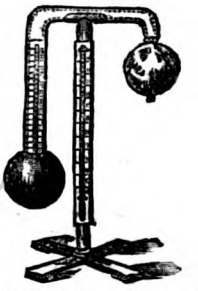
of Gay-Lussac is the best for travelers, and the marine barometer of Mr. Adie is well adapted for the sea. In the latter, as well as in household barometers, the scale is divided only into 10ths of an inch, and the Vernier reads only to 100ths. With them the reading should be taken as quickly as possible, so as to avoid heating the mercury by the warmth of the hand. Pediment household barometers and wheel barometers, with indicating hands, are too well known to need description here. The aneroid barometer, although it does not give the pressure of the atmosphere so exactly as a mercurial barometer, is nevertheless very sensitive to changes of pressure, and hence is serviceable as a weather-glass and a measurer of altitudes. From its extreme portability it has become the pet instrument of the explorer, and it is also a favorite with tourists and sportsmen. Its action depends, as is tolerably well known, on a small box of thin corrugated metal, from which the air is exhausted. The atmosphere, pressing on the outside of this sensitive chamber, elevates or depresses the corrugated surface with greater or less force according to the weight of air, and by means of levers this minute effect is communicated to the hand on the dial. The initial figure represents this little instrument with the corrugated chamber exposed.

5.—FORTIN'S BAROMETER.

The usual warnings, "Fair," "Stormy," etc., on a barometer are not much to be relied on. A far more certain indication is the barometric "gradient" given by the difference of barometric pressure at the two extremities of a line 60 nautical miles long, for the force of the wind is usually in proportion to the steepness of the gradient.

6.—DR. ROBINSON'S ANEMOMETER.

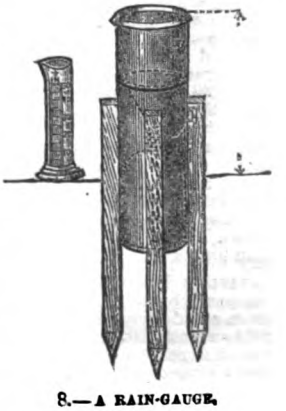
In the weather-charts of the Meteorological Office the gradient is expressed in 1-100th of an inch of mercury per degree of 60 nautical miles. On weather-maps the gradient is steepest, and the difference of pressure most, across the isobars which are closest together, and the force of the wind is greatest in that district. That every wind brings its weather is a true remark, and hence one of the first steps to weather-study is measuring the direction and force of the wind. The direction is measured by the wind-vane, and Prestel's vane also roughly indicates the pressure of the wind by a pendulous plate, which hangs vertically when there is a calm, but swings to an angle with the gale, like a hanging signboard. The velocity of the wind is best given by Dr. Robinson's anemometer, or wind-measurer, which consists, as will be seen from Fig. 6, of four brass cups on the ends of cross-arms. These cups catch the wind, and the vertical stem is driven round mill-wise at one-third of the wind's velocity. By means of wheel-work and an indicating-dial, the number of miles traveled by the wind in a given time can be read off. The anemograph, or self-recording wind-gauge, is a form of this apparatus designed to mark down its own indications, and is very useful in observatories. The velocity of the wind per hour can, of course, be easily obtained from the number of miles traversed in a certain number of hours, and from the velocity the *pressure* in pounds on a square foot of surface can be readily calculated—or it may even be measured direct by means of pressure-plates such as are used by engineers.



7.—DANIELL'S HYGROMETER.

The dampness or humidity of the air exercises a great influence on the temperature, and consequently on the weather. It is estimated by means of hygrometers, the simplest of which are the well-known damp-detectors based on the absorption of moisture by such materials as hair, oat-beard, catgut, seaweed, grass, and chloride of lime. Chemical papers, which change their color from drab-brown to blue, according to the humidity of the atmosphere, also belong to the class of hygrometers. The exact measurement of humidity is, however, either done by Daniell's or Regnault's hygrometer, or by the wet and dry bulb thermometer. Daniell's instrument, as shown in Fig. 7, consists of a bent glass tube with two bulbs, the lower of which is blackened and the upper covered with muslin. The lower tube contains pure ether and a sensitive thermometer. In using the apparatus, ether is dropped on the muslin, and its rapid evaporation cools the ether in the black bulb so much that the moisture of the outer air condenses on the latter as dew. The temperature of the *dew-point*—that is, the point at which the dew begins to form on the bulb—is to be noted in the thermometer.

The amount of rainfall is measured by means of the pluviometer or rain-gauge. Circular gauges of copper of the same diameter as the mouth are the best for



8.—A RAIN-GAUGE.

ordinary purposes. Mechanical gauges with registering trains are liable to error. Fig. 8 illustrates that adopted by the Meteorological Office. It consists of an outer protecting cylinder, having its rim twelve inches above the surface, and containing a glass bottle or reservoir, with a catch-funnel. The graduated glass beside it is to measure the amount of rain-water which it holds.

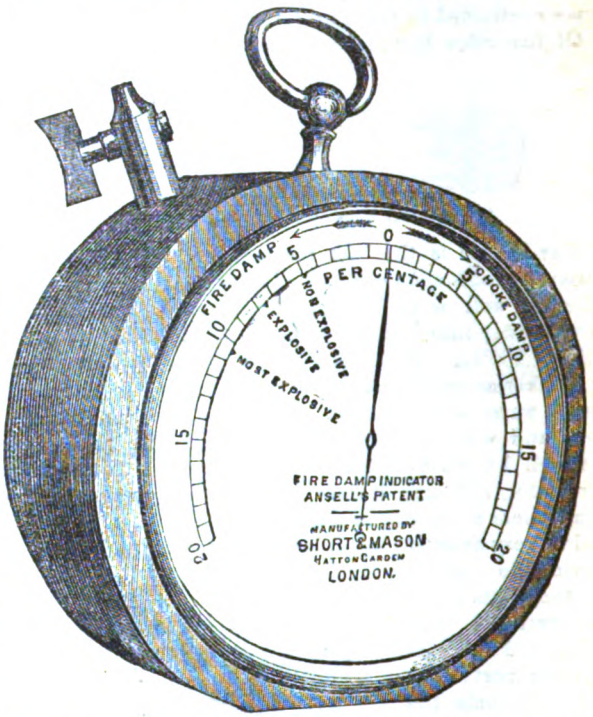
The amount of electricity in the atmosphere is also to be observed; but for this, as well as for the observation of terrestrial magnetism, expensive and delicate electrometers and magnetometers are necessary. The effects of lightning and of auroral displays may, however, be observed and noted, together with the amount of ozone in the air. Ozone is a condensed form of oxygen, formed chiefly by evaporation of water and lightning discharges. It is an active agent in destroying corruption, and its presence is necessary to the healthiness of air. By the sea, or in the open country, especially after snow and thunderstorms, it is most prevalent; in the crowded parts of cities it is rarely to be distinguished. Strips of paper saturated with a solution of iodide of potassium and starch, then dried and exposed to the air, but protected from rain and sunshine, turn blue, owing to the ozone decomposing the iodide of potassium and forming iodide of starch. By exposing the strips for twenty-four hours, and testing their tint by a scale of ten shades of blue, Dr. Moffat has provided a simple ozonometer.

The drift and shape of clouds is also an index of the weather, and some excellent hints on this subject are given by the Rev. W. Clement Leys, F.R.S. According to this observer, there is generally a great bank of frozen vapor (or cirro-stratus cloud) in the higher atmosphere in front of an advancing storm-centre. When clouds likewise begin to form in the lower atmosphere, the barometer falls, the wind rises, showers begin, and the storm is at hand. In the case of local storms, on the other hand, the heralding clouds are formed first in the lower atmosphere and afterward spread to the upward. A red dawn or a yellow or gray evening marks the advent of wind or rain, as also does an unusual visibility in the atmosphere. It is perhaps needless to add that personal observation may be greatly assisted by a regular study of the daily weather-charts given in the newspapers.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

AUTOMATIC MOVEMENTS OF A FERN.—Dr. Asa Gray, in the *Coutler's Gazette*, says: "Mr. E. J. Loomis, of the Nautical Almanac Office, Washington, recently showed me a phenomenon which I suppose has never before been noticed, and which is commended to the attention of botanists. A tuft of *Asplenium trichomanes* gathered last Autumn in the mountains of Virginia is growing in a glass dish in his house. About two months ago he noticed that one of the fronds—a rather short and erect one, which is now showing fructification—made quick movements alternately back and forth in the plane of the frond, through from 20 degrees to 40 degrees, whenever the vessel was brought from its shaded situation into sunlight or bright daylight. The movement was more extensive and rapid when the frond was younger. When I saw it, on the 23d of January, its compass was within 15 degrees, and was about as rapid as that of the leaflets of *Desmodium gyrans*. It was more rapid than the second hand of a watch, but with occasional stops in the course of each half vibration. This was in full daylight, next a window, but not in sunshine. No movement had been observed in the other fronds, which were all sterile and reclining, with the exception of a single one, which was just unfolding, in which Mr. Loomis thinks he has detected incipient motion of the same kind. This little fern is very common, and it is easy to obtain it and set it growing. The matter is worthy of further investigation. Have any of our readers observed the phenomenon herein stated?"

ANSELL'S FIRE-DAMP INDICATOR.—The deplorable loss of life occasioned by fire-damp naturally leads the public to inquire if science can do anything to prevent the periodical recurrence of so terrible a destruction of human life. The answer to an inquiry of the kind is ready to hand and perfectly conclusive, for science has already placed at the disposal of miners the most efficient means of detecting accumulations of fire-damp in coal-mines. It is upon the Legislature the responsibility now devolves to make it compulsory upon mine-owners and officials in charge of mines to employ the means science has placed at their disposal—otherwise "overlookers" or "mine-viewers" will, as heretofore, go on trusting to blind chance in all they do. Those who have to do with mines are by nature "fatalists." They have, at all events, not to bear the brunt of a neglect of proper precautions to make the life of the miner safer, and will, therefore, continue to trust to chance, and believe they have faithfully performed their duty when they have hoisted the "danger signal." That this must be so is apparent, for a dogged indifference to the use of scientific instru-



ments is notorious, and fully explains why one of so much value as Ansell's Fire-damp Indicator is not in use. The construction of the instrument is based on a well-known scientific principle—that of the diffusion of gases. All mere mechanical contrivances for shutting off the fire-damp from the miners' Davy lamp have, in practice, proved an utter failure. So with regard to the accumulation of gas in confined spaces. This cannot be prevented; and when, from neglect of some precaution, the miner suddenly comes across "a blower," the flame of the lamp immediately increases in size, the sharp current draws it through the wire gauze and renders it red-hot. In an instant, and before the man has time to think, an explosion takes place. Science has thus been driven to look in another direction for the means of lessening the danger of fire-damp accumulations, and it occurred to Mr. George F. Ansell that he might utilize the law of diffusion, and, by some simple means, measure the quantity of gas present in any and every part of the workings. The idea was of great value, and soon took a practical form. The instrument, as will be seen on reference to our engraving, closely resembles the aneroid barometer. The rigid metal back of the aneroid being removed, is replaced by a porous tile, and, with other important changes made in its mechanism, becomes a *diffusiometer*. When the instrument is brought into an atmosphere charged with fire-damp, the gaseous atoms diffuse into the closed chamber with greater rapidity than the atmospheric air passes out. The increased volume of gas causes pressure to be made upon a spring in communication with the index-hand, and it immediately moves over the graduated dial-face. The face is arbitrarily divided into degrees—1 per cent. of carburetted hydrogen marks 1 degree, 7½ an explosive mixture, and 10½ a most explosive mixture. The degrees are bold, and purposely kept wide apart, to enable the viewer to read them off by the aid of a feeble light. In the event of the instrument being brought into an atmosphere of heavy gas, choke-damp, or carbonic acid gas, the action of the index-hand is reversed, and it travels in the opposite direction. To restore the equilibrium of the instrument, it is only necessary to turn the small stop-cock at the upper part of the instrument, which lets in atmospheric air, and the index-hand returns to zero. The indicator is so little liable to be deranged, and is so simple of application, that it can be intrusted to any one quite unacquainted with the use of a scientific instrument. It is well adapted for use in other subterranean works, as the sinking of wells and the laying of gas-pipes in the streets; in ships, where the accumulation of gases in the hold is a frequent source of danger, and the detection of gas leakages in the house. It is of this instrument Dr. Jabez Hogg writes: "It is impossible to conceive a more refined application of science than Ansell's fire-damp indicator, or one that will be found of greater practical utility in the saving of human life."

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